

# THE WIZARD.

VOL. I.

SOUTH DANVERS, MASS., DECEMBER 7, 1859.

NO. 1.

## THE WIZARD

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY,  
At Allen's Building, So. Danvers Square,  
—BY—  
C. D. HOWARD, Proprietor.  
F. POOLE, Editor.

Terms \$2.00 a Year; for Immediate Payment, \$1.50.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.  
Half a Square, 3 wks 3 mos. 1 year.  
One Square, \$1.00 \$2.50 \$6.00  
Quarter of a column, 1.50 3.50 10.00

### Poetry.

#### THE DAYS OF CREATION.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KREUMACHER.

All dead and silent was the earth,  
In deepest night it lay,  
The Eternal spoke Creation's word,  
And called to being, Day.  
It streamed from on high,  
All reddening and bright,  
And angels' songs welcomed  
The new born light.

God spoke: the murmuring waters fled,  
They left their deep repose,  
Wide over arching Heaven's blue vault,  
The firmament arose.  
Now sparkles above,  
Heaven's glorious blue,  
It sends to the earth,  
The light and the dew.

God spoke: he bade the waves divide;  
The earth uphears her head;  
From hill, from rock, the gushing streams,  
In bubbling torrents spread.  
The earth rested quiet,  
And, poised in the air,  
In Heaven's blue bosom  
Lay naked and bare.

God spoke: the hills and plains put on  
Their robe of freshest green;  
Dark forests in the valley wave,  
And budding trees are seen.  
The word of his breath  
Clothes the forest with leaves,  
The high gift of beauty  
The spring-tide receives.

God spoke: and on the new dressed earth  
Soft smiled the glowing Sun,  
Then full of joy he sprung aloft,  
His heavenly course to run.  
Loud shouted the stars  
As they shone in the sky,  
Ascended on high.

God spoke: the waters teem with life,  
The tenants of the floods;  
The many colored, winged birds  
Dart quickly through the woods.  
High rushes the Eagle  
On fiery wings,  
Low hid in the valley  
The nightingale sings.

God spoke: the lion, steer and horse  
Spring from the moistened clay,  
While roused the breath of mother earth  
Bees hum, and lambskins play.  
They give life to the mountain,  
They swarm on the plain,  
But their eyes fixed on earth,  
Must forever remain.

God spoke: he looked on earth and heaven  
With mild and gracious eye;  
In his own image man he made,  
And gave him dignity.  
He springs from the dust,  
The lord of the earth,  
The chorus of Heaven  
Exult at his birth.

And now creation's work was ended,  
Man raised his head, he spoke;  
The day of rest by God ordained,  
The Sabbath morning broke.

EDUCATE YOUR DAUGHTERS.—A writer says, "When I lived among the Choctaw Indians, I held a consultation with one of their chiefs respecting the successive stages of their progress in the art of civilized life; and among other things he informed me that at their first start they made a great mistake—they only sent their boys to school. These boys became intelligent men, but they married uneducated and uncivilized wives, and the uniform result was that the children were all like the mother. Thus the father soon lost all his interest in both wife and children. And now," said he, "if we would educate but one class of our children, we should choose the girls, for when they become mothers they would educate their sons." This is the point and it is true. No nation can become fully and permanently civilized and enlightened, when the mothers are not in a good degree qualified to discharge the duties of the home work of education.—Exchange.

Bobby, why don't you go home and have your mother sew up the hole in your trousers?" "O, go along, our folks are economizing, and a hole will last longer than a patch."

### An Original Story.

#### THE MELODY IN SEVEN FLATS. A GHOST STORY.

BY HANS TEUFELCHEN.

"*Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas.*"—Virgil.

We had been serenading on a lovely night in August. A few of us, lovers of music, were in the habit of meeting once a week for practice, and when the nights were fine and dry, we used to spend an hour or two in serenading our fair friends after the meetings. The flutist in this orchestra was your humble servant.

On the night of which I speak, we had been tempted by the moonlight, and the fine air—which we do not often find on an August night in this latitude, to stay out unusually late, so that it was already past midnight, when we stood about the town pump at the head of Main street, in G—, debating where we should go next. One contended for one place, and another for another. The knot of difficulty was cut, however, by our Double Bass, who was always first to yield to sleepiness, and grumble at the lateness of the hour, declaring that he would not play in another accompaniment—that we might kick our heels against the fence for the accented parts of the measure, for not another note would he play that night. That settled the question, for an orchestra without a Bass, is like a house without a foundation. So fiddles, cornets, flute and clarinet, were stowed away in their respective bags and boxes, and we turned our faces towards home. All my companions lived in the village, while I had to walk, in order to reach my home, more than two miles, part of the route lying along a lonely road, and part, through a lonelier pasture. As the Baritone cornet bade me "good night," at the first corner, my heart sank in doleful presentiment of coming evil—an indefinable feeling, which I think must have, at some time or another, come within the experience of every one of my readers. So strong was this, that I had half a mind to turn about, and spend the night with my brother who lived in the village, but I reasoned with myself upon the folly of so doing, and finally set out upon my journey with what heart I could.

About half a mile from the centre of the town, lived a young lady of my acquaintance. As I passed her house the idea occurred to me, that I would play a tune beneath her window, and then continue on my way, still playing, thus producing the romantic "effect of music retreating in the distance." So I struck up an air from La Favorita. The first part of my plan succeeded well enough, but I had not walked more than a dozen paces in carrying out the second, when a savage growl from the road side, made my blood run cold, and stopped me in the very middle of a measure. If the lovely J—, has ever wondered why I did not end the tune, this will surely serve as an explanation. Reader, what do you think you would have done under these circumstances? I will tell you what I did. I am not courageous. I tucked my flute under my arm and ran. There are some things which reason and experience have told us it is perfectly useless to do; but, when the occasion comes, we always do them. Running from an ill-disposed dog is one of these things. As a matter of course, I soon heard behind me, the panting of my fierce pursuer. In desperation, I stopped and turned about to meet the enemy, prepared, in case of an attack, to ram my flute down his throat. It did not come to this, however, for the dog did not appear to be very fierce, but, as soon as he saw that I had stopped, he relaxed his pace, and trotted quite peaceably to within a few feet of me. Greatly relieved by his amiable appearance, I called him to me and endeavored to caress him; but he would come no nearer, and when I attempted to approach him, he began to snarl and show his teeth in an unpleasant manner. So I gave up all attempts to make friends, and proceeded on my walk.

Shortly after, on looking behind me, I found that my canine acquaintance was still following me. This is very strange! I thought again, and again I looked, and he was always behind at the same unvarying distance. I began to feel uncomfortably. Do all that I would, my mind turned to all sorts of gloomy subjects. Every ghost story that I ever heard came to my memory during that walk. Meanwhile a mist drove in from the sea, and the commonest objects seen through that medium assumed a weird and fantastic aspect. With every step I took, my mental excitement increased. My pace must have increased with it, for when I

reached my father's house, I was quite out of breath. Ah! with what a feeling of relief did I close the door upon my unwelcome companion, who had followed me to the very end of my journey. Opening it just wide enough to squeeze my body in, I succeeded at last in ridding myself of him. By this time my nerves were pretty well shaken. Everything conspired to shake them still more. The moment I touched the match-safe, down it went to the hearth with a crash that made me shiver. Then the matches would not blaze, but left only ghastly streaks of phosphorescence. I was obliged to give up the attempt to light my lamp, and undressed myself by the moonlight in my chamber. Excited by my strange adventure, with throbbing temples and quickened pulse, I threw my head upon the pillow, and, startled sleep. You may well suppose that I tossed and tumbled upon my bed for some time. The strangely acting dog that I had left outside, kept coming to my mind. What was he doing? Where had he gone? WAS IT AN EARTHLY CREATURE? I brought the sheet up over my head and began resolutely to count. That is a good way of getting asleep, reader. I don't recollect at what number I left off counting; it was somewhere in the thousands; but I counted myself off into unconsciousness.

How long I slept, I know not. Perhaps an hour. I was aroused to consciousness by a repeated pressure upon my great toe. I had changed my position, and was now lying upon my back. Of course the weight of the bed-clothes rested on my toes; but this pressure was not the steady and equable pressure of a superincumbent weight; it was, I say, a repeated pressure, now strong, now weak, suggesting irresistibly to the mind that it was the energy of some vital force. Moreover, my bed seemed to be rocking slightly to and fro, keeping exact time with the pressure on my foot. My eyes were still closed. All my mental powers seemed preternaturally quickened. I lay for some moments, trying to reason with myself, and to calm my terrors by accounting for this phenomenon in some philosophical way. But all these efforts were vain. I was growing more and more excited every moment. My suspense grew more and more terrible. Still this varying pressure upon my foot!—still this swaying motion of the bed! I was motionless with terror! I was glued to my mattress! Was it possible that I must have an interview with a departed spirit? I could endure this no longer. I opened my eyes, and saw who it is. My eye-lids snapped asunder!

Seated on the foot-board, with my flute in his hand, and my flute-book across his knee, was an odd little figure, whose face struck me as one that I had somewhere seen. He was conning my music, and his right foot resting on my toe, beat out the time as he read. His swaying body communicated a corresponding motion to the bed. Thus was one mystery explained by a greater—an *ignotum* by an *ignotius*. Sitting on the floor in the moonlight which streamed through the window, was my companion of the first part of the night—the dog! I knew that was no earthly dog!

My stranger visitor suddenly put my flute to his lips, and began to play most deliciously a part of the very air that I had played under J—'s window, commencing at the very note at which I had ceased. When he had finished, he doffed his chapeau, (his dress was that of the last century,) and nodding, good-naturedly, began thus: "Good evening Sir. I have taken the liberty to finish the tune for you, which my dog so unceremoniously interrupted. I am something of a player, and have accompanied you on your serenading excursions. I have been meaning to visit you, but should not have come to-night, had I not thought it necessary to apologize for the rudeness of my dog. The fact is, you flattered one note so abominably, that Pipi, who has a fine ear for music, could not conceal his disapprobation." Pipi looked up with an apologetic air. "Perhaps, sir, you know who I am?"—said the ghost inquiringly.

I stammered out something to the effect that I had somewhere seen a face like his, but could not recall his name.

"My name is Dulon, and here is the face that you are thinking of." So saying, he turned to the cover of my music book, on which were engravings of Beethoven, Mozart, Paganini and Dulon, the blind flutist. "The engraver is in purgatory now, for making me so much uglier than I am. Pipi is my dog, who led me faithfully through the other life, and is my companion now."

I at once recognized the face.  
"Now that I am here, I may as well propose

what I had intended at some other time. First, answer me these questions. Do you love music?"

"I do," said I.

"Do you wish to improve in it?"

"Most certainly."

"Would you like to take lessons of me?"

This was a delicate question, and I hesitated somewhat in my answer. If I said yes, I might be entering into a compact with the devil; if I said no, I should most certainly offend the ghost. So I said nothing.

"Did you hear my last question?" said the spirit of M. Dulon, frowning severely.

There was no help for it: I said, that I would like to have instruction from him.

"Very well," he said "under my instruction you shall become the greatest player in the world. You shall take a lesson of me every morning between twelve and one. You shall have fame and fortune. But beware! (and he looked very wicked,) if you miss a single lesson—if you fail in a single appointment with me, then your soul is lost forever!"

Good Heavens! was I then bound for life to a demon? Had I condemned myself to this?

The ghost continued. "In earnest of our agreement, I leave you this melody in seven flats, which you may practice to-morrow and play to me for your next lesson," and he took from his side coat-pocket, a piece of music, and threw it upon the bed. "This is an earnest of our agreement," he repeated, "to-morrow if you repent of your bargain you can cancel it by destroying this. But beware of so doing, for the penalty you shall suffer, shall not be slight—you shall gradually lose all the power you have acquired over your favorite instrument, till you shall not be able to play a note—all music shall be blotted out of your soul—you shall (and his expression grew fiercer and fiercer) have a wife and ten children—you shall be poor all your life—you shall lead a humdrum existence, never be known outside the village, and when you die you shall be forgotten. "But I have no idea," said he, softening, "that you will be so foolish as to reject my proposals. Now shut your eyes, and I'll play you off to sleep."

I did his bidding and was soon soothed to rest by his exquisite music.

When I awoke, the beams of the morning sun were flooding my chamber with light. I glanced about the apartment. There stood my flute, quite innocently in the corner: my flute-book was resting upon the bureau. I was beginning to laugh at my dream, when I cast my eyes upon the coverlid. Horror of horrors! What did I see there?

A MELODY IN SEVEN FLATS! I tremblingly examined it. Never was such a melody composed by mortal. I thought of the parting words of the ghost. It was the work of a moment to tear it into pieces as fine as dust. I arose and dressed me, I was startled at the pale and haggard face I saw in the looking glass. It gave ghastly evidence of a terrible experience. When we were seated at the breakfast table, I related my whole story, from the time I had left the town-pump. The ladies were thoroughly frightened. My father after sipping his tea some time, with great deliberation, commenced as follows. "My boy, all of your experience of last night, can be accounted for, without the help of a ghost." Stares of astonishment from the ladies and an indignant protest from myself. "Keep quiet and let me give you my interpretation of the facts. You set out for home last night with a presentiment of some coming evil. That is, you were predisposed to nervousness. Your whole nervous system was shocked and unbalanced, by the growl from the roadside. The incident of the dog following you home, unimportant in itself, presented itself as something portentous to your distempered fancy. By your own account you went to bed in high excitement. Do you agree with me so far?"

"I will never believe that the dog was of this earth," I replied, testily. "I saw him too plainly in my room."

"Now to proceed, you were lying on your side when you went to sleep. When your consciousness returned, you were lying on your back."

All were breathless in expectation of my father's explanation of the mystery.

"You say that you felt a repeated pressure on the great toe, and a swaying of the bed. The pressure was owing to the pulsation of your highly excited blood in the artery which leads into the great toe. The pressure was from your toe against the clothes—not from the clothes against the toe. If you, ladies, when you retire to-night, will lie upon your backs and press your

great toes firmly against the bed-clothes, I will guarantee that you will have a repetition of the phenomena.

The rocking of the bed is easily enough accounted for. It does not stand firmly on its legs, for one is shorter than the others. The agitation in your frame produced by the quickened circulation, is enough to account for such a motion as you describe. Now, instead of changing your position, which would have relieved you at once, you make up your mind to expect something supernatural. You torture yourself till you are crazy, and then you open your eyes. What wonder that you see a vision? I should see one myself, if I would let my imagination run riot.

"Monsieur Dulon was suggested naturally enough by your music book. You knew that he was blind, and by association of ideas, the dog appeared in your vision as his dog. Then what more natural that Dulon should finish the air that you commenced. Don't you see, my boy, that there is not a single element in your vision that you did not have before, on your walk home?"

"But you forgot, my dear sir, the melody in seven flats!"

"No I have not," said he, seriously. "You wrote that melody yourself. I have long known that you were in the habit of talking in your sleep, that you have given decided symptoms of becoming a somnambulist. I have refrained from mentioning it to you, because I think it is a great misfortune, and did not wish to create any anxiety. You dreamed of hearing delicious music, of going to sleep under its influence. Instead of going to sleep, you passed into the somnambulist state and probably wrote down what you heard in your dream. You destroyed this morning the finest piece of music that you ever wrote in your life."

I was astounded at my father's ingenious explanation of my complicated vision. I now recollected that the music paper that contained the melody, was very like some in my desk. I rushed up stairs and behold! whereas, yesterday there were seven sheets, this morning there were only six! The ladies honored my father, the doctor, with the sweetest smiles. They declared that, but for him, they would have been, for the rest of their natural lives, afraid to be left alone in the dark.

I will state to the reader, that no part of Monsieur Dulon's prophecy has come true. The atrocious music of my dream sometimes comes back to me, but I can never imprison it upon paper. I can sometimes play a strain of two by ear, and any time that you will pay me a visit, I will try to give you some idea of a MELODY IN SEVEN FLATS.

When Dr. Franklin, in 1776, appeared at the French court as a deputy of the American Congress, to ask assistance in our revolutionary war, he unwittingly produced an immediate revolution in the gay and brilliant court of Louis XVI. The simplicity of his dress, turned the heads of the ladies, and altered the coats of the gentlemen. The gold lace and embroidery, and the powdered curls, which had been the pride of the Parisian beaux, were all discarded. The fine gentlemen appeared with their hair cut straight, and in plain brown coats like this sober American.

DRINKING AMONG YOUNG MEN. The Philadelphia Sun says truly, that indissoluble drinking among our young men eventually makes its mark upon the population of our cities. We can see it already betraying itself in the rising generation. It is impossible for any man to drink even pure liquor six or seven times a day without suffering severely in constitution. And when he transmits this impaired constitution to his son, who in turn imparts it still further by the same course, it requires little foresight to see that we are preparing a population for our cities that will not, in physical frame, be much better than the wretched Aztecs. This love of drink and bar-rooms is every day increasing. Every day sees our youth becoming more and more the victims of this habit, for we really think it is more a habit than a passion. It is no love of joviality that tempts them, except in a few cases. It is not the hot exuberance of youth. It is not the egotistical impulse of the gay young fellow who is sowing his wild oats. It is, as has been said, a cold, deliberate, confirmed habit. No atmosphere of reckless surroundings the drinking groups, except on occasion; and no peals of merriment atone for the act by proving that it is at least unusual. A grim and melancholy air pervades each countenance. The drinks are poured out, the glasses are touched with a lifeless air of custom, and each man swallows his portion with the same impassive countenance he would wear if he were drinking a glass of plain water. All the concomitants that partially redeemed or excused, are wanting in this sad and formal ceremony.







# CHARGE OF THE FRIGHT BRIGADE.

Half a league, half a league,  
Half a league onward,  
All in the Harper's Valley,  
Rode the six hundred.  
"Charge," was the Colonel's cry;  
Their not the reason why,  
Their not to make reply,  
All through the Harper's Valley,  
Rode the six hundred.

Raccoons to right of them,  
Woodchucks to left of them,  
Bullfrogs in front of them,  
Bellowed and thundered;  
Boldly they rode and well,  
Stoutly their bosoms swell,  
Into the jaws of hell,  
(So doth the story tell)  
Strode the six hundred.

Flushed all their sabres bare,  
Flushed all at once in air,  
Scaring all the woodchucks there,  
While the frogs wondered!  
Strong was the sabre stroke,  
Thick was the rifle smoke,  
Till they found the cruel joke  
That some one had blundered!  
Then rode they back so cheap,  
Wishing into holes to creep,  
Like a flock of simple sheep,  
All the six hundred!

Raccoons to right of them,  
Woodchucks to left of them,  
Bullfrogs in front of them,  
Bellowed and thundered,  
Then they rode back again,  
Made the woods crack again;  
Gave bullfrogs a thwack again;  
Half a league back again,  
Rode the six hundred.

Honor the brave and bold!  
Virginia's sons were sold,  
Long shall the tale be told  
How they rode onward—  
How they wheeled right about,  
With hearts firm and stout,  
When the joke they found out!  
Gallant six hundred!

John Brown.

There is something decidedly noble in the conduct and bearing of this man. Fanatical, he undoubtedly was, but it was the fanaticism of a deep and well founded principle. He could not wait the time, in the ordinary course of things, for the advent of the reform he sought, but considered himself the instrument in the hand of Providence to hasten it. He was imbued with the courageous and religious spirit of the old Covenanters and of our own Puritans. Like them, his faith in God, and in the righteousness of his cause outweighed all considerations of selfishness. His trust in that Providence, whose hand he believed was his guide, was so strong that on it he leaned for support. He had the will and valorous spirit of the early martyrs, and counted his own life as nothing, if its sacrifice would win success to his cause. He felt that his mission was to the poor, and although they could not reward him, he knew that God would. A foretaste of that recompense he had, in the consciousness of being engaged in His work. His life is a beautiful exhibition of the power of a living faith—faith in God—faith in man—and faith in the goodness of his cause. He hears the command through God's word, and is not disobedient to the heavenly vision. He arises and goes forth in the panoply of truth to do battle for an idea. He lives for it, and if need be he is ready to die for it. What a spectacle of self devotion is here! He does die for it—and the day of his death will be marked in the calendar as a Martyr day for all the coming ages of Christendom.

Washington Irving.

The author, the historian, the intellectual genius, the man of heart sympathies, the lover, and—in his writings, as well as his life—the delineator of truth and beauty, has passed from the presence of his fellow-men, full of years and of honors, leaving monuments in his literary works, more enduring than granite, and of lasting benefit to his contemporaries and to posterity. All who knew him, or were familiar with his writings, and they are bounded only by the limits of the civilized world—will hear the announcement with surprise mingled with their regrets. True, he had passed the allotted period of man's sojourn here, and had for a long time been feeble; but when such men die—we are even surprised that they can die, can be spared from among us; we feel that a loss is made, and we can never replace it. We have looked upon them almost as immortal here below,—because we feel that we need them, and know not how to let them go from our presence.

The following extract from a letter received in this town but a day before the announcement of his death, which occurred soon after the interview to which it refers, will doubtless be read with peculiar interest at this time,—and we are glad of the permission to publish it. That leaf of ivory must be exceedingly valued as a sacred memento by its fortunate possessor.

"I send to you a leaf taken by my own hand from Washington Irving's house, and by his own most kind consent. My visit to him I shall never forget. He is rather infirm now, from the asthma, which at times exhausts him; but, as subjects interesting to him happened to be touched, he seemed to glow with fervor of soul."

He spoke with great enthusiasm of Church's picture of the Andes; he spoke of seeing Humboldt in Paris, and his brother William Von Humboldt and Madame de Staël in Rome. He had been in Sicily and spoke warmly of its beauty,—and when the name of Allston was mentioned, he spoke so earnestly and tenderly of him, that I can never forget the scene, when I heard the praises of Washington Allston as a man, an artist, a friend spoken with a voice tremulous partly by feebleness, but more by fervent and affectionate remembrance, by Washington Irving. To have touched a chord of sympathy in such a heart was affecting. My visit was most interesting to me, and I was more hearty than I could possibly have expected,—too hearty to be written down even in a letter to dear friends. It was beautiful to see how every one seemed to desire a smile and word of recognition, as he came out of church on Sunday. His hold upon the hearts of all who know him, is I judge from what I have heard, as strong as his hold upon the public regard as a great writer.

His presence was so genial and so soothing, and his manners were so unassuming and childlike, and his heart so manly and kind, that I could have wept with leaving him. Yet he was joyous too, and ready with a cheerful smile, God bless him, and may it be long before he leaves Sunnyside forever.

LADIES FAIR AND CONCERT COMBINED! On the afternoon and evening of Thursday, the 8th inst., the Ladies of the Baptist Society will hold a fair at their vestry. They have provided the additional attraction of the famous "Old Folk's Choir" from Chelsea, who will sing the old tunes of "Fifty years ago." For particulars see posters.

We hope our whole population will endeavor to be present at this Festival, as in no better way can they combine rational enjoyment with benevolent aid to a worthy object. We look for a great crowd in the evening when the church is to be thrown open for the musical performance.

## Physiognomy of a Hat.

There is character in a man's hat. We know it. We mean an old hat that has been worn by any man of character. The hat assimilates itself to the man. How else could it so long occupy a place so near a brain from which it receives its form? We will remember some years ago passing a hatter's shop in Salem, in the doorway of which lay an old hat. We knew it at once as the hat of an eminent clergyman. Being assured of this in our own mind we passed on. Satisfied we were, but concluded to go back and contemplate the hat. Doubtless to many of the passers by, it was, simply, a hat—an old hat—a common, stove pipe hat. To myself it was the hat—the particular hat that was formed on the braincase of a man of mark. We knew who had worn that hat, much as it looked like other hats. To make assurance doubly sure, we asked the hatter if that was not Dr. F's hat. The reply was, as we expected, in the affirmative. We felt that there was virtue in the hat. It had a charm for us that no merely new hat could have. We stood by and contemplated it. It was redolent of pleasant memories, of its former owner, who was probably at that moment preposterously disguised in a new and glossy hat—a hat without a character as yet, but which we hoped would soon attain it. As we gazed on the hat—the old one—we could see the Doctor as plainly as if he were under it. It recalled the tremulous tones of his rich voice, broken by age but still melodious. It reminded us of plaintive recitation of hymns in words whose intonations were praise. Of prayers whose very sounds were as incense sure to rise and reach the throne to which they were addressed. There was not only physiognomy but unctious in that discarded hat.

Ladies who visit Salem to make their purchases, should be sure to visit John P. Peabody's, 238 Essex Street. He has a very large stock of all kinds of Hand Knit and Woven Hoods, Sleeves, Tippets, Mittens, Gloves, Gauntlets, Undervests, Drawers, &c. He has also all kinds of Embroideries, Trimmings, Bonnet Ruches, Lace Goods etc. As Mr. P. buys for Cash and sells for Cash only, he is enabled to offer extra inducements to his Customers. 238 Essex Street.

Joseph J. Rider, dealer in Jewelry and Silver Ware, will remove to New Store 188 Essex St. (West Block) when completed.

## Marriages.

In this town, Nov. 17, by Rev. Mr. Murray, Mr. Wm A. Young, of Danversport, to Miss Mary C. Merrill, of Salem.  
Nov. 20, by Rev. Mr. Wheeler, Mr. W. C. Munroe, of Beverly, to Miss Adelle B. Jones, of So. Danvers, At Danversport, Nov. 24, Mr. James Shattwell, of Salem, to Miss Ellen J. Young, of Danvers.  
At Danvers, Nov. 22, Mr. George B. Haigs, to Miss Sarah Shaw, both of D.  
At Salem, Nov. 17, by Rev. Mr. Winn, M. J. W. Roberts, to Miss A. Augusta Sawyer, both of S.D.  
Nov. 28, by Rev. Mr. Carleton, Mr. Enoch Wilson of South Danvers, to Miss Sarah Farley of Salem.  
At Beverly, Nov. 25, Mr. John J. Parsons, to Miss Sarah E. Rand, both of D.  
At Medford, Nov. 25, by Rev. C. G. Sewell, Mr. C. C. Sewell, Jr. of New York, (son of the officiating clergyman), to Miss Mary F. Fairbanks, of M.

## Deaths.

In this town, Nov. 25, Elizabeth Ann, daughter of Peter and Betsy Shaughnessy, 8 yrs. 11 mos.  
Nov. 29, Rebecca Preston, daughter of David R. and Martha A. Galloupe, 2 yrs 3 mos 16 days.  
At Salem, Nov. 9, Mr. Daniel Manning, 60: 14 Mr. Robert C. Shaw, 25: 15th, Mr. William C. Bott, 40: Mrs. Mary Dodge, 17th, Mrs. Abigail Kenney, 86: Miss Mary R. Kenney, 28: 24th, Chas. F. Wilson, 80: At Lynn, Nov.—Mrs. Eliza, wife of Henry Washington Alley, aged 58.  
At Marblehead, Nov. 10, Mrs. Annis B. Cloon, 78. At Lowell, Samuel S. Varney, Esq. editor of the Vox Populi, 46.  
On the passage to San Francisco, April 27, Mr. David Lake, of Topsfield, 52.

## Advertisements.

## Light!

HAVING made arrangements with the Boston Kerosene Oil Company, for a full supply of Oil for the coming winter, I shall be prepared to sell as cheap as can be bought at retail in this vicinity.

## "Downers Pure Kerosene Oil,"

KEROSENE LAMPS, of every description, at a lower price than ever. Also, Glass and Paper Shades, Wicks, Brushes, Burners, Cans, &c., all of which is offered at the lowest Cash Prices, at 136 & 138 Main street. B. O. SPILLER.

T. A. Sweetser, Apothecary, No. 37 South Main St., Danvers.

HAS on hand a complete and well-selected stock of Family Medicines. Also, Drugs, Chemicals, Foreign Leeches, Shakers' Herbs, Gums, Acids, Dye Stuffs, Sponges, and Genuine Patent Medicines. Perfumery, Toilet Articles, and Stationery. Physicians' Prescriptions accurately prepared by experienced persons at all hours of the day or night.  
T. A. S. is proprietor of the COMPOUND ICELAND MOSS CANDY, so effectual a remedy for Coughs and Colds. 37 Main, near Park street.

Mason's Hair Dye, THE best in the market, also a variety of other Hair Dyes, for sale by THOS. A. SWEETSER, 37 Main street.

South Danvers Post Office.

MAIL ARRANGEMENT.  
ON and after THURSDAY, December 1st, 1859, Mails will arrive daily, (Sundays excepted) at 9:34 A. M., and at 3:34 P. M. and will close at 10:34 A. M., and at 1:34 P. M. California Mails close the 4th and 19th of each month at 10:34 A. M. Foreign mails close every Tuesday and Friday at 10:34 A. M. Post office open, (Sundays excepted) from 7 A. M., till 8 P. M. A. R. FISKE, Post Master South Danvers, Dec. 7, 1859.

B. C. PERKINS, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, So. Danvers—Office in Allen's Building.

H. O. WILEY, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Office, Allen's Building, So. Danvers.

IVES & PEABODY, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, Have removed their Office to Rooms formerly occupied by Hon. Otis P. Lord, NO. 27 WASHINGTON STREET, SALEM, STEPHEN B. IVES, JR. JOHN B. PEABODY. December 7, 1859.

ALFRED A. ABBOTT, Attorney and Counsellor, Office, No. 224 Essex Street, Salem; House, Main St., So. Danvers.

SIDNEY C. BANCROFT, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, 27 Washington Street, Salem. Mr. Bancroft may be found mornings and evenings, at his home office, near his residence in South Danvers. December 7, 1859.

A. S. CRAWFORD, DENTIST, No. 4 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS SQUARE. Mechanical Dentistry Neatly Executed. Teeth Extracted by Electricity without Extra Charge. dec 7

E. S. FLINT, DEALER IN WEST INDIA GOODS, COUNTRY PRODUCE, No. 2 Main Street, South Danvers.

M. BLACK, JR., COAL AND WOOD, OFFICE IN SQUARE AT RAILROAD FREIGHT DEPOT. Order Box in Post Office.

E. S. FLINT, Manufacturer and Dealer in INNER SOLES, AND SHOE STIFFENINGS OF ALL KINDS. 2 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS.

NEWMAN & SYMONDS, DEALERS IN FAMILY GROCERIES, FLOUR AND GRAIN, READY-MADE CLOTHING, GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES, &c. South Danvers Square, opposite Congregational Church. SAM'L NEWMAN. NATH'L SYMONDS.

GEORGE E. MEACOM, Dealer in DRUGS & MEDICINES, Fancy and Toilet Articles, &c., 126 MAIN ST. 126 Nearly opposite Danvers Bank, . . . South Danvers.

THE CELEBRATED FRANKLIN COAL For sale by M. BLACK, Jr.

B. F. STEVENS, WATCH MAKER, AND DEALER IN—

Watches, Clocks, Gold & Plated Jewelry, SILVER AND PLATED WARE, CUTLERY AND FANCY GOODS. Old Gold and Silver taken in exchange for New. Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c., cleaned, repaired and warranted.

16 MAIN ST., OPPOSITE WARREN BANK, SOUTH DANVERS, MASS.

WILLIAM J. LUNT, DEALER IN— FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FRUIT, AYER'S BUILDING, Central St., So. Danvers.

Oranges, Lemons, Figs, Dates, Currants, Citron, Prunes, Olives, Carrots, Raisins of all kinds, Dried and Preserved Ginger, Sardines, Cigars, Confectionery, Jellies and Jams, Tomatoes, Walnuts and Mushroom Ketchup, French and American Mustard, Worcestershire and other Sauces.

## LIGHT!

NEWMAN & SYMONDS SOLE AGENTS FOR Green's Patent Non-Explosive Self-Generating Gas Lamps.

Call at Walton's, 94 MAIN STREET and examine these Heavy Double Sole Leather Boots, just the thing for Winter.

Shaker Herbs and Roots. 500 VARIETIES of Herbs and Roots, fresh from Shaker and Botanic establishments, for sale by T. A. SWEETSER, 37 Main street.

Burnett's Toilet Articles. COCOONER, Kamian, Oriental Tooth Wash, also a great variety of Perfumery and Toilet Articles, of English, French, and American make, sold by T. A. SWEETSER, 37 Main street.

Silver Soap. THE best article for cleaning Silver, Gold and plated Ware also Jewelry. Sold by T. A. SWEETSER, 37 Main street.

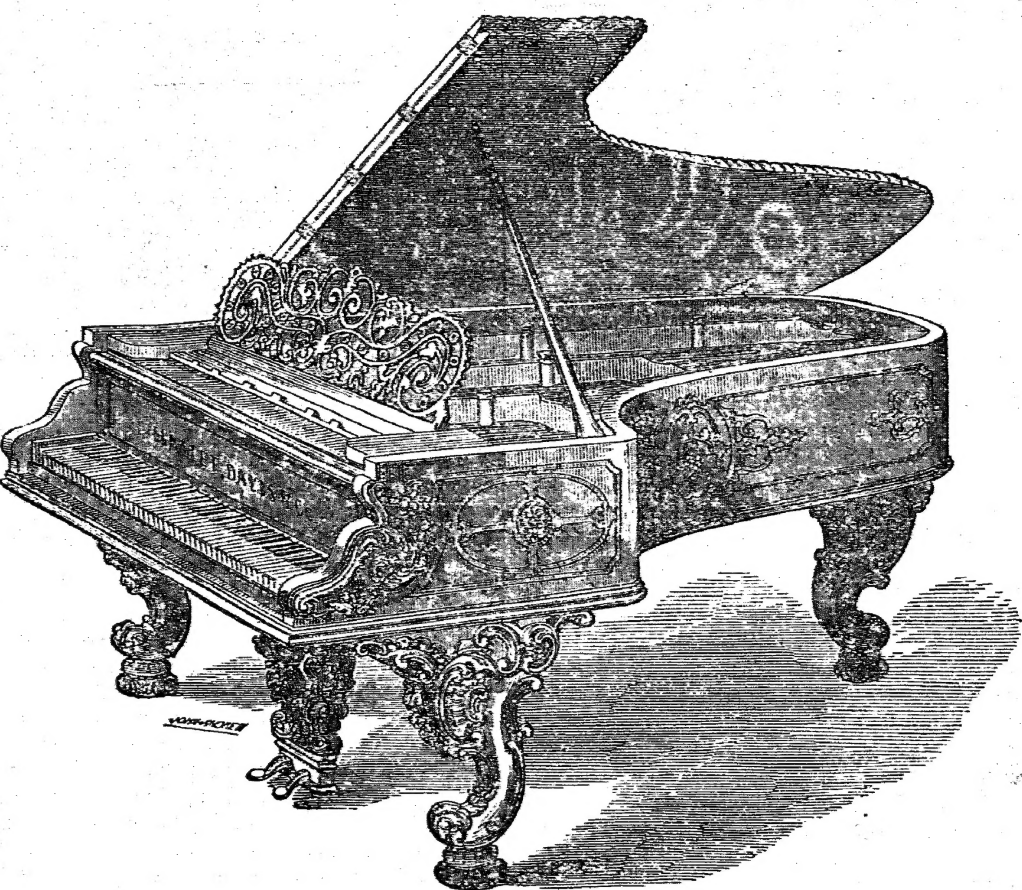
Sweetser's Iceland Moss Candy, FOR the relief and cure of COUGHS and COLDS. In WHOOPING COUGHS, taken in addition to the usual remedies, it affords much relief, rendering the attacks less severe, and promoting a speedy cure. Sold at Wholesale and Retail by T. A. SWEETSER, 37 Main street, and at wholesale in Boston, by the Drug and Patent Medicine dealers.

Sand, Rotten Rock, &c. I AM prepared with teams to deliver without delay, at a reasonable price, any where in South Danvers or Salem, good mason's Sand; Rotten Rock for garden walks; Pasture Rocks for wells, drains, sewers, vaults and cheap cellars; Gravel; Soil; Loam; and Meadow Muck. dec 7 BYRON GOODALE.

Fall Pigs. A FEW more left of those handsome FALL PIGS. If you want to raise a porker fit for a Prince to eat, come and buy a Suffolk and Essex, Prince Albert, or Chester County Pig. dec 7 BYRON GOODALE.

Cosmopolitan Art Association. T. A. Sweetser, No. 37 Main Street, South Danvers, receives subscriptions to this Institution, where can be seen the fine engraving of Shakespeare and his Friends. Also a specimen of the Art Journal.

T. A. Sweetser, Hon. Sec. C. A. A.



D. B. BROOKS & BROTHER, 201 Essex St., and 6 Central St., Agents for SALEM, SOUTH DANVERS and Vicinity, for HALLET, DAVIS & CO'S CELEBRATED PIANOS.

They would refer to these Instruments now used in the Bowditch School, and Peabody High School, South Danvers.

These Pianos are considered by the best musicians to be equal, if not superior, to any other instrument before the public. The most favorable terms given to purchasers. Illustrated Catalogues furnished gratis. Inspection is invited to their assortment of Pianos.

MASON & HAMLIN'S CELEBRATED MODEL MELODEONS AND HARMONIUMS now on exhibition at their Elegant Music Rooms. d 7

DECEMBER 1, 1859.

AUGUSTUS E. PRICE, No. 220 Essex Street, Salem, Will sell his entire stock of

DRY GOODS, MILLINERY AND TRIMMINGS, AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES For THIRTY Days. dec 7 1 m

WILLIAM H. BURBECK, TAILOR AND DRAPER, 249 ESSEX STREET, SALEM. (CHOCATE BLOCK) . . . SALEM. WOULD inform his customers and the public, that he has on hand and is daily receiving, for Fall and Winter trade, BROADCLOTH, FANCY PANTS GOODS, VESTINGS, &c., &c. which he will make to order, in the latest styles, and the most workmanlike manner.

TO PURCHASERS of Nice Custom Ready Made Clothing he would call their attention to the Stock which is of his own and made to order, made and cut in the best styles, and sold at the LOWEST CASH PRICES. Also—A General Assortment of Gent's Furnishing Goods. Fine Shirts made to order.

MR. BURBECK LOMB will be found at this establishment, where he would be happy to receive the calls of his friends. dec 7

Sweetser's Tooth-Ache Drops, FOR the immediate relief and cure of all pains in the teeth and gums. The proprietor is willing to warrant this article as above recommended, having felt and seen its efficacy in numerous instances; and has received repeated assurances from those who have used it, that it is in reality not only a soothing, but a perfect restorative of this distressing affliction. Two articles only by THOS. A. SWEETSER, APOTHECARY. Main street, South Danvers. dec 7

Cheap House Lots for Sale. THE SUBSCRIBER offers for Sale One Hundred House Lots, situated in the rear, (southerly) of Washington street, about 5 minutes walk from the Beach, and 15 minutes walk from the depot, Post Office &c. They are pleasantly located, chiefly upon Balentine street, which has been recently laid out and graded, over land sufficiently elevated to give a full view of the village, and the neighboring city of Salem. The price and terms of payment are such as to put it within the reach of any man having health and employment, to procure a permanent home. None but persons of good moral character need apply, as it will be my endeavor to limit, as far as possible, the sale to such persons. Any one wishing to bargain for a lot, will find it best to make an early application, as the best lots are being taken up—nearly 20 having already been sold. SIDNEY C. BANCROFT. South Danvers, Dec. 7, 1859. 103m

Cedar Posts for Sale. I HAVE on hand at the Bancroft Farm, a large assortment of Well Seasoned White Cedar Posts, ranging from 4 to 18 inches in diameter, which I am anxious to sell, even at a reduced price, as they are now in my way. I will also furnish to order, Maple, Red Cedar, or White Cedar Posts of any required size or length. Orders sent to my address, South Danvers, will be promptly attended to. dec 7 BYRON GOODALE.

Boots, Shoes and RUBBERS, WILLIAM J. WALTON, 94 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS.

HAS now on hand, and intends to constantly keep a full assortment of all desirable kinds and styles of Boots, Shoes and Rubbers, which he would be happy to dispose of to his Friends, and the Public, at satisfactory prices. Repairing expeditiously and neatly done. dec 7 WILLIAM J. WALTON, 94 Main street.

Praestantia. A NEW and beautiful article for the HAIR, rendering it smooth glossy and healthy. Sold by T. A. SWEETSER, 37 Main street.

Dye Stuffs, Gums, &c. LOGWOOD, Nicotiana, Wood, Hypper Nic, Redwood, Fustic, Gamboge, Turmeric, Red and Yellow Ochre, Umber, Blue, Vitriol, Pearlash, Gum Shellac, Resin, Indigo, and a general assortment of articles used in coloring. Sold by T. A. SWEETSER, 37 Main street.

Spaulding's Prepared Glue. IS in reality a good article, every ready and convenient for use. Sold by T. A. SWEETSER, 37 Main street.

Sulphite of Lime, FOR preserving Cider,—sold by T. A. SWEETSER, 37 Main street.

CHEAP CASH STORE IN SOUTH DANVERS.

WEST INDIA GOODS, DRY GOODS, TEAS, FLOUR AND GRAIN, HARD WARE, CUTLERY, &c., &c., &c.

Teas, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Nutmegs, Mace, Spice, Cocoa, Chocolate, Shells, Salmatras, Soda, Potash, Cream Tartar, Farina, Corn Starch, Tapioca, Sago, Coarse and Fine Salt, Tobacco and Cigars. Butter, Cheese, Pork, Lard, Bacon.

Kerosene Oil, Sperm Oil, Whale Oil, Fluid. Wooden Ware. Pails, Buckets and Tubs, Baskets, Boxes, Brooms, Brushes. Clothes lines, Bed Cords, Rope.

Brushes. Store, Shoe, White Wash, Dust, Floor and Horse. Currie Combs, Cattle Cards, Whips. Crockery.

White Granite Tea Sets, and Dining Sets. Pitchers, Bowls, Chamber Sets, Caskets and Bottles. Glass Ware, Stone Ware, Earthen Ware.

Plated Ware. Silver Plated Spoon, Silver Plated Butter Knives, Silver Plated Forks, Silver Plated Table Spoons.

Cutlery. Knives and Forks, Bread Knives, Shoe Knives, Pocket Knives, Chopping Knives.

Hard Ware. Shovels, Spades, Garden Trivels, Hoes, Iron Rakes, Hay Tools, Saws, Files, Gimlets, Carpet Tacks, Screws, Bed Castors, &c., &c., &c.

Dry Goods. Broad Cloths, Dees Skins, Variety of Pant Goods and Vestings. Bleached and Brown Sheet and Shirting. Tickings, Denims, Factory Cloth, Hickory, Hosiery and Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Dress Brads. White and Colored Spool and Skin Cottons. Colored Cambrics and Silicates, Dress Goods, Duck and Brown Linen Table Covers. Embossed Table Covers, Colored Table Covers, Cotton and Silk Velvets, Tailors' Trimmings.

Clothing. Gent's Furnishing Goods, Silk and Woolen Shirts, and Drawers, Collars and Dickies, Neck Ties, Linen Bosoms, Suspensers, &c.

Medicines. A good assortment of Patent Medicines, Russia Salve, Goodhue's Bitters, Atwood's Bitters, Skinner's Bitters. Essences and Extracts, Castor Oil, Salts, Sulphur.

Fruits. Dates, Prunes, Raisins, Nuts, &c.

All the above-named Goods can be found in the above store, and will be sold at the lowest prices for cash; and to which we would call the attention of the citizens of this place and vicinity, assuring them that we have adopted the LOW PRICE SYSTEM, and we are happy to say to our friends, our customers, and to all, that purchasers can rely upon getting better goods, and more of them, for their money, than at any other store in this place.

R. O. SPILLER, Nos. 134 and 138 Main Street, South Danvers.

New Books. REMINISCENCES of RUFUS CHOATE, by E. G. Parker; The Queen of Hearts, by Willie Collie; New Night Gips; by author of Aunt Fanny's Stories. Martha's Hooks and Eyes; Home Dramas for the Drawing Room, by Mrs. Follen; Father Clement, by Grace Kennedy; Alcohol—its Place and Power, by James Miller; and the use and Abuse of Tobacco, by James Ligers; for sale by H. P. IVES & A. A. SMITH, opp. Eastern Railroad Station.

School Books. ALL the books in use in the Classical and High Schools, and in the Grammar and Primary Schools, of the latest editions, in the strongest bindings, and at the lowest prices. Also, every variety of School Stationery, at the Book and Paper Store of H. P. IVES & A. A. SMITH, 232 Essex street.

Rich Cloaks. NEW and Elegant Cloaks, from twelve to thirty dollars, just received by W. W. PALMER & CO., 181 Essex street.

Bargains in Plaid Dress Goods. WE have marked down our Plaid Dress Goods to extremely low prices. W. W. PALMER & CO., 181 Essex street.

Good Muslin De Laines, for 12 1-2 cts. SUPERIOR styles Muslin de Laines, 17 cts; Choice new styles, elegant goods, 30 cent; New styles, Cashmeres, 35 to 39 cents—at W. W. PALMER & CO'S, 181 Essex street.



For The Wizard.

## A BAD CASE IN BAD MEASURE.

Strange things, no doubt, have happened to many, Old accidents on land and sea, Wherever a man might happen to be, But never it happened to happen to any— Any unhappy hapless man.

From Adam, who made that mistake in his figures, To old John Brown, who failed in his plan Of shooting the whites, and stealing the niggers. O never there happened so strange mishap, To mortal who walked about in his bones, As once befell an unfortunate chap, Away down east, named Truman Jones.

And here let me say, by way of digression, That Jones was by no means related to Smith, One John, who it seems, by general confession, Was very much less of a man than a myth, But Jones was a solid, substantial man, An upright and downright sort of a folk, Who early in life to his own Mary Ann Was locked in the matrimonial yoke.

His wife was witty, and very pretty, And I often think that his father-in-law, Was the wisest man that I ever saw. And Truman Jones was a man of wealth, Was rich, that is, for a country place, Time was, when he was rich in health, And he never had to run his face.

Thus you see that blessed was he, As ever a mortal need to be. Yes, a well-to-do man was Truman Jones, And a very good man, in head and heart. He bounded his farm by stake and stones, That stood at the least a mile apart.

Such beautiful ground, Could not be found For more than twenty miles around, His crops were large, and his credit was sound, He'd stock in banks, and stock in mills, And cattle upon a hundred hills.

He raised potatoes, pork and cheese, Lived much to his mind, and much at his ease. Thus Truman led a jolly life, He loved his liquor and loved his wife,— Each of course in a different way, Which he loved best 't was hard to say.

And though he loved them both together, He nourished the one, and punished the other, You'll guess, and guess right, he was given to drink; He lived to drink, and he drank to live, And always thought, or seemed to think, 'T was very much better to take than to give.

Thus year by year passed over his head, His hair turned gray, and his nose turned red, While a nervous step, and a dreamy eye, With a bar-room habit of being dry, Showed Truman Jones was always slight On the very verge of being tight.

Thus full of years and full of rum, He fell a prey to fell disease, That gave him not a moment's ease, And comfort not a single crumb.

He got, from doctors learned and grave, Who run their horses and run up bills, And thought that they his life could save, If only he would take their pills.

His fever was high, his pulse was low, Like pendulum swinging to and fro, 'T was burning and freezing he seems to go, Till finding he got along so slow, At length they had a consultation.

When learned M. D.'s, a score or so, Discussed his wine and situation, They felt his pulse, say once or twice, And told him that beyond a doubt,

If he took their physic, and took their advice, In a day or two he would be about. But alas and alack! for mice and men, A very great thing is human learning,

It fails us a rule, it succeeds now and then, Much oftener from luck, than skill in discerning. O alas and alack! for mice and men, Their "best laid plans of gang and ven,"

For on the next day at half past ten, It happened to Truman Jones to die. The doctors felt some slight surprise, They lifted their hands, and they lifted their eyes, They felt very flat, but they looked very wise.

What was the trouble with Truman Jones? Whether in flesh, or blood, or bones, Which one it was of human ills, That shortened his life, and shortened their bills? On that you see, they could not agree, Both young and old each had their say, And talked in a very learned way, The name they gave to his complaints, Would puzzle at least a dozen saints, They racked their learning and racked their wits, Tore human nature all to bits.

Such terrible guessing, 't was really distressing, And one poor man went into fits. O alas and alack! for mice and men, (I changed their places to save the rhyme, A few lines more and you'll see how wise, The truth comes out in its own good time.)

O alas and alack, but the art of healing, Is just as good no doubt as any. As good as law, perhaps, or stealing, By which to turn an honest penny, The trouble with Jones, O that was a trouble, 'T was very much troubled the learned profession, But bad as it was, would double and treble, Should they but make the sad confession.

From half-past ten to half-past twelve, The fell disease escaped their detection, Till at length they agreed that he died because he Had taken some dose without a prescription.

Some thought it a powder, some thought it a pill, But the Doctors showed signs of no little alarm, And found the poor fellow had swallowed his farm.

So the moral you see, Is that one better drink, From the sewer or sink, Than take the first drop of Burnham's Extension.

In 1770, Pope Pius V. issued a bill of excommunication against Elizabeth and her subjects. The year before, a college for Jesuits had been established at Douay in England, and there originated the Doway Bible, so sacred to the Catholic.

## THE FAMILY DINNER.

"I wish you would come and dine with me some time in a friendly way," said, continually to me, a young man whom I used to meet at the coffee-houses and the theatres, and who fastened himself upon me in every place, offering me civilities which I did not feel much inclined to accept. He was just such a personage as we see hundreds of every day; and therefore I shall not describe him more particularly, lest my readers should fix upon some one of their acquaintance as the original of the portrait. "You must," said he, "come to my house, and be acquainted with my wife—there are not ten like her in the whole world; and my children, too—though I say it who should not say it—such children as mine are real blessings. I must show you how I live. I am the happiest master of a family alive, and a proper example for young men who don't like matrimony. Come and dine with me once. We shall treat you without ceremony, and give you only a family dinner; but I will answer for it you will be pleased."

Although I am by no means averse to splendid tables, sumptuous viands, and numerous guests, yet there is in a quiet family dinner, particularly nothing which I enjoy more than when invited by an old friend, for the purpose of having a little tranquil conversation. It is refreshing to the mind, to leave for a few hours the tumult of the great world, to be a transient partaker of the unostentatious pleasures of domestic intercourse—and in such circumstances, a glass of old Rhenish tastes better than the Bourdeaux, Saunterne, and Champagne at tables where I hear no conversation but that relating to the opera of yesterday, and see nothing but artificial faces, and still more artificial manners.

I met my above-mentioned friend in the street a few days ago. The moment he saw me he ran up to me, laid hold of my arm, and asked me where I was going. "To dinner," was my reply. "Good! good!" replied he: "now I have caught you, I shall not let you go; you must take a family dinner with me. It was vain that I pleaded a prior invitation as an excuse—my too hospitable friend would not admit of it, and I was obliged to follow. I consoled myself with thinking that I might fare better than I expected, and that my host might really have a pleasant wife, well-behaved children, and a good table."

We knocked, a thin, sallow-faced woman opened the door, and on seeing me started back, with marks of no very agreeable surprise. "My dear," said my host, "this is Herr C\*\*\*, my friend, whom I have so often mentioned to you—he is going to take his chance with us to-day of a family dinner." The lady's long visage became still longer at these words; she made me a curtsy which resembled a contortion of anger, and drawled out "Happy to see you," in so gloomy a tone, that it sounded very much like "I wish you were hanged." Nothing can be more unpleasant than to feel ourselves unwelcome in houses whither we came against our inclinations. I wished myself ten miles off; but my new acquaintance said, "Now let us leave the mistress to make her preparations," and led me into an adjoining room, to show me his dwelling. I have not many apartments, continued he, perfectly self-satisfied, "but every thing is neat and orderly." I was then obliged to stoop to get into a cabinet, which two little dirty brats seemed to have been turning topsy-turvy. The floor and furniture were covered with snips of paper, pictures, knives, spoons, and toys of all kinds. "This is the only true happiness—to be a father!" said my host, while he cleared a chair to offer it to me. "Hey, Charles! Louis! come and ask the gentleman how he does." "I shan't," said Charles, and the father whispered in my ears, "Full of spirit; quite a character.—Come to me directly," continued he to the boy, somewhat more severely. The boys laughed, and remained still. The father went and pulled them towards me by the ears, assuring me all the time of their obedience. "Now Charles, have you learned your lesson? repeat your fable." The boy muttered—

"I was resolved one day to go, To see the wild beasts at the show," and ran off directly to his play. "Very well," said the father; "now it is your turn, Louis. Ah! you shall see the boy's a genius; he says such things, they are quite surprising. Tell me, Louis, what is the greatest wonder in the world?" "A mince-pie!" answered the boy, perdy. The father laughed loud and loudly. "Did I not say so? you did not expect such a witty answer, did you? I shall bring him up to politics."

At last the pale-faced mistress thrust her head in at the door, squeaked out, "Dinner's ready!" and immediately shut the door again with a bang. "Dinner, dinner!" bawled the children, and rushed out of the room before us. We followed, and the father placed me at the table between his two sprouts, telling me they would amuse me in a thousand different ways. A great spaniel immediately began pawing me to beg something of me, and a starling jumped down on the table, and hopped from plate to plate; while the lady handed me a napkin, which would have been white but for the service it seemed to have rendered to more than one predecessor. Mamma helped the soup, which proved too little salted. Papa took notice of this in the following polite remark:—"My Julia is as sparing of her salt in her soup as in her words." Julia was accordingly obliged to rise from table to fetch the salt, which had been forgotten. She excused herself, saying that her servant had been away all day attending a sick mother. "That's a fib," cried Charles; "we have not had a servant these three weeks." A smart rap on the knuckles,

with a spoon rewarded his comment—he began to bellow, and would not be quiet till mamma gave a bit of sugar-candy, which he sucked instead of soup. "You must excuse our fare," said the lady; then turning to me, and offering me a dish of vegetables with a fried sausage in it, "I did not know my husband intended bringing a guest home—but he is always playing me such tricks." I colored up to my eyes. "Hey! what!" said the husband, "O, friends will make allowances; Herr C\*\*\* will, I know, enjoy this family dinner." The lady answered him with a most angry glance.

The family dinner consisted of a thin, watery soup, thickly powdered with saffron, some radishes, and a little bit of butter, so small that the children clamored in vain for their allowance of it to their bread; next followed beef, in which my eyes looked in vain for fat; then appeared the sourkraut, warmed up for the second time with a single sausage; and at last a dish in which I could discover nothing but sauce. "This is a fricassee-chicken," said my amiable and agreeable host; "my wife has no equal in cooking it." I rejoiced at first in the hopes of getting something I could eat; but after fishing a long time in a sea of liquid, I could only bring up one chicken's drumstick. My host kept urging me to drink, with the assurance that his wine was not strong, but had a very rich flavor, and was perfectly innocent. I took his word readily enough for the last qualification, as the case led me to suspect that my economical landlady had made two bottles out of one.

My charming little neighbors annoyed me not slightly during dinner. Charles amused himself with kicking my shins under the table; and Louis, with imperturbable coolness, wiped his fingers on my clothes. The catastrophe of the family party at length approached: Charles, in endeavoring to take a bone which his brother was gnawing, knocked down his own plate, and spilled the greasy water, which was substituted for gravy, over my new blue coat. Mamma, instead of assisting me, began to bewail her broken plate, and run after the child to beat him, while he took refuge behind his father: the father rose to appease his wife—the dog howled—Louis grinned—Charles screamed—the lady scolded—and the starling quietly perched himself upon my head, and began pecking my hair.

At last my friend resumed his seat, and said laughing:—"This you see, my friend, is my way of life: and I feel myself more happy under my lowly roof than a king in his palace." He asked me if I was accustomed to take coffee after dinner; for though there was none ready, he had a machine which would make it in five minutes. I thanked him, saying that coffee made me ill, that I had taken a most excellent dinner, and was obliged to go. "Farewell, then," said my friend; "I hope I shall see you again soon. You know the way to my house now—you know my family, and the fashion we live in—as it is to-day, so it is every day; I hope you will come often and take a family dinner with us." I hardly know what I said in return; but I hastily seized my hat, muttering some compliments, ran out of the door—and shudder still at the recollection of the "Family Dinner."

## A THRILLING INCIDENT.

One beautiful summer's afternoon, I, in company with my wife and child—a little prattling fellow of six summers—started out for a walk. A little dog that was very much attached to the child persisted in following us. Twice had I driven him back; the last time, as I thought, effectually. The afternoon was very fine, and as I slowly followed the serpent-like windings of the railroad, conversation very naturally turned—the gaily plumed songster, the chattering squirrel, and the humming bee, all conspired to take our attention.

Becoming wearied, at length, we sat ourselves down on a grassy knoll by the side of the railroad, about two hundred yards below where a sharp angle occurs, hiding it from our view. Our little boy was higher up on the bank, busily plucking the blue-bells, and dandelions that grew in profusion around, and we soon lost sight of him altogether.

My wife was engaged in perusing a copy of "Baxter's Saint's Rest," while I had cast myself on the grass beside her, enraptured in the beauty of the landscape spread to view. There a field of tassel corn gently waved to and fro, while here a field of sweet-scented clover shed its grateful remembrance on the air. "Twas like some enchanted bow—er—the silence broke only by twinklings of sheep's bells, or the lowing of kine, as they peacefully grazed on the distant pasture. I was thinking of the infinite wisdom and goodness of the Great Creator, in thus making earth so beautiful for poor sinful man, and how the thousands are swept away from its charms forever and forgotten, when I was roused from my reverie by the shrill whistle of the approaching train. Instinctively I turned to look for little Harry, when a quick exclamation from my wife caused me to turn.

She was pale as death. "William, look at our child," she faintly whispered. I did so; and, my God! who can tell the agony that wrung my heart at that instant! The little recreant had wandered up the track unheeded, and he sat himself down on the oaken sleepers to call his flowers, just above the curve, unconscious of the death that hovered near him.

I started up the track towards him, beckoning to him to come to me as I advanced. Instead of doing so, he apprehending some playful sport, commenced running directly up the track, and laughing gleefully as he went. The smoke from the advancing engine was at this instant distinctly visible; it was not possible that I could overtake him in time to save him from that cruel death; as it was, I was hurrying him on to his doom. I breathed a prayer to him on high and staggered back.

At that moment the sharp bark of a dog broke upon my ear. With one gleeful bound our boy cleared the track and grasped the little woolly intruder in his arms. The train rushed down the curve with a whizzing sound. The iron monster was cheated of his prey. I am an old man, but I must confess as I once more held the little truant in my arms, safe, the tear of gratitude started in my eye.

The little dog had perseveringly followed the

child, unseen, to be the means of saving his life. Blind, blind indeed is he who could not see the finger of God in this.—*American Presbyterian.*

The Troy Argus reports an active business on the underground railroad, and says that on some days the "train" takes a dozen at a time, and the aggregate business of the year is counted by hundreds. One gentleman, who is ranked among the high-toned conservative Democrats—is regularly called on for his subscription when funds are needed. His sober and invariable reply is this:—"Give money to help a fugitive slave escape? not a cent! it's illegal, and against the compromises of the Constitution! send him back to Virginia! send him back—and here's a V to help pay the expenses of returning him to his master!"

The above reminds us of an anecdote, of an old Quaker, in this place, who was solicited by a subscription, to purchase a bell, for the old South Church, which was to be rung at 12 and 9 o'clock. He indignantly declined, but said here is a five dollar bill to buy a rope to tie the noisy thing.

AGREEING WITH HER.—A clergyman, who was a bit of a humorist, once took tea with a lady of his parish, who prided herself much upon her nice bread, and was also addicted to the common trick of depreciating her viands to her guests.

As she passed the nice warm biscuit to the reverend gentleman, she said:

"They are not very good; I am almost ashamed to offer them."

The minister took one, looked at it rather dubiously, and replied:

"They are not so good as they might be!"

The plate was instantly withdrawn, and with heightened color, the lady exclaimed:

"They are good enough for you!"

Nothing further was said about the biscuit.

A few days ago, says the Buffalo Commercial, one of our eloquent city divines perpetrated a *bon mot* in his sermon. He was preaching upon repentance, and, said he, "when the tears of repentance are flowing, substantial proofs of a regenerated life are expected. Only the tears of penitence can wash away the sins of life; for I tell you, the heavy freight must go by water."

WITTO, is the Scotch word the carter uses to urge his horses; meaning "get on!"—It was applied by the covenanter to their action against Charles I. The English carter says "gee-go."

## PROSPECTUS OF "THE WIZARD."

THE Subscriber proposes to publish, on the first week of December next, a FAMILY NEWS-PAPER, with the above title, to be issued on Wednesday morning of each week. It will be printed on fine paper, with new and clear type, and although less in size, will contain about the same quantity of reading matter as the Salem newspapers.

The publisher has secured the services of Mr. F. POOLE, as Editor, who will spare no efforts to give THE WIZARD a high position as an INDEPENDENT, LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL. He has also the assurance of able aid from persons of competent ability, whose combined exertions can hardly fail of making the paper a pleasant companion in the Family, the Office, and the Workshop.

In its Selections, as well as Editorials, while aiming to a high standard of taste and morality, THE WIZARD will endeavor to contribute to the cravings of the healthy mind for entertainment, in the shape of pleasant Narrative, kindly Humor and refined Wit; or, if this cannot be safely promised, it is hoped that it will not always rest under the incubus of absolute dullness.

THE WIZARD will sometimes invest himself with a personality which will allow him to become the confidant of Governors and Presidents. As one of the sovereign people he feels that he has as good a right to "prattle" as the "Anointed of the Lord," and the dance of Sorecery, he may see visions, and dream dreams. He will aim to present "Variety, that spice of life which gives it all its flavor." He may sometimes moralize and poetize, and doubtless his poetry will be sufficiently poor. He will, as might be expected from his name, be apt to devote from the trodden paths of his contemporaries. He will give the rein to fancy and invoke the aid of parody. He may prove himself a very odd fellow, albeit not of that respectable Order. He expects to have good correspondents, but he may sometimes be his own. He will remove without bitterness, and there will be no malice in his satire. His disposition will be as sweet and kindly as Mrs. Partington's, although he may have some of the mischievousness of Ike. In Politics he will assert his independence and be the organ of no party or clique. While his political sentiments are those of the present majority in our Commonwealth, and he is prepared to defend them, he will be liberal and open to the views of his opponents.

The readers of THE WIZARD will not expect to be well posted up in the news of the day. Few persons will go to a weekly paper for news which they had read a week before, and which is now half forgotten. Public events and important intelligence will have their due record, but it is to the daily and semi-weekly press that we look for full particulars of current news. We hope to find pleasant reading for our columns than Presidents' Messages and accompanying Documents." We shall not "stop the press" to describe an atrocious murder in San Francisco, or issue a Postscript to announce the last bloody railway disasters, to give priority to our columns. It is to home interests, tastes and enjoyments that we shall chiefly direct our attention.

As a local paper, THE WIZARD will be especially devoted to the interests and welfare of the place of its publication. It will strive to gather up and place on permanent record, events as they transpire which are of interest to our people. In general and local questions, where the rights and honor of the inhabitants of South Danvers are concerned, it will be their faithful organ and defender. It will draw instruction from her past history, and contain notices of her men of mark who have rested from their labors. It will keep in mind the improvements going on and contrast her present advancement in business and population with her day of small things. It will glance backward to her antiquities, and forward to her probable destiny. It will endeavor always to keep in view her higher moral interests, the cause of education in her schools, and in that higher Institution, which is the pride and ornament of two towns and the occasion of enduring gratitude to its distinguished Patron.

The first number of THE WIZARD will be issued in advance of its day of publication, as a specimen of its form and type, and with a view to obtaining a respectable subscription list at the start. This number may be had at the several Periodical stores at three cents per copy. As it is to be strictly a subscription paper, future numbers can only be furnished to subscribers.

THE TERMS of subscription will be two DOLLARS per year. For IMMEDIATE PAYMENT in Advance, a discount of fifty cents will be made.

Subscriptions received at the office of publication, in Allen's Building; and by Periodical Dealers generally.

CHARLES D. HOWARD,  
Publisher and Proprietor.

So. Danvers, Nov. 24, 1859.

## Eastern Railroad.

STATION IN BOSTON ON CAUSEWAY ST.

### FAIR ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after Monday, Nov. 5, 1859, Trains will leave the EASTERN RAILROAD STATION, Washington street, Salem, daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—  
SALEM for LYNN and BOSTON, 6.15, 7.15, 8.15, 9.10, 11 a. m., 1.20, 4.20, 6.45, p. m.  
Salem for Lynn Common, East Saugus, Saugus Centre, Cliftondale, East Malden, Maplewood, and Malden Centre, 6.15, 7.15, 10 a. m., 2.30, 4.40, p. m.  
Salem for Beverly, 6.15, a. m., 1.15, 5.45, 6.30, 7.15, 7.45, p. m.  
Salem for West, Beach, Manchester, and Gloucester 8.15, a. m., 1.15, p. m.  
Salem for Wenham and Ipswich, 8.15 a. m., 1.15, 5.45, p. m.  
Salem for Newburyport, 8.15, a. m., 1.15, 5.45, p. m.  
Salem for Amesbury, 8.15, a. m., 3.15, 5.45, p. m.  
Salem for Portsmouth, 8.15, a. m., 3.15, 5.45, p. m.  
Salem for Portland, 8.15, a. m., 3.15, p. m.

### And for SALEM as follows:

Portland for Salem, 8.45 a. m., 2.30, p. m.  
Portsmouth for Salem, 7.15, 11.15, a. m., 5. p. m.  
Amesbury for Salem, 7.35, 9.40, a. m., 5.20, p. m.  
Newburyport for Salem, 8.10, a. m., 12, 5.45, p. m.  
Ipswich for Salem, 8.25, 10.25, a. m., 12.30, 6.10, p. m.  
Gloucester for Salem, 7.30, 10.10, a. m., 4.00, p. m.  
Manchester for Salem, 7.45, 10.25, a. m., 4.15, p. m.  
Beverly for Salem, 7.05, 8.05, 8.50, 10.50, a. m., 12.50, 4.30, 6.35, p. m.  
Lynn for Salem, 8.15, 11 a. m., 1.3, 4.15, 4.45, 5.30, 6.15, 7, 7.30, p. m.  
BOSTON for SALEM, 7.30, 8.45, a. m., 12.15, 2.30, 3.45, 4.15, 5, 5.45, 6.30, 7.19, p. m.

On arrival from the East.  
On Wednesday's at 11.15, p. m. and Saturday's at 10.15, (via Saugus Branch.)

## South Reading Branch Railroad.

### WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Monday Nov. 7, 1859, Trains leave Salem for Boston, at 6.40, 10 a. m., 2.45, 4.55, p. m.  
S. Danvers for Boston, 7.10, 4.45, a. m., 2.30, 5, p. m.

## Essex Railroad.

Trains leave Salem for Lawrence and Way Stations, at 7.15, a. m., 4.45, p. m.  
Trains leave Lawrence for Salem, at 8.35, a. m., 6.15, p. m.

Leave Danvers for Salem, 9.15, a. m., 6.55, p. m.  
Leave Danvers for Salem, 9.15, a. m., 6.55, p. m.  
Leave S. Danvers for Salem, 9.23, a. m., 7.03, p. m.

On arrival of trains from Beverly and Marblehead, for the arrival of the trains from Concord and the Northern Railroads.

## Marblehead Branch.

Salem for Marblehead, 8.15, 9, 10, a. m., 1.05, 3.15, 6.45, 7.15, p. m.  
Marblehead for Salem, 7.45, 9.45, a. m., 12.45, 1.45, 4.25, 6.30, p. m.

FREIGHT TRAINS leave Boston for Portsmouth daily, at 5 p. m., for Salem at 5.15 p. m., and for Gloucester on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 6.15 p. m. Leaves Salem for Boston at 4.20, a. m., Gloucester on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 3 a. m., and Portsmouth on arrival of Freight Train from Portland, or at 11.30 p. m.

J. PIESCOTT, Superintendent.

## Salem and Lowell Railroad.

### WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Monday, Nov. 7, 1859, Passenger Trains will run as follows:—  
Leave LOWELL for SALEM, 7.50, a. m., 3.30, p. m.  
Leave SALEM for LOWELL, 10.45, a. m., 4.55, p. m.  
Leave Lawrence, Andover and Ballardvale, for Salem via Boston & Maine and Salem & Lowell Railroads, 7.50 a. m., changing cars at Wilmington Junction.  
Leave Salem for Ballardvale, Andover, Lawrence and Haverhill, 10.45 a. m. or 4.55 p. m.

SALEM, HAVERRILL AND NEWBURYPORT.  
From Newburyport, Georgetown, Bradford and Haverhill for Salem, take 7.45 a. m. train, changing cars at West Danvers Junction.  
Leave Salem for Georgetown, Bradford, Haverhill and Newburyport, 4.55 p. m., changing cars at West Danvers Junction.

F. H. NOURSE, Local Superintendent.  
South Danvers, Dec. 7, 1859.

## South Danvers and Salem Line of Omnibuses.

On and after MONDAY, May 4, 1859, the South Danvers and Salem Line of Omnibuses will run as follows:—  
Leave the Hourly Office, South Danvers at 7, 7.1-2, 8, 8.1-2, 9, 9.1-2, 10, 10.1-2, 11, 11.1-2, a. m., 12, 12.1-2, 1, 1.1-2, 2, 2.1-2, 3, 3.1-2, 4, 4.1-2, 5, 5.1-2, 6, 6.1-2, 7, 7.1-2, 8.  
Leave No. 13 Central St. Salem, at 8.1-2, 9, 9.1-2, 10, 10.1-2, 11, 11.1-2, a. m., 12, 12.1-2, 1, 1.1-2, 2, 2.1-2, 3, 3.1-2, 4, 4.1-2, 5, 5.1-2, 6, 6.1-2, 7, 7.1-2, 8.  
Leave's Room, at Needham & Hawkes's, No. 272 Essex Street, and at the Office.  
SINGLE FARE on the regular route, 6 cents, or Twenty Tickets for \$1.00.  
Passengers called for or left off the route, at a reasonable distance, the fare will be 12 1-2 cents.  
Extra Coaches furnished, at all hours, at reasonable prices.  
SHACKLEY & MERRILL.  
South Danvers, Dec. 7.

## JOSEPH J. RIDER,

Would respectfully invite the attention of the citizens of South Danvers, to his stock of JEWELRY, SILVER AND PLATED WARE, to which he has just received large and desirable additions in various styles and at all prices.

## SILVER PLATED WARE,

Just opened, consisting of Tea Sets, several new styles, at fair prices. Also, a large variety of Cake Baskets, Castors, Cups, Spoon-holders, Toast Racks, Knives, Forks, &c., &c., &c.

## IN SILVER WARE,

No greater variety, or better goods, can be found in Salem or Boston, my goods being purchased from the same manufacturers and at the same prices as the largest Boston and New York houses, and consists in part, of Knives, Forks, and Spoons, of all kinds, at various prices; Cups, Goblets, Children's Sets, Salt Cellars in pairs and sets; Nutmeg Graters, Match Boxes, Card Cases, Napkin Rings, Ladles of all sizes, Baguet Holders, Knife Rests, &c., &c., all at fair prices, depending on finish and weight.

## JEWELRY,

in sets of Brooch and Ear Knobs, from \$50 to \$1.50, Breast Pins from \$30 to 25 cts, Vest, Fob, Guard, Neck, and Chatelaine Chains, at a great range of prices; Penick Cases, Lockets, Rings, and a full variety of jewelry, in styles and prices.  
J. J. R. has also for sale, the celebrated Old Dominion Coffee and Tea Pots, which, from personal experience, he can guarantee all that they are represented. A fine assortment of finest quality Shears, Scissors, Pen and Pocket Knives, of the best English manufacture, also Ivory handle Table and Tea Knives.  
Henry A. Brown & Co.'s celebrated 99 Gold Pens, Manhattan Paste Powder, for cleansing Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware, manufactured by J. J. R. for his own use, and the new article, called Silver Soap, Brushes, and indeed a full assortment of articles usually found at such an establishment.  
Letter Engraving neatly executed, Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry repaired, and Accordeons tuned and put in order, at 242 Essex street, Salem.  
dec 7

JOSEPH J. RIDER.



# THE WIZARD.

VOL. I.

SOUTH DANVERS, MASS., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1859.

NO. 2.

## THE WIZARD

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

At Allen's Building, So. Danvers Square,

CHAS. D. HOWARD, Proprietor.

F. POOLE, Editor.

Terms \$2.00 a Year; for Immediate Payment, \$1.50.

### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Half a Square, 3 wks. 3 mos. 1 year.  
\$1.00 \$2.50 \$6.00  
One Square, 1 mo. 3 mo. 1 year.  
2.00 5.00 10.00  
3.00 7.50 15.00  
16 lines of Nonpareil type are equal to a square.  
60 cents per line will be charged for notices of meetings for political, civic, or religious purposes, notices of societies, cards of acknowledgments, &c.  
The privilege of Annual Advertisers is limited to their own immediate business; and all advertisements for the benefit of other persons, as well as legal advertisements, and advertisements of real estate, or auction sales, sent in by them, must be paid for at the usual rates.

### Poetry.

For The Wizard.

#### THE WINDS.

Whence comes the wind? that with its ceaseless sighing,  
Such melancholy music makes,  
As its last wail in the dim distance dying,  
The echoes mournful answer wakes.

Is it some voiceless messenger, replying  
To questions of the hills and shaded lakes?  
They come at eve, with low mysterious noises,  
As spirits, whispering in their flight;  
Then laugh aloud, as a strong man rejoices  
In his proud consciousness of might;  
Till weary grown, their deep and hollow voices,  
Sweep with a wail through the dark halls of night.

Where did they learn their music, hushed and holy,  
That seemeth of our lives a part?  
Where catch the strains they breathe to spirits lowly,  
Attuned to every fiber of the heart?  
Or those more lofty notes, that rising grandly, slowly,  
The better purpose, strong resolve can start.

Did the deep sounds of heavenly anthems, swelling  
With more than an immortal art,  
As seraph songs celestial love were telling,  
To them the matchless gift impart?  
Or land of song, the muses faded dwelling,  
Did they learn there the secrets of the heart?

O! not from songs which Angel lips have chanted,  
Which only Angel lips may swell,  
Nor yet in lands by fauns and satyrs haunted,  
Realms where the fancy loves to dwell,  
Learned they the secret, which they vainly painted—  
Vainly and long, in part to tell.

But their weird spell, is that when hope beamed brightly,  
They roamed with us o'er hill and plain,  
And piped to us, when the heart's chords to tightly,  
Were drawn by the harsh hand of pain,  
Awake within some well remembered strain.

#### LENORA.

Baron Montaldi had a daughter fair,  
But sixteen summers she had seen;  
Her heart was light, no grief was there,  
And loved by all was she I ween.  
But love hath wiles for beauty's smiles,  
And Alpine hunters young and bold  
Oft sought her bower at evening hour,  
And many a tale of rapture told.

Fly to the mountain, Lenora, with me,  
Fly to the mountain, love, said he.  
But she, the young betrothed, was claimed  
By the love of Urgall, the proud and old.  
The day was fixed, the dower named  
And counted out in shining gold.  
The hall was bright that nuptial night,  
And gladness through the castle rang;  
But there was one who stood alone,  
And softly to the maiden sang—

Fly to the mountain, Lenora, with me;  
Queen of my heart! I wait for thee!  
A steed stood at the castle gate,  
And dark and lowering was the night;  
Soon on his back the lovers sat,  
And swift and silent was their flight.  
Now joy betide the hunter's bride,  
Who gave a heart no gold could buy;  
Long may she roam in her mountain home,  
And sing the Alpine melody.

Life in the mountain wilds for me,  
Life in the valley no more I'll see.

My MOTHER.—In the way of true, forcible and poetic similes, the following, by Adelaide Proctor, has not been often surpassed: A boy is speaking of his infantine recollections of his dead mother:—

The mere thought  
Of her great love for me has brought  
Tears in my eyes. Though far away,  
It seems as if it were yesterday.  
And just as when I looked on high  
Through the blue silence of the sky,  
Fresh stars shone out and more and more  
Where I could see so few before;  
So, the more steadily I gaze,  
Upon those far-off, misty days,  
Fresh words, fresh tones, fresh memories start,  
Before my eyes and in my heart.

Long acquaintance is often called friendship, and so is intimacy; but they are different things.

### Selected Story.

#### THE QUEEN SEMIRAMIS.

"Of all my wives," said King Ninus to Semiramis, "it is you I love the best. None have graces like you, and for you I would willingly resign them all."

"Let the king consider well what he says," replied Semiramis. "What if I were to take him at his word?"

"Do so," returned the monarch; "whilst beloved by you, I am indifferent to all others."

"So, then, if I asked it," said Semiramis, "you would banish all your other wives, and love me alone? I should be alone your consort, the partaker of your power, and Queen of Assyria."

"Queen of Assyria! Are you not so already," said Ninus, "since you reign by your beauty over its king?"

"No—no," answered his lovely mistress; "I am at present only a slave whom you love. I reign not; I merely charm. When I give an order, you are consulted before I am obeyed."

"And to reign, then, you think so great a pleasure?"

"Yes, to one who has never experienced it."

"And do you wish, then, to experience it?"

"Would you like, for one whole day, to be sovereign-mistress of Assyria? If you would, I consent to it."

"And all which I command then, shall be executed?"

"Yes, I will resign to you for one entire day, my power and my golden sceptre."

"And when shall this be?"

"To-morrow, if you like."

"I do," said Semiramis; and she let her head fall upon the shoulder of the king, like a beautiful woman asking pardon for some caprice which has been yielded to.

The next morning, Semiramis called her women, and commanded them to dress her magnificently. On her head she wore a crown of precious stones, and appeared thus before Ninus. Ninus, enchanted with her beauty, ordered all the officers of the palace to assemble in the state chamber, and his golden sceptre to be brought from the treasury. He then entered the chamber, leading Semiramis by the hand.

All prostrated themselves before the aspect of the king, who conducted Semiramis to the throne, and seated her upon it. Then ordering the whole assembly to rise, he announced to the court that they were to obey, during the whole day, Semiramis as herself. So saying, he took up the golden sceptre, and placing it in the hands of Semiramis—"Queen," said he, "I commit to you the emblem of a sovereign power; take it, and command with sovereign authority. All here are your slaves, and I myself am nothing."

Whoever shall be remiss in executing your orders, let him be punished as if he had disobeyed the commands of the king."

Having thus spoken, the king knelt down before Semiramis, who gave him, with a smile, her hand to kiss. The courtiers then passed in succession, each making oath to execute blindly the orders of Semiramis. When the ceremony was finished, the king made her his compliments, and asked her how she had managed to go through with it with so grave and majestic an air.

"Whilst they were promising to obey me," said Semiramis, "I was thinking what I should command each of them to do. I have but one day of power, and I will employ it well."

The king laughed at this reply. Semiramis appeared more piquante and amiable than ever.

"Let us see," said he, "how you will continue your part. By what order will you begin?"

"Let the secretary of the king approach my throne," said Semiramis, with a loud voice.

The secretary approached—two slaves placed a little table before him.

"Write," said Semiramis: "Under penalty of death, the governor of the citadel of Babylon is ordered to yield up the command of the citadel to him who shall bear him this order. Fold this order, seal it with the king's seal, and give it to me. Write now: 'Under penalty of death, the governor of the slaves of the palace is ordered to resign the command of the slaves into the hands of the person who shall present to him this order.' Fold it, seal it with the king's seal, and deliver to me this decree. Write again: 'Under penalty of death, the general of the army, encamped under the walls of Babylon, is ordered to resign the command of the army to him who shall be the bearer of this order.' Fold, seal, and deliver to me this decree."

She took the three orders thus dictated, and put them in her bosom. The whole court was struck with consternation; the king himself was surprised.

"Listen," said Semiramis. "In two hours hence let all the officers of the state come and offer me presents, as is the custom on the accession of new princes, and let a festival be prepared for the evening. Now let all depart. Let my faithful servant Ninus alone remain. I have to consult him upon affairs of state."

When all the rest had gone out—"You see," said Semiramis, "that I know how to play the queen."

Ninus laughed.

"My beautiful queen," said he, "You play your part to astonishment. But if your servant may dare to question you, what would you do with the orders you have dictated?"

"I should be no longer queen, were I obliged

to give account of my actions. Nevertheless, this was my motive. I have a vengeance to execute against the three officers whom these orders menace."

"Vengeance, and wherefore?"

"The first, the governor of the citadel, is one-eyed, and frightens me every time I meet him; the second, the chief of the slaves, I hate because he threatens me with rivals; the third, the general of the army, deprives me too often of your company; you are constantly in the camp."

This reply, in which caprice and flattery were mingled, enchanted Ninus. "Good," said he, laughing. "Here are the three first officers of the empire dismissed for very sufficient reasons."

The gentlemen of the court now came to present their gifts to the queen. Some gave precious stones, others of a lower rank flowers and fruits, and the slaves having nothing to give, gave nothing but homage. Among these last were three young brothers, who had come from the Caucasus with Semiramis, and had rescued the caravan in which the women were, from an enormous tiger. When they passed the throne:

"And you," said she, to the three brothers, "have you no present to make to your queen?"

"No other," replied the first, Zophire, "than my life to defend her."

"None other," replied the second, Artaban, "than my sword against her enemies."

"None other," replied the third, Assar, "than the respect and admiration which her presence inspires."

"Slaves," said Semiramis, "it is you who have made me the most valuable presents of the whole court, and I will not be ungrateful. You who have offered me your sword against my enemies, take this order, carry it to the general of the army encamped under the walls of Babylon, give it to him, and see what he will do for you. You who have offered me your life for my defence, take this order to the governor of the citadel, and see what he will do for you; and you who offer me the respect and admiration which my presence inspires, take this order, give it to the commandant of the slaves of the palace, and see what will be the result."

Never had Semiramis displayed so much gaiety, so much folly, and so much grace, and never was Ninus so much captivated. Nor were her charms lessened in his eyes, when a slave not having executed promptly an insignificant order, she commanded his head to be struck off, which was immediately done.

Without bestowing a thought upon this trivial matter, Ninus continued to converse with Semiramis, till the evening and the fête arrived.

When she entered the saloon which had been prepared for the occasion, a slave brought her a plate, in which was the head of the decapitated eunuch. "Tis well," said she, after having examined it. "Place it on a stake in the court of the palace, that all may see it, and be you there on the spot to proclaim to every one, that the man to whom this head belonged lived three hours ago, but that having disobeyed my will, his head was separated from his body."

The next day, a sumptuous banquet was prepared in the gardens, and Semiramis received the homage of all with a grace and majesty perfectly regal: she continually turned to and conversed with Ninus, rendering him the most distinguished honor. "You are," said she, "a foreign king come to visit me in my palace. I must make your visit agreeable to you."

Shortly after the banquet was served, Semiramis confounded and reversed all ranks. Ninus was placed at the bottom of the table. He was first to laugh at this caprice: and the court, following his example, allowed themselves to be placed, without murmuring, according to the will of the queen. She seated near herself the three brothers from the Caucasus,

"Are my orders executed?" she inquired.

"Yes," replied they.

The fête was very gay. A slave having, by the force of habit, served the king first, Semiramis had him beaten with rods. His cries mingled with the laughter of the guests. Every one was inclined to merriment. It was a comedy, in which each played his part. Towards the end of the feast, when wine had added to the general gaiety, Semiramis rose from her elevated seat, and said—"My lords, the treasurer of the empire has read me a list of those who this morning have brought me their gifts of congratulation on my joyful accession to the throne. One grandee alone of the court has failed to bring his gift."

"Who is it?" cried Ninus. "He must be punished severely."

"It is yourself, my lord—you who speak—what have you given to the queen this morning?"

Ninus rose, and came with a smiling countenance to whisper something in the ear of the queen. "The queen is insulted by her servant," exclaimed Semiramis.

"I embrace your knees to obtain my pardon. Pardon me, beautiful queen," said he, "pardon me."

And he added, in a lower tone, "I would that this fête was finished."

"You wish, then, that I should abdicate?"

"I wish, my lord, that I should abdicate to reign; and at the same time she withdrew her hand, which the king was covering with kisses.

"I pardon not," said she, in a loud voice, "such an insult on the part of a slave. Slave, prepare thyself to die."

"Silly child that thou art," said Ninus, still on his knees, "yet will I give way to thy folly; but patience, thy reign will soon be over."

"You will not be angry," said she, in a whisper, "at something I am going to order at this moment?"

"No," said he.

"Slaves," said she aloud, "seize this man—this Ninus."

Ninus, smiling, put himself into the hands

of the slaves.

"Take him out of the saloon, lead him into the court of the seraglio, prepare every thing for his death, and wait my orders."

The slaves obeyed, and Ninus followed them, laughing, into the court of the seraglio. They passed by the head of the disobedient eunuch. Then Semiramis placed herself on a balcony. Ninus had suffered his hands to be tied.

"Hasten to the fortress, Zophire; you to the camp, Artaban; Assar, do you secure all the gates of the palace."

These orders were given in a whisper, and executed immediately.

"Beautiful queen," said Ninus, laughing, "this comedy only wants the dénouement; pray let it be a prompt one."

"I will," said Semiramis; "Slaves, recollect the eunuch—strike!"

They struck. Ninus had hardly time to utter a cry, when his head fell upon the pavement, the smile still upon his lips.

"Now I am queen of Assyria," exclaimed Semiramis; and perish every one, like the eunuch and like Ninus, who dare disobey my order."

#### HON. DANIEL W. GOOCH.

The following sketch of our respected Representative in Congress, will be of interest to our readers. It is taken from the Boston Saturday Evening Gazette, and we have reasons for believing that it was prepared for that paper by a former townsman of ours, now resident at Melrose:

This gentleman, from the 7th District, was born at Wells, York County, Maine, Jan. 8 1820.

His ancestors were among the first settlers of that ancient town. He was fitted for college at Phillips Academy, Andover, entered the sophomore class of Dartmouth College in 1840, and graduated in 1843. In the fall of that year he entered upon the study of law in the office of Hon. Wm. A. Hayes, of South Berwick, Maine, where he remained a year and a half. He then entered the office of Ex-Governor Samuel Wells, of Portland, and was admitted to the bar in 1846.

In 1847 he commenced the practice of law in Boston, was married in the fall of 1848 to Miss Hannah, daughter of Captain John S. Pope, of Wells, and took up his residence in Melrose, Middlesex Co., where he still resides. In 1852 he was elected a Representative to the Legislature from Melrose, and in 1853 a member of the convention for revising the Constitution. In both these bodies he took a leading and influential position. In January, 1858, a vacancy occurred in the Seventh Congressional District by the resignation of Hon. N. P. Banks, who then entered upon the duties of Governor of Massachusetts.

In the District Convention of the American Republican party for nominating a successor, Mr. Gooch received upon the first formal ballot 82 out of 87 votes, and was elected by a majority of 2018 votes over the democratic candidate. Having faithfully served his constituents through the unexpired term of the 35th Congress, he was renominated and re-elected almost without opposition to the 36th Congress.

In early life, Mr. Gooch's sympathies were with the Democratic party, and he continued to act with that party till 1849, when he joined the Free Soil party, and has ever since been an earnest advocate of Anti-Slavery principles. Although approving of some of the measures of the American party, he was never connected with the American organization. In person Mr. Gooch is of medium stature. His manners are quiet, cordial and unaffected, and among his neighbors and acquaintances he is a universal favorite. In his presence there is nothing of the atmosphere of the politician, and he is incapable of entertaining personal hatred or political animosity. His principles are progressive, while his temperament is conservative. His mind is eminently logical, persistent and self-possessed. He has no tact for making after-dinner speeches, and never speaks in behalf of the American eagle, or for Buncombe, and hence his style is destitute of those court-courting qualities which are so fascinating to Young America.

His forte is in rising, without any special preparation, to advocate or defend some theory or principle on which he has fixed his opinions. Entirely self-possessed, the occasion supplies arrangement and a proper form of expression, and he proceeds deliberately to construct an argument that is impregnable and complete in all its parts. Every fact in his well stored memory that has a bearing on the question, comes in promptly, by way of illustration, at its proper place, and when he has finished he has perhaps been more successful than if he had time to arrange his argument beforehand. No interruption nor badgering on the opposite side disturbs him in the least, but they rather quicken his energies. Perhaps no member of the Massachusetts delegation could more ably defend, by argument, at a moment's notice, some principle of the party, than Mr. Gooch. He made but one set speech in Congress, and that was eminently successful. If his industry and ambition equalled his natural ability, there would be few more influential men in Congress. His family will reside in Washington this winter.

AN EXTENSIVE MICROSCOPE.—When it is desired to examine a small object, and a microscope is not at hand, an extempore one may be quickly made by filling two small glass bottles, such as homoeopathic medicines are put up in, with water or other clear liquid. Cross these at right angles over one another, and look at the object through the cross, when it will be seen considerably magnified.

THE FORGED WILL. A few years since, a man of high respectability was tried in England on a charge of forging a will, in which it was discovered he had an indirect interest to a large amount. Mr. Warren was the associate prosecuting attorney, and the case was tried before Lord Denman.

The prisoner being arraigned and the formalities gone through with, the prosecutor, placing his thumb over the seal, held up the will and demanded of the prisoner if he had seen the testator sign that instrument, to which he promptly answered, he had.

"And did you sign it at his request as subscribing witness?"

"I did."

"Was it sealed with red or black wax?"

"With red wax."

"Did you see him seal it with red wax?"

"I did."

"Where was the testator when he signed and sealed this will?"

"In his bed."

"Pray, how long a piece of wax did he use?"

"About three or four inches long."

"Who gave the testator this piece of wax?"

"I did."

"Where did you get it?"

"From the drawer of his desk."

"How did he light that piece of wax?"

"With a candle."

"Where did that piece of candle come from?"

"I got it out of a cupboard in his room."

"How long was that piece of candle?"

"Perhaps four or five inches long."

"Who lit that piece of candle?"

"I lit it."

"With what?"

"With a match."

"Where did you get that match?"

"On the man's shelf in the room."

Here Warren paused, and fixing his large deep blue eyes upon the prisoner, he held the will up above his head, his thumb still resting upon the seal, and said in a solemn, measured tone:

"Now, sir, upon your solemn oath, you saw the testator sign that will—he signed it in his bed—at his request you signed it, as a subscribing witness—you saw him seal it—it was with red wax he sealed it—a piece of wax, two, three or four inches long—he lit that wax with a piece of candle which you procured for him from a cupboard—you lit that candle by a match which you found on the mantle-shelf?"

"I did."

"Once more, sir—upon your solemn oath—you did it!"

"My Lord—IT'S A WAFFER!!!"—Exchange.

YOUNG MEN AND TREE FROGS.—The following quaint comparison is forcible and true. It would be well if our young men would note the moral of the terse passage we quote below:

The tree-frog acquires the color of whatever it adheres to for a short time. If it be an oak it is brown color; on the sycamore or cedar he is of a whitish brown color, but when found on growing corn he is sure to be green. Just so it is with young men. Their companions tell us what their characters are; if they associate with the vulgar, the licentious and the profane, then their hearts are already stained with their guilt and shame, and they will themselves become alike vicious. The study of bad books, or the love of wicked companions is the broadest and most certain road to ruin that a young man can travel, and a few lessons in either will lead him on, step by step, to destruction. Our moral and physical laws show how important it is to have proper associations of every kind, especially in youth. How dangerous it is to gaze on a picture or scene that pollutes the imagination or blunts the moral perceptions!"

CHARACTER.—The differences of character are never more distinctly seen than in times when men are surrounded by difficulties and misfortunes. There are some who, when disappointed by the failure of an undertaking from which they had expected great things, make up their minds at once to exert themselves no longer against what they call fate, as if thereby they could avenge themselves upon fate; others grow desponding and hopeless; but a third class of men will rouse themselves just at such moments, and say to themselves, "The more difficult it is to attain my ends, the more honorable it will be; and this is a maxim which every one should impress upon himself as a law. Some of those who are guided by it, present their plans with obstinacy, and perish; others, who are more practical men, if they have failed in one way will try in another."

WHERE DO SEA-BIRDS SLAKE THEIR THIRST? The question is often asked, where do sea-birds obtain fresh water to slake their thirst? but we have never seen it satisfactorily answered till a few days ago. An old skipper with whom we were conversing on the subject, said that he had frequently seen these birds at sea, far from any land that could furnish them water, hovering around and under a storm-cloud, clattering like ducks on a hot day at a pond, and drinking in the drops of rain as it fell. They will smell a rain squall a hundred miles or even further off, and send for it with a most inconceivable swiftness. How long sea-birds can exist without water is only a matter of conjecture, but probably their powers of enduring thirst are increased by habit, and possibly they go without it for many days, if not for several weeks.



# THE WIZARD.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1859.

The rapidity with which the large edition of our first number went off, has induced us to change our purpose in regard to the sale of single numbers, and this paper, with perhaps two or three succeeding numbers, will be offered for sale at FOUR CENTS per copy, which is as low as it can be afforded. So many were disappointed in not being able to obtain a sample copy that we have deemed it but fair and expedient to allow them an opportunity to see the paper before subscribing and we trust that between this time and the beginning of the new year we shall have a large accession to our subscription list. Luther Chandler is our Agent in Salem and D. P. Clough in Danvers. Mr. Clough is also our General Agent for the County.

We take this occasion to return our thanks to our many friends, at home and abroad, who have conveyed to us, by letter, their kind approbation of our enterprise. We were first inclined to overcome our modesty so far as to print some of these encomiums, but we shun the invidious task of selection and take this mode of replying to them all, assuring the writers that we shall continue to use our best endeavors to deserve the good opinion they seem to entertain of our labors.

TO OUR PATRONS.—We desire to express our gratitude for the kind manner with which our first number has been received by the public, and the unexpected readiness with which our patrons have come forward to give the sanction of their names to our enterprise. We regard it as an earnest of their determination that our journal shall be supported and placed on a basis, at once solid and secure. The unexpected influx of advertising patronage, which is indicated by this number, is also in the highest degree encouraging. It foreshadows the time when an enlargement of our sheet will be expedient, if not necessary, to accommodate the wants of the business community.

## Newspapers as an Article of Dress.

It is with feelings of highest satisfaction that we read in one of the city newspapers, the following: "A young lady of Edgely, S. C., recently attended a family soiree as 'The Evening News.' One who was there, described her dress (made entirely of newspapers) as being decidedly unique and very beautiful."

In the first place, we had a feeling of gratified pride in learning that what has hitherto been devoted to such base uses as kindling kitchen fires and wrapping dry goods, was employed to kindle a subtler fire in the lover's heart, and to clothe as the outermost wrappings of some "snow and rose bloom maiden."

To be sure, the newspaper has long been favorably known among the cooks of Paris as a material for caps; we have seen in workshops, men clad in aprons of the same stuff; distinct recollections have we also of manufacturing huge military chapeaux out of the Boston Daily Advertiser, in the days of our boyhood, but never, until recently, have we known of a newspaper appearing in place of silk and muslin, at an evening party. We congratulate our brethren of the quill upon the noble reward that is henceforth to crown their editorial labors. Their thoughts, so painfully hammered out in midnight hours of toil, are no longer doomed to an oblivion as lasting as their existence was ephemeral. We cannot but regard the fact above recorded, as the aurora of a great reform—the morning dawn of a new and glorious day, when the newspaper shall become the universal texture for ladies' dresses.

As the sartorial function of the newspaper grows upon the mind in all its vast importance, we are well nigh overwhelmed with a new sense of responsibility. Hitherto we have thought it to be our office, simply to amuse, interest and instruct the people; but, now, a grander field is opened to our labors—we are to clothe them. So long as the newspaper was designed merely for reading—so long as we were set down among the drudges in the public service, we might at times have been pardonably negligent in the performance of our duties; but, now that we are defiled—now that we take our places in the Pantheon beside the tailor and milliner, we are determined that our Homer shall, not only not rot, but not even so much as wink.

The question now arises, what particular department in this new line of business shall we enter? While we most cheerfully accord to some of our contemporaries an especial fitness for the sober garments of elderly people, and admit that others are well adapted for children's wear, we claim that it is the specialty of the Wizard to render the young ladies bewitching, and we confidently commend ourselves to their kind consideration. We promise to meet their wants to the utmost of our endeavor. We shall pay particular attention to the arrangement of the matter in our columns, so that, in the making up, the finest effusions of our poetic poet shall come upon the left shoulder, the propriety of which arrangement is obvious to any adept in the waltz or polka. We shall hold frequent consultations with the milliner, and shall serve as the interpreter of her behests at the same time that we furnish the wherewithal to obey them. We shall exercise the greatest caution in the admission of ultra political sentiments, so that any of our fair readers (we should say, wearers,) may attend a party in any southern city with perfect safety. The probable fate of a lady, who should appear at a ball in New Orleans, clad in the "New York Tribune," is sufficient to warn us off from sectional ground. Nor would we, on any account, sully our dear patrons with Disunion Sentiments, for is not matrimony one of the United States? In short we shall spare no pains to make The Wizard, the very best material for the toilette, demi-toilette and the promenade. While, in performing our duties as editor, we shall try to please all our patrons, in our higher office of clothier, we shall address (no pun intended) ourselves to Les Demoiselles. With impatience, then, do we await the deepening of that faint aural glow of which we spoke, into the perfect light of day.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND READERS.—We are sorry to be obliged to defer several articles marked for insertion. "A chip from the New Block" and "Buxton's Hill" will appear in our next. "Moustache" is under consideration. His Lenora, and a breezy poem on the "Winds," by W., may be found on the first page. We are rich in original poetry this week. The fine tribute to Senator Broderick by Mr. Pike of the Harmonious shows his talent and taste as a writer as well as a vocalist. Perhaps he may be induced to sing the piece at the Concert on Thursday evening.

## "Suspend your Judgment."

We often hear in the Court room where trials are in progress, the admonition of counsel to the jurors to suspend their judgment until other facts are known, or other arguments considered. Sometimes a piece of evidence gets in irregularly; climbs up some other way like a thief and a robber, but at any rate it gets in. The jury hear it. It is then discovered that it should have been ruled out. The Court tells the jury not to let that evidence affect their judgment—to dismiss it from their minds. Perhaps a criminal is in the box, and he is called upon to plead guilty or not guilty to the indictment. He lays his hand on his heart and says he knows he is guilty. Some sympathy is excited in his favor and he is advised to retract his plea. He does it and pleads not guilty. How are the jurors in this case to dismiss from their minds the effects of the first and honest answer? They cannot do it. It is there printed, engraved, daguerrotyped and photographed, and there it will remain. In no other way can they dismiss it but by obliteration of the memory of the first pleading. They may get over it technically but not fairly and honestly. If they can find any Lethean waters of forgetfulness, whose powers will shut out all knowledge of that portion of time in which were recorded the words, they may be able to suspend the judgment which was formed under their impression. Not otherwise. Is there ever any such obliteration of thought and memory? We contend that there is, and the object of these prefatory remarks is to introduce a case well authenticated, and which happened in this town within a short time.

About a year since, in this town, a man, who is a master mason, was employed to erect a chimney in a tall new building in this place. He had completed his work, the chimney was finished, and he ascended to the attic of the building, but by some mistake he fell through an aperture, or a series of open trap doors, to the cellar, where he landed on a pile of bricks and rubbish. Here he was found lying bleeding and insensible. A physician was called, and it was found that his skull was fractured. He remained for some time insensible. His wound was dressed, and such care taken of him that he slowly recovered.

On the recovery of his consciousness, he could give no account how the accident happened. He could not remember having ascended to the height from which he fell. He could not recall the purpose for which he went up. He must have climbed by means of ladders to the elevation. He remembered nothing about ladders. He had no recollection, no thought of being above in the attic or below on the rubbish. He was told that he was found there and insensible. It is all a matter of inference to him that he ever went up. He logically concludes that as he came down he must first have gone up. He knows nothing of it from the use of his memory. A certain portion of time before the accident, as well as after it, is a blank. It was not a fading of the events from his mind, but they were forcibly driven out of it. We can readily account for his oblivion after the catastrophe, but how account for it while the brain was in its healthy condition? He doubtless remembered these circumstances at the moment of and during his fall. Now they are entirely obliterated—knocked out of him as clearly as if they were so many bricks knocked out of his chimney. These moments of time are rudely annihilated. He was not able to recover them nor can he now. It is a standing mystery to him at this moment why he went up there. He can conceive of various reasons which might have prompted him to make the ascent, and reasons he doubtless had, but he has no idea what they were. We do not know whether philosophers account for such facts, or whether they know them. From Locke to Hamilton, we never have seen them discussed, but we know of other facts to the same purpose fully authenticated.

Now to apply this case to the proceeding in Court. There is one way then by which jurors can divest their minds of ideas there planted. Whenever any evidence is irregularly introduced into their minds, let the Judge order the Sheriff with his staff of office, to strike a blow on the head of each juror, just hard enough to "dismiss" the evidence, and adjourn the trial to the next day. It may then proceed, uninfluenced by what crept clandestinely into the jurors' heads, but which is now most effectually knocked out.

## Congress.

Congress has assembled, the organization has not been effected, nor the President's Message delivered. There are already indications that the precious time which ought to be applied by our legislators to transacting the business of their constituents, will be devoted to party agitation, and President-making. We regret to say that we have little hope that those with whom we sympathize politically, will keep their skirts clear of this propensity of our legislators. A new root of bitterness will be found in the Harper's Ferry affair, to divide still more the North and South. We shall probably witness a repetition of the quarrels and feuds which have so long been a stigma and disgrace to the highest legislative assembly of our country. The remedy is in the hands of the people. If they would only put the seal of their condemnation upon the disgraceful acts of their public servants, there might be hope that the evil would be cured. If they continue to send bullies and brawlers to the halls of Congress, such scenes will still be witnessed as will bring sorrow and sadness to every true lover of his country's welfare.

ROCKVILLE.—REV. D. O. ALLEN, D. D., will supply the desk at the Rockville Chapel during the remainder of the present year. Dr. Allen is the author of a historical work on India, where he resided twenty-six years engaged in the Missionary enterprise, until his failing health compelled him to return to this country. The work above referred to, is entitled "India, Ancient and Modern." It is contained in a large, well printed octavo volume, and gives an account of the political and religious systems of that region from the earliest times. It may be found in the Peabody Library. We believe the present residence of Dr. Allen, is at Wenhams.

We learn that Dr. Allen is expected to give one or more lectures before the Rockville Lyceum the present season, and that other lecturers of competent ability are also engaged.

THE YOUNG MEN'S LITERARY ASSOCIATION of this town, will give a course of five Assemblies, at Ashland Hall, commencing Friday evening, Dec. 16. Music by Upton & Getchell's Quadrille Band.

AGRICULTURAL.—John W. Proctor, Esq., whose pen is never idle on Agricultural topics, is writing a series of articles for the Cultivator, on Drainage.

The following spirited article from an unknown correspondent is designed, we presume, as a palpable hit on the bird laws, the result of over-legislation so common at the State House. In publishing the article, we do not mean to be understood to adopt the writer's extreme opinions in relation to natural rights.

## Common Law, vs. Statute Law.

Common law is the great bulwark of society, based on equality to every member of the community; it knows no servile slave, no lording tyrant; it crucifies no John Browns for attempting to unshackle the galling fetters, forged and riveted by statute made tyrants. It elevates, it gives protection to every member of society, and the liberty of protecting both his person and his labor (i. e. his property.) It needs no Wizard's power to see the petty tyranny, the wide departure from justice, the high-handed robbery of personal rights, rights God-given, conferred upon Adam in the garden of Eden, and handed down undisputed through the long vista of time, until the bright rays of the dark lantern of the ancient commonwealth of the Bay State, (in the year of grace 1866,) darted through the chinks and crevices of God's command to Adam, when He gave him dominion over the air, and also appointed him head gardener of his footstool.

Those wise men saw by that lantern on Beacon hill, that God had made a mistake, had delegated too much power to Adam and his descendants. The oracle of the assembled wisdom, in that coup d'etat tells Adam, "you may trap hares, but if a partridge commits suicide in your trap, you must pay twenty times fine, and some fifty or sixty preparatory dimes;" for what?—the stupidity or perhaps the melancholy temperament of a suicidal bird.

Should a half starved lad, with a soul as big as Howard's dry his mouth-waterings with a few cherries, currants or apples, fine him; if his poor parents are unable to pay it, send him to the pseudo-reform school, to crush out his remaining integrity, put on a felon's uniform, dry up the gushing fountains of his deep soul, cloud his mind in the mist of despair, to demonize him.

But if Cook Robin should take all your fruit, which is usually the case, don't hurt him, don't let him die on your premises, or you must disgorge your dimes, or in want of them, must reflect in a county building with grated windows. What reflections! Gizzards infallibly, sacred, of more consequence than souls, that Christ said were fit for heaven; gizzards above men; souls down, down, down lower than copper stools.

EARNEST.

THE MERRY SHAKER.—Seated in our Sanctum the other day, we heard an abrupt enquiry for the Editor, and looking up we saw approaching a tall, well-looking individual in a broad stiff brimmed white hat, with spectacles on nose, and a box under his arm, who accosted us quite familiarly as "Friend Wizard," and requested a look at our paper. His request granted, he made known his business, which was to establish an Agency in South Danvers for the sale of a preparation of Valerian for Neuralgia and kindred ailments, and took a sample bottle neatly labelled from his box for us to "try." He was voluble in speech, praising his remedy, and declaring that it would praise itself—glancing at the paper as he talked advising us kindly in regard to selections for his columns—gave us a piece of poetry on shewes swearing—drew papers from his pocket and professed us first rate articles for insertion—proposed an exchange for the "Indian Arcana"—talked sensibly and rapidly on many subjects,—part of the time glancing at the paper in his hand, until he all at once broke out into a most un-Shakerly roar, and commenced reading "John Brown's death and burial" aloud, closing each verse with a burst of merriment so contagious that we thought it ill accorded with his sober garb. He then gave his sentiments in regard to John Brown and demanded ours—went back to his medicine again—showed us another selection to print, an article on Shakerism and told us alive to modify the last paragraph, relating to marriage prohibition which was condemnatory of that article of the Shaker faith. We then parted from our volatile friend, whose form and face reminded us strongly of John G. Whittier, for whom he says he has often been taken. We have carefully laid aside our bottle, for use whenever we happen to have the neuralgia, and if the medicine has as genial effect on the mind, it must really be all that it is recommended to be.

Messrs. Newman & Symonds and D. B. Brooks & Bro. are his Agents.

TEACHER'S ASSISTANT, BY CHARLES D. NORTHERN.—This excellent Manual for teachers, is full of practical information and judicious counsel for those entering in the now honored profession of instructors of youth. Such a work was much needed as an effectual aid to the mature as well as the young teacher, and Mr. Northern was just the man to supply the deficiency. Most happily he has effected it in the work before us, and we are pleased to earn that it is having a rapid sale, edition after edition being called for by the public in the few weeks which have elapsed since its publication. Let every teacher possess it, who would be a thorough workman in his profession. It may be found at all the Bookstores.

WE have received a beautifully printed pamphlet entitled "Descriptive Circular of Baylies' Commercial College, Dubuque, Iowa," furnishing information as to the condition, management and course of study at that institution. We happen to have some knowledge of the Principal of the College, who is a gentleman of tact and energy, of extensive acquirements and every way fitted for the head of an institution designed to give a thorough business education to its pupils. He has also a corps of able assistants and lecturers on commercial law &c.

POSTPONED.—The proposed great gathering at Faneuil Hall to reaffirm the public sentiment of Massachusetts, in favor of our laws against Polygamy, and to depreciate the spread of Mormonism, at which an Ex-Governor was to preside, assisted by One Hundred and Fifty Vice Presidents and Twenty Five Secretaries, and which was to be addressed by several eminent and eloquent gentlemen—has been postponed until the necessity of such a meeting becomes more apparent than at the present time.

CHANGE OF EVENING.—We are requested to state that Assemblies of Volunteer Engine Company, will be on Wednesday evening instead of Tuesday, as before advertised, and the second of these will be at Town Hall on Wednesday evening, Dec. 21. The managers make this change on account of the lectures at the Institute.

## The Liquor Agent's Psalm of Life.

Tell me not ye State House grumblers,  
While in cushioned seats ye dream,  
As you fill your flowing tumblers,  
"Liquors are not what they seem."

Gin is real! 'tis the sternest,  
You'll find out ere long—perhaps,  
Gin to alcohol returnest,  
Was not spoken of the Schnapps.

Rum that's strong and Whiskey fleeting  
Kill alike the strong and brave,  
March them on while still they're treating,  
Downward to the drunkards grave.

Brandy pure, by insidious blending  
Spirits of the ranker sort,  
By subtle art of mine extending,  
Makes gallon jugs to hold a quart.

Where they show their biggest cattle  
In the Agricultural pens,  
Where the game cocks come to battle,  
I was hero among the hens.

I could bring the surest layer,  
Prizes I could always win,  
I could spur the State Assayer,  
And Cock-tails make without the gin.

There I shone in bright arraying,—  
Shameless boaster as you know,—  
Foul my business, fowls displaying,  
There it was I learned to crow.

"Fluids find their proper level,"  
Maxim we from science draw,  
Downward is my course to evil  
Obedient to this Liquor Law.

My enjoyment and not sorrow  
Was my destined end and way;  
So to cheat each to-morrow  
Finds me sharper than to-day.

Lives of Humbugs all remind us  
How they make the most of crime,  
And departing, leave behind us  
Footsteps marked with stains of slime.

Let me then be up and doing,  
With a hand for any feat,  
Still extending, ever brewing,  
Learn to cozen and to cheat.

## Fair at the Baptist Church.

We are happy to announce the complete success of this Festival, notwithstanding the disappointment occasioned by the absence of the "Old Folks" vocalists who were announced as expected to take part in furnishing the music. We hope there is more harmony in their voices than there appears to be in their councils, for, it seems that it was owing to disagreement among themselves that they violated their engagement. Rev. Mr. Keely the Pastor, announced to the company assembled the disappointment, and expressed the mortification and regret it caused to the society, and himself, and has since through the Salem Register stated the case to the public. The following is the closing portion of his communication:

Coaches were sent from this place to bring them, as was previously arranged; and the well known and gentlemanly proprietor of our line of Omnibuses went himself, and offered them every inducement rather than come back without them. But, because of the cold weather and some disagreement among themselves, the coaches were obliged to return empty, and we were put to the extreme mortification of announcing to the waiting audience the failure.

But our wounded feelings were greatly relieved as we gave expression to them, by the friendly and generous sympathy returned from the entire audience, and the very numerous expressions of the pleasure and enjoyment derived from such entertainments as the evening offered. Hon. Eben S. Poor offered a few kind and timely words, which were responded to by a general expression of approbation.

In recording our deep felt gratitude to the company who to acknowledge that our minds were entirely relieved from what otherwise would have been a lasting mortification and sorrow.

INSTITUTE LECTURES.—The Fourth Lecture of the season was delivered last week by Dr. Hedge of Cambridge, it being the first of a course of six Lectures to be delivered by him on the Middle Ages. This was introductory, on history in general, its philosophy and uses. His manner of treatment, his beautiful language and eloquent delivery invested his subject with a charm which held the attention of the audience and dissipated all fears which may have been entertained that the course would be unattractive.

PIKE'S HARMONIONS.—The entertainment given by this favorite company of vocalists at the Peabody Institute, was attended by a good audience and we may safely say that no preceding Concert at that hall has given such perfect satisfaction and elicited such enthusiastic commendation. A very general desire was manifested for a second performance, and they have been prevailed upon to give another entertainment with a new programme, on Thursday (to-morrow) evening. See their advertisements and posters. We bespeak for them a large audience.

VOLUNTEER ASSEMBLIES.—The first of the series of socials by the Volunteer Engine Company, number 4, came off at the Town Hall on Tuesday evening Dec. 6th, and considering the inclemency of the weather was very fairly attended, there being nearly 40 couple present. The music by Emerson & Faxon's Band was excellent, and the success of the first party speaks well for the course. The dancing public will please bear in mind that the night for these assemblies has been changed from Monday to Wednesday, making the next one come on Dec. 21st, and continuing on alternate Wednesdays during the course.

THE MOUNT VERNON FUND.—Rumors have been current for some time past, affirming that Mr. John A. Washington, the proprietor of the home of Washington, has failed and the Ladies' Mt. Vernon Fund was sacrificed. We are glad to be able to contradict this story on the authority of the Newburg N. Y. Gazette, which states that Mr. Washington has added to the Fund recently, the sum of \$1228.25 by the hands of Mr. Riggs, the Banker of Washington city, this being the amount of proceeds of the Mount Vernon steam boat trips for the past year.

ESSEX INSTITUTE.—The ladies of Salem propose holding a Fair in aid of the Funds of this Institute. It is a county Institution, and when the Fair is opened it ought to have the patronage of all the neighboring towns. We hope our line of Omnibuses will be well loaded with visitors to the hall where it may be held.

## The Cosmopolitan Art Association.

Six years since an Association was formed for the purpose of uniting the Fine Arts and Literature. To this end a number of gentlemen associated themselves together in an endeavor to "disseminate Art and Literature throughout the land." This project was received with much favor, even greater than the most sanguine had anticipated, as several unsuccessful attempts to found institutions claiming to be of similar import had been made, and a feeling of distrust in regard to them had infected the whole community. As experience had taught wisdom, it was determined to leave no effort untried in order to accomplish the undertaking. The Managers felt that the people were ready to lend their aid if they could see any possibility of success, therefore their work was pursued with energy and systematically. The prominent and reliable persons who were concerned in the movement, at once gave confidence to the public, and in a short time they were encouraged to hope for a constant and increasing success, in which they have not been disappointed, showing that there was a demand for such an institution, and proving that the Cosmopolitan Association was able to furnish the supply. The first four years they offered to each subscriber, either a popular Monthly Magazine or a fine engraving together with a share in the distribution of numerous works of Art, of Sculpture and Paintings, for the annual subscription of three dollars. The fifth year they discontinued the offer of Magazines, and issued an engraving superior in design and finish. "The Village Blacksmith" from Herring's celebrated painting, which painting costing three thousand dollars, is, with several hundred others, to be awarded to the subscribers, at the annual meeting January 31, 1860. The Art Journal which had before been published was enlarged, improved, and finely illustrated, making it a superb Magazine, which, as a literary work stands very high. Its articles are sound and progressive. It treats of the Fine Arts with that freedom and ease that indicates knowledge of the truths of the subject. Its selections are of great interest. Many beautifully illustrated poems are found in its columns. It gives better and more information of artists, and the Fine Arts, than all other Magazines in this country. In fact it stands alone in its particular province, and is destined to become a rival to the far famed London Art Journal. Such an Institution ought to be sustained, and the more liberally it is sustained, the more generous will be its return. The Cosmopolitan Art Association is, properly, an Honorary institution, its officers receiving no emolument for their services, all but absolutely necessary expenses being devoted to the purchase and distribution of Paintings, Sculpture, &c. The present year they offer, in addition to the Art Journal, a superb engraving of "Shakespeare and his Friends;" a most beautiful and desirable work it is, giving accurate portraits copied from faithful likenesses painted by their contemporaries. By subscribing to this Association one will receive this fine picture, the Art Journal, and may receive at the annual distribution a beautiful painting or piece of sculpture. The Engravings given last year, could not otherwise have been obtained for less than ten dollars. Before it came in possession of the Association, the writer of this, subscribed for a copy at that price. The Engraving offered this year is of yet a higher order and more expensive. It is earnestly hoped that all who love the true and beautiful in nature or their transcripts through Art, will subscribe to this Association, for, the more generous the support it receives, the more extensive will its work be distributed, and a love for the beautiful be disseminated. The Association has the finest gallery of Paintings in New York, to be found in this country, to which it is constantly adding works from the old as well as modern masters, all of which in their turn will be distributed among its members. To this gallery subscribers are admitted free.

ARCADUM.

DO NOT PASS T. A. SWEETSER'S without pausing to view the important and interesting engraving of Shakespeare and his friends, exhibited at his window. Dr. Sweetser is Honorary Secretary of the Cosmopolitan Art Association by which Institution this work is published. He receives subscriptions for the engraving entitling the subscriber to the Art Journal and a chance to secure some other valuable work of Art.

All lovers of good Fruit, foreign and domestic, will do well to call at Mr. Wm. J. Lunt's store at the Hotel building, Central St., where they will find Preserves, Confectionery and all other good things to gratify the appetite.

We call the attention of our readers to the Advertisements of Mr. R. O. Spiller, who has adopted the system of low prices and quick sales. At his store you can find almost every thing you want, from a piece of broadcloth to a yard of tape, or from a shovel to a cambric needle.

Families living near the Square, cannot do better than to call at the store of Newman & Symonds for their supply of Clothes and Groceries.

Those who want to keep their feet dry, would do well to visit Walton's Shoe Store, 94 Main Street and get Thick Boots and Rubbers.

SALEM.—There seems to be no want of candidates for the Mayoralty of our good mother Salem. Besides Mr. Webb, who was mentioned in our last, we see proposed, the names of the present Mayor, Mr. Silsbee, our old Townsman Mr. John Webster, Messrs Ripley Ropes, Wm. C. Endicott, N. B. Perkins, John A. Innis, and others. With such a diversity of candidates to distract the nerves of our ancient mother, it would not be strange if she should have the night-Mayor.

Carl Schurz Esq., of Wisconsin, lectures this evening before the Salem Lyceum, and Prof. Huntington to-morrow evening, before the Young Men's Union.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.—At a joint meeting of the Board of Selectmen, and School Committee on Monday last, Thomas M. Stimpson, Esq., was unanimously elected a member of the School Committee to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Rev. Mr. Brayton.

INCENDIARISM.—The barn of Mr. Burnham, of "Hea Fever" and "Extension Brandy" notoriety, was burned on Sunday night by incendiaries. His stock of fowls was reduced to a single Shanghai hen, which was thoroughly roasted, feathers and all.

A HARD HIT.—The Cape Ann Light, in speaking of the performances at the Annual Hall meetings, says "The Music was from the lyres of the Boston Courier and Boston Post."



For The Wizard.  
Broderick.

BY MARSHALL S. PIKE.

He deathlessly sleeps in his clotted shroud,  
Where the brave and true have laid him;  
Where the sunshine kisses away the cloud,  
To smile o'er the grave they made him:  
Where the distant peaks of the mountains rise,  
Whose snows like marble sheathe them;  
Are cent'aps towering toward the skies,  
For him who rests beneath them.  
But his spirit trends on the golden shore  
And points with an Angel finger;  
Unto him, whose hand is red with gore  
While life's dim shadowings linger!  
And death's fresh garland invests his brow,  
The martyr's immortal token;  
And his white lips speak that mystical vow,  
Which a hieing foe hath broken.  
O! the polished pile of exquisite art,  
In glory may rise above him;  
But his deeds will outlive each faithful heart,  
That hath known him but to love him.  
And though damp'ning dews, o'ergather the ground  
When the long nights count their numbers;  
Still Freedom's proud wing shall brighten the shroud  
Where the noble Broderick slumbers.

WASHINGTON STREET. This pleasant and well built street has recently been greatly improved by the erection of two beautiful mansions on its western side by Messrs. R. H. Brown and M. O. Stanley. It has been further ornamented by the complete renovation of the Methodist Church, which has been raised and furnished with gothic windows, and a stately tower. In a future number we may speak more fully of this and other specimens of church architecture in our village. We ought also in this connection to note the improvement in the grading and draining of this street by the town, which has been faithfully accomplished by the street surveyor, Mr. Osborn.

The new Brick Store erected by Eben Sutton, Esq., at the corner of Main and Wallis streets, is nearly completed. Now that the staging is removed it presents a handsome appearance, showing three stories on Main street, and four on Wallis street. In the third story is a spacious Hall, 35 by 60 feet which is to be heated by steam and lighted by gas. The remaining part of the building is to be used for business purposes, the ground floor is to be finished for two spacious Stores, well lighted by large windows and having a front of granite.

We propose to publish the monthly additions to the Library of the Peabody Institute, in abbreviated titles, with the Numerical Catalogue number attached to each volume, for the information of those who are interested in the Institution as borrowers. The following are the accessions to the Library in August.

- 7168 Walter Thornley.
- 7169 Idylls of King Arthur. Tennyson.
- 7170 Tales from the Norse.
- 7171 Roman Question.
- 7172 Garibaldi, Life of
- 7173 Italy and France.
- 7174 Shelley Memorials.
- 7175 Life and Liberty in America.
- 7176 Bunting, Jabez, Life of. Vol. I.
- 7177 Color and Taste.
- 7178 Wild Flowers.
- 7179 Common Objects.
- 7180 Shaw, Sam'l. Journals, I. Quincy.
- 7181 Calvinism and Hopkinsonism.
- 7182 Linen Manufacturers in Ireland.
- 7183 Trinity, Doctrine of.
- 7184 Chickering, Jonas, Life of.
- 7185 Comic Blackstone, G. A. Beckett.
- 7186 Good News of God.
- 7187 France, History of. H. White.
- 7188 Mississippi Bubble. F. S. Fiske.
- 7189 Glossary of English Words. R. C. Trench.
- 7190 Life for a Life. Miss Muloch.
- 7191 Ten Years of a Preacher's Life. Milburn.

Rev. Mr. MURRAY'S Charity Discourse, which has been twice postponed on account of the weather will be delivered in Salem on Sunday Evening next.

Fernando Wood is again elected Mayor of New York. So anxious was he for the office, that astonishing stories are told of promises he had made. He had a circular lithographed and sent to thousands, asking for their votes.

Governor Wise, of Virginia, thinks nothing of writing thirty letters a day. He can write with both hands and carry on a conversation at the same time.

The Public Library of Boston contains 78,043 books. The reading room embraces 140 of the best journals of the world.

The official statistics of the French departments prove that the average duration of human life is from six to eight years longer in the districts which are the most advanced in respect to education. In like manner, the inhabitants are most healthy in those departments where agriculture is most improved, manufactures most extended, and commerce most active.

To Stop the Nose Bleeding.—A piece of brown paper folded and placed between the upper lip and the gum will stop bleeding at the nose. Try it.

The Rich and the Poor.—The rich have the most meat; the poor have the best appetite. The rich lie the softest, the poor sleep the soundest. The poor have health, the rich have delicacies. The rich hang themselves through fear of poverty, the poor (such as have always been poor) laugh and sing.

How to Pronounce "Ough."—The ending syllable "ough," which is such a terror to foreigners, is shown up in its several pronunciations in the following lines:

Wife, make me some dumplings of dough,  
They're better than meat for my cough,  
Pray, let them be boiled till hot through,  
But not till they're heavy or tough.  
Now, I must be off to my plough,  
And the boys (when they've had enough)  
Must keep the flies off with a bough,  
While the old mare drinks at the trough.

Henry Ward Beecher's new church will cost \$125,000. An attempt will be made to have it the most elegant edifice in the country.

Little Dolly Dutton died at Brooklyn, N. Y., on Thursday. She was in her usual health the evening of her death, and entertained a large audience; but after dancing she complained of being unwell, when she was taken to a hotel, where she died in a few hours. She is the last of the famous Dutton children, whose public exhibitions excited much comment.

We are glad to learn that the above statement is without foundation in truth, and little Dolly is alive and in her usual health. She is grandchild of Mr. Thomas Chadbourn of this town.

Laughing after dinner is a better "stomachic" to promote digestion; than chrys, champagne, or pills.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—It becomes our pleasure as well as duty to acknowledge the many kind greetings which we have received from our editorial brethren—so many in number, as well as so complimentary in terms, that we really feel abashed when we look at them. We respond most heartily to them all and extend our sincerest thanks and best wishes for happiness and prosperity to each and every one of those who have so generously welcomed us into the editorial fraternity.

"We."

There is something embarrassing in the use of the Editorial "we." It has however, so long been the custom for editors to use the first person plural that it has come to be considered an editorial privilege and right, in common with Kings and Emperors. John Phenix, Esq., of the San Diego Herald, with the independence which was so characteristic of him, broke through the custom and used in his editorials the pronoun I.

It may be remarked that Mr. Phenix was only three weeks an editor and that if he had continued longer in office, he might have at last succumbed. We—that is I—that is the Editor of the Wizard—intend or intends to follow the prevailing custom, shunning the charge of Egotism by becoming amenable to that of We-gotism. He is aware that it will lead him into labyrinths of bad grammar and tend to make people believe that he assumes to be more than he is,—a duality, a man beside himself, a double, treble or quadruple man and not a single man as, in one sense he is, but in another sense he is not. He will be obliged to speak of himself as *ourselves* or *ourselves*. These and like absurdities will continue to happen. If he speaks of his hat, it will be our hat as if the hat was singular and its owner, plural. If he talks of his nose or his chin it is still more absurd, for how can two or more persons own the several members of one countenance? It is worse still when he comes to his domestic relations, and speaks of our wife, suggesting polyandria which is worse, if possible, than polygamy.

There is an objection also when he comes to the objective case. When he only means me he says us. He is fibbing all the time in the nominative, possessive and objective cases. In no case does he tell the honest truth to his readers about himself, however he may do it towards others. The editor is a noun of multitude, signifying many, although he is only one. He may be ever so singular, yet he passes himself off as plural. He is supposed to be anonymous, yet everybody knows him. He is a myth, a falsehood, an acted lie. He is always "not at home" to his readers, yet they see him plainly through his glass windows. He professes to be 'we,' 'us' and 'our' when in fact he is only I, me and my. He is continually committing bad grammar which, to some men, is an offence as grave as bad morals.

Ladies who visit Salem to make their purchases, should be sure to visit John P. Peabody's, 238 Essex Street. He has a very large stock of all kinds of Hand Knit and Woven Hoods, Sleeves, Tippets, Mittens, Gloves, Gauntlets, Undervests, Drawers, &c. He has also all kinds of Embroideries, Trimmings, Bonnet Ruches, Lace Goods etc. As Mr. P. buys for Cash and sells for Cash only, he is enabled to offer extra inducements to his Customers. 238 Essex Street.

Joseph J. Rider, dealer in Jewelry and Silver Ware, will remove to New Store 188 Essex St. (West Block) when completed.

South Danvers Post Office.

MAIL ARRANGEMENT.  
ON and after THURSDAY, December 1st, 1893, Mails will arrive daily, (Sundays excepted) at 9:34 A. M., and at 3:30 P. M. and will close at 10:34 A. M., and at 4:34 P. M. California Mails close the 4th and 19th of each month at 10:34 A. M. Foreign mails close every Tuesday and Friday at 10:34 A. M. Post office open, (Sundays excepted) from 7 A. M., till 8 P. M. J. P. FISK, Post Master South Danvers, Dec. 7, 1893.

Marriages.

In Salem, Nov. 23, by Rev. Mr. Winn, Mr. John Dane, to Miss Caroline Trask, both of South Danvers.

Deaths.

In this Town, Dec. 8, Alfred Augustus, only child of Chas. O. and Sarah L. Maxfield, aged 6 mos.  
Dec. 10, of consumption, Mrs. Sally Pigeon, aged 78 yrs. 5 mos.  
At West Danvers, Nov. 30, Mr. Edward E. Russell, 21 yrs.—son of Warren and Mary Russell.

Advertisements.

FAREWELL CONCERT  
At PEABODY INSTITUTE.

PIKE'S  
HARMONEONS,  
On Thursday Evening, December 15th.

MEMBERS:  
MISS CARIE BENT,  
MR. CHARLES BENT,  
MR. MARSHALL S. PIKE,  
MR. E. B. FAIRBANKS,  
MR. JOHN POWER.

Entire Change of Programme.  
CARDS OF ADMISSION 25 CTS.  
Doors open at 6 1/2 o'clock. Concert to com'ce at 7 1/2.

NO. POSTPONEMENT.  
S. D. GIDDINGS, Agent.

Rubber Goods.  
THE Subscribers have just received, and offer for sale, gentlemen's Rubber Boots, Shoes, Coats, Pants, &c. Also, Ladies' Rubber Boots and over Shoes.  
NEWMAN & SYMONDS.  
dec 14

Newman & Symonds,  
HAVE on hand and for sale, a supply of New Buck Wheat. Also, best quality of New York Syrup.  
dec 14

Balmoral Skirts.  
JUST received an assortment of Balmoral Skirts in superior styles and colors, containing four full breadths.  
W. W. PALMER & CO., 181 Essex street.  
dec 14

Domestic Cotton and Flannels.  
BLEACHED and Brown Cottons in full widths and qualities, at reasonable prices. White and colored Flannels, both twilled and plain. Shaker Flannels, Blankets, Tickings, Striped Shirtings, Towelings, Table Covers, &c., comprising a full stock of useful goods for housekeeping. For sale low by  
W. W. PALMER & CO., 181 Essex street.  
dec 15

Call and See  
THE fine Engraving of "Shakespeare and his Friends. Also, the Illustrated Art Journal, both of which are furnished for \$3.00. Also a chance for some fine Painting or Statue, by dec 14 T. A. SWEETSER, Hon. Sec'y, 37 Main street.

Brown's Laxative Troches  
FOR Costiveness. Brown's Bronchial Troches for Coughs and Colds, sold by  
T. A. SWEETSER, 37 Main street.

J. W. OSBORNE,  
Main and Decorative, House and Sign  
PAINTER,  
88 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS.

SAMUEL DAVIS,  
HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING ROOM,  
7 MAIN ST., SOUTH DANVERS.

HENRY L. WHIDDEN,  
PAINTER, GLAZIER,  
AND PAPERER,  
Central Street, South Danvers, Opp. South Church.  
All orders promptly and faithfully executed.  
dec 14-15

UPTON'S STEAM REFINED  
LIQUID GLUE.  
Save the Pieces!

IN every family, articles of Furniture, the children's Toys, Ornaments, &c., are being constantly broken, and the fragments are thrown aside as useless, from the want of some convenient substance with which to unite them. This want is completely supplied by Upton's Liquid Glue.  
It is always ready, and up to the sticking point.  
Apply the glue to the fractured parts, secure the pieces together until dry, and the article is as good as new.  
It is a perfect substitute for common glue, for all purposes.  
Price 25 cents. For sale by Druggists and Stationers generally.  
dec 14-15

WHIPPLE & FRIEND,  
PAINTERS,  
GLAZIERS AND PAPER HANGERS,  
Main Street, opposite Danvers Bank, S. Danvers.  
All orders promptly attended to; a share of patronage solicited.  
J. A. WHIPPLE. A. FRIEND.

PINGREE'S JOB WAGON.  
THE subscriber is still prepared to do all kinds of Job Work and Teaming, such as removing Furniture and Merchandise of any description about town, or to and from the neighboring towns.  
Those in want of the above kinds of work, will find them well received at the Essex Railroad Station, and at E. S. Flint's store, on the Square.  
Thankful for past favors, he would solicit a continuance of the same.  
W. H. PINGREE.  
South Danvers, dec 14-15

H. & H. G. HUBBON,  
Manufacturers of  
Rose Wood, Mahogany, Black Walnut and  
Stained Wood  
COFFINS AND CASKETS.  
MAKING this our exclusive business, we are ready at all times and at the shortest notice to furnish Grave Cloths of various styles, as well as Coffins and Caskets of the finest finish. Personal attention given, and delivered without extra charge to any of the neighboring towns. All orders by express or otherwise will receive prompt attention.  
Black Walnut and White Wood  
Boards, Blank and Joists  
for sale.  
dec 14-15

POWER'S MARBLE WORKS.  
No. 11 St. Peter Street, Salem,  
Chimney Pieces, Monuments, Tablets, Basin and  
Table Tops, Shelves and Brackets.  
OF every description of MARBLE and SOAPSTONE work, furnished promptly and reasonably.  
Those in want of any of the above kinds of work, will find them well received at the Essex Railroad Station, and at E. S. Flint's store, on the Square.  
Thankful for past favors, he would solicit a continuance of the same.  
W. A. POWER.  
Central St., nearly opposite Lowell Depot, So. Danvers.  
dec 14-15

CHARLES S. BUFFUM,  
CABINET MAKER,  
FURNITURE MADE, REPAIRED & VARNISHED.  
UPHOLSTERY WORK IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.  
SOUTH DANVERS  
COFFIN AND CASKET WAREHOUSE.  
THE subscriber would inform the people of this place that he is now prepared to furnish, at the shortest notice,  
Mahogany, Black Walnut, & Stained Wood  
COFFINS.  
AND CASKETS OF ALL SIZES.  
Also Silver and Silver Plated Coffin Plates, of the latest Patterns.  
Grave Clothes of every description constantly on hand.  
All orders from the neighboring towns, by express or otherwise, promptly attended to, and delivered personally, if desired.  
CHARLES S. BUFFUM,  
Central Street, nearly opposite the Lowell Depot.  
On Sundays and evenings can be found at Standa's Hotel.  
dec 14-15

Received this Week  
BENNET RUCHES for 13, 17, 25 and 34 cents; Heavy 3  
Rowed Ruches for 15 cts.  
Wrought Collars for 35, 39, 42, 50, and 75 cts.—bargains;  
Dimity and Cambric Bands—all prices;  
Hand Knit Hoods for 65, 75, 85, and 1 1/2 dollars;  
Woven Hoods and Bonnets for children;  
Skating Caps, Comforters, Hoos and Mittens;  
Bonnets, Buskins, Sleeves, &c.;  
Cambric Edgings, Insertings, and Bands;  
Linen Hem'd Hdk's—a good article for 35 cts.;  
Linen Cambric Hdk's from 5 cts. to 42 cts.

For Christmas  
And New Year's Presents  
You will find a full stock of very desirable goods—all new and selected for the season.  
238 ESSEX STREET, SALEM,  
JOHN P. PEABODY.

BONNET RUCHES.  
AT 238 ESSEX STREET,  
JOHN P. PEABODY.  
dec 14

New Books.  
FOR sale by H. P. IYVES & A. A. SMITH. The Florence  
Stories, by Jacob Abbott. Florence and John, 50 cts.;  
The Oakland Stories. Kenney, by Geo. B. Taylor, of Vir-  
ginia, 50 cts.  
The Travels and Surprising Adventures of Baron Munchausen.  
Illustrated by Alfred Crowquill.  
The Skater's Pocket Companion, a complete Manual of the  
Art; with Hints to Learners, Rules for forming Clubs, a full  
and complete description of the Apparatus for Saving Life,  
used by the Skaters Club of Philadelphia, etc., etc., illustrated.  
The King of the Golden River; or the Black Brothers, a  
Legend of Shrie, by John Ruskin, M. A.;  
Chambers' Encyclopedia, part 8, only 15 cts., at  
dec 14 238 Essex and 36 Washington street.

EDWARD C. WEBSTER,  
ONE PRICE  
HAT, CAP and FUR STORE,  
231 ESSEX, and 34 WASHINGTON ST.,  
Salem, dec 14-15

EZEKIEL GOSS,  
DECORATIVE UPHOLSTERER,  
And dealer in every description of  
UPHOLSTERY GOODS,  
Trimmings and Ornaments.  
—ALSO—  
FURNITURE, BEDDING,  
Patent Portable Bed Chair, for the sick.  
BEDS AND FEATHERS RENOVATED.

Wire Screen; Store and other Window Shades; Venetian Blinds; Mattresses and Pillow Cases; Wheel-  
er's, Bray's, and other Curtain Fixtures; Carpet, Cur-  
tain, and Repairing Work, on reasonable terms, and  
warranted. Drapery arranged according to the lowest  
styles.  
279 Essex Street, Salem.  
dec 14-15

JOSEPH J. RIDER,  
(Late of the firm of Bridge, Lummus & Rider, Man-  
ufacturing Jewellers of New York.)  
DEALER IN  
FINE JEWELRY,  
SILVER AND PLATED WARE,  
GOLD AND SILVER SPECTACLES.  
NO. 242 ESSEX ST. SALEM.  
Watches and Accidents repaired, and Engraving neatly ex-  
ecuted, by Mr. C. Derby, formerly with Mr. E. K. Lakeman.

CURRIER & MILLETT,  
Dealers in  
FURNITURE, CHAIRS,  
MATTRESSES, FEATHERS, &c.  
259 & 261 ESSEX ST.  
Salem, dec 14-15

Gas and Steam Pipes and Gas Fixtures,  
E. H. STATEN,  
GAS, STEAM, AND WATER FITTER,  
GAS, STEAM AND WATER FITTER,  
161 Essex St., Lynde Block, Salem, Mass.,  
DEALER IN  
GAS FIXTURES

OF every description for Lighting Stores, Dwellings, Public  
Buildings, Churches, &c.  
Old Gas Fixtures and Lamps refurnished to look as well as  
new. Gas Valves Wrought Iron Pipes for Water, Rubber  
Hose, Manifold Gas Fitters, Sheet and Ring Packings for steam  
work constantly on hand.  
Agent for Geo. B. FORTY'S GAS BURNER (Wood's  
Patent), the best and most economical Gas Burner in ex-  
istence. Sole Agent for Wm. F. Shaw's Gas and Air Stoves, for cooking  
and heating by gas.  
E. H. STATEN, 151 Essex St., Lynde Block.  
dec 14-15

B. C. PERKINS,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
So. Danvers—Office in Allen's Building.  
H. O. WILEY,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
Office, Allen's Building, So. Danvers.

IVES & PEABODY,  
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,  
Have removed their Office to  
Rooms formerly occupied by Hon. Otis P. Lord,  
NO. 27 WASHINGTON STREET, SALEM,  
STEPHEN B. IVES, JR. JOHN B. PEABODY.  
December 7, 1893.

ALFRED A. ABBOTT,  
Attorney and Counsellor,  
Office, No. 201 Essex Street, Salem,  
House, Main St., So. Danvers.  
SIDNEY C. BANCROFT,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
27 Washington Street, Salem.

Mr. Bancroft may be found mornings and evenings, at his  
home office, near his residence in South Danvers.  
December 7, 1893.

A. S. CRAWFORD,  
DENTIST,  
No. 4 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS SQUARE.  
Mechanical Dentistry Neatly Executed.  
Teeth Extracted by Electricity without Extra Charge.  
dec 7

THE CELEBRATED  
FRANKLIN COAL  
For sale by M. BLACK, JR.  
B. F. STEVENS,  
WATCH & MAKER,  
—AND DEALER IN—  
Watches, Clocks, Gold & Plated Jewelry,  
SILVER AND PLATED WARE,  
OUTLERY and FANCY GOODS.  
Old Gold and Silver taken in exchange for New.  
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, neatly Cleaned, Repaired and  
warranted.  
16 MAIN ST., OPPOSITE WARREN BANK,  
SOUTH DANVERS, MASS.

E. S. FLINT,  
DEALER IN  
WEST INDIA GOODS, COUNTRY PRODUCE,  
No. 2 Main Street, South Danvers.

M. BLACK, JR.,  
COAL AND WOOD,  
OFFICE IN SQUARE AT RAILROAD FREIGHT DEPOT.  
Order Box in Post Office.  
E. S. FLINT,  
Manufacturer and Dealer in  
INNER SOLES,  
AND SHOE STIFFENINGS OF ALL KINDS.  
2 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS.

NEWMAN & SYMONDS,  
DEALERS IN  
FAMILY GROCERIES,  
FLOUR and GRAIN,  
READY-MADE CLOTHING, GENTS' FUR-  
NISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS,  
BOOTS, SHOES, &c.  
South Danvers Square, opposite Congregational Church  
SAM'L NEWMAN. RUTH'L SYMONDS.

Cheap House Lots for Sale.  
THE SUBSCRIBER offers for Sale One Hundred  
House Lots, situated in the rear, (southerly) of Wash-  
ington street, about 5 minutes walk from the Blach-  
ery, and 12 minutes walk from the depot, Post Office &c. They  
are pleasantly located, chiefly upon Valentine street, which  
has been recently laid out and graded, over land sufficiently  
elevated to give a full view of the village, and the neighboring  
city of Salem. The price and terms of payment are such as to  
put it within the reach of any man having health and employ-  
ment, to procure a permanent home-estate. None but persons  
of good moral character need apply, as it will be my endeavor  
to limit, as far as possible, the sale to such persons. Any one  
wishing to bargain for a lot, will find it best to make an early  
application, as the best lots are being taken up—nearly 30 hav-  
ing already been sold. SILENEY C. BANCROFT.  
South Danvers, Dec. 7, 1893. 1-3m

Cedar Posts for Sale.  
I HAVE on hand at the Bancroft Farm, a large assortment  
of Well Seasoned, White Cedar Posts, ranging from 4 to 18  
inches in diameter, which I am anxious to sell, even at a re-  
duced price, as they are now in my way. I will also furnish to  
order, Maple, Red Cedar, or White Cedar Posts of any re-  
quired size or length. Orders sent to my address, South Danvers,  
will be promptly attended to.  
Prepared only by  
THOS. A. SWEETSER, APOTHECARY,  
Main street, South Danvers.  
dec 7

Sweetser's Tooth-Ache Drops.  
FOR the immediate relief and cure of all pains in the teeth  
and gums. The proprietor is willing to warrant this arti-  
cle as above recommended, having tested its efficacy in  
numerous instances; and has received repeated assurance  
from those who have used it, that it is in reality not only a  
soother, but a perfect eradicator of this distressing affliction.  
Prepared only by  
THOS. A. SWEETSER, APOTHECARY,  
Main street, South Danvers.  
dec 7

Boots, Shoes and RUBBERS,  
WILLIAM J. WALTON,  
94 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS.  
HAS now on hand, and intends to constantly  
keep a full assortment of all desirable kinds  
and styles of Boots, Shoes and Rubbers,  
which he would be happy to dispose of to  
his Friends, and the Public, at satisfactory  
prices.  
Repairing expeditiously and neatly done.  
dec 7 WILLIAM J. WALTON, 94 Main street.

Frastrandia.  
A NEW and beautiful article for the HAIR, rendering it  
smooth glossy and healthy. Sold by  
T. A. SWEETSER, 37 Main street.  
dec 7

Dye Stuffs, Gums, &c.  
LOGWOOD, Nicaragua Wood, Hyper Nic, Redwood, Fus-  
ic Camwood, Tumeric, Red and Yellow Ochre, Umber,  
Blue, Viridol, Pearls, Gum Shellac, Rosin, Indigo, and a gen-  
eral assortment of articles used in coloring. Sold by  
T. A. SWEETSER, 37 Main street.  
dec 7

Spaulding's Prepared Glue  
IS in reality a good article, ever ready and convenient for  
use. Sold by  
T. A. SWEETSER, 37 Main street.  
dec 7

Sulphate of Lime,  
FOR preserving Cider—sold by  
T. A. SWEETSER, 37 Main street.  
dec 7

Light!  
HAVING made arrangements with the Boston Kerosene  
Oil Company, for a full supply of Oil for the coming win-  
ter, I shall be prepared to supply at the lowest prices.  
"Downers Pure Kerosene Oil,"  
as cheap as can be bought at retail in this vicinity.  
KEROSENE LAMPS,  
of every description, at a lower price than ever. Also, Glass  
and Paper Shades, Wicks, Brushes, Burners, Cans, &c., all of  
which is offered at the lowest Cash Prices.  
at 136 & 138 Main street.  
dec 7 J. O. SPULER.

T. A. Sweetser, Apothecary,  
No. 37 South  
Main St., Danvers:  
HAS on hand a complete and well-selected stock of Family  
Medicines. Also, Drugs, Chemicals, Foreign Lecches,  
Shakers' Herbs, Gums, Ales, Live Stuffs, Sponges, and Gen-  
eral Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, and Sta-  
tionery. Physicians' Prescriptions accurately prepared by  
experienced persons at all hours of the day or night.  
T. A. S. is proprietor of the CURE FOR ICELAND  
MOSS CANDY, so effectual a remedy for Coughs and Colds.  
dec 7 37 Main, near Park street.

GEORGE E. MEACOM,  
Dealer in  
DRUGS & MEDICINES,  
Fancy and Toilet Articles, &c.,  
126 MAIN ST., 126  
Nearly opposite Danvers Bank, . . . South Danvers.

Mason's Hair Dye,  
THE best in the market, also a variety of other Hair Dyes,  
for sale by  
dec 7 THOS. A. SWEETSER, 37 Main street.

Silver Soap.  
THE best article for cleaning Silver, Gold and plated Ware  
also Jewelry. Sold by  
T. A. SWEETSER, 37 Main street.  
dec 7

Sweetser's Iceland Moss Candy,  
FOR the relief and cure of Coughs and COLDS. In WHOOP-  
ING Cough, taken in Coccol, the usual remedy, it  
affords much relief, and the attacks less severe, and pro-  
moting a speedy cure.  
Sold at Wholesale and Retail by  
T. A. SWEETSER, 37 Main street,  
and at wholesale in Boston, by the Drug and Patent Medicine  
dealers.  
dec 7

Sand, Rotten Rock, &c.  
I AM prepared with teams to deliver without delay, at a  
reasonable price, any where in South Danvers or Salem,  
good mason's Sand, Rotten Rock, or gravel, which is  
Rocks for wells, drains, vaults and cheap cellars; Gravel;  
Roll; Loin; and Meadow Muck.  
dec 7 3-4 BYRON GOODALE.

Fall Pigs.  
A FEW more left of these handsome FALL PIGS. If you  
want to raise a porker fit for a Prince to eat, come and  
buy a Suffolk and Essex, or a Poland, or Chester County  
Pig.  
dec 7 BYRON GOODALE.

Cosmopolitan Art Association.  
T. A. Sweetser, No. 37 Main Street, South Danvers,  
receives subscriptions to this Institution, where can be  
seen the fine engraving of Shakespeare and his Friends.  
Also a specimen of the Art Journal.  
T. A. Sweetser, Hon. Sec. C. A. A.

WILLIAM J. LUNT,  
—DEALER IN—  
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FRUIT,  
AYER'S BUILDING, Central St., So. Danvers.  
Oranges, Lemons, Figs, Dates, Currants, Citron, Prunes,  
Olives, Carrots, Nuts of all kinds. Dried and Preserved Ginger,  
Sardines, Cigars, Confectionery, Jellies and Jams, To-  
mato, Walnut and Mushroom Ketchup, French and American  
Mustard, Worcestershire and other Sauces.



## Boston New Advertisements.

FROM JOHN D. FLAGG & CO'S, ADVERTISING AGENCY,  
NO. 11 WATER STREET, AND SPRING LANE, BOSTON.

### Music and Musical Instruments.

THE undersigned having purchased the varied and extensive stock of the late HENRY PARENTS, 33 Court Street, Boston, has made large additions, and has now on hand and for sale the most complete assortment of

Musical Instruments, Music Books, Musical Merchandise, Umbrellas, Parasols, and Walking Canes, TO BE FOUND IN THE UNITED STATES.

Consisting in part of Piano Fortes, Melodeons, Seraphines, Organ-Harmoniums, House and Church Organs, Hand Organs, Harps, Guitars, Violins, Violoncellos, Double Bass Viols, Accordions, Flutes, Conchinas, Music Boxes, Flutes, Musettes, Clarinets, Flageolets, and Fifes. Cornets in a great variety, Post Horns, Sax Horns, in complete sets or single, Tubas, Chimes and Turkish Cymbals, Bass and Snare Drums, Hardy Gurdy, Banjos, Tambourines, Castanets, Triangles and Metronomes. Strings of Italian, German, French and English manufacture for Violins, Violoncellos, Double Bass Viols, Harps, Guitars, and Banjos. Trimmings of every description for the above Instruments; Bows for Violins, Violoncellos, and Double Bass Viols; Violin and Guitar Cases; Clarinet Reeds, Bass Viols; Brass and German Silver Mouth and Mouth Pieces; Metallic Mouth Pieces for Fifes; Drum Heads, Sticks and Cords; Tuning Forks, Tuning Hammers; Instruction Books and Scales for every Instrument; Blank Music Books and Music Paper; a complete collection of Music Books both Vocal and Instrumental; Musical Instruments of all kinds to let by the quarter or year; full sets for Military Bands furnished; Musical Instruments, Umbrellas, Parasols and Walking Canes, neatly repaired; Piano Fortes, Melodeons Organs, &c., tuned.

Also, in GREAT VARIETY—Silk, Gingham and Cotton Umbrellas; Walking Canes mounted in Gold, Silver and Ivory; Sword Canes, Malacca, Hickory, &c., &c., including more than one thousand different varieties;—in fact every article in the Music Trade. No matter where a Musical Instrument is manufactured, or a Music Book may be published, it can always be had of the subscriber.

Ebony, Cocanwood, Boxwood, Leopardwood & Ivory for sale.

Having purchased the stock at a great discount from cost and having unusual facilities in procuring most of his goods in exchange for the books of his own collection, he is enabled to offer Dealers, Military and Quinlan Bands and individuals, all Goods in the Music Line, at very low prices.

ELIAS HOWE, At the old stand of H. Prentiss, 33 Court street—BOSTON.

### TO BUYERS OF IRON OR STEEL.

FULLER & DANA, 64 FULTON STREET, BOSTON, offer for sale in lots to suit, and at the lowest prices, a complete assortment of the best qualities of IRON and STEEL, as follows:—

Refined and Common Bar Iron.  
Hoop, Band, Scroll, Sheet and Angle Iron.  
Norway and Sweden Shapes, Rods and Bars.  
Horse and Ox Nail Rods, of extra quality.  
Round Norway and Iron.  
Spring, Sligh Shoe and Corking Steel.  
The Steel—the best material for Carriage Tires.  
Granite Wedge, German and Blister Steel.  
Ship Spikes, Axles, Springs, Horse Nails, Files, Rasps, etc.

Together with every description of Naylor & Co's Warranted Cast Steel, to which the attention of purchasers is especially invited.

### A CARD TO THE PUBLIC.

Recent developments having made fully apparent the fact that there are numerous imitations of our "trade mark" throughout the United States, and there being for us no legal means of redress for such attempts to impose upon the Public by a spurious article, and thus lessen our reputation as manufacturers, we have deemed it judicious, as the only way to put our friends and customers upon their guard against imposition, to say to them that all Pianos made by us bear upon the "name board" "CHICKERING, Boston," in Old English and Roman letters, and upon the "sounding board" the address of the firm in full, "CHICKERING & SONS, Boston," in German Text, and ornamental capitals, with the number of the Piano in plain numerals between the two lines.

Should any person have in his possession, or become aware of the existence of any of the counterfeit Instruments above referred to, an address of the same to us, would be considered as an especial favor.

### CHICKERING & SONS,

272 Washington Street, Boston.  
694 Broadway, New York.  
867 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

### Fenno's Boys' Clothing House.

Boston.  
Come listen friends while I shall sing a ditty for the poor.

"Tis all about that famous place the Boys' New Clothing Store;  
This famous mart so noted grown is close by Fenno's Hall,  
Where hosts of customers are seen each pleasant day to call.

That no one need mistake the place and clothe their Boys elsewhere,  
EIGHT FLAGS all BLUE, suspended are at 22 DOCK-SQUARE.

The Poor Man here with scanty means and children half a score,  
May dress his Boys as decently as those whose means are more.

All you who wish to guard your Boys 'gainst winter's cold and snow,  
Should buy their CLOTHING at this mart kept by GEORGE A. FENNO.

### DR. MORAND'S ANTIDOTE.

A Specific Remedy for Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Stricture, and Diseases of the Organs of Generation.

This Valuable Remedy expels the virus effectually, and permanently eradicates the Disease from the system—in most cases effecting a radical cure in a few days. No change of diet or interruption of business is necessary. It is purely vegetable, and does not injure the health or constitution. Price \$1.00.

Single bottles enclosed in a small sealed box, can be sent to any part of the country. Also,

### DR. MORAND'S INJECTION.

The Injection, with syringe for application, neatly put up in a sealed box, can be sent to any part of the country with but little expense. Price 50 Cents.

M. S. BURR, & CO.,  
No. 26 TREMONT STREET, Boston, General Agents.  
Orders addressed as above will receive prompt attention.

### KEROSENE OILS.

KEROSENE and the best COAL OILS. Also, ROSEY OILS of superior qualities, both the NEWTON and PIMARIC, at Manufacturer's prices.

Also—A superior LUBRICATING OIL, both for heavy and light bearings; the most thing in the market.

Lamps and Lamp Fixtures, &c.  
SARGENT, CROSSMAN & CO.,  
14 and 16 CENTRAL STREET, BOSTON.

### E. B. MASON,

NO. 183 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON,  
(size of the store 145 by 28 feet.)  
Crockery, Glass, China, and Plated WARES,  
With a large and select stock of  
GAS FIXTURES.

## Boston New Advertisements.

### GILMORE & RUSSELL.

NO. 61 COURT STREET, BOSTON.  
Publishers, and Wholesale and Retail dealers in Foreign and American Music, and Musical Merchandise, of every description. Gilmore's Brass Band of 12 pieces, in small books.

Price only \$5.00.  
Gilmore's Quadrille Band Music, for 5 instruments. Published in monthly numbers. Price 50c. per number. Piano Fortes, and all kinds of Musical Instruments, Carefully repaired. Sheet Music neatly bound.

**JUST PUBLISHED, a new work entitled the "SACRED HARP."**

Containing a choice selection of Sacred Quartettes, well suited for Choirs and Musical Societies. This work contains fifty pages, and is offered at the low price of 20 cents, bound in paper, a d 30 cents in cloth.

GILMORE & RUSSELL,  
Publishers and Music Dealers, 61 Court St., Boston.

### SEVEN FIRST RATE BOOKS

For every Library, and for all Agents & Booksellers. 1st—Copeland's Country Life, price \$2.50.  
2d—Alcott's Forty Years Among Pills and Powders, \$1.00.

3d—Dr. Dadd's New Cattle Doctor, \$1.00.  
4th—Alcott's Physiology of Marriage, \$1.00.  
5th—Courtship and Marriage, \$1.00.

6th—Laws of Health, \$1.00.  
7th—Dunallan's Or, Know What You Judge, \$1.00.  
Published by JOHN P. JEWETT & CO.,  
20 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

**CROSBY, NICHOLS & CO.,**  
No. 117 Washington Street, Boston.

HAVE for sale at WHOLESALE or RETAIL, one of the Largest and best stocks of Books and Stationery to be found in New England.

Visitors to Boston are respectfully requested to call.

### THE PUBLIC

Are especially invited to examine the Stock of **WHITING & DRAWING MATERIAL.**

Imported, Manufactured, and for sale by **HAYDEN & RANDALL,**

23 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

Every needful variety of Writing and Drawing Paper, Writing, Drawing, Composition, Memorandum, and other Blank Books, Pencils, Pens, Crayons, Inks, Slates, &c., constantly on hand, and at the lowest cash prices.

Hayden's Cards and Transparencies, with copies for Primary and Intermediate Schools, are rapidly going into those Schools.

Hayden & Randall, Wholesale Agents for Shepherd's Globes and Slates. The Pennsylvania Common Slates. The Improved Pencil Sharpener, Grant's Genuine Ink Eraser, Platt's Portable Letter Press, and several Patent Ink Stands, and are constantly adding to their stock, new and useful articles of Stationery. Teachers and Committees supplied with their approved School Pen, at a low rate.

S. D. HAYDEN. A. J. RANDALL.

### FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.

THE undersigned, having the satisfaction of presenting to the notice of a discerning public, Bartholomew & Co's Sewing Machine, for Family Use and Manufacturing Purposes.

Which are admitted by competent judges to be far superior in their capacity, for variety of work, noiseless movement, and simplicity of operation than any Machines ever before offered.

PRICES FROM FIFTY TO EIGHTY FIVE DOLLARS.  
D. PHILBRICK, AGENTS.  
M. B. KENNEY, AGENTS.

265 Washington Street, (up stairs) BOSTON.

### THE NEW KEROSENE OIL BURNER.

THE PERFECTED BURNER burns with the most perfect combustion, with a large white blaze; it chars the wick less than any other burner; it has the same screw and chimney of the usual Kerosene Burner, and having an entire new shaped cone, with no holes in it for the odor to escape from the Lamp, we claim as the result of actual trial that it gives off less odor in burning, than any other burner whatever.

Not having to pay tariff on two or three patents, these Burners (two sizes) will be offered at less prices than any other first class Burners.

ELISHA K. COLLINS,  
Agent for the Manufacturers, 97 Water St., BOSTON.

ANDREW PETERSON,  
Manufacturers of Plated, Plain and Janned

**TIN WARE,**  
No. 388 Washington, and 5 Avery Streets, BOSTON.

And 39 Washington Street, (corner Winslow Court) opposite Bustis Street, ROXBURY.

GILMORE'S QUADRILLE BAND.  
ANY number of Musicians furnished for Private Parties, Balls, Concerts, &c., on application to P. S. GILMORE, (at Gilmore & Russell's),  
61 Court Street, BOSTON.

### REMOVAL.

S. H. GREGORY & CO.,  
Importers, and wholesale and retail dealers in French and American PAPER HANGINGS.

Have removed to 225 WASHINGTON STREET, (Opposite head of Franklin) Washington Building.

S. H. GREGORY, C. W. JOHNSON. BOSTON.

### Steam Engines and Boilers.

NEW AND SECOND HAND  
CONSTANTLY ON HAND AND FOR SALE AT THE  
**ATLANTIC WORKS,**  
EAST BOSTON.

PIANOS AND MELODEONS TO LET,  
AT VERY LOW PRICES.

\$3 TO \$12 PER QUARTER.  
With no charge for rent, if purchased within one year.

OLIVER DITSON, & CO.,  
277 Washington Street, Boston.

**Forty Dollars Per Month!!**  
500 AGENTS WANTED, to travel and solicit orders for the celebrated

PATENT FIFTEEN DOLLAR SEWING MACHINE.  
Salary \$40 per month, with all expenses paid. For sample machines and full particulars, apply to, or address, with stamp enclosed for returned postage, to  
I. M. DAGGETT & CO.,  
210 Washington Street, BOSTON.

**GUSTAVUS A. MILLER,**  
PIANO FORTE MANUFACTURER,  
702 Washington Street, Boston.

Piano Fortes tuned and repaired, second hand, bought, sold and exchanged for new. PIANOS TO LET.  
Please call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

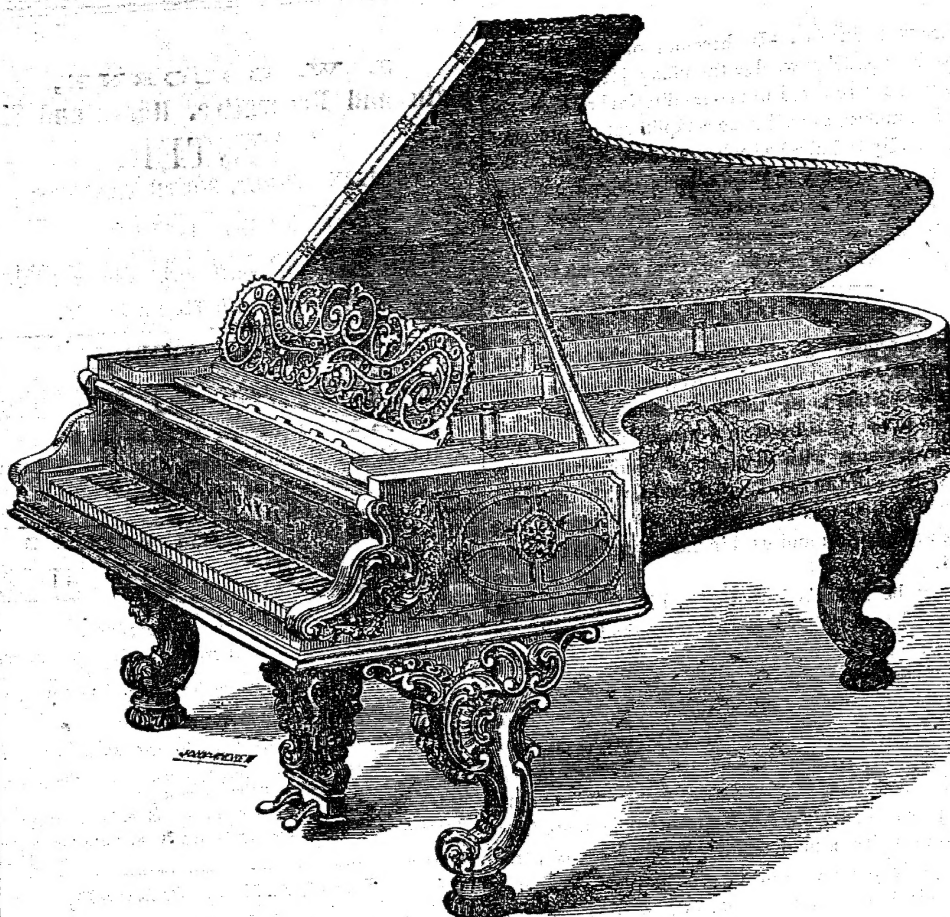
**IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.**  
FROM five to seven applications of ROY'S HAIR RESTORATIVE will change any Gray or Red Hair to a beautiful Brown or Black color; also prevents its falling off. Supplied and for sale wholesale and retail by I. M. BOWMAN, General Agent for the New England States,  
NO. 22 HANOVER STREET, BOSTON.

**The new Kerosene, or Coal Oil Lamp.**  
TO BURN WITHOUT A CHIMNEY!  
**NO HUMBUG!**

For Sale at No. 30 Washington Street, Boston.  
C. G. HARRIS & CO.

### L. D. BOISE & CO.,

(L. D. Boise, of the late firm of Bemis, Boise, & Co.)  
Wholesale Dealers in  
**CLOTHING**  
No. 57 Federal St. (nearly opposite foot of Franklin St.) BOSTON.



**D. B. BROOKS & BROTHER,**  
**201 Essex St., and 6 Central St.,**  
Agents for SALEM, SOUTH DANVERS and Vicinity, for  
**HALLET, DAVIS & CO'S**  
**CELEBRATED PIANOS.**

They would refer to these Instruments now used in the Bowditch School, and Peabody High School, South Danvers.

These Pianos are considered by the best musicians to be equal, if not superior, to any other instrument before the public. The most favorable terms given to purchasers.

Illustrated Catalogues furnished gratis. Inspection is invited to their assortment of Pianos.

**MASON & HAMLIN'S CELEBRATED MODEL MELODEONS AND HARMONIUMS**  
now on exhibition at their Elegant Music Rooms.

## Boston New Advertisements.

### JOHN D. FLAGG,

GENERAL DEALER IN  
**NEW YORK PRINTING INKS,**  
Manufactured by J. D. McCreary & Co.  
or others, as customers may prefer.

ADVERTISING AGENCY,  
No. 11 Water Street, and Spring Lane, BOSTON.

Orders for any kind of Printing Inks respectfully solicited, and will be promptly filled, at the manufacturers' very lowest cash prices.

### REMOVAL.

**C. E. KING & CO.**  
DRESS, CLOAK, AND MANTILLA TRIMMINGS,  
Also—Zephyr Worsted, Skirts, Corsets,  
SHAWL BORDERS, &c.

Have removed to the new Washington Building,  
221 Washington Street, (opposite Franklin) BOSTON.

**JEWELRY!! JEWELRY!!**  
ASSIGNMENT OF ASSETS OF  
**15,000 Dollars Worth of JEWELRY!**  
151 WASHINGTON STREET,  
Up Stairs, rear room, opposite Old South Church, BOSTON.

WANTED—AGENTS in every town and county in the Union, to solicit subscriptions for the "NEW YORK WAVELEY," a choice family paper, which publishes Spurgeon's LATEST Sermons every week, and a vast amount of Literature, Travels, News, &c. Rare inducements are offered. Apply in person or by letter, with references, to JONES, SMITH & CO., 15 Brattle Street, Boston.

**Howe's Sewing Machines.**  
MACHINES adapted to all Manufacturing purposes in Cloth or Leather. Prices from \$50 to \$150. For Family use, New Machines have recently been constructed. They are well adapted for Tailors' use or Garment fitting, and are unquestionably the best Machines for Vest Makers in the market. They are constructed under the direct inspection of Mr. Howe himself, and in all instances are warranted.

G. S. BARTLETT, Agent,  
257 Washington Street.

**\$30.**  
**The Best Double Thread**  
**FAMILY SEWING MACHINES,**  
In the Market, for the Low Price of  
**THIRTY DOLLARS.**  
C. S. CUSHMAN, AGENT,  
No. 13 Tremont Row, Boston.

**DECEMBER 1, 1859.**  
**AUGUSTUS E. PRICE,**  
No. 220 Essex Street, Salem.

Will sell his entire stock of  
**DRY GOODS,**  
**MILLINERY**  
AND  
**TRIMMINGS,**  
AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES  
**For THIRTY Days.**

dec 7 1 m

**WILLIAM H. BURBECK,**  
**TAILOR AND DRAPER,**  
249 ESSEX STREET. 249

[CHOATE BLOCK]...SALEM.  
TO PURCHASERS of Nice Custom Ready Made Clothing he would call their attention to the Stock which is of his own and New York manufacture, made and cut to the best styles, and sold at the LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Also—A General Assortment of Gent's Furnishing Goods. Fine Shirts made to order.

Mr. BURBECK'S LOUN will be found at this establishment, where he would be happy to receive the calls of his friends.

**DRY GOODS,**  
**MILLINERY**  
AND  
**TRIMMINGS,**  
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**MILLINERY**  
AND  
**TRIMMINGS,**  
AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES  
**For THIRTY Days.**

dec 7 1 m

## Eastern Railroad.

STATION IN BOSTON ON CAUSEWAY ST.

### FALL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after Monday, Nov. 7, 1859, Trains will leave the Eastern Railroad Station, Washington Street, Boston, daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

SALEM for LYNN and BOSTON, 6.15, 7.15, 8.15, 9.10, 11, a. m. 1, 2.30, 4.34, 6.45, p. m.

Salem for Lynn Common, East Saugus, Saugus Centre, Cliftondale, East Malden, Maplewood, and Malden Centre, 6.15, 7.15, 10 a. m. 2.30, 4.40, p. m.

Salem for Beverly, 8.15, a. m. 1, 3.15, 5, 6.45, 6.30, 7.15, 19.45, p. m.

Salem for West Beach, Manchester, and Gloucester 8.15, a. m. 1, 3, p. m.

Salem for Wenham and Ipswich, 8.15 a. m. 1, 3.15, 5.45, p. m.

Salem for Newburyport, 8.15, a. m. 1, 2.15, 5.45, p. m.

Salem for Amesbury, 8.15, a. m. 3.15, 5.45, p. m.

Salem for Portsmouth, 8.15, a. m. 3.15, 5.45, p. m.

Salem for Portland, 8.15, a. m. 3.15, p. m.

And for SALEM as follows:—  
Portland for Salem, 8.45 a. m. 2.30, p. m.

Portsmouth for Salem, 7.15, 11.15, a. m. 5, p. m.

Amesbury for Salem, 7.35, 9.40, a. m. 5.20, p. m.

Newburyport for Salem, 8.10, a. m. 12, 5.45, p. m.

Ipswich for Salem, 7.30, 10.10, a. m. 4.00, p. m.

Gloucester for Salem, 7.45, 10.25, a. m. 4.15, p. m.

Manchester for Salem, 7.05, 8.05, 8.50, 10.50, a. m. 12.50, 4.30, 6.35, p. m.

Lynn for Salem, 8, 9.15, a. m. 12.45, 3, 4.15, 4.45, 5.30, 6.15, 7, 19.30, p. m.

BOSTON for SALEM, 7.30, 8.45, a. m. 12.15, 2.30, 3.45, 4.15, 5, 5.45, 6.30, 19, p. m.

\*On arrival from the East.  
\*On Wednesday's at 11.15, p. m. and Saturday's at 10.15, (via Saugus Branch).

### South Reading Branch Railroad.

#### WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Monday Nov. 7, 1859, Trains leave Salem for Boston, at 7, 10, a. m. 2.25, 4.55, p. m.

S. Danvers for Boston, 7.5, 10.5, a. m. 2.30, 5, p. m.

### Essex Railroad.

Trains leave Salem for Lawrence and Way Stations, at 7.15, a. m. 14.45, p. m.

Trains leave Lawrence for Salem, at 8.35, a. m. 6.15, p. m.

Leave Danvers for Salem, at 9.15, a. m. 6.55, p. m.

Leave Danvers for Salem, 9.15, a. m. 6.55, p. m.

Leave S. Danvers for Salem, 9.23, a. m. 7.03, p. m.

\*On arrival of trains from Beverly and Marblehead,



# THE WIZARD.

VOL. I.

SOUTH DANVERS, MASS., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1859.

NO. 3.

## THE WIZARD

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

At Allen's Building, So. Danvers Square.

CHAS. D. HOWARD, Proprietor.

F. POOLE, Editor.

Terms \$2.00 a Year; for Immediate Payment, \$1.50.

### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Half a Square, 3 wks. 3 mos. 1 year.  
One Square, 1.50 2.50 5.00  
Quarter of a Column, 1.00 2.00 4.00  
16 lines of Nonpareil type are equal to a square.  
60 cents per line will be charged for notices of meetings for political, civic, or religious purposes, notices of societies, cards of acknowledgments, &c.  
The privilege of Annual Advertisers is limited to their own immediate business; and all advertisements for the benefit of other persons, as well as legal advertisements, and advertisements of real estate, or auction sales, sent in by them, must be paid for at the usual rates.

### Original Poetry.

For The Wizard.  
WIZARDS; OLD AND NEW.

Your wizard man has undergone  
Surprising change, I ween,  
Since he in Sixteen Ninety Two,  
In Salem streets was seen:

When Cotton Mather's ghostly pen,  
(A learned man and godly,)  
On endless page his portrait drew,  
So grimly and so oddly.

Suppose a feature here and there,  
Should be in rhyme recalled,  
Of that forbidding phiz that once  
Our ancestors appalled:

And then compare the sketch with one  
Which I shall shortly trace,  
And see of the two likenesses,  
Which is the better face.

Your ancient Wizard thought it sport,  
To aggravate and vex  
With cruel and malignant tricks,  
Old women of each sex.

How often their affrighted eyes  
Beheld him in the blast,  
At midnight with his sister witch,  
Careering madly past!

Both mounted on a gallant nag,  
That never needs a groom,  
Nor saddle, bit or bridle rein,  
The tidy housewife's broom!

En route for church in some lone glen,  
Far in the forest dim,  
To hear their preacher from the Pit,  
And sing blasphemous hymn!

To join in bloody sacrament  
With others of their crew,  
And in the "blackman's" big "red book,"  
Inscribe their names anew!

To make to him their humble suit,  
His favors to bestow,  
Of office and emolument,  
In kingdom far below.

To whirl in wild demonic dance,  
On earth, in air, at will,  
And every impious rite perform,  
Devised by devilish skill!

Then at a sign from their dread Chief,  
To mount and soar away,  
Ere the first lightning in the East,  
Betoken coming day!

All new commissioned to go forth,  
By Satan sealed within,  
And work among good Christian folk  
In ministry of sin.

Each one to an appointed task,  
Of all those wondrous ranks,  
And various in iniquity,  
From murder to small pranks.

For so 'twas told, and so believed  
In that declouded age;  
That day of dark theology,  
And Superstition's rage.

One Wizard bit dame Walcott's flesh,  
With savage teeth all through,  
And not content therewith, he pinched  
Her body black and blue;

The while invisible no doubt,  
If him the dame had seen,  
His profile and her finger nails,  
Would have acquainted been!

O thou industrious Parson Mather,  
Ever with inkhorn armed,  
Each ghostly item prompt to gather,  
And with that duty charmed;

Why didst thou never ascertain  
And in thy "Wonders" tell,  
How the poor Wizard's grinders fared,  
His jaws—what them befell?

Full sure I am, the biting o'er,  
He felt a sweet relief,  
If the old dame in toughness, aught  
Resembled modern beef!

Another choked Luke Thompson's cow,  
And Goodman Dixon's shoat,  
Another rammed some burning rags,  
Down Mercy Goodale's throat!

Yet strange to say, the blazing dose,  
Not unto death did harm her,  
I only proved as I have read,  
A powerful stomach warner!

One lazy goblin sorely vexed  
And harassed Goody Grummock,  
By loading constantly within  
The luckless matron's stomach.

External force could not dislodge,  
No constable arrest him,  
The sturdy tenant would not budge,  
The dame could not digest him.

At last the mighty Mather came—  
With potent exorcism,  
Whereat he quick began to yield,  
And soon the Doctor "riz" him!

Another sprite plagued Salem folks,  
In semblance of a monkey;  
John Louder with his trusty axe,  
(A yeoman he right spunky.)

Essayed a blow; the goblin dodged,  
Then fled in form of skunk,  
Leaving a perfume in the air;  
John Louder's right arm shrank.

And lost its vigor from that hour,  
The olden records say,  
From that unlucky day!

Eight Wizards made a joint attack,  
In Boston on Miss Rule,  
And bade her sign the big "red book,"  
She, stubborn as a mule,

Flatly refused to "lend her name,"  
Whereat they wrathily grew,  
And fell upon her, tooth and nail—  
'Twas sorrowful to view.

They banged and thumped her fearfully,  
And pinched and scratched her sore,  
Oft raised her to the ceiling high,  
Then dumped her on the floor.

They stuck her body full of pins,  
And up her nose did stuff  
A powder strange, which Mather said,  
He thought was brimstone snuff.

And off the sprites were "in her hair,"  
And handfuls tore away;  
Their cruelties she still withstood,  
Nor would their will obey.

They robbed her of her appetite,  
For many days to come,  
She took but little nourishment,  
Except Jamaica Rum!

And still brave Margaret's pluck held out,  
She never signed the "book";  
At last her foes discomfited,  
Their hopeless job forsook.

Some Wizards stole from citizens,  
The money in their pockets,  
A cruelty refined was this,  
As digging eyes from sockets.

Which surely was too bad,  
For one before since wedding day,  
The poor man never had.

A goblin came some nights to roost  
On Robert Downer's breast;  
In various forms the sprite appeared,  
And Robert, much distressed.

George Martin coming from the woods  
At twilight, was surrounded  
By troops of Wizards hid in fog,  
And utterly confounded.

They lured him from the well-known path,  
And sent him wandering wild,  
Amid the forest labyrinth,  
As helpless as a child!

And pitched him headlong over stumps,  
And made him stagger on the sign to be  
Gazed at by everybody, and called out by noisy boys,  
And so, with commendable modesty, she struck that  
out too, and the sign stood over her little door with the  
single word, GINGERBREAD.

But space forbids I should relate  
A tenth part of the evil,  
Which they both here and elsewhere wrought,  
Those children of the Devil.

I leave the olden Wizard now,  
I've striven to portray,  
And turn unto the modern one,  
The Wizard of To-Day.

He does not cleave the realms of air,  
Nor on the tempest sail,  
But chiefly all his journeys takes  
By steamboat, stage or rail.

Or else upon that handy beast  
Which doth so many bear,  
Who forth on their occasions go,  
Benempt by some "Shank's mare."

He does not poison, bite or scratch,  
Nor strangle, pinch or choke,  
But practices his witcheries  
By poem, tale and joke;

By epigram and parody,  
Nor lacking truth and reason,  
And such small shot that never kills,  
Let fly at game in season.

No ancient dames who meet him now,  
Shudder in wild affright,  
Nor backward turning in their path,  
Go hobbling out of sight.

You'll see him now in plain dark suit,  
In manners dignified;  
And when he in the street appears,  
No children run and hide.

They know a grave, yet kindly face,  
Did never appertain  
To Wizard dark and dangerous,  
Like those of olden strain.

Our Wizard man of Fifty-Nine,  
In one respect alone  
Resembles him of Ninety-two,  
—Long since forever flown.

He keeps a "book" for mortal names,  
But no man found therein,  
Shall risk thereby his future weal,  
Or aught incur of sin.

Nor is this "book" a "cubit long,"  
Nor is it "red" I wist;  
But is, unless I greatly err,  
Called a "Subscription List."

"Then let us sing, long live the king!"  
Our Wizard, long live he,  
And as he weekly goes abroad,  
May all his visage see.

### GINGERBREAD.

In starting the new enterprise of a family journal, it became of some importance, to select a name. There are common-place names enough attached to other newspapers, but it was deemed best to select one at once unique and appropriate to the locality. Various were the names suggested, and a great deal more of thought and anxiety bestowed on the matter than it was worth. After the selection was finally made, we had a great deal of advice about an appendage to it. We were strongly urged to add to the simple name, an amplification of the contents of the paper, after the manner of a book title-page, thus: "A Family paper, devoted to the News of the day, Religion, Politics, Morality, Literature, Science, Military information, Firemen's interests, and General Information."

One after another of these particulars were stricken out, until only the simple title remained. In this we did but follow the example of an elderly widow lady, who many years ago, kept a little cent shop where now stands the Danvers Bank. We will call her Dorothy Thynge. She was famous for making excellent Gingerbread. Her shop was the resort for all the boys and girls of the neighborhood to procure the sweet article. It was cut neatly into "cents, worths," and sometimes the boys would club their funds, and buy at wholesale—a whole pan at a time, and get it at a discount from the retail price. Mrs. Thynge would also sometimes set it up, a pan at a time, in a lottery at a cent a ticket. This was before lottery gambling was suppressed by law. The fortunate holder of the lucky ticket would carry off the whole, but not without a great deal of teasing from his less fortunate companions, who, from their importunity, would sometimes obtain a share.

Widow Thynge's gingerbread became so celebrated that the fame of it, together with that of her molasses candy, was widely extending. She then bethought herself that she ought to have a sign in front of her more prosperous neighbors. After asking advice of everybody, she hit upon the following inscription: "THE BEST OF GINGERBREAD MADE AND SOLD HERE, BY DOROTHY THYNGE." Further reflection, as she looked at it proudly through her spectacles, satisfied her that the word "here" was superfluous, as nobody would look anywhere else for it. She therefore drew a line of white chalk over the word. She looked at it again, as amended, and determined to strike out the words "and sold," as the mere announcement of the Gingerbread implied that it was to be sold. A further scrutiny convinced her that the word "made" was as superfluous as "and sold" and she drew her chalk across that word. She now liked it better. It stood, "THE BEST OF GINGERBREAD, BY DOROTHY THYNGE."

The widow was gazing upon it with satisfaction and pride when the thought occurred to her that the absence of the words stricken out, gave more prominence to the commendation of her Gingerbread, and that it looked presumptuous for her to claim to be the maker of the "best of" Gingerbread. Those words were accordingly obliterated, and the sign stood: GINGERBREAD BY DOROTHY THYNGE. She now became nervous about having her own name on the sign to be gazed at by everybody, and called out by noisy boys, and so, with commendable modesty, she struck that out too, and the sign stood over her little door with the single word, GINGERBREAD.

### TITLES.

We hope to be pardoned in the expression of our disapprobation of the common use of honorary titles as a mark of distinction. They had their origin in a different state of society from that which now exists in our country and we can see no good reason why they should be continued in a republican community, and in an altered state of society. Look at the title of Honorable—or Hon. as it is abbreviated—when applied to an official name. It indicates, to be sure, that the holder is or has been a State Senator or Councilor, or perhaps a Member of Congress. But what does it indicate of merit or superiority in the individual? We confess that the wearing of such a mark would be one great objection we should have to being either Senator or Councilor. We always dislike to see it associated with such names as Webster, Clay or Everett. It looks really belittling, although if it were positively a mark of honor, they are just the men to wear it. Who does not feel that plain Mr. Daniel Webster is more honorable than Hon. Daniel Webster?

We would not be radical in the matter, and have no desire to frame new enactments to abolish titles, but would let them be worn during the official service as a mark of the official station. After that let them be dropped. In earlier times much more importance was attached to titles than at the present. We see them on ancient grave stones down to the Lieutenant

and Ensign in the militia. At that time they had more significance, inasmuch as those who held office, retained their situations a longer time, perhaps for a life time. In our day changes are so frequent that we have a large yearly crop of new Governors, Judges, Senators and Councilors, so that the titles become absolutely too cheap to be valuable. During the last fifteen years there have probably been more Judges appointed than for the previous half century. We would have the title remain while they are on the bench, and dropped when they go back to the bar. We would also have all civic and military titles drop with the commission. The mark of Esquire we would drop entirely as it is indiscriminately applied and is of no significance. The title of Deacon once so respected and honored, but now, owing to the habit of flippant writers on the various reforms of the day associating its holders with the views they denounce, being made the butt of vulgar wit—we would like to see confined to the church meeting and the conference, and not used in the street or the newspaper. That of Reverend we would not like to see detached from those who hold the sacred office of Pastor and preacher so long as they honor their calling. We have a lingering respect not only for the distinctive title, but, congregational as we are, for the white neckcloth and surplice and bands.

We suppose it will be generally admitted that owing to the frequent changes above referred to, the official stations are not now filled by men so competent to their duties as in earlier days. There were intellectual giants in those days, and so there are now. The difference is that the best men do not aspire to those situations where their stay is likely to be so brief. If they do, and fill the station, they leave it just at the time that they are best qualified by experience to perform its duties best. We trust the saying will never be verified here of the young emigrant to the West who wrote to his father to follow him, and urged as an encouragement that he could obtain office "for, said he, mighty mean men get into office here."

### FEMALE DRESS.

"That which hath been is now," says Solomon. A popular historian says, "we can scarcely impute the extravagances of female dress in Queen Anne's reign, and the defects of education, for in our age, when reading is universal, and every woman not wholly condemned to be a domestic drudge, has other resources always at hand, the absurdities at which the satirists unceasingly laughed, a hundred and fifty years ago, have again come round. Is it Mr. Bickerstaff or Mr. Punch, who publishes the humble petition of Wm. Fingle, coach maker, shewing that the petticoats of ladies being too wide to enter any coach in use before their invention, he has contrived 'a coach for the reception of one lady only, who is to be let in at the top!' Is it in 1709 or in 1859 that the prevailing fashion is thus described? Says the 'Tattler' of that day: 'The design of our grandmothers, in this petticoat was, to appear much bigger than life, for which reason they had false shoulder blades, like wings, and the ruff, to make the upper and lower parts appear proportionable; whereas the figure of a woman in the present dress bears the figure of a cone, which is the same as that of an extinguisher, with a little knob at the upper end, and widening downwards till it ends in a base of most enormous circumference.'"

"There must be something of innate virtue in the hoops petticoat, now called by the pretty name of corset. It lasted in various forms throughout the reigns of the first and second Georges; kept its place to the amusement of the profane vulgar, on court days, till a recent period; and has now started up, to the terror of those of the male creation who cannot afford 'a coach for the reception of one lady only.'"

### SURGEON IN THE PULPIT.

The Rev. Mr. Milburn, the blind preacher, recently delivered a lecture in Philadelphia, descriptive of his visit to England, which is partially reported by the Press. He entered the immense building where Spurgeon preached, three-quarters of an hour before the hour of commencing, and had then found great difficulty in procuring a seat. The congregation, in opening, he said, sang "Before Jehovah's awful throne." &c., and the speaker said the singing of this solemn hymn to the good old tune of "Old Hundred," by a congregation of several thousand persons, was one of the noblest specimens of congregational singing he had ever listened to. His style of prayer the speaker did not like; it was, to him, exceedingly irreverent and absolutely shocking. As a preacher he was said to be bold, manly, plain, and evidently honest. He was a thorough Calvinist—in which he differed from the views of the speaker. He doubted if Calvin had ever a more honest follower than Spurgeon, and though he could not agree with him, he admired his boldness in preaching what he believed. The speaker next gave a synopsis of the sermon, which, according to his rendition of it, was as follows:—

"I stand here to say to you ten thousands souls, that unless you repent of your sins and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ (and I don't know whether you can or not; my business is to tell you, and if you can so believe, to do it,) you will be damned, and I, from my high seat in glory, when I see you in torments, will only strike a higher note at that vindication of God's justice."

A HINT TO AUTHORS.—Brilliant thoughts are often slow in their formation, like the diamond. Thomas Moore was frequently occupied three weeks in writing a song. Theodore Hook often took about the same time to perpetrate an "impromptu;" and Sheridan was frequently employed all day in getting up a joke, which was supposed by some to be the inspiration of the moment. And yet, with these facts fully established, many a poor fellow is yelled out, and laughed at for making a Judy of himself.

### A GOOD REPLY.

A gentleman responding after his health had been drank, spoke as follows:—"Gentlemen, you have been pleased to drink my health with wine; to the latter you are welcome. Your drinking me will do me no harm; your drinking it will do you no good. I do not take wine, because I am determined wine shall not take me. You are most daring; I am most secure. You have courage to tamper with and flatter a dangerous enemy; I have courage to let him alone. We are both brave—but our valor hath opposite qualities. I do not drink your healths. My doing so would be no more generous than giving change for a sovereign. I would rather drink your diseases—would rather root out from you whatever is wrong and prejudicial to your happiness. Suppose, when lifting my bread or my water to my lips, I exclaim, 'Here's luck to you!' All the luck attending the action comes to me—in the mouthful of meat or drink I should take. But if, in the partial adoption of society's customs, I take the opportunity of scattering a few good ideas, which may govern your lives hereafter, there is a luck to you and to all of us. In this way I thank you for your cordiality."

A JAPANESE CONJUROR.—Our Japanese Merlin was seated cross-legged about ten yards from us upon the raised platform of the floor of the apartment; behind him was a gold-colored screen with a painting of the peak of Fusi-hama in blue and white upon its glittering ground. He threw up the sleeves of his dress, and showed a piece of some tissue paper which he held in his hand. It was about six inches square, and by dexterous and delicate manipulation he formed it into a very good imitation of a butterfly, the wings being extended, and at the most each was one inch across. Holding the butterfly out in the palm of his hand, to show what it was, he placed two candles, which were beside him, in such a position as to allow him to wave a fan rapidly without affecting the flame, and then, by a gentle motion of this fan over the paper insect, he proceeded to set it in motion. A counter draught of air from some quarter interfered with his efforts, and made the butterfly truant to his will, and the screen had to be moved a little to remedy this.

He then threw the paper butterfly up in the air, and gradually it seemed to acquire life from the action of his fan—now wheeling and dipping toward it, now tripping along its edge, then hovering over it, as we may see a butterfly do over a flower on a fine summer's day, then in wantonness wheeling away, and again returning to alight, the wings quivering with nervous restlessness. One could have sworn it was a live creature. Now it flew off to the light, and then the conjuror recalled it, and presently supplied a mate in the shape of another butterfly, and together they rose, and played about the old man's fan, varying their attentions between flirting with one another and fluttering along the edge of the fan. We repeatedly saw one on each side of it as he held it nearly vertically, and gave the fan a short quick motion; then one butterfly would pass over to the other, both would wheel away as if in play, and again return. A plant with some flowers stood in a pot near at hand; by gentle movement of the fan the pretty little creatures were led to it, and then, their delight! how they played about the leaves, sipped the flowers, kissed each other, and whisked off again with all the airs and graces of real butterflies! The audience was in ecstasies, and young and old clapped their hands with delight.—Blackwood's Magazine.

### LITERARY QUESTIONS.

What English Poet has been styled "the myriad minded?"  
What German Poet has received the somewhat similar appellation of "the many sided?"  
Who was the "bard of Avon?"  
What writer has been styled the Shakespeare of Theology, and why?  
What Poetess has been called the sister of Shakespeares?  
Who was the "Sage of St. Albans?"  
Who was the little man of Twickenham?  
What English Poet has been called "the marvellous boy?" who first gave him the name? why was he so called?  
Who was the great "Unknown?"  
Who was the Etherick Shepherd?  
What three English Poets are called the Lake Poets, and why?  
What English Poet is known as the inspired charity boy? who first called him so?  
What English Essayist is often mentioned as Elia?  
Who was the oldest living Poet in 1851?  
What English bard is called the "Quaker Poet?"  
What American writer has received the same title?  
What Poetess has been called the Byron of her sex?  
Who was "Maria del occidente?"  
What English Poet is the "corn-law rhymers?"  
What writer is generally known by the fictitious name of Christopher North, or Kit North?  
Who is Barry Cornwall?

ORIGIN OF THE ART OF MEZZOTINT. This beautiful art was invented in 1640, by Prince Rupert, nephew of Charles I. It was suggested to him by observing the effect of rust upon an old gun, that a soldier was cleaning.

The good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished, but the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired.



# THE WIZARD.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1859.

## Agents for The Wizard.

SOUTH DAVENPORT AND SALEM—L. Chandler & Co., Enoch Poor, J. D. Howard.  
DANVERS—D. P. Clough, (also general agent for the county.)  
The receipts of the above named Agents will be regarded as payments.

## Book and Job Printing

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

Executed with Neatness and Despatch,

## THE WIZARD OFFICE.

OUR OUTSIDE.—We hope the length of the Ballad on the first page, will not deter any of our readers from its perusal. It is a good thing from a new contributor, whose productions will be welcome in future. Several Editorials are also to be found there, which were crowded out of the last paper for want of room. We are again obliged to leave out valuable articles intended for this issue, and throw ourselves on the lenity of our correspondents.

PICTORIAL.—We give in this number of the Wizard, several illustrations, which we have accompanied by explanations of the objects and scenes represented. They were suggested by similar designs in the San Diego Herald, while that paper was under the brief editorship of John Phoenix Esq. We think our artist may set himself up in successful rivalry with those of Frank Leslie, Bulfinch's Pictorial, or Harper's Weekly. Some, which we had intended to insert, are crowded out by the press of other matter, but if these are favorably received, we may be induced to place them in some future issue.

## Business Prospects.

The present appearances are not promising for our leading branches of business. The downward tendency in prices of shoes and leather, and the stagnation consequent upon the slight demand for their articles, are anything but encouraging to our business men. It is nothing unprecedented to witness such depressions, and young men just entering into business are apt to be unduly discouraged by them. Let them keep up a good heart, remembering that the oscillations of the pendulum in one direction insure its progress in the other—that the densest darkness just precedes the opening day. That it rains to day is no assurance that it will rain tomorrow. The clouds will surely clear away, and the sun will rise and shine brightly again. So, in the business world, prosperity succeeds adversity and there are indications even now, that the clouds are dispersing.

What if, after all honest endeavors, our plans do not succeed according to our wishes? Is there nothing worth living for but accumulation? Is a man to be held in estimation only for his outward circumstances, or shall he be valued for what he is, as a man? Strip a man of all his possessions, and ten to one, his manhood shines out brighter than ever. True success in life is not what is accomplished outside of us, but that which is passing within us, molding the character and improving the heart.

AMUSEMENTS IN TOWN.—Our young people are bound to enjoy themselves this winter, despite the hardness of the times. Town Hall is occupied about every evening with assemblies, &c. Beside the dancing schools of G. Emerson's and B. Upton's, there are held three assemblies—Volunteer and Gen. Foster engine companies—the former on alternate Wednesday evenings, and the latter on Tuesday evenings; and the Social Parties on Thursday evenings—Emerson's Band furnishes the music for all of these parties. The Young Men's Literary Association, a body of young and intelligent Irishmen, are giving a course of Assemblies at Ashland Hall, the first of which came off last Friday evening. The Socials—who have had parties for some time back—are waiting for Sutton's new hall to be finished, which will probably be in January, when we shall learn that they "still live." We also hear that Eagle Engine Co. intend to give a course of Assemblies at the same pleasant hall during the winter.

ESSEX AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The Trustees of this Society, have ordered that the next Fair and Show, shall be at South Danvers. A convenient spot has been selected at the junction of Foster and Washington streets, and sufficient ground secured without expense to the Society. Since the formation of this Society, South Danvers has always taken a good share of interest in its proceedings, and furnished more than its proportionate part of agricultural productions and manufactures, at its annual Exhibitions. The publications of the Society, will also show that a large share of the valuable information to the farmer, which they contain, originated here. We hope the interest in the Society has not abated, and that our citizens will do their part to make this show in no respect inferior to any preceding one.

ROCKVILLE.—The second lecture before the Rockville Lyceum was delivered by Rev. D. G. Allen, on India. The lecturer gave a highly interesting account of the origin of the British East India Company, the gradual acquisition of territory and the beneficial results of British government there. The lecture lasted nearly two hours, yet so interested were the audience, that no impatience was manifested. Mr. Allen delivers a second lecture on Friday evening of this week, on the same subject.

Rev. Mr. Murray, delivered his discourse before the Seamen's Orphan and Children's friend Society on Sunday evening at Salem. The weather was extremely unfavorable, yet the receipts amounted to \$164.73. The address is highly spoken of. Would it not be well for our Female Benevolent Society to request him to repeat it here in aid of its permanent fund?

MR. EDITOR.—If the proof of the pudding is in the eating, where is the proof of the printer's pi?

Ans. The querist ought to have known that where there is printer's pi, there cannot be any proof.

Editor Wizard.

We learn that the Musical Association of this town will give a concert on Thursday, the 29th inst.

## BIRTH PLACE OF JOHN BROWN.

The above is a view of the house where John Brown was born. According to the newspapers, he was born in a great many places, but our artist assures us that the above is a representation of his true birth-place. The house stands out of doors and is situated directly opposite the other side of the street. The residence of John Smith stands next door to that of John Brown's birth-place. Persons desirous of knowing more of John Brown are respectfully referred to Governor Wise.



JOHN BROWN'S HAT.

The above is an engraving of the hat worn by John Brown. He wore it all the time of the stirring scenes in Kansas, and also during his residence at Harper's Ferry. It was a terrible hat to the Border Ruffians, and Virginians. To them it was full of "treason, stratagem and spoils." Hats have also been worn by other distinguished men. The hat is usually worn on the head. Sometimes, as in very warm weather, it is carried in the hand. It used to be considered a mark of politeness to take off the hat on meeting a lady. The custom now is, only to touch the hat or point to it, to let the lady know that you have a hat. As the ladies have made the discovery that men wear hats, this practice is becoming quite neglected. It is now proposed to reverse the custom, so that the lady will point to her bonnet, when she meets a gentleman, to inform him that she has one on—otherwise he might not discover it.

The practice of some people, of carrying a brick in their hats, is not only injurious to the hat but extremely pernicious to the wearer, who is noticed to walk rather unsteadily, clip his words, and have a strong propensity to fall into gutters.



OYSTERS.

The above represents the shells of the oyster, which the two litigants disputed about, as reported in Esop's Reports, Vol. 17, page 449. In that celebrated case, the Judge swallowed the oyster, and gave each of the parties, a shell. This is more than parties in law suits, usually get, and it has always been regarded as a righteous decision. Oysters are very quiet, inoffensive and domestic animals, always at home, minding their own business. Unlike the frog, they never do a "wooding go." One reason why oysters do not go abroad, is because they have no legs to carry them, and that they do not see more of the world, is that they have no eyes. Some people who have legs, and go abroad, see but little of the world, although they have eyes. They might almost as well live in an oyster shell.



GEN. WASHINGTON'S WATCH.

Here we have an engraved representation of the watch, which was carried by Gen. Washington. An interesting relic of that great man, and of the stirring times in which he lived. It is reported that clocks were invented before watches, and they are equally good as measures of time. There is one advantage of watches over clocks, as they can be carried in the pocket, while it would be quite inconvenient to carry an eight day clock, both on account of its bulk, and the difficulty of always keeping it in a perpendicular position. There is one absurdity arising from the use of watches, by confounding their office with that of the clocks. Thus we never think of asking a man with a watch, what o'clock it is, but always, what o'clock? This is one instance of the advantages gained by precedence in time. It is because the clocks first began to measure time, that time is asked of the clock, even when measured by the watch. There have been many expedients tried to kill time, as well as to measure it, but do the best we can, time is sure to kill us. Some people try to kill time with a fowling piece, and powder and shot, by killing birds, which is a kind of double murder.



FLORA TEMPLE.

The above is an excellent likeness of this celebrated trotter, whose exploits have won for her, the reputation of being the fastest trotting horse in the world. Her last performance, was superior to any former attempt, she having accomplished the marvelous feat of 2 1/4 miles in one minute. At the last trial but one, of her powers, she trotted a half mile circuit, her driver throwing an apple into the air, at the start, and Flora performing the circuit, and catching the apple in her mouth, as it fell. At the next trial, she is to attempt the same feat on a mile circuit, and will doubtless easily accomplish it.

METHODIST CHURCH.—The Ladies of the Methodist Church on Washington street, propose to hold a Fair and Levee on the last week of the year. They are making preparations to have it unusually attractive. The object is to finish and furnish their beautiful house. We look for a great rush and wish them abundant success.

The third of the series of Assemblies of the Gen. Foster Engine Company came off last Wednesday evening, with a full hall and a merry time.

Orderly Sergeant K. Stark, of Co. H, 7th Reg. of Infantry, has resigned his warrant.



THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

The above is a correct portrait of the American Eagle. According to the speech of the western orator, he is a very large bird, "having his perch in the valley of the Mississippi, his tail covering the north pole, his stretched out wings dropping into the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, and his head over the Gulf of Mexico, all ready to seize, with his 'sharpened' and sanguinary beak, the Queen of the Antilles!"

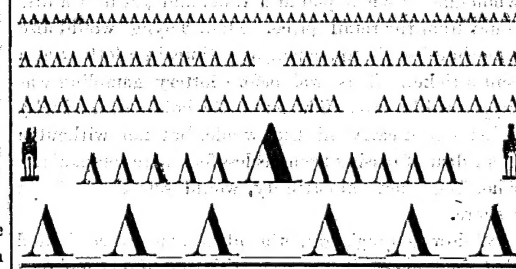
The bird is somehow or other closely connected with "Bunker Hill," "our glorious Ancestors, the Stars and Stripes, Lexington and Concord, the Star Spangled Banner, &c." According to the description of those who seem to know him best, he is a very ravenous, as well as gigantic bird.



VIEW OF SOUTH DAVENPORT.

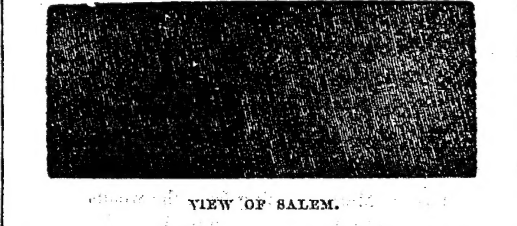
The above is a view of South Danvers, as seen from that delightful spot, the Essex Rail Road Station. To strangers arriving in town, the prospect from that position, is refreshing, as well as imposing, and leaves a favorable first impression on the mind. It will be seen that our artist, with a keen and appreciative eye to the picturesque, has introduced into the foreground of the picture, several objects proper to the location, among which are the fish, suggestive of the alderwife fishery, and the aquatic fowl, common to the place.

South Danvers is very ancient, probably as old as the creation. It is a part of the Solar system, and in ancient times, it was thought that the Sun revolved around it. It has since been ascertained, that it revolves around the Earth, of which it forms a part. In size, the town is about six miles long, four broad, and about 4000 miles deep, terminating in a point, at the center of the earth. On the map, it resembles, in shape, a salt fish, with its tail out. Among its principal productions are onions and upper leather. It was formerly famous for its witches. It is now chiefly remarkable for its settlements, called Devils Dishful, the grave-stone of Eliza Wharton, and the printing office of a newspaper called THE WIZARD.



HARP OF A THOUSAND STRINGS.

The above, as the most casual observer, will readily see, is a harp. It is an instrument of music. It has strings, and the one in the engraving, is copied from that referred to, by the Hard-Shell preacher, as "a harp of a thousand strings." This has that number, but most of them are concealed behind the visible ones. Harp is often represented by a harp, owing to the national love of music. The harp is played upon by the harpist. The latter word is also applied to the marks left on a man's back, when he is whipped. The strings of a harp, are made of cat gut, which is called by very polite people, "pussy's inwards." Cat gut is made of silk and silk is made of silk-worm's houses. Thus it will be seen, that man is indebted to the worm, for the music of the harp.



VIEW OF SALEM.

The above view of the city of Salem, was taken from the middle of the Rail Road Tunnel, looking eastward. We think our artist was unfortunate, in his selection of a "point of view," as the place is rather dark, and a prospect of the harbor is obstructed, by the eastern wall of the tunnel.

Salem is a very old city, as old as Gov. Endicott, although we do not now recollect how old he was. It was once celebrated for its foreign commerce, and it has now several sloops, schooners, and pleasure boats. Its imports are chiefly wood and bark from Maine and New Brunswick, and coal from Pennsylvania. There is an occasional arrival of coffee, hides and snakes, from South America, and palm oil and monkeys, from Africa. It has considerable wealth, and its owners have a singular inclination to lose it, by investments abroad, rather than employ it at home. Salem is celebrated, both for what it has done, and what it has omitted to do. Of the former, it has hung witches on Gallows hill, and built a Cotton Factory. Of the things it hasn't done, may be mentioned the mill dam, and the Leslie monument. Salem is sometimes called mother Salem, by our citizens, but she is, in fact, our grandmother.

MASONS.—The Officers of Jordan Lodge for the year ensuing, were installed at Warren Hall, on Wednesday evening the 7th inst., by Rev. Bro. Hinton of Marblehead, in presence of about one hundred invited guests, many of whom were ladies. The services were very interesting. Music by a select choir, at proper intervals, added much to the interest of the occasion. Prayer and benediction, by the chaplain of the Lodge, Rev. O. S. Butler, and the ceremony of installation services, performed by Bro. Hinton, in the most apt and impressive manner—all contributed to the enjoyment of the evening. The following are the officers for the year A. D., 1860.

George Tapley, M., Francis Roberts, S. W., Robert S. Daniels, Jr., T. W., Andrew Torr, T., L. P. Brickett, S., A. W. Howe, S. D., Charles B. Warner, J. D., H. O. Wiley, S. S., Jos. Fairfield, J. S., Elzaphon Prince, T., G. Tapley, M., Rev. O. S. Butler, Chaplain.



SCHOONER RISING SUN.

This famous vessel was commanded by Capt. Silver, of Salem, and was a regular trader from Salem to Alexandria, in the District of Columbia. She was considered a regular express schooner, between the two places, and needed little skill in her navigation, as by force of habit, she would always find her way to either port, without the assistance of a pilot, and in the darkest night. Upon one occasion, she was brought into Salem, and left in the care of the negro cook, John Brister, who was strictly enjoined, not to leave her during the night. Brister had a wife living at that time, in a little hut on the Salem turnpike, and he could not resist the temptation to make her a visit, during the night. On his return, towards morning, he was dismayed to find that the vessel was no where to be found. The loss of the Schooner, caused great excitement, at the time, but it was supposed that she had drifted out to sea, and that nothing more would be heard of her, unless she should fortunately be picked up by some other craft. Not long after, the Captain received a letter from Alexandria, stating that the schooner had safely arrived at that port, and taken her proper place at the wharf, but without a man on board! This very remarkable circumstance caused her to be much celebrated, and for this reason, we present the above representation of her appearance, which will readily be recognized by many of the old salts.

MUSICAL.—Another numerous audience gathered at the Institute last Friday evening to listen to the farwell concert of Pike's Harmonicon. The preceding entertainment had given such general satisfaction, that even the wretched travelling could not prevent the hall from being nearly filled. This troupe has fairly got into favor with the So. Danvers public, and we can guarantee Mr. Pike that, when he returns with the Spring, he will receive as hearty a welcome as will the singing-birds of the forest. With the exception of a few decided favorites that seemed to demand repetition, the programme for this concert was entirely new.

Mr. Fairbanks gave us a fair idea of his magnificent bass voice in "The Old Sexton," and the yet more difficult "Lone Old Man." Outside of the Italian Opera we have never heard a voice of finer quality, or greater power than Mr. Fairbanks'. Miss Bent rendered the Serenade of Schubert with exquisite purity of tone and style. In the brilliant aria from Lucia she showed great powers in a widely different field.

Mr. Pike in the "Widow of seventy-one" was received with roars of laughter and "My Joyer is a saileur-boy" fairly took the house by storm. Mr. Bent, the fine tenor of this troupe, sang the Romanza from Don Sebastian, to the entire acceptance of the audience. We cannot close this brief notice, without expressing our delight with those simple pieces of harmony which made the reputation of the Original Harmonicon, and upon which the success of this troupe must mainly rest.

It is unfortunate that several unprincipled parties have, of late years, assumed the name of Harmonicon, and by their miserable impositions rendered the public mind suspicious of it. Mr. Pike's energy and talent, however, will speedily overcome this obstacle, and give to the organization of 1859 the same fame that attached to the organization of 1849.

"THE LITTLE GRAYS," OR ALL THE CHILDREN'S LIBRARY.—This is the title of a neatly printed and illustrated volume of 130 pages, admirably suited to this season of Christmas and New Year. We have glanced our eye over these pages, and think they show a fine conception of the beauties of Nature, expressed in a manner calculated to interest and instruct the young. If we do not mistake, Miss H. W. P., is one of us. We congratulate her upon this her first appearance as an authress. Who knows that she will not rival Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

MUSIC.—We have received from those enterprising music publishers—D. B. Brooks & Brother, of Salem—The Sabbath School Bell "being a fine collection of choice hymns and tunes, arranged for organ, melodeon or piano; also some sheets of standard music, viz "Shamrock;" a collection of Irish Songs and Ballads; "Marion Moore;" "Ballad;" "Royal Wedding;" "polka," by Mrs. J. S. Reed. These works can be had of the above, as well as thousands of others, at their music store on Essex Street.

We call the attention of our readers, to the advertisement of R. S. D. Symonds, who has taken the stand formerly occupied by Cressy and Hale, in Trask's Building, where he has for sale a stock of fresh goods, well worthy the attention of purchasers. Give him a call.

## LADIES' FAIR AND LEVEE.

The Methodist Church and Society of So. Danvers, having completed the remodeling of their new place of worship, would hereby announce that the Ladies of said church and society purpose holding a Fair and Levee in the vestry of their meeting house on Wednesday and Thursday, the 28th and 29th insts.

Every effort will be made to render the occasion worthy the patronage of all who love a good cause and a good entertainment.

## Marriages.

In Danvers, Dec. 14, by Rev. Mr. Fletcher, Mr. Charles W. Brine, to Miss Margaret E. Roome, both of South Danvers.

In Salem, Dec. 8, Mr. Charles P. Chase to Miss Mary A. Chipman.

## Deaths.

In Salem Dec. 14, Mr. Alexander Cook, 22 yrs. 3m. 16th, Mr. George C. Saunders, 19 yrs. 10 mos. 6days. 18th, Mr. John Russell, 47 yrs. 2 mos.

In Topsfield, Dec. 17th, Mrs. Elizabeth B. wife of John Hood, 40 yrs.

In Boston Dec. 14, William J. Black Esq. formerly editor of the Lynn Reporter, 27 yrs. 11 mos.

In Woburn, Dec. 14, John J. Piper, editor and proprietor of the Middlesex Journal, 35 yrs. 4 mos.

In Lawrence, Kansas Territory, Dec. 6th, Abbie N. wife of Hiram Towne, (formerly of Boxford) and daughter of Capt. Richard Spofford of West Boxford, aged 21 yrs. 6 mos.



## Advertisements.

### CLOTHING STORE!

R. S. D. SYMONDS  
Has opened a STORE in TRASK'S BUILDING,  
52 MAIN ST., SOUTH DANVERS,  
Where he intends to keep a general assortment of  
**MEN'S & BOYS'**

### CLOTHING,

Consisting of  
**BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBER, HATS & CAPS**  
And all such Goods as are generally found in such a store.

### READY MADE CLOTHING AND FURNISHING GOODS.

Particular attention will be given to keeping a constant supply of

### LADIES' BOOTS & SHOES.

The above Goods are of the best quality, and will be sold as low as similar articles can be had in South Danvers or Salem.

### LADIES

Are particularly invited to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.  
dec 21—tf

**A Cheap and Durable Article.**  
**MEN'S KIP BOOTS**—only Two Dollars and a Quarter per pair, at  
R. S. D. SYMONDS,  
52 Main st., S. Dan. ers.  
dec 21—tf

**Mitchell's Patent Men's Boots.**  
THIS new and improved article, with metallic soles, protecting the feet from dampness, may be found at  
R. S. D. SYMONDS,  
dec 21—tf Trask's Building, No. 52 Main st.

### SO. DANVERS PERIODICAL STORE.

L. CHANDLER & CO.,  
WOULD respectfully announce to the citizens of South Danvers that they have taken part of the store occupied by D. B. Brooks & Bro., in Allen's Building, where they intend to keep a good supply of  
**Periodicals, Newspapers, Toys, &c.**  
The Boston Daily Herald, Journal, and Traveller, and all the principal Weekly Papers and Periodicals, can always be found on their counter.  
dec 21—tf

**To the Lovers of the Weed.**  
TURPIN'S Yarrow, Mellow Ridge, Honey Dew, White Cup, Catnip, Twist, Orghum Bar, Navy, John Anderson and Goodwin's Patent Pressed, and Thomas H. Lee's Celebrated Cavendish Tobacco.

**LUBIN'S EXTRACTS,** Homosio Principe, Manila and the "Favourite" Wandering Jew Gigs, at  
WM. J. LUNT'S, Hotel Building.  
dec 21—3t

**New Smyrna Figs.**  
A CHOICE lot just received, at  
LUNT'S, Hotel Building.

### FACTS

FOR THE  
CONSIDERATION OF ECONOMICAL  
WHOLESALE & RETAIL BUYERS.

**OVER \$55,000**  
worth of  
**PRIME READY-MADE**

### Winter clothing

To be closed off during the next

**THIRTY DAYS!**

At prices below the lowest bargain hitherto offered at

### LANE'S

**GREAT BARGAIN STORE,**

32 Dock Square, 32

The long continued open, genial fall and winter weather has left us with a large supply stock of

### UNSOLD GOODS

On hand, which must be disposed of within 30 days, as our system has invariably been to allow no goods to remain upon our shelves over the season. This stock embraces every variety of

### READY-MADE,

**FINE FASHIONABLE AND HEAVY**

### WINTER GARMENTS.

Adapted for

PROFESSIONAL MEN,  
MERCHANTS,  
MECHANICS AND  
LABORERS.

### LANE'S,

32-Dock Square, Boston.—32

dec 21—3t

### Holiday Goods!

**DESKS,** Dressing Cases, Parian Ware, Games, Toys, Fancy Goods, Juvenile, Miscellaneous and Illustrated Books in every variety and style, just rec'd by

H. P. IVES & A. A. SMITH,  
232 Essex st. Salem.

### Hunnell's Medicines.

**TOLU ANODYNE** for Neuralgia and Nervous affections—UNIVERSAL CURE for Throat and Lung Complaints; sold by

T. A. SWEETSER, 37 Main st.

### DR. J. M. TRUE'S GERMAN COUGH SYRUP.

DR. J. M. TRUE'S Pain Destroying Compound—sold at 37 Main st.

### OSBORNE'S FUR STORE.

Essex, corner of Central St.

The subscriber is again a candidate for the favor of those discriminating and judicious purchasers of FURS, whose superior taste and judgment he has for so many years been able to meet and satisfy. His stock of Goods in the Fur line is now, by early and fortunate arrangements, very complete and extensive, with prices more moderate than the present prices of skins will warrant.

**CLOAKS, CAPES, VICTORINES, MUFFS, CUFFS, &c.**

will be found or made to measure, in Hudson Bay, Canada, Norway, Mink, and American Sables—Stone Martin, Fitch, Chinchilli, Siberian, Squirrel, Ermine, and all the Fashionable Furs in demand.

**Gentlemen's Furs and Sleigh Robes,** in all their variety, will be found at the lowest prices.

He trusts that his new apartments for the display of his rich stock of **FUR GOODS** will meet the approbation of his numerous patrons.

**STEPHEN OSBORNE,**  
Salem, dec 21, 5w.

### SHAKER'S FLUID EXTRACT OF VALERIAN.

For quieting the nerves, and promoting sleep; sold by T. A. SWEETSER, 37 Main st.

### For Christmas and New Year.

**FINE Jewelry and Silver Ware.** A large and new stock of Goods, suitable for Holiday Presents, received this week.

**JOSEPH J. RIDER,**  
242 Essex st.

### MANTEL CLOCKS, new styles, just received by J. J. RIDER.

Call and see the new and beautiful Silver Goods, just received and for sale at 242 Essex st.

### A FINE assortment of Fancy Hair Pins, at 242 Essex st.

**Brown's Laxative Troches,** For Coughs and Colds. Sold by T. A. SWEETSER, 37 Main st.

### WHITCOMB'S REMEDY FOR ASTHMA.

Sold by T. A. SWEETSER, 37 Main st.

### TO RESTORE THE COLOR OF THE HAIR.

Helmet's Hair Coloring is a safe and reliable preparation; sold by T. A. SWEETSER, 37 Main st.

### SCHENK'S PULMONIC SYRUP, an old but excellent remedy for coughs, colds, and all affections of the pulmonary organs—sold by T. A. SWEETSER, 37 Main st.

### J. W. OSBORNE,

Plain and Decorative, House and Sign PAINTER,

83 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS.

### SAMUEL DAVIS,

HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING ROOM,

7 MAIN ST., SOUTH DANVERS.

### HENRY L. WHIDDEN,

PAINTER, GLAZIER, AND PAPERER,

Central Street, South Danvers, Oppo. South Church.

All orders promptly and faithfully executed.  
dec 14—1y

### UPTON'S SPEAR REFINED

### LIQUID GLUE.

Save the Pieces!

In every family, articles of Furniture, the children's Toys, Gramophones, &c., are being continually broken, and the fragments are thrown aside as useless, from the want of some convenient substance with which to unite them. This want is completely supplied by Upton's Liquid Glue.

It is always ready, and up to the sticking point.

Apply the glue to the fractured parts, secure the pieces together until dry, and the article is as good as new.

It is a perfect substitute for common glue, for all purposes.

All orders from the neighboring towns, by express or otherwise, promptly attended to, and delivered personally, if desired.

Price 25 cents. For sale by Druggists and Stationers generally.  
dec 14—tf

### DECEMBER 1, 1859.

### AUGUSTUS E. PRICE,

No. 220 Essex Street, Salem,

Will sell his entire stock of

### DRY GOODS, MILLINERY

AND

### TRIMMINGS,

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES

**For THIRTY Days.**

dec 7 1 m

### H. & H. G. HUBB,

WASHINGTON STREET, SALEM,

Manufacturers of

Rose Wood, Mahogany, Black Walnut and Stained Wood

### COFFINS and CASKETS.

MAKING this our exclusive business, we are ready at all times and at the shortest notice to furnish Grave Closets of various styles, as well as Coffins and Caskets of the finest finish. Personal attention given, and delivered without extra charge to any of the neighboring towns. All orders by express or otherwise will receive prompt attention.

**Black Walnut and White Wood**

**Boards, Blank and Joists**

for sale.  
dec 14—5m

### POWER'S MARBLE WORKS.

No. 11 St. Peter Street, Salem,

Chimney Pieces, Monuments, Tablets, Basin and Table Tops, Shelves and Brackets.

OF every description of MARBLE and SOAPSTONE work, furnished promptly and reasonably.

Those in want of any of the above kinds of work, will find them as good as well here as in Boston.

dec 14—tf W. A. POWER.

### CHARLES S. BUFFUM,

Central St., nearly opposite Lowell Depot, So. Danvers.

### CABINET MAKER,

FURNITURE MADE, REPAIRED & VARNISHED.

UPHOLSTERY WORK IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Carpets made to order. Cane Chairs new sent.

### PINGREE'S JOB WAGON.

THE subscriber is still prepared to do all kinds of Job Work and Teaming, such as removing Furniture and Merchandise of any description about town, or to send from the neighboring towns.

Orders will be received at the Essex Railroad Station, and at E. S. Flint's store, on the Square.

Thankful for past favors, he would solicit a continuance of the same.  
W. H. PINGREE.  
South Danvers, dec 14—tf

### WHIPPLE & FRIEND, PAINTERS, GLAZIERS AND PAPER HANGERS.

Main Street, opposite Danvers Bank, S. Danvers.

All orders promptly attended to; a share of patronage solicited.

J. A. WHIPPLE. A. FRIEND.

### CHEAP CASH STORE

IN SOUTH DANVERS.

**WEST INDIA GOODS, DRY GOODS, TEAS, FLOUR and GRAIN, HARD WARE, CUTLERY, &c., &c., &c.**

Teas, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Nutmegs, Mace, Spices, Cocoa, Chocolate, Shells, Saleratus, Soda, Potash, Cream Tartar, Farina, Corn Starch, Tapioca, Sago, Coarse and Fine Salt, Tobacco and Cigars.

Butter, Cheese, Pork, Lard, Bacon.

**Oils.**  
Kerosene Oil, Spent Oil, Whale Oil, Fluid.

**Wooden Ware.**  
Pails, Buckets and Tubs, Baskets, Boxes, Brooms, Brushes.

Clothes Lines, Bed Cords, Rope.

Stove, Shoe, White Wash, Dust, Floor and Horse, Currie Combs, Cattle Cards, Whips.

**Crockery.**  
White Granite Tea Sets, and Dining Sets. Pitchers, Bowls, Chamber Sets, Castors and Bottles.

Glass Ware, Stone Ware, Earthen Ware.

**Plated Ware.**  
Silver Plated Spoons, Silver Plated Butter Knives, Silver Plated Forks, Silver Plated Salt Spoons.

**Cutlery.**  
Knives and Forks, Bread Knives, Shoe Knives, Pocket Knives, Chopping Knives.

**Hard Ware.**  
Shovels, Spades, Garden Tools, Hoes, Iron Rakes, Hay Tools, Saws, Files, Gimlets, Carpet Tacks, Screws, Bed Castors, &c., &c., &c.

**Dry Goods.**  
Broad Cloths, Doe Skins, Variety of Pant Goods and Vestings. Bleached and Brown Sheetings and Shirtings. Ticking, Denims, Factory Check, Hickory, Hosiery and Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Dress Braids. White and Colored Spool and Skein Cottons. Colored Cambrics and Silices, Dress Goods, Damask and Brown Linen Table Covers. Embossed Table Cloths, Colored Table Covers, Cotton and Silk Velvets, Tailors' Trimmings.

**Clothing.**  
Gent's Furnishing Goods, Silk and Woolen Shirts, and Drawers, Collars and Neck Ties, Linen Bosoms, Suspenders, &c.

**Medicines.**  
A good assortment of Patent Medicines, Russia Salve, Goodhue's Bitters, Atwood's Bitters, Skinner's Bitters. Essences and Extracts, Castor Oil, Salts, Sulphur.

**Fruits.**  
Dates, Prunes, Raisins, Nuts, &c.

All the above-named Goods can be found in the above store, and will be sold at the lowest prices for cash; and to which we would call the attention of the citizens of this place and vicinity, assuring them that we have adopted the LOW PRICE SYSTEM, and we are happy to say to our friends, our customers, and to all that purchasers can rely upon getting better goods, and more of them, for their money, than at any other store in this place.

### R. O. SPILLER,

Nos. 131 and 133 Main Street, South Danvers.

### SOUTH DANVERS

### COFFIN AND CASKET WAREHOUSE.

THE subscriber would inform the people of this place that he is now prepared to furnish, at the shortest notice,

**Mahogany, Black Walnut, & Stained Wood**

### COFFINS.

AND CASKETS OF ALL SIZES.

Also, Silver and Silver Plated Coffin Plates, of the latest Patterns.

Grave Clothes of every description constantly on hand.

All orders from the neighboring towns, by express or otherwise, promptly attended to, and delivered personally, if desired.

**CHARLES S. BUFFUM,**  
Central Street, nearly opposite the Lowell Depot.

Orders and notices can be sent to Simonds' Hotel.  
dec 14—tf

### Received this Week

**BONNET RUCHES** for 13, 17, 25 and 34 cents; Heavy 3 Rowed Ruche for 13 et.

Wrought Collars for 25, 34, 42, 50, and 75 cents—bargains; Dimity and Cambric Bands—all prices;

Hand Knit Hoods for 65, 75, 85, and 1.25 cents;

Woven Hoods and Bonnets for children;

Skating Caps, Comforters, Bosoms and Mittens;

Santa's Buckles, Sleeves, &c;

Cambric Edgings, Insertings and Bands;

Linen Hemd Hdk's—good article for 35 et;

Linen Cambric Hdk's from 5 et. to 42 et.

### For Christmas

And New Year's Presents

You will find a full stock of very desirable goods—all new and selected for the occasion.

**288 ESSEX STREET, SALEM,**

**JOHN P. PEABODY.**

### BONNET RUCHES.

AT 238 ESSEX STREET,

dec 14 JOHN P. PEABODY.

### EDWARD C. WEBSTER,

**ONE PRICE**

### HAT, CAP and FUR STORE,

231 ESSEX, and 34 WASHINGTON ST.,

Salem, dec 11—1y

### EZEKIEL GOSS,

And dealer in every description of

### UPHOLSTERY GOODS,

Trimmings and Ornaments.

—ALSO—

### FURNITURE, BEDDING,

Patent Portable Bed Chair, for the sick.

BEDS and FEATHERS RENOVATED.

Wire Screen; Store and other Window Shades; Venetian Blinds; Mattresses and Pew Cushions; Wheelers's, Bray's, and other Curtain Fixtures; Carpet, Curtain, and Repairing Work, on reasonable terms, and warranted. Drapery arranged according to the latest styles.

**279 Essex Street, Salem.**  
dec 14—1y

### CURRIER & MILLETT, Dealers in FURNITURE, CHAIRS, MATTRESSES, FEATHERS, &c.

259 & 261 ESSEX ST.

Salem, dec 14—1y

### Gas and Steam Pipes and Gas Fixtures.

**E. H. STATEN,**

**GAS, STEAM, AND WATER FITTER,**

**GAS, STEAM AND WATER FITTER,**

151 Essex St., Lynde Block, Salem, Mass.,

DEALER IN

### GAS FIXTURES.

OF every description for Lighting Stores, Dwellings, Public Buildings, Churches, &c.

Old Gas Fixtures and Lamps refurnished to look as well as new. Gas Fitted Wrought Iron Pipes for Water. Rubber Hose Manifold Gaskets. Sheet and Ring Packings for steam work constantly on hand.

Agent for E. H. STATEN'S GAS BURNER. (Wood's Patent), the best and most economical Gas Burner in existence. Sole Agent for Wm. F. Shaw's Gas and Air Stoves, for cooking and heating.

E. H. STATEN, 151 Essex St., Lynde Block.

### THE CELEBRATED

### FRANKLIN COAL

For sale by M. BLACK, Jr.

**B. F. STEVENS,**

### WATCH & JEWELRY,

—AND DEALER IN—

**Watches, Clocks, Gold & Plated Jewelry,**

**SILVER AND PLATED WARE,**

**CUTLERY and FANCY GOODS.**

Old Gold and Silver taken in exchange for New.

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, neatly Cleaned, Repaired and warranted.

**16 MAIN ST., OPPOSITE WARREN BANK,**

**SOUTH DANVERS, MASS.**

**E. S. FLINT,**

DEALER IN

### WEST INDIA GOODS, COUNTRY PRODUCE,

No. 2 Main Street, South Danvers.

**M. BLACK, Jr.,**

### COAL AND WOOD,

OFFICE IN SQUARE AT RAILROAD FREIGHT DEPOT.

Order Box in Post Office.

**E. S. FLINT,**

Manufacturer and Dealer in

### INNER SOLES,

AND SHOE STIFFENINGS OF ALL KINDS.

2 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS.

**NEWMAN & SYMONDS,**

DEALERS IN

### FAMILY GROCERIES,

**FLOUR and GRAIN,**

READY-MADE CLOTHING, GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES, &c.

South Danvers Square, opposite Congregational Church

SAM'L NEWMAN. NATH'L SYMONDS.

### Cedar Posts for Sale.

I have on hand at the Depot, a large assortment of Well Seasoned White Cedar Posts, ranging from 4 to 15 inches in diameter, which I am anxious to sell, even at a reduced price, as they are now in my way. I will also furnish to order, Maple, Red Cedar, or White Cedar Posts of any required size or length. Orders sent to my address, South Danvers, will be promptly attended to.







# THE WIZARD.

VOL. I.

SOUTH DANVERS, MASS., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1859.

NO. 4.

## THE WIZARD

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

At Allen's Building, So. Danvers Square,

CHAS. D. HOWARD, Proprietor.

F. POOLE, Editor.

Terms \$2.00 a Year; for Immediate Payment, \$1.50.

### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Half a Square, 3 weeks, \$1.00  
One Square, 3 weeks, \$1.50  
Quarter of a column, 3 weeks, \$2.00  
16 lines of Nonpareil type are equal to a square.  
60 cents per line will be charged for notices of meetings for political, civil, or religious purposes, notices of societies, cards of acknowledgments, &c.  
The privilege of Annual Advertisers is limited to their own immediate business, and all advertisements for the benefit of other persons, as well as legal advertisements, and advertisements of real estate, or auction sales, sent in by them, must be paid for at the usual rates.

### Original Poetry.

For The Wizard.

#### THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

'Tis a tall white house, and stately,  
Untouched by slow decay,  
And crowds who walk the busy streets,  
Pass by its door each day;  
But I know that house is haunted,—  
The house that stands over the way.  
There is no blood upon the wall,  
No stain upon the floor,  
No phantom light, that goes not out,  
But burneth ever more;  
No grim and ghostly skeleton  
Behind the closet door.  
But those who dwell in that stately house,  
I do know that ghosts they be,  
And like shadows, through the casements,  
Oft their filmy forms I see;  
I hear them revel at midnight,  
And laugh in their ghastly glee.  
And though at noon, I see their forms  
Go up and down the street,  
And listening, often-times I hear  
The sound of passing feet;  
Though people shake their shadowy hands,  
Whenever they happen to meet.  
Yet well I know that they all are ghosts,  
And though they seem to be gay,  
They stop and shudder whenever they think,  
How short is the time they can stay;  
They'll haunt that house for a little while,  
And then they will go away.

For The Wizard.

#### THE QUAKER.

Who hath a smooth and placid brow,  
And in his speech says *thee* and *thou*;  
And needs not law's strong iron chain,  
His will persists to *thee* and *thou*.  
Who will not bow to fashion's sway,  
But wears one style of coat for aye;  
Whose dress is simple, neat and plain,  
And eschews ornament as vain. *The Quaker.*  
Who shuns all bickering and strife,  
And makes the most of human life;  
Who will not take in court an oath,  
And e'en to go there, is quite loth. *The Quaker.*  
Who doth decline his lips to stain,  
With language wicked and profane;  
And doth refuse to shoulder arms,  
Or to partake in war's alarms. *The Quaker.*  
Who does not call the months by name,  
But gives the number of the same;  
And doth in the same manner speak,  
Of days belonging to the week. *The Quaker.*  
Who hateth slavery and wrong,  
Of every kind with hatred strong;  
And hath two Sundays in a week,  
In which his Maker's face to seek. *The Quaker.*  
Who will not preach till he be hoarse,  
Nor then, unless the Spirit moves;  
Who seldom speaks from wisdom's ways,  
But lives uprightly all his days. *The Quaker.*

For The Wizard.

#### ON BUXTON'S HILL.

On Buxton's Hill in summer glow,  
I gathered daisies sweet and fair,  
I heard the waters murmuring flow,  
And hearing, seeing, then and there—  
Oh! then my thoughts recurred to thee,  
Who lately climbed the hill with me.  
I thought of thy kind blue eyes,  
And when my hand thy hand it pressed,  
A mutual feeling would arise,  
That showed our mutual hearts were blessed;  
And gazing from mine eyes to thine,  
Disclosed a love almost divine.  
The sunny hill, the violet blue,  
The sparkling waters rippling flow,  
And all dear nature's varied hues,  
Deserved my fullest love, I know;  
And yet for me I can recall,  
Thy fair blue eyes, illumined all!

We most admire and value things that are unusual and strange, and treat with contempt, those that are familiar. We spend so much time in the acquisition of a language spoken by none, that most of us have nothing worth saying, in a language familiar to all. If we were wise, we should value everything according to its use and in proportion as it gave us power and insight.

### An Original Story.

#### NELLIE BRYANT'S CHRISTMAS.

It was near the close of a snowy December afternoon, when the wind suddenly arose from his north-eastern corner, and prepared to descend with violence upon the peaceable town of C—. The pretty snow flakes which had fallen quietly all day, wearing a pure white winter dress for the cold earth, quivered with fear as they felt old Boreas' breath; very soon he came rushing down among the busy little fairies, making huge rents in their snowy work, and undoing their long day's labor.

Nellie Bryant stood at a pretty cottage window watching the mad wind frolic—now and then clapping her hands, and laughing with glee at the sad plight of unfortunate travellers, who were trying in vain to preserve the dignity becoming upright citizens. But the wind was determined to have his play, so whistling shrilly, he bit the ears of one, tugged fiercely at the cloak of another, until "loop and button failing both," away flew the faithless garment. A pretty little girl came tripping round the corner, with no fear of wind and weather; the blast was ready for her, and dashing a cloud of snow flakes into her face, and playing all sorts of mad pranks. Bessie Lee was almost in despair about getting home that stormy night. Suddenly brushing her tangled hair from her eyes, the little girl looked up to the window where she saw Nellie's face, wearing a very comical expression. Like a brave child, Bessie broke into the laugh in which she was sure Nellie would join, and resolutely faced the storm, determining to show the breezy old fellow that she could conquer as well as he!

Faster and faster fell the snow, and Nellie's eyes began to dance in company, when she heard Leo's deep growl, and a moment after he plunged through a snow drift in pursuit of some distant object. Her mother soon came into the parlor with a light, and the storm without was forgotten in the warmth and cheerfulness within. Nellie now amused herself with making a series of drawings, which had a very pretty effect. First she drew out the table, then drew down the curtains, drew the bright coals together on the hearth, and finally drew herself up to the chimney corner on a cricket. Directly she heard footsteps in the hall, and a moment after, uncle Simon Wintergreen entered, followed by Leo.

"Ha, Nellie! what did we wish for last night when we saw the moon over our right shoulder?" "Oh you've got a letter from me from brother George! please give it to me, quick!" "Why little puss, what a Yankee you are for guessing! now jump for it!" and uncle Simon held the letter over Nellie's head far enough out of her reach as he thought, but with a quick spring she caught it out of his hand, and ran to her mother.

"Oh mother! George is coming home to Christmas—that will be in a week. I'm so glad! and mother can't I have a party, and a Christmas tree? His vacation will be only a week; he is coming home Friday, and now it is Tuesday."

"And mother, what shall I do, the days will be so long," whined uncle Simon, exactly imitating Nellie's voice and manner. She sprang towards him, but he disappeared very suddenly through the parlor door. Nellie kept busily employed until Friday, when she ran home from school at night to find George waiting with impatience to see his little sister. He had many wonderful things to relate of his first experience at a boarding school, but before he had been at home many hours, all Nellie's devised plans for the festive night were unfolded. George was kindly attentive to all she had to say, but asked permission to arrange the proceedings for Christmas evening without his sister's help. This was rather hard for Nellie, but she was very fond of George, and yielded gracefully to his wishes.

The next morning was cold, but wrapping up warmly, George and Nellie ran down to secure their uncle's help in finding a suitable Christmas tree. Uncle Simon was Mrs. Bryant's only brother, and though eccentric, he was very pleasing and attractive to all the little folks. He was not married, but had a nice housekeeper, his orphan niece, Alice Howard, and a great many happy days Nellie spent at Grove Cottage. After merry a walk to the woods, they found just the tree they wanted, and evergreen enough to fill their baskets in a short time. Alice's services were engaged for the afternoon, and their fingers were so busy, that at night the work was finished. They looped up the curtains with green, hung elegant wreaths around pictures and mirrors, until the rooms looked like a fairy's bower.

Christmas morning dawned brightly. Jack Frost, too, had been preparing for the festival: the trees glittered with his richest jewels, and every window was silvered with the rarest pictures.

"I wish 'oe merry Christmas!" shouted Nellie, as she rushed into her brother's room, "I wish 'oe merry Christmas!"

"I should prefer skates if I—well merry Christmas," said George, starting up and pretending to catch Nellie, who with merry shouts ran down stairs. Soon after breakfast cousin Alice walked in, her brown eyes bright with pleasure. Nellie danced about the room, and talked faster than ever when Alice enquired for her health. George replied comically, "Her teeth they chatter, chatter still!"

"Yes, I see she is the same Miss Chatterbox, but where is your mother? I have a little private business with her."

Of the parlors, "the best said, the better"—as George wisely remarked; and fearing that Nellie may with childish curiosity peep over one shoulder while we are waiting, all notice of them shall be defined until evening, when uncle Simon's con ing will be an "open sesame." Nellie expressed herself "all in a flutter," as she danced about the safely locked doors, occasionally airing her eye at the key-hole.

Cousins and friends arrived early, and Nellie met them with her pretty words of welcome. "All are here but uncle Simon. George, what do you think is the reason he has not come?" George's reasoning was of a silent nature, but a merry twinkle in his blue eye told very plainly that he knew all about it. But Nellie soon forgot her impatience in amusing her little friends. Soon a loud ring startled the merry company, and George quickly slipped into the hall, locking the door behind him. A gruff voice was heard, with sounds of smothered laughter, and the stranger was admitted to the parlor.

After a few moments of suspense, George threw open the folding doors and greeted his friends with

"A merry Christmas, and happy New Year, Plenty of books, and very good cheer!" A peep at old Christmas, (we caught him at Lynn,) May give your hearts pleasure—so please walk within.

In the centre of the gaily wreathed rooms stood an old man dressed in white, with a flowing beard, his shaggy locks crowned with a laurel wreath, his pleasant face brightened by sudden smiles like northern lights shooting out of clear hazel eyes. By his side stood Leo, dressed with evergreen, and harnessed to a miniature car containing Titania and her fairy court. On a gilded throne queen Titania reigned in waxen magnificence, her silvery dress shone with dazzling lustre, and a purple velvet canopy protected her majesty. Her six maids of honor looked bewitchingly pretty in their rainbow hued dresses—but it will require too much time to describe all the wonders of this car of beauty, so we will turn to the Christmas Tree.

Very stately in his radiant beauty stood the forest king, immovably receiving the homage of old and young. On his forehead glistened a pure white star, and on one of his many arms reclined the Christ-child, in snowy robes, holding a lighted taper, his right arm twining round a shining cross. All around, in glowing contrast with the Fir king's emerald robe, shone tiny lights, reflected in the wreathed mirrors, and no less in the soul mirrors of sparkling eyes, till it seemed as if, to crown this festive night, myriads of twinkling stars had dropped gently down into Sweetbriar Cottage. Merry Christmas distributed the beautiful gifts with which king Fir was loaded. There were presents of gold and silver, of pearl and rosewood, miniature carriages, with elegant "spans," waxen and china young ladies, dressed in the height of fashion. There were stores of gay candies treasured in pretty lace bags, and gay horns of plenty filled with delectable fruits. Hungry minds were furnished with rich, substantial food, and juveniles became deeply interested in the stories prepared for them.

Cousin Alice received a large parcel carefully tied and sealed. She removed paper after paper, and her patience was at last rewarded by the appearance of a tiny lady dressed in green a silver crown on her head, and in her hand a wand of silver paper, on which was written: "To her pleasant little friend, Nellie Bryant, the fairy Silver-wing presents queen Titania her maids of honor, to be distributed among Nellie's six Weston cousins. Many a merry Christmas to all her little friends, Silverwing."

"Nellie! Nellie!" cried Alice Howard. Where was the happy little girl all this time? Ah! she had found Old Christmas to be no other than her "dear funny uncle"—and her

merry laugh rang out clear and sweet, as she led him about in triumph. Her little friends were clustering around him, when Alice called "Nellie! Nellie!" and leaving her charge, away ran Nellie, and with delighted surprise received the beautiful fairy gift.

But it was now very late, and after renewed expressions of pleasure on this ever-to-be-remembered Christmas evening, the happy party proposed to separate. Sleigh bells jingled tunelessly, and calmly the moon looked down on peaceful homes where Christmas greetings and pleasant childish voices, alone broke the wintry stillness, and the "golden eyed stars" winked and trembled with delight, as merry peals of laughter rang out on the frosty air, like a chime of silver bells. The long anticipated day had happily passed, and Nellie's heart was very full of pleasure, and of sorrow, for George must leave home very soon, and his little sister dreaded the long weeks before his return. George cheered her with the promise of a letter every week, so with her treasures clasped close in her white arms, Nellie went quietly to bed, to dream of the pleasant evening, the happy Christmas of Nellie Bryant. THERESE.

For The Wizard.

#### THE WORKING FARMER.

This monthly publication, commences its twelfth volume, January 1, 1860. It is, without doubt, the most advanced Journal. Its Editor, Prof. Mapes, is a practical, yet scientific farmer, who raises larger and better crops, and gets more money for them than most farmers. He even raises onions in perfection and abundance, while others cannot. A committee of the American Institute, (Agricultural,) visited his farm during the fall, and bear witness to a bed of superior white Portugal onions, which they decided to equal a thousand bushels to the acre. No better illustration of the proof that scientific farming is the only really successful and profitable way now days, than by a few quotations from the report of a committee chosen by the American Institute, to examine his farm. The farm contains 120 acres, a very large portion being in grass, lowland, meadow and wood, and but 33 1-3 acres devoted to crops. From 3-4 of an acre of Rhubarb, he sold \$500 worth the last spring, 1200 bushels of beets to the acre and the same of parsnips. The onion crop averages 800 bushels per acre, early cabbages, at the rate of 20,000 per acre, and late 10,000. Potato crops very large,—\$90 worth of currants, from less than 1-6 of an acre. He has 2000 dwarf pear trees, many of them averaging from one to two hundred pears per tree. These pears sold last year, for \$8 per hundred, and the previous year, for \$12 1-2 per hundred. The stock of the farm consists of two pairs of coach horses, one farm horse, four milks, three short-horned cows, one short-horned heifer, one pair oxen, and several pure Suffolk pigs.

And now comes the greatest curiosity and wonder, in the tools, which consist of a few best plows, Mapes, and Gibbs, Digging Machine, Maps, Lifting sub-soil plow, Knox's Horse Hoe, Horse wedding Machine, potato diggers, and various small hand instruments. The digging machine, at a single operation, manipulates the soil to a depth of twelve inches, as thoroughly as if it had been sieved. The potato and corn crops are cultivated flat. A one horse lifting subsoil plow, and a one horse weeder, with a mule and a boy, keeps the entire farm thoroughly cultivated during the spring and summer months, and free from weeds. They do the work of forty men with hoes, and the whole farm is worked by seven hands. He makes wine of a fine quality, resembling champagne, from rhubarb. The manure used on this farm, is the Nitrogenized super-phosphate of lime, invented by Prof. Mapes, applying 600 pounds per acre to the more valuable crops, while the grass receives 160 pounds top dressing per annum, which yields a continuous crop of three tons to the acre.

I am no farmer, yet I take two Agricultural Journals, and greatly I rejoice in the advance which is fast taking place in Agricultural affairs. The fact is now proved, that a few acres, highly cultivated, mostly with the vegetable and phosphatic manure, yield a great reward to the cultivator. There never was such an interest manifested in farming, as at the present period. Let our old fashioned farms—let the dead past rest,—for something more is required than of old. With increase of population, is required increase of product, and with increased tastes, we also require a better quality of products—one advance must go on in some proportion to another. With scientific knowledge, and a little land, we can now raise more and better products to an acre than ever before—simply because we know how to. Now it is not necessary in order to be a scientific farmer—to have been thoroughly educated as such—for the small sum of one dollar per year. Prof. Mapes' Working Farmer will be sent to you, and in this journal he tells you how he has been so successful—and how he makes from \$10,000 to \$12,000 per year on his farm. Were I a farmer I should take all the agricultural papers published, as a means of gaining information as full and thorough as was to be obtained; and I may be mistaken, but I believe I could—health and strength being equal—make money by farming. A CHIP OF THE "NEW" BLOCK.

For The Wizard.

#### OLD PUT.

It is related of Gen. Israel Putnam, by those who knew him on the ancestral Putnam farm, in Danvers, when he was under the age of fourteen years, living with his uncle as he then did—that on one occasion, when his uncle was about to be away from home, he cautioned the boy, not to go after the cows, while he was away, for fear that he might be injured by a furious bull that fed in the same pasture with the cows. This caution, so far from checking the enterprise of the boy, awakened his ambition for a tournament with the bull. Accordingly he prepared himself with spurs on his heels, of the length of one inch at least, and went forth to the pasture, in the afternoon, with a determination to drive the cows home, come what might. As soon as the bull saw him, he advanced towards the boy—and the boy sprang and caught hold of his tail, and jumped upon his back, and so vigorously applied his spurs to his sides, that the beast furiously ran into a meadow, where he plunged so deep into the mud, that he could not extricate himself. The boy thus jumped off, quietly gathered the cows, and drove them home. His uncle on his return, seeing the cows in the yard, inquired for the bull, and was told by the boy, that he "left him in the pasture," with no further explanation of what had happened. The next day, the uncle found the bull where Israel had driven him. Of the genuineness of this anecdote of the young hero, there can be no doubt; for I have oft heard it from my *grand father* and *grand mother*, who were cotemporary with the General, about the same age, and his daily associates for years. P.

FUEL.—What changes have taken place in modes of warming our dwellings and places of business within the recollection of many now on the stage of life. We well remember the time when the only fuel was wood, from our own forests and those of Lynnfield, Andover and the adjacent towns. We have seen more than a hundred loads pass to Salem through Main street in a day. The late Mr. Jos. Frothingham was the sworn measurer, and long rows of teams obstructed the highway, waiting their turns for the application of the measurer's wand. We remember also the first advent of wood from the forests of Maine, then called "sea-wood," as it came to market in vessels. It was a great novelty, but not so great as the later introduction of anthracite coal. These burning "rocks" were looked upon as a great humbug, especially after numerous trials on wood fires, with persevering use of the bellows, they refused to ign'te. It was thought as much out of question to make the stuff burn, as it is now to have a horse railroad to Salem. It however slowly came into use, as coal stones and grates came in, andirons and bellows went out. Furnaces followed, and now wood is but little used. Old king Coal is a comfortable old soul as well as a merry one.

#### PEABODY LIBRARY.

Books received at the Library in September 1859. Persons having Periodicals in numbers are requested to return them to the Library IMMEDIATELY, for binding.  
7438 Eschatology. S. Lee.  
7439 Prince of the House of David. Ingraham.  
2442 Encyclopedia Britannica. Vol. 18.  
7388 Artillerist's Manual.  
7324 Physiology, Comparative. A. Gould.  
7457 Swiss Men and Mountains.  
7550 France, Prussia, Italy &c.  
7553 Iceland, Journey to.  
7449-51 Constantinople and the Turks. 3 vol.  
7543-6 Spain from 1621 to 1700. 4 vol.  
7547-8 Spain and Morocco. Urquhart. 2 v.  
7458 Russia, Progress of, Urquhart.  
7452 " History of, Rabbe and Duncan.  
7459 " and Black Sea.  
7456 " Domestic Scenes in,  
7558 " Revolutions in  
7561-4 " History of, Tooke 4 vol.  
7551-2 " Its Productive Forces, 3 vol.  
7462 Polish Question. Krasinski.  
7554-5 Austria, Russia and Turkey. Elliott 2v.  
7559-60 " Socially and Politically. 2vol.  
7453 " Literary and Scientific Instr'n.  
7540 Siberia, Recollections of. Cottrell.  
7537-9 Prussia, History of. Ranke. 3 vol.  
7446 Germany, from 1760 to 1814. Austin.  
7556-7 Frederick III of Prussia. Towers 2v.  
7447-8 Italy, Its cities. Von Rochau 2 vol.  
7441-3 " in the 19th Century. 3 vol.  
7444-5 " as Revolutionized. Mac Farlan 2v.  
6455 " and the Italians. Von Baumer.  
7541-2 Venice under France and Austria. 2v.  
7454 Rome, its Ruler and Institutions.  
7465 Dowse, Thomas. Eulogy on. E. Everett.

Why are ladies at the breaking up of a party like arrows? Because they can't go off without a *beau*, and are in a *quiver* until they get one.

Remember that recreation must not be your business, but a preparation for it.



# THE WIZARD.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1859.

## Agents for The Wizard.

SOUTH DAVENPORT AND SALEM—L. Chandler & Co., Enos, Poor, J. D. Howard.  
DANVERS—D. P. Clough, (also general agent for the county.)  
The receipts of the above named Agents will be regarded as payments.



## Book and Job Printing

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,  
Executed with Neatness and Despatch,

AT  
**THE WIZARD OFFICE.**

**ARTICULAR.**—Among the articles we have been obliged to defer on account of the press of local matter, are one or two very spicy ones from our Philadelphia correspondent. We very much fear that we have kept them over the time when their merits would be best appreciated, as the events on which they are founded are losing their interest in the public mind. We trust we shall hear more from him.

## Christmas.

This Christian festival is becoming every year more generally observed in New England, not only in its holiday aspects, as a season of social enjoyment, gifts of friendship, and general hilarity, but in its more rational and appropriate celebration, as the great Era of Christianity, by religious observance by all denominations professing the Christian religion. Its occurrence this year on Sunday, has led to more than its usual observance, in this mode, and our clergymen generally made it the theme of their discourses.

At the Old South Church, in the morning, Rev. Mr. Murray improved the occasion by a discourse founded on the 21st verse of the first chapter of Matthew, relating to the birth of Christ, in which he remarked on the fitness as well as the fulness of the time of the Advent, by the long ages of prophecy, sacrifice and advanced civilization, as shown by the perfection of the language in which the New Testament was written. He also enumerated and commented upon some of the elements of power, by which Christianity is distinguished.

There was an address in the same church in the evening, by Rev. Gilbert Haven, Jr., of Cambridgeport, before the Young Men's Christian Association. The subject was Amusements, classed under the heads of the Ball Room, Novel reading and the Theater. The address was long but it secured the attention of the audience throughout.

At the Unitarian Church, an evening service was held, Rev. Mr. Wheeler officiating, and taking for his text, "Let there be light," from which he spoke of the light which shone upon the world by the birth of the Savior, and drew a two fold portrait of Christ, in his Humanity, as represented at his interview with the Doctors in the temple and his Divinity as displayed in the few brief years of his ministry. He considered these two portraits as connected and blended into one perfect and harmonious whole, culminating in the great idea of love and good will to man.

At the Methodist Church Rev. Mr. Best preached from the words "He was a light to light the Gentiles and the glory of his people Israel," from which he took occasion to speak of the temporal blessings which flow to us all as the result of Christ's mission to earth, and of the greater and inestimable blessings purchased for his own people as represented by his people Israel.

At the Universalist church, in the morning, Rev. C. C. Gordon preached a Christmas sermon from the text, "And who say ye that I am?" The preacher stated that the time of the birth of the Saviour, could not be ascertained, and that this season must be considered as commemorative. He then proceeded to show, that it was not enough to acknowledge Christ as a teacher equal to, or superior to all others, but who may be superseded by other and better teachers. But to receive him in the gospel sense, as stated by Peter in his reply, "Thou art the Christ, the son of the living God," he must be acknowledged as the divinely appointed teacher, "as the express image of the Father." But that a mere intellectual assent to this truth, was not sufficient. Christ must be received into the heart, his spirit become embodied into the life and character, before one can truly receive him.

At the Baptist Church, Rev. Mr. Keely, alluded to the great commemorative event of the day, in his devotional exercises, and preached a discourse adapted to the close of the year, taking for his theme, "The Christian Race," as suggested by the Olympic games. His text was, "So run that ye may obtain."

**THE METHODIST FAIR.**—We bespeak the favor of our community in behalf of this grand festival, which combines utility with social enjoyment. We cannot but admire the spirit of self-sacrifice which has prompted the members of this religious society to do so much to improve and adorn their place of worship, which is now one of the chief architectural ornaments of the town. We hear that the ladies are busily employed in doing everything to make the scene attractive and pleasant to visitors. The interior of the house itself is well worthy of a call, without the other attractive features of the occasion.

**MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.**—This Association gives one of its first class Concerts to-morrow evening at the Institute. Let the members have a well packed audience to show them that their performances are appreciated by their townsmen. In this case we hope our people will avoid the stigma which attaches to a community, which neglects its own, to patronize foreign musical talent. This Association has done much already to improve the music of our church choirs, and in no better way can their services be acknowledged than by a generous attendance at their concerts.

**ANOTHER GREAT WHITEY DEPARTED.**—De Quincy, the "Opium Eater" is dead. The last arrivals from England mention his death, at the age of 73 years. He had long been an invalid, with a weak frame, but a vigorous mind. He was one of the most distinguished of modern British authors.

The tyrants of our sort of people, are priests and kings. Of another, journalists and demagogues.

## Real Estate.

There is perhaps, no stronger marked peculiarity of the people of South Danvers, than the pertinacity with which they hold their real estate. Until quite recently, its transfer from hand to hand was very rare. This was particularly true of estates on Main street, and the remark has not lost its significance even now. Twenty years ago, the opinion of one of our citizens, who was a large real estate holder, and whose shrewdness and good judgment no one will question, was given, that the value of the estates on both sides of Main street, from the present Salem line, to the Square, was equal to Twenty Dollars per front foot, where the depth was 100 feet or more. It is safe to say now, that on this territory, a lot cannot be purchased, deprived of its buildings, for twenty five dollars per foot in front, extending back the average depth. Its value increases as it approaches the Square, where we would hardly dare to name its price. Since the erection of Mr. Sutton's store, and Mr. Elliot's house, Main street may be considered as about finished.

Washington street from Main to Silsbee streets, is also nearly occupied, and land there must be considered as valuable as on Main street twenty years ago, the value increasing as it is nearer to Main street. From Silsbee street to Foster street, it is nearly all occupied, and its true value must be equal to from twelve to fifteen dollars per front foot. From the last named point to Tapley's brook, the termination of the street, it is now nominally worth five dollars per foot with a rapid tendency to rise in value. The erection of a manufacturing establishment, would hasten its rise to the value of land on other portions of the same street.

There is a remarkable stability about the value of land on these streets. Let the times be as they may, if business is depressed or money is scarce, there is no actual depreciation in real estate. It never is held for less than its former value. The same is true of Foster street, which is occupied mostly for business purposes and the land is all permanently taken up.

The above view, if correct, is very gratifying, as it is a sign of soundness and stability, which cannot be found in many other business places, where real estate generally fluctuates with every financial crisis. That our view is correct, we appeal to every man of sound judgment, who has had the opportunity which we have had, to observe the slow but sure upward progress of the value of land in our town. We may recur to this subject again, and give some estimates of the value of land on other streets.

**FIREMAN'S BALL.** The Annual Ball of Reliance Engine Co., No. 1, of Salem, at Nonantum Hall, on Friday evening last, was a complete success in every particular. The Hall was filled to its full capacity for dancing. The Music by Wyatt & Parsons' Band was of the first order. The supper by Mr. Sanger, was in his usual excellent style, and every thing was done by the Managers, that could in any way tend to the comfort and enjoyment of those present.

One thing particularly noticeable, was the presence of so many of the friends of the Company not immediately connected with its active membership, among whom were several of the Engineers, and the Mayor of the city. This is as it should be, and if more generally followed by the friends of other Companies, would soon place the Engine Companies, not only of Salem, but of all other towns, in such a position, that it would be considered an honor to be connected with them, instead of a reproach, as is now too often the case.

Firemen generally, have but little personal interest in the property they work so hard to save, and still less of sympathy or support from those for whose benefit they are organized, and this being the case, it would be strange if they rose to a very high moral position, unless some effort is made by the community around them, to show them that their efforts are appreciated.

VOLUNTEER.

**RAIL ROAD.—THEIR PROGRESS.**—About thirty years ago, we well remember going with a friend to Quincy, to see the first Rail Road ever built in this country. It was constructed of wooden rails, with a strip of tram iron nailed on the top, and was about three miles long. It was before steam had been applied as a land locomotive power, and horses were used to draw the cars up to the granite ledges, the road being so graded, that no power but gravitation was needed to propel them on the downward grade. Since that time, the total miles has increased from this beginning to 26,000 miles! at a cost of one thousand millions of dollars! Here, in our own country, we have length of railroad sufficient to traverse the circle of the earth at the equator, and all within a period of thirty years. Could these rail roads be thus continuously laid down, a passenger could travel around the earth, in about forty three days, at the usual rate of speed. This earth is not so very large after all. It is continually growing smaller, in an important sense, as facilities for travel increase.

**SKATING.** This pleasant and slippery winter amusement is now the order of the day—and the night. Our skating ponds are alive with merry groups who sometimes find that there is many a slip between the sole and the hip, and that it is not always easy to maintain that equilibrium which is so essential to uprightness and dignity, on the ice field. We suppose it would be bootless to offer advice to the tyros in skating, yet we venture to inform them that they ought to be well strapped to their skates, lest they should fall off and hurt the ice. We have sometimes seen the unoffending christal pavement receive sundry bumps and bumps without any provocation whatever. We entreat them to be more tender of this brittle material, and not give it such unmerited abuse. Jack Frost holds "his mirror up to nature," to reflect their upright forms, and not the horizontal.

**REV. MR. MURRAY'S CHARITY DISCOURSE.**—We hear warm commendations of this address from Salem people which prompts us to repeat the suggestion made in our last paper, that it ought to be repeated. As these encomiums come mainly from those differing in theological opinions from the preacher, there can be no doubt of their truthfulness. The fact that many of our people were disappointed of an opportunity to hear the address will probably induce him to decide favorably if an application should be made to him for its repetition.

It is much more difficult than most people imagine to get up a spicy newspaper. There are many good writers who are not, and cannot be good paragraphists. It is much easier to write an able and elaborate article filled with well arranged and sound argument, than to write half a dozen pungent paragraphs each of which is complete and sufficient in itself.

## Governor's Speech.

The State Legislature will assemble a week from today, when an organization will soon be effected, and the Governor's speech delivered. It will doubtless be an interesting document, but probably too long for insertion in our columns. We have therefore concluded to make a Gubernatorial speech of our own, in anticipation of Gov. Banks, in the hope that he will be induced to adopt some of its recommendations.

**SPEECH OF HIS EXCELLENCY GOV. WIZARD.**  
Gentlemen of the Hon. Senate, and Gentlemen of the Honorable House of Representatives, in General Court Assembled.

Another political year has commenced, and we can congratulate ourselves on our elevation to the honors and emoluments of the several stations to which we have been elected.

The Executive strongly recommends to your honorable bodies, so to frame your laws, that it will not require other laws to explain their meaning. I therefore announce my intention to veto every Act entitled an Act, in addition to an Act, supplementary to an Act, explanatory of an Act, passed at a previous session.

In order to a reasonable despatch of the business of the session, it is my desire that members be brief in their speeches, following my own example in this respect. I would earnestly advise all speakers to leave off when they are done;—and if they have nothing to say, not to be a long time in saying it.

In regard to the expected discussions on the Maine Law, I trust you will not get so deep in liquor, as to neglect other laws, important to the general welfare. If it becomes necessary to make more enactments for the preservation of birds, I trust you will not overlook the claims of the American Eagle. It is lamentable to see what eagerness legislative orators spread themselves at the expense of the reputation of this much abused bird.

The Back Bay lands will again claim a share of your attention, I cannot but hope and believe that higher motives than self love, will prompt you to take good care of the Commonwealth's Plots.

The Military interests of the State are in good condition as many of you recently witnessed at Camp Massachusetts. The promptness with which a portion of the troops obeyed the military order to "sit down," was worthy of all admiration. It was also gratifying to know that they were able to get up again. A distinguished officer of the U. S. Army was present, and expressed himself in strong terms of approbation of the appearance of the soldiery. We must not, by any means, suspect that the gallant General, by his encomiums, intended to pull Wool over our eyes.

For the improvement of our breed of sheep, the Executive recommends to the Board of Agriculture, the importation of a quantity of cotton runs. By a judicious crossing of these, with our woolen sheep, such fleece may be obtained, as will make it unnecessary for our woolen manufacturers to fleece their customers by artificial mixtures. If the pure breed can be introduced, we may have a supply of cotton in the event of the Southern States refusing to furnish us with the vegetable article.

As usual, you will be called to legislate for the different existing Rail Roads. The Legislature may also be petitioned for changes for new ones. The Executive strongly advises that no new cross roads may be granted, as former experience has shown that their dispositions are uncommunicable. We have in our Commonwealth many cross Rail Roads which accounts for the large number of cross Directors and Stockholders.

Those of you who are expecting a share of the loaves and fishes, are informed that the former may be obtained at the bar, and the fishes in Taunton river. Honorable members should understand that the latter must be taken as they run.

I recommend that all Lobby members shall be confined in the lobbies, under the strict charge of Tything-men.

In framing the usual enactments, for the preservation of fish, I trust you will not make any fools of yourselves by legislating for tom-cods, and that your own wives will have to much of your attention as the Alewives.

Not in conclusion, I deem it important to caution you not to omit voting your own compensation, and also not to put too low a value on your services to the State. I deem this caution timely, lest in your devotion to the interests of the people, you should forget your own.

**CALDER CUSHING.**—Able as he unquestionably is, it is painful to witness his erratic deviations from propriety. What could have induced him to charge the officials at our State II use, with being a set of drunken rowdies, no man of sense can conjecture. The charge is not applicable to the Governor or the Lieut. Governor. They are both prominent in their professions and practice of temperance. The Treasurer of the State we know to be a temperance man, both in faith and practice. In fact we do not believe the charge can be sustained against either of the State Officials. It must have been one of the General's rhetorical flourishes.

We have long known the distinguished ability of the General, but we never before suspected him to be so reckless of truth and propriety. We always knew him to be a man of insatiable appetite for distinction, but supposed him to have too much good sense to devote so far from propriety. We think, on reflection, he will back out from his imputation of drunkenness, and say that he was not correctly understood by the reporters. As to liquor we believe the General strictly temperate—as to other moral delinquencies, we think he is not the man to cast the first stone. J. W. R.

For The Wizard.

**MR. EDITOR.**—I hope you will advocate in your paper, the subject of the annexation of South Danvers, to Salem. There are many advantages which we should experience under a city government, which we do not now enjoy, but it is not my present purpose to enumerate them. I only wish to call public attention to this subject, and hope you and your correspondents will give it an airing in the Wizard. One advantage we would certainly gain by it, as we should get rid of the name which is no name at all for an independent town. It will do to express the name of part of another and implies inferiority, which is offensive to Young America.

We give place to the above with the single remark, that we think it premature now, to agitate our community on this subject, although we agree with him in his objections to the present name of our goodly town. It is very possible that at some proper time in the future we may be disposed to consider the subject of the annexation of Salem to South Danvers.

**VOLUNTEER ASSEMBLIES.** The second of the course of Assemblies by the Volunteer Engine Company on Wednesday evening was very well attended, there being some fifty couples present, and all appeared determined to enjoy the good time present, without regard to "the good time coming." We think this Company's first course of public assemblies, will be full as popular as their private ones, at the Engine House, have been for the past two years. It was announced on the part of the Managers, that the next assembly would be at the Hall in Sutton's new building, Jan. 4, 1860, if that Hall could be made ready in season; if not, notice will be given through the papers. We understand the Managers intend introducing a new feature to their parties, in the form of Ladies' tickets.

Our hand, of which by the way we are a little vain, is a perfect model of a well formed hand, but we found some gloves at the store of Geo. P. Daniels' which fitted it to a T.

For The Wizard.

"Tis better to have loved and lost,  
Than never to have loved at all."

Yes! far better to have once known the embrace of a loving heart, to have once had the fond kiss of affection imprinted upon your brow, to have once been the sole idol of a manly heart, than never to have had the sweet floweret—Affection, springing up in your bosom!

Far better to have once felt the glance of a loving eye, to have once heard the faltering declarations of love, to have once stood at the Altar, and there in the presence of God and earthly witnesses, plighted your troth; to have once, as the dewy twilight was stealing on, to have once felt the footsteps of the one upon the earth, hithered for the footstep of the one now dearest to you on earth, to have been folded in his arms, and in that manly breast to have poured out your cares, your sorrows and your joys, and to have received consolation and sympathy, to have once heard the tiny wail of your first-born, and realized that you was indeed a mother, to have once taught those little lips to lip Papa and Mamma, to have once watched the gradual unfolding of that precious gem within, and to have once hailed with new delight, the first steps in the "path of knowledge,"—then never to have had a strong arm upon which to lean, than never to have heard the sweet prattling of your children.

Else it were all night! Now the dawn has been welcomed in with dazzling, golden brightness; and, although ere the sun has reached its meridian, the black clouds have spread over the sky, and have veiled in their gloomy darkness the brightness of the noon-day, yet it was pleasing to have enjoyed even for a short time, the brilliant effulgence of morning. And, although it were better that the sky should be unclouded, that the sun should be undimmed, and that the brightness of the morning should gradually ripen into noon-day, and wane into sunset, and that the golden luminary "bathed in a sea of glory," should calmly sink behind the "Western Hills," yet we should rejoice that we have been permitted even for once to bask in its sunshine; and although the dark night must intervene before another day, with the unfaltering eye of Faith, we can look beyond it, and see the promise of a glorious morrow.

ALBION.

For The Wizard.

"If there be a Rainbow, it must be born in the Storm."

Yes, the storm may come with rushing wings to earth, the deep-toned thunder may crash along the darkened sky, the lightning may dart out its tongue of flame, but when the thunder dies away in the distance, when the clouds are wiping away the tears from their darkened faces, and gently part to allow the glorious sun to shine through, then we see that embodiment of beauty, that sweet reflection of God's smile, spanning the arching heavens, and we rejoice because of the storm, for we know that the rainbow is its beautiful child.

Though clouds of affliction burst upon our heads, yet from the wild, desolating tempest, may rise, calm and peaceful, the rainbow of happiness.

I look with a feeling akin to envy upon one whose heart-waves have been tossed wildly by the storms of sorrow, but in whom they have fulfilled their sacred mission; for I know that the heart must be pure, that even as silver tried in the furnace when thoroughly refined reflects the image of the refiner, so the tried soul reflects the image of an Almighty Chastener, and that there reign true happiness and perfect peace. Oh! we can never fully realize what afflictions do for us, and so we allow the tar of unsubmitting to choke the beautiful flowers of resignation in the garden of the soul. We can never value too highly the rainbow of lasting happiness that the tempest produces.

Without afflictions the world would be replete with gloom, for there would be nothing to purify the souls of men, and without purity there is no real joy.

Perhaps for many of us the cup of sorrow may overflow, and in the years yet to come there may be hours when the heart, burdened with anguish, will cry out in its overwhelming woe; when the original source of sorrow will lie at our feet like withered flowers, blasted forever; when Death folds in his relentless arms loved one after loved one, and we stand by the uncovered grave with our heart-strings well nigh broken; if such years come to us, may we not sink hopeless and weary under the storm, but may we lift the eye of faith to Heaven, trusting that when its fury is spent, there will be a rainbow of pure and lasting happiness, never to fade away.

Being disposed like the Spectator to divulge in some way whatever useful information we may obtain, we desire to state that happening one day last week to drop into store No. 16 Main Street, we found the gentlemanly proprietor busily engaged in unpacking an invoice of gold pens, with the necessary appurtenances, from the well known establishment of Messrs Dawson Warren & Hyde. We had seen gold pens before; we had even tried to make our mark with them, and had succeeded very indifferently, and were not to be easily entrapped by "glitter." But as case after case came forth from its "surroundings," and the different varieties and styles ranging in price from one to thirteen dollars, were disclosed, we began to warm and to think it high time to reconsider past opinions, and objections. Nor were we less favorably impressed, when pen in hand the diamond glided smoothly over De La Rue's best cream laid; and we invite all who are about purchasing Christmas or New Year's presents, to call at Stevens' and select from his stock that most appropriate article for a present, a gold pen. Persons also desirous of purchasing real silver ware, nice watches or tasteful jewelry, may here find a good assortment at low prices.

**IRON FENCES.**—The comparative first cost of iron as compared with wooden fences is so little in favor of the latter that it is surprising that the more durable article is not more extensively used in exposed situations. That iron is the cheapest in the end is capable of positive proof. That it makes a better and handsomer enclosure, few will deny. The iron fence needs less expense in painting and is not easily defaced. Every one of the least observation has noticed the defacement of fences and posts on the street by vile stains of tobacco saliva, and it is evident that this filthiness is the result of pure wantonness, as the wretches always select the newly painted work on which to discharge their nastiness.

We hope we shall not be charged with unwarrantable irony by this suggestion, especially as we make no charge for offering it.

The office of City Marshal of Newburyport is to be abolished.

**UPRON'S LIQUOR GLUE.**—We have been presented with a bottle of this new preparation of Glue, and a trial of it proves its excellence and superiority over other articles of the kind. It is a new article, the joint production of one of our manufacturers and a chemist, who have brought it to a perfection not before known. We have tried it faithfully on our writing desks, picture frames, and other furniture. We find it good also to fasten book covers, when they get started from the book, and we find it useful in many ways. It is a capital article for repairing children's toys. We have had in our house numberless traces of men and animals, which are now restored to soundness. Our three-legged horse now stands securely on his four legs, and our young elephant has had his lost trunk returned. Half the animals of Noah's Ark had lost their limbs, which now are restored to them. Shem had lost his arm, Ham was minus both legs, and Japhet's head was missing from his shoulders, but now they are all right again. Noah's nose is gone irretrievably, but we are about to give him a new one.

The statement of the Advertisement is strictly true, that "it is up to the sticking point." We presume it will make the lawyer stick to his clients, the doctor to his patients, and the minister to his text. We hope also it will make the politician stick to his principles. The only case in which it has been found to fail has been when the butchers have tried to stick their pigs when they must be used carefully. If a drop falls upon the floor and you step on it, you are fixed to the spot as securely as Webster's Statue to its pedestal on Beacon Hill.

**SUDDEN DEATH.**—Jesse Patterson of this town, came to his death very suddenly on Friday last. He was discovered in a state of insensibility, lying on the ground in the rear of the Universalist church, near the Essex railroad station, and died the next morning at ten o'clock. He has been subject to shocks of apoplexy, and doubtless it was one of these which caused his death. He was the person whose skull was fractured last summer, by rocks and earth falling upon him while he was digging a well, when pieces of his skull were removed. Although his recovery seemed perfect, it is very possible that the final attack may have been hastened by his injury at that time. His funeral took place on Sunday noon, his remains being conveyed to the Walnut Grove Cemetery at Danvers. He was 63 years of age.

**REFUS CHARGE.**—Prof. S. G. Brown of Dartmouth College, is collecting materials for the life of the late Mr. Choate. He has engaged in this work at the request of the family of the deceased jurist, and the sketches of his college life will be full and accurate, as also of his earlier life. It is well that the reputation of this distinguished man that the work has fallen into such good hands.

**CONGRESS.**—This body is still unorganized. The House is full of talkers, but they have no Speaker. The members are out of money and out of temper. The President's Message is written and printed, but not delivered. It is said that he will send it to the Senate and refuse it to the refractory House until they can agree to organize.

**W. W. SILVERSTEIN.**—The Lawrence newspapers speak in high terms of praise, of the Readings and Recitations, by this accomplished eloquentist, and promise him at any future visit, another generous reception. He gives his readings before many of the Lyceums this season.

**OLD FARMERS' ALMANAC.**—We have received the Old Farmers' Almanac, interleaved, from Messrs. Ives & Smith, of Salem. Also several Memorandum books from D. B. Brooks & Brother. These are very seasonable articles, and persons intending to keep a diary should obtain them at once. In addition to the above we have received some very handsome Christmas cards for Christmas presents, entitled "260 Stories for Boys," "Lillie," &c.

**PATRIARCHAL.**—Major Moses Black, one of the most substantial and esteemed citizens of Danversport, had assembled around him, on the 16th inst., his children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren, that being the anniversary of his arrival at the age of four score years. It was a pleasant and interesting gathering. The united ages of the family present was 1115 years.

There is to be a complimentary party to-night at Sautaug Hall, Lynnfield Hotel, for the benefit of Capt. John Mansfield, who lost a large amount of property recently by fire. The popular landlord of the Hotel will do the honors for all who attend. Tickets only \$1.00.

**ORDINATION.**—Rev. J. C. Kimball, will be ordained in Beverly, to-morrow, as pastor of the Unitarian church, succeeding Rev. Mr. Thayer, who is now in Europe.

**BIBLE IN SCHOOLS.**—The question of the Bible in schools was brought up again in the Massachusetts State Teachers' Association, at Newburyport. Rev. Mr. Quint, of Jamaica Plain, a member of the Board of Education, was asked his opinion of it. He replied in substance that he would have the Bible read as a devotional exercise, but would not consider it as a text book. He did not consider the schools as proper places for the inculcation of religious opinions. If Catholic children had conscientious scruples against reading the protestant Bible, he should be opposed to requiring them to do so.—Salem Observer.

**LANE'S BOSTON CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT.**—Few of our Boston friends have enjoyed so marked a success in business during the last two years as the Proprietor of the celebrated Ready-Made Clothing store, 32 Dock square. From moderate beginnings, the business of the establishment has steadily increased until it has rivaled the most extensive clothing houses in the city. It has become the resort of buyers of all classes and professions who purchase for cash; and the business of the house being conducted on principles of economy in prices, and honorable dealing, purchasers on trial generally become permanent patrons.

**CARDS IN PHOTOGRAPHY.**—The new device of Photographic Cards, which originated with Mr. Whipple, 96 Washington street, is quite in vogue at the present time, and that artist is very busy, as orders are coming in as fast as they can be executed. As New Year's day occurs on Sunday, and the usual call must be dispensed with on that anniversary, gentlemen can leave their Photographic Cards on Saturday, so that the ladies can not only name the number of callers, but be able to show their portraits, with the best smile upon their countenances. We charge nothing for this advice, though it will save the gentlemen much precious time, and the ladies any quantity of cakes and wine.











# THE WIZARD.

VOL. I.

SOUTH DANVERS, MASS., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 4, 1860.

NO. 5.

## THE WIZARD

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

At Allen's Building, So. Danvers Square.

CHAS. D. HOWARD, Proprietor.

F. POOLE, Editor.

Terms \$2.00 a Year; for Immediate Payment, \$1.50.

### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Half a Square, 3 wks. 3 mos. 1 year.  
One Square, \$1.00 \$2.50 \$6.00  
Quarter of a column, 1.50 3.50 10.00  
16 lines of Nonpareil type are equal to a square.  
6 cents per line will be charged for notices of meetings for political, civil, or religious purposes, notices of societies, cards of acknowledgments, &c.  
The privilege of Annual Advertisers is limited to their own immediate business; and all advertisements for the benefit of other persons, as well as legal advertisements, and advertisements of real estate, or auction sales, sent in by them, must be paid for at the usual rates.

### Original Poetry.

For The Wizard.

#### CARRIER'S NEW YEAR'S OFFERING.

One day Father Time, on a journey intent,  
Gave his long flowing beard a fine combing;  
He then took his glass, with intention to pass  
His Christmas vacation in roaming.

He trimmed up his forelock and wiped his bald head,  
Great care on his person bestowing;  
His hour glass all right and his scythe in good plight,  
Old Time went away to his mowing.

He called on the old, he called on the young;  
They heard with disdain his appealing;  
He then struck a blow, for he'd have them to know  
With whom these vain mortals were dealing.

He met with a man in a Governor's chair,  
Who in dignified state was reclining;  
He looked up with dread, then down dropped his head  
On the Acts and Resolves he was signing.

A President next met the face of old Time,  
His Message to Congress inditing;  
Time's brow waxed grim—he'd a message for him:  
And the President paused in his writing!

He called on a Judge, as he sat on his bench,  
Pronouncing the prisoner's sentence;  
He trembled with fear, as Time spoke in his ear,  
"Your time is not long for repentance!"

He saw a famed belle as she dressed for the ball,  
At the mirror's bright face went to linger;  
As he smoothed her dark hair, so brilliantly fair,  
It turned grey at the touch of his finger!

He met an old miser who laid up his gold,  
The hoards of his leisure beguiling;  
Time put on a frown, and out the man down,  
On the glistening coin he was piling.

He met a Physician as he went on his rounds,  
The ills of humanity healing;  
He held up his glass—"see your sands pass,"  
Quoth Time without mercy or feeling.

The Doctor felt calm as he saw his sands fall,  
Nor trembled he aught at his danger;  
He still made his pill, to cure human ills,  
For Death ne'er to him was a stranger.

He called on a Merchant while counting his gains,  
Who met his keen glance with sorrow;  
He knew by Time's looks he must close up his books,  
And settle his business to-morrow.

He seized on a tiplex who asked for a dram,  
And led him at once to the slaughter;  
He hurled him away, where for many a day,  
He will plead for a drop of cold water.

He next found a rumseller dealing his grog  
To a youth who stood by as his victim;  
Time struck him a blow with the end of his scythe,  
And into eternity kicked him.

He called on an infant in innocence clad,  
On the breast of his mother reclining;  
Time gazed on the child—it looked up and smiled,  
As the hair of its mother 'twas twining.

"Too good for this earth," said Time with a sigh,  
Nor heeded the fond mother's weeping;  
"This pledge of thy love is transplanted above,  
With the Angels in Paradise keeping."

"Mourn not fond mother for the child of thy love,  
Though the bonds of affection I sever;  
When your sands have all run, you will meet the  
loved one,  
And enjoy its sweet presence forever!"

Time went to a Teacher who taught in his school  
Vulgar Fractions, Cube Root and Division;  
He called him a dunce and took him at once,  
And treated his tears with derision.

The Teacher begged hard for a little recess,  
And plead for his days an Addition;  
Time said to him—"Go, get ready to go,  
The hour has arrived for dismission."

He took up a Lawyer whose exorbitant fees,  
From widows and orphans enriched him;  
Time gave him his lot where the worm dieth not,  
And strait into Hades he pitched him.

He next met a Priest as he walked out to see  
The lambs of the flock he was leading;  
He joined in his walk to have a brief talk,  
Of the mode he adopted in feeding.

The Parson was pale as he looked on his guest,  
Who seemed in no haste for retreating;  
He asked for delay to some far distant day,  
Till his projects were ripe for completing.

Time looked on him kindly, but shook his bald head,  
As he saw how his sand stream was running;  
The Priest was dismayed, that one of his trade  
Should meet with such forcible dunning.

Time gave him a text, a farewell to his flock;  
The Evangel of love was his story;  
The message was given—he then passed to heaven,  
And wears the bright crown of his glory.

He discovered at last a young Carrier boy,  
Whose route was through lane, street and alley;  
Time's face wore a smile, saying "stay for a while,  
Ere you travel with me the dark valley."

The boy smiling pleasantly looked upon Time,  
His cheeks were all shining and ruddy;  
His eyes they were bright with excess of delight,  
Though his trowsers and boots were all muddy.

His hand in his pocket he thrust with a grin,  
His manner Time thought was quite funny;  
For he op'd his eyes wide, and laughed till he cried,  
As he drew out a handful of money.

He told where he roamed all about through the town,  
Del'ving his Carriers' addresses;  
And how the bright tin came showering in,  
To relieve his kind mother's distresses.

Old Gray Beard was pleased as he looked on the youth,  
And witnessed his antics and capers;  
He joined in the joy of the frolicsome boy,  
And asked where they printed the papers.

He came to our office and sat in a chair,  
He took up THE WIZARD, and smiled as he did it;  
While he read it all through, (as borrowers do,)  
We took his old Hour Glass and hid it.

We then took his Scythe and conveyed it away,  
(For Time was absorbed in the paper)  
And we laughed in our sleeve, that Time should  
believe  
That he could extinguish our taper.

He gave a long yawn, (for the paper was dull)  
And stretched out his limbs while reclining;  
Very soon he found out what we'd there been about,  
And he changed from his yawning to whining.

He wept like a child at the loss of his tools,  
And told of the years he'd been giving;  
He said he was old and freezing with cold,  
And relied on his work for a living.

He spoke of engagements all over the earth,  
How all his best plans would be thwarted;  
There were scores in the town all ripe to cut down,  
And he feared he would die broken-hearted.

His tears, as they rolled down his deep sunken cheeks,  
Drew forth from our heart a relenting;  
We thought of a plan to delude the old man,  
And put off our time for repenting.

We said—"Father Time, since our sands are but few,  
We have a strong wish for obtaining  
A lease of Ten Years of life's pleasures and fears,  
And ask your consent for remaining.

The tools of your calling—your Hour-glass and  
Scythe—  
Will then be put back in your keeping;  
To yourself or to you, to whom will accrue,  
Then away you may go to your reaping."

"TIS DONE, Mr. Editor," said Time with a bang,  
As his fist gave a blow on the table;  
"The bargain is made, and I deem it a good trade,  
That to save my loved tools I am able."

"But stop—Mr. Time," we said with a smile,  
"To avoid any chance of our fighting,  
Just take this steel pen, and how easily then,  
We may put our agreement in writing."

The paper was written and signed in a trice,  
Our own metal types were used in the sealing;  
We stamped with a P and Time with a T,  
And we placed it in safety from stealing.

Time rose from his chair and picked up his tools,  
We grasped his cold hand ere we parted;  
A tear filled his eye as he bade us "Good bye,"  
Then out of our Sanctum he darted.

A GOOD ONE.—Sitting on the piazza of the  
Cafaract was a young foppish looking gentleman,  
his garments very highly scented with a mingled  
odor of cologne. A solemn faced old gen-  
tleman after passing the dandy several times  
with a look of aversion which drew general no-  
tice, suddenly stopped, and, in a confidential  
tone, said:

"Stranger, I know what'll take that scent out  
of your clothes; you—"

"What do you mean, sir?" said the exqui-  
site, fired with indignation, starting from his  
chair.

"O get mad, now, swear, pitch around and  
fight, because a man wants to do you a kind-  
ness!" coolly replied the stranger.

"But I tell you I do know what'll take out  
that smell—phew! You must bury your  
clothes; bury 'em a day or two." Uncle Josh  
got foul of a skunk, and he—

At that instant there went up a simultaneous  
roar of merriment, and the dandy very sensibly  
"cleared the coop," and rushed up stairs.

Recently, at a marriage in Leeds, after the  
ceremony, the bride burst into tears; whereupon  
the bridegroom, a stout, six-foot fellow, follow-  
ing the example, blubbered like a calf, and on  
being remonstrated with, roared out, "Let me  
alone! I feel as bad as she does about it!"

"Well, Mr. Richards, how does my son get  
on with his grammar lessons?" "He sur-  
passes any pupil I ever had." "In what does he  
chiefly excel, sir?" "In stupidity, sir. He sur-  
passes any boy that I ever saw in that quality,  
sir."

### An Original Story.

#### "THE COWARD SENTINELS."

An Episode in the Life and Times of Gov. Wise.

BY RICKAN.

At this writing (Jan. 1st., 1900,) but few  
persons remember the excitement which was  
created in Virginia, in the year 1859, by one  
Gov. Wise, who then occupied the gubernatorial  
chair. The sudden appearance, in that  
State, of five men, mostly black and white, who  
had resolved on liberating the slaves in that re-  
gion, and had taken some important and criminal  
steps in that direction, such as seizing the  
Government Arsenal at Harper's Ferry, shoot-  
ing down citizens, stopping railroad trains, and  
the mails, and committing other acts against  
the peace of Virginia.

The leader of this gang was one Brown,  
whose many exploits, a few years previously, in  
Kansas, a Territory conceived in sin, and  
brought forth in iniquity, then about to be ad-  
mitted as a State,—had won for him the eupho-  
nious name of Ossawatimie Brown. With  
the virtues or crimes of Ossawatimie, this  
story has nothing to do; for they have, by the  
usual course of events, passed from the human  
to the Divine tribunal. But we have thought a  
short preface necessary to a proper appreciation  
of the history of one of the most exciting events  
of that period.

The Gov. of Virginia, on learning of the  
seizure of the Arsenal at Harper's Ferry, im-  
mediately dropped a copy of "Jackson on the  
U. S. Bank," which he had been reading, and  
"took the responsibility," of crushing out the  
said five men, who had so audaciously seized a  
part of the property of the United States. He  
telegraphed all over Virginia, from Walnut Hill  
to Bath,—from Fairview to Joes Store, "To  
Arms! To Horse! To Charleston!"  
To the President, (Mr. Buchanan—we have  
not space for a eulogy) he telegraphed, "Sir:  
The United States has been assailed!—She has  
been DEFEATED! Virginia must be her deliver-  
er! Virginia, ever true to her motto, will  
stand upon the bodies of her tyrant invaders!  
Leave them to Virginia; when she has done  
with them, you may have their remains!"

To the people of Virginia, he said—"The  
tocsin of War has sounded! On ye braves!  
Death to the foe! Virginia and the South, now  
and forever!"

Having thus announced the existence of a  
revolution in their midst, he took possession of  
all the railroad lines and telegraph offices; and  
superintended the carrying of the U. S. Mails.  
A system of espionage was established—pass  
words were adopted, and Virginia, in her double  
capacity of State and General Government,  
was an anomaly, under a reign of terror and  
martial law. Sentinels were placed upon the  
hill tops, and fires by night, and flags by day,  
signalized passing events. Whiskey, powder,  
beef and percussion caps, were allotted out,  
each in quantity commensurate with capacity to  
receive. Wise was everywhere to be seen (like  
Don Quixote at the great attack on the Wind  
mill) giving directions, ordering up reserves  
and supplies, and directing, in person and peril,  
all the minutia of the defence of Virginia.

It has, probably, fallen to the lot of no man, since  
the world began, to perform the duties in nature  
and amount, which Wise performed in that  
Campaign—certain it is, for a time, no mili-  
tary man, in history or out, was so famous.  
One of his (Wise) precautions, was to station a  
guard immediately around his tent, and pickets  
a hundred yards farther off, so that his person,  
(in which existed the general government, the  
government of Virginia and the honor of her  
people and himself, and the confused idea of  
"Gen. Jackson on the U. S. Bank,") might not  
be exposed to danger; or the peace of the  
world jeopardized. Among the gallant defend-  
ers, were many young men who had all the  
"pluck" of the F. F. V., from which each of  
the ten thousand were invariably said to have  
descended. Under the intoxicating pleasure of  
bearing arms in their country's defence, they  
were likely to commit some little indiscretions,  
notwithstanding the example of their leader,  
and to remedy this on dark nights, the rations  
of whiskey were made ad libitum, which, at that  
time in Virginia, meant as much as possible. On  
one of these nights, when, wearied with the  
labors of the day, the Governor had retired to  
rest, upon the "cold, cold ground," his senti-  
nels having a fearful foreboding of some dire  
calamity to their General—their all, sought to  
render themselves equal to any emergency which  
might arise, by taking rations of whiskey "ad

libitum," as aforesaid, and then kept a vigilant  
watch of things movable and immovable, now  
and then challenging each other, so careful  
were they. Midnight had come, without any  
remarkable occurrence; when the sky, which  
had looked questionable, suddenly became dark,  
and "fitful gusts of wind, and drops of rain  
came ever and anon," and made their hearts  
sick with fear, and dread. The fires upon the  
hills went out, the only emblem of hope, and  
Virginia was extinguished. Such as knew  
prayers, now said them; while those who did  
not, said whatever poetry they knew, or lay  
down upon the ground. One only, of those ten  
thousand braves, was awake and watchful:—  
"twas Wise! Napoleon-like, he labored while  
others slept. His quick ear, long and wide,  
which detected every sound, and weighed its  
importance, soon told the approach of men,  
whose measured tread,—the approach of infan-  
try! "Up Men," he whispered,—"they come!"  
"Silently prepare to meet them, to defeat them,  
or—die!" With all speed, silent messengers,  
quaking with fear, passed from post to post,  
warning the men of their peril, and ordering  
them to fall back upon the common center,—  
the camp of their Governor.

Softly and sadly came they in, softly and si-  
lently came the enemy on. The martial tread  
of men was heard! Muffled drums and lum-  
bering waggons—the hoofs of cavalry, and all  
the "pomp and circumstance of war!" Wise's  
only prayer was, "give us light, and victory is  
ours." On they came! No eye could see, no  
tongue could challenge! Darkness and fear  
reigned supreme.

Those only, who have been in a similar situa-  
tion, can realize the mortal terror of those men.  
At length, when the breath of approaching  
steeds and the slashing of swords, was felt in  
the air, word was given—"Charge! Virginians,  
Charge!"

Away they flew, swift and steady. They  
met the enemy, and conquered!

But, Oh! milk of human kindness curdle,  
when we narrate the carnage of that bloody  
sight. The morning sun arose as if reluctantly,  
and threw his pale and sickened rays upon the  
battle field. Here a hoof, and there a horn,  
was all that remained of a peaceful Cow, that  
perambulated over those hills, in search of  
water, pleasure and grass.

#### THOMAS SMART.

We have had put into our hands a curious  
manuscript, containing particulars interesting  
to the local historian. It purports to be a  
Journal of one Thomas Smart, "From my setting  
out of London, April 24th, 1773, till my arrival  
at this place." On the cover is his name and  
these words in large capitals—SALEM, NEW  
ENGLAND, 1774.

Although the manuscript professes to be a  
journal, there is nothing of the kind in the book,  
except in a commercial sense, but it is filled  
with the personal financial matters and accounts  
of the owner, who, it seems, was a schoolmaster  
of that day, in our village; and his list of pupils  
is interesting, as it gives the names of many of  
our grandfathers, and leads to the suspicion that  
they were once only children. We find among  
his pupils such familiar names as Johnson Pro-  
ctor, John Peirce, Jona. Osborne, John Osborne,  
Richard Osborne, and others of the name, which  
is always spelt as we have written it. There are  
Silvester Proctor, John Dodge, Joseph Buxton,  
Daniel Whittemore and Stephen Lowe. There  
are two Ebenezer Shillabers, distinguished, one  
by the paternal name, (Robert) and the other by  
(Samuel), enclosed at the end of the name of  
each Ebenezer. There is also a John Shillaber,  
distinguished from another John, probably by  
the name of his father, (William).

John Upton, Henry Cook and Ward Pool,  
Nathaniel Pool and Zacheriah Pool were also  
his scholars. All the above and many more  
were in his school in 1775. The next year we  
find them again with additional names of new  
scholars. Thomas Whittridge and Joseph Poor  
came in; and also, for the first time we find  
three female names—Mary Poor and Sarah and  
Lydia Jacobs, who must have felt queerly with  
forty one boys for school companions.

Mr Smart also kept an evening school in 1776,  
and among his scholars we find only one female  
—Elizabeth Jacobs; but she has two brothers  
for protectors, John and Amos, and "Mr. Jacobs  
Negro Boy," who is charged for his tuition.  
There is another nameless scholar, designated  
as "Mr. Porter's apprentice." The name of this  
negro boy was probably Primus, as the Jacobs  
family once owned a negro of that name.

We learn little else from this book of Mr.  
Schoolmaster Smart, except that he was an ele-  
gant writer, kept his accounts accurately, and  
that he boarded with Ebenezer Sprague, who  
used to be commonly called "Barber" Sprague,  
from his profession. He was a relative of the  
late Capt. Eben Sprague.

We can only guess at a few other particulars  
of the man from his statements of his "Disburse-  
ments," of which he seems to have kept an ex-  
act account. From these we infer that he was  
a very particular man, something of a dandy,  
and a bachelor. His hand writing and the whole

appearance of the book show him to be what we  
call set in his notions. That he was a dandy we  
infer from the articles of clothing he purchased.  
At one time he buys three pairs of silk stock-  
ings, and pays 2 pounds for them; Then he buys  
two pairs of Leather Breeches, and a few months  
later, in summer, he buys Nanken for another  
pair. Then we find in a memorandum of  
"Clothes left in my Chest May 30, 1777":

1 Camblet Cloak,  
1 Gold Band Hatt,  
1 Brown Coat,  
1 Velvet Jacket,  
1 Flower'd Jacket,  
1 Pair Silk Stockings,

and a variety of other similar articles, and just pre-  
vious to that date, we find him buying trimmings  
for a pair of Velvet Breeches and patterns of velvet  
for a pair of Breeches, and 2 1-2 yards of "Rat-  
teen," an article of which we know nothing,  
only that it cost Mr. Thomas Smart three times  
as much as his velvet. We also find entries for  
"Buckram and Silk," and "A new pair of Silver  
Shoe Buckles. For 'making my Breeches' and  
"cleaning my Breeches." The latter duty was  
required to be done, in the case of leather breech-  
es, by the Leather Dresser.

We think the reader ought by this time to  
agree with us that Mr. Smart was a pretty smart  
specimen of an old-time exquisite. That he  
was also a bachelor we infer from his buying  
nine ounces of Worsted, and paying Miss Trask  
one pound ten shillings, old tenor, for knitting  
him a pair of Stockings. If this is not convinc-  
ing enough, we present him with the fact that  
he paid Miss Upton two pounds for repairing  
a Shirt. Also for another job on a "Collar for a  
Shirt, setting on and mending, and making  
ditto."

We are led to the opinion that Mr. Smart gave  
up school keeping and turned Soldier, from  
some entries made in 1776. At this period he  
seems to have purchased at one time the follow-  
ing articles:

To Gun and Cartouch Box,  
" Bayonet and Cleaning Gun,  
" Knapsack and Powder Horn,  
" Canteen,  
" A Sword,  
" Half a pound of powder,  
" Shott and Bag, Cartridges and Bitt,  
" Paid Fitz for new Strap and cleaning Bitt,

The whole costing him 28 pounds, 2 shillings  
and 2 pence. He also enters "Horse, Saddle  
and Bridle I bought of Mr. William Frost." There  
is an entry of "Paid Dr. Osgood for Medi-  
cines," and the last entry previous to mention-  
ing his "Clothes left in my Chest," is for "Ex-  
pences to Boston twice, (gone about 6 days) 33  
pounds 5 shillings."

After this we have no more particulars of Mr.  
Schoolmaster Smart. The book may be seen  
by any one, at the Peabody Library, who may  
be interested in its contents.

#### CHESS.

This fascinating parlor game, is now so popu-  
lar and well known, that it seems appropriate  
that some space should be given to it in our  
columns. We do not intend to establish a  
"chess column," devoted exclusively to this  
subject, but propose, as a matter of intelligence,  
occasionally to devote a small space to these  
contests on the peaceful checkered field.

As a discipline to the mind, some have  
thought that chess games, thoroughly played  
and the various combinations studied out to a  
successful issue, may be compared favorably  
with mathematical problems. At any rate, the  
game has the recommendation and patronage  
of many of the most brilliant minds of this and  
former times. It is certain that to be a success-  
ful player, requires concentrated thought, pa-  
tience, and close attention to the game. It is  
also absorbing; and two earnest players in a  
game where the combinations are complicated,  
as they sometimes will be, seem almost uncon-  
scious of the outer world. It is not liable to  
many of the objections which are made to games  
of chance, or those of mingled chance and skill.  
It is pre-eminently a game of skill. It requires  
observation, reflection, meditation and judg-  
ment, to ensure success. Burton, in his Ana-  
tomy of Melancholy, thus speaks of it:

"Chess-play is a good and witty exercise of  
the mind, and fit for such as have extravagant  
impertinent thoughts, or troubled with cares;  
nothing better to divert the mind and alter their  
meditations; invented, some say, by the general  
of an army in a famine, to keep soldiers from  
mutiny; but if it proceed from over much study,  
in such a case, it may do more harm than good.  
It is a game too troublesome to some men's  
brains; too full of anxiety; all but as bad as  
study; besides it is a testy, choleric game, and  
very offensive to him that loatheth the mate."

Very true, wise old philosopher! It is in-  
deed offensive to him that loatheth the mate, and  
it is also true that it is very pleasing to him  
who gaineth it. We shall have occasion to re-  
fer to this subject in future numbers.

Sir Andrew Agnew characterizes the wit of  
the three kingdoms as follows: "The Scotch  
play upon the feelings, the Irish upon the ideas,  
and the English play upon words." Very true.

Dr. Franklin, talking of a friend of his who  
had been a Manchester dealer said, "he never  
sold a piece of tape narrower than his own mind."

"I am afraid, dear wife, that, while I am  
gone, absence will conquer love." "Never fear,  
dear, the longer you stay away the better I shall  
like you."



# THE WIZARD.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 4, 1860.

## Agents for The Wizard.

SOUTH DAVENES AND SALEM—L. Chandler & Co., Ench.  
Poor, J. D. Howard.  
DANVERS—D. P. Clough, (also agent for the county.)  
The receipts of the above named Agents will be regarded as payments.



Book and Job Printing  
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,  
Executed with Neatness and Dispatch,  
AT  
**THE WIZARD OFFICE.**

## The New Year.

At this anniversary season of good wishes and friendly greetings, it would be unbecoming in us to let the occasion pass without invoking the best of blessings on the patrons of our journal, and assuring them of our warmest wishes for their welfare, this year and always. We will, at the same time, request those of our citizens who have not given their names to our subscription list, to commence the year with the present number, and thus give us their aid and support. On our part we will renew past promises, to do our utmost to make the paper acceptable to the people, and no discredit to the town.

We intended to have prepared some reflections particularly adapted to this season, but a correspondent has sent us the following article, which we adopt in place of our own remarks.

## The Departing Year.

The year is going away like the sound of bells. The wind passes over the stubble and finds nothing to move, only the red berries of that slender tree, which seem as if they would remind us of something cheerful; and the measured beat of the threshers' flail, calls up the thought that in the dry and falling air, lies so much of our year's life. One year goes and another comes. The sun goes down but to rise again. Men die but live again; and that forever, yet the close of the year, like the close of life, is often filled with sad thoughts, as if it were the end of pleasure, and not as it is, the morning of the bright future, the dawn of a glorious day. In the future is life, the present is ours, as the portal only of years, of life to come. And so, while we are musing, let us hear the words of one whose philosophy, though great, is worthy of being pondered when we are turning our thoughts inward. Man is not merely a creature, displaying the endowments of two legs, and no only being entitled to study grammar; no, an animal basking in the fair field of creation, and endeavoring with all possible grace, to gild and swallow the pill of existence; but the master piece in the mechanism of the universe, in whom we are wedded, the visible and the invisible, the material and the spiritual, before whom the winds and lightnings wait to do his bidding. The great garden of the Lord, the keeper of his great seal, for he alone is stamped with the image of God. Man is a glorious poem, each life a canto, each day a line. The melody plays feebly at first upon the trembling chords of his little heart, but with time gains power and beauty, as it sweeps onward, until at last the final note is played, far above the world, amidst the melodies of heaven. A poem on the close of the year with this review of the seasons.

Come! Come! forever like a rushing wave,  
Another year is burst upon the shore,  
Of earthly being—and its last low notes,  
Wandering in broken accents upon the air,  
Are dying to an echo.

## The Gay Spring.

With its young charms is gone—gone with its leaves,  
Its atmosphere of roses—its white clouds,  
Slumbering like seraph in the air, its birds,  
Telling their loves in music—and its streams,  
Leaping and shouting from the up-piled rocks,  
To make earth echo with the joy of waves.

And summer with its dew and showers, has gone;  
Its rainbow glowing on the distant cloud,  
Like spirits of the storm—its peaceful lake,  
Smiling in their sweet sleep as if their dreams  
Were of the opening flower, and budding trees,  
And overhanging sky—and its bright mist,  
Resting upon the mountain tops, as crowns  
Upon the head of giants.

Autumn, too, has gone,  
With all its deeper glories—gone,  
With its green hills, like altars of the world,  
Lifting their fruit offerings to their God—  
Its cold winds straying, mid the forest aisles,  
To make their thousand wind-harps its serene  
And holy sunset, hanging o'er the west,  
Like banners from the battlements of heaven,  
And its still evenings, when the moonlight sea,  
Was ever throbbing, like a living heart,  
Of the great universe.

Aye, there are now  
But sounds and visions of the past,  
Their deep wild beauty has departed from the earth,  
And they are gathered 'round the embrace of Death,  
Their solemn herald to eternity.

Be SHORT.—We are overrun with communications. We find it impossible to insert all the favors of our correspondents, although they have merit. They are too long. We are obliged to reject them because of their length. We have been obliged to reject our own contributions for the same reason.

A word of advice, writers. Make your articles brief as possible. Give them point in few words. Some writers of brilliant genius can elaborate on a trite theme, and keep up an interest in the reader. Laman Blanchard, Charles Lamb and Thomas Hood could do it. So can Hawthorne, but most good writers cannot. When you write, do not try to put into one article all the good things that occur to you. Look your manuscript over after the first writing and strike out all the verbiage and "spread eagle" two thirds of the sentimentality, three quarters of the digression, and the whole of the hifalutin. Many readers now-a-days omit all long articles. Some measure them by the length of the middle finger, and reject all that are longer than this standard. The shorter they are the more readers they have. This advice we know is unpalatable to elaborate writers. Nevertheless it is good. Again we say, be short.

WORTHY DUBOIS. This is one of the liveliest papers we have on our exchange list. We gladly stretch our well formed hand over into Middlesex county to grasp that of its vivacious and genial Editor; and trust he will return the pressure from his "crooked" fingers. We know we shall be often tempted to use our scissors on its columns, but always with companionous visitings that we ought not to mutilate what is so well worth preserving. The Budget is one of the journals which ought to be kept for the book binder.

A large return upon a small income, like a large cascade upon a small stream, tends to discover its tenuity.—Shakespeare.

## News Items.

The President has sent his annual Message to both Houses of Congress, the most important feature of which, is his recommendation of a plan for another conquest of Mexico, under the pretext of protecting that revolutionary nation from anarchy. He asks for power for the Executive to make war without a declaration from Congress, which, by the Constitution, is the only war-making power. He advises an increase of duty on imports to supply the empty treasury, and provide for the payment of former loans.

Gov. Banks has made another "sensation" by a Veto of the new Revision of the Statutes; and is backed up by the opinion of the Justices of the Supreme Court. The Legislature sustained the Veto and the session terminated. The ground work of the Veto was the unconstitutionality of admitting any other but "white" citizens to enlist in the Militia.

There is yet no organization of the House of Representatives, Mr. Sherman still lacking his four votes to elect him to the Speakership.

ORDINATIONS.—At the Crombie St. Church, in Salem, on Thursday last, Mr. J. H. Thayer was ordained. Rev. Prof. Phelps, of Andover, preached the Sermon, from Heb. xii: 22-24. The Sermon was excellent, and eloquently delivered, and secured the closest attention of the audience. The ordaining prayer was by Rev. Dr. Emerson, the charge by Rev. Dr. Blagden, and the Salem Observer remarks that "The Pastor received a warm and beautiful welcome into the fellowship of the ministry at the hand of Rev. Mr. Murray, of South Danvers, who alluded in a touching manner, to his friend, the late and much loved pastor of the Church, who is now in Europe." The Address to the people was by Rev. Mr. Manning, of Boston.

In Beverly, on the same day, Mr. J. C. Kimball was ordained over the First Parish in Beverly. The selections from the Scriptures were by Rev. Mr. Wheeler, of South Danvers. Sermon by Rev. Dr. Gannett, of Boston—text, "Receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls." It was an elaborate and able exposition of the doctrine of Salvation by Faith in Christ, clothed in language of exceeding power and beauty. The charge was by Rev. Dr. Peabody, of Portsmouth, the Fellowship by Rev. Mr. Winkley, of Boston. The Charge to the people by Rev. A. Woodbury, of Providence, was plain and practical, and was listened to with great attention, as were all the other exercises.

After the exercises, the clergy and delegates, with a large number of ladies and gentlemen of Beverly, repaired to the gaily decorated Town Hall and sat down to an elegant and bountiful entertainment. After this was concluded the Chairman, Capt. Whitney, called up Dr. Gannett, and Rev. Messrs. Woodbury, Winkley and Stone, of Providence, who entertained and instructed the audience with off-hand and effective speeches.

This ancient society is to be congratulated on obtaining a young man of so much promise as Mr. Kimball; and he is also to be congratulated upon his introduction to the pulpit of a society of so much stability and character as is the First Parish, of Beverly.

Stephen F. Webb, Esq., was elected Mayor of Salem on Monday last, by a plurality of fifty votes. John A. Innis and W. McMullan being the opposing candidates. We congratulate our neighbor city on the election to its chief magistracy of a gentleman so well fitted, by education, and experience in municipal affairs, to sustain its credit and honor.

ROCKVILLE.—The next meeting of the Rockville Lyceum is on Thursday evening, Jan. 5; on which occasion the following question will be discussed: "Are the expressions of sympathy, in the northern states, in behalf of John Brown, justifiable?" Disputants—Aff.—James N. Buffum, Alfred McKenzie; Neg.—H. O. Wiley, Isaac Hardy.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.—Notice was taken of the day at most of our churches, in an appropriate manner, by the different officiating clergymen. A good custom has prevailed for many years, certainly as long as Rev. Mr. Walker's time, at the South Church, of mentioning in the new years discourse, the number of deaths which has taken place in the society, the preceding year. These statistics of mortality, are, on such occasions, made to do a better work than merely to gratify an idle curiosity. They suggest such solemn reflections to the living as are appropriate, when the old year has departed, and the new one about to begin.

We learn that Rev. Mr. Murray, on Sunday last, in accordance with this custom, stated that the deaths in his Society the past year, were thirty, which is we think largely above the average. We remember hearing it stated by Rev. Mr. Walker, whose parish extended over the ground now occupied by six Societies, that the smallest number of deaths in a year was 11, and the largest, which was in a year of unusual mortality, was 32.

OBITUARY NOTICE.—It becomes our melancholy duty to record the decease of an individual whose presence in our midst will be missed, and his venerable form no longer seen in our streets. It is not for us to record all of his many estimable virtues, but we can safely say that he lived a life of constant usefulness, that he was always mindful of his own affairs, and never meddled with the business of his neighbors. He never was envious of the wealth or prosperity of others, and was always contented with his own lot in life. He was as free from pride and vanity as he was from back biting and slander. He was no man's enemy, but was the friend of all with whom he had any intercourse in life. He lived a life of faithfulness; and when the great Destroyer came, he passed from the stage of existence in peace and serenity.

Of his accomplishments, although we cannot say he was an adept in the Fine Arts, yet, in drawing, few have, in such a long course of life as he lived, been his superior. In his habits he was abstemious and regular, and adhered through life to a vegetable diet. He enjoyed excellent health, and had a natural aversion to dabbling with medicines, from the regular apothecary or the travelling quack. Consequently, he possessed a strong and healthy body, as well as that most enviable of all possessions, a contented mind.

OLD SOUTHERN, the subject of this memoir, died on the 17th ult., aged 82 years, of lung fever, by which disease he was attacked only four days before his lamented decease. He had been in the service of Mr. Moses Trask 21 years. As a proof of his strength, and that we have not overrated his accomplishments in drawing, we are informed that within a short time he drew a load of 7000 lbs. from Salem.

There could be no greater evidence of the public grief at this event, than the rapid rise in the price of black articles. We notice that the house of the afflicted employer of Old Sorrel, is black, all over.

## Errors of the Press.

This title is figurative. It is seldom that the errors in print can be laid to the press. The trouble is in the types,—those little smutty bits of lead and antimony which are set up on end, one by one, to spell out syllables, words and sentences. In the haste of correction of the proof, some errors will escape the proof reader; and if they do not, they may escape the observation of the printer in his corrections. These mistakes are sometimes not discovered until it is too late to apply any remedy. Some of them are mortifying enough to the writer, proof reader and printer, as well as to the reader. How provoking to the writer of a carefully prepared article, to find all his "friends" changed to "fiends," his "dreams" changed to "demons," and his "freshly blown roses" turned to "freshly blown noses." Perhaps in his poetic flights he alludes to syren "songs," and it is printed "tongs"—or the music of the "spheres" comes out as the music of the "steers." He makes pathetic lamentation about life's heavy "load," which the treacherous types have changed to life's heavy "toad!"

We have alluded to this matter because in some of our articles typographical errors have occurred, mortifying to us and vexatious to our readers; but we believe, not really troublesome to our readers; as they have been such, generally, as not to alter the sense. One reason for their frequency is that the corrections have been made in the evening. We intend in future, so to arrange the work of our office that they may be made by daylight, when we hope to send out our sheet comparatively free of "errors of the press."

## S. S.

Will any one have the kindness to inform us what is the meaning of these Cabalistic letters, which we find attached to all legal documents? Every Deed, Will, or other legal writing, shows these letters conspicuously displayed next to the name of the County, and in town meeting notices we find the same letters attached to the name of the town. We find that even lawyers can disagree in regard to their meaning, and this is some comfort to us in our ignorance. How many of our citizens who see these double S's attached to the warnings of town meetings, understand their purport? We think the matter ought to be investigated. We feel concerned about it. It looks suspicious. We grow nervous. Why not write out its full meaning and not tantalize us by guess-work. There may be a cat hidden under the meal. There is a hissing sound about them as they stand alone and unexplained, that we do not like. Enlighten us, O ye limbs of the Law, as you love us! Why should we remain in this state of awful perplexity about these crooked S's?

There are a great many other crooked things in the Law, which need explaining and straightening out, but we want first to know the meaning of these serpentine letters. We don't like to see their anaconda forms perpetually staring us in the face. They seem ready to spring at us and curl their ugly folds about our limbs.

We intend to look into this matter. We don't mean to drop it until it is sifted to the bottom, and we know what is meant by these S S's. We mean to take them before the new Superior Court—then and there—to show cause why they—against the peace and dignity of the Commonwealth, aforesaid &c. &c., are allowed to vex us. There are two of them—they may be conspiracy. If there had been more of them we would read the Riot Act and bid them disperse.

THE concert of the Musical Association, last Thursday evening, was a decided success. Prof. Krieman deserves great praise for his efforts in bringing this body of singers to the high state of perfection evinced by them in their choruses, duets, songs, &c. We have not space enough to particularize the individual merits of each singer, but would say that we have rarely heard better voices than Messrs Hanson and Taggart's, on the male part, and the Misses Hanson; Armstrong, Lord, and Taylor, on the female part. We think it is no little honor to this town that we can boast of such an organization as this. We hope they will meet with that success they so richly deserve.

PEABODY MONUMENT.—The beautiful granite sarcophagus, which has recently been placed on the lot in Harmony Grove, belonging to George Peabody, of London, is a new and handsome ornament to the cemetery. It is well adapted to the lot selected, which is a romantic spot, overhung by trees and near a bluff of ledgy rocks, and sloping down towards the deep dell where the consecration services were held in 1840. This lot was selected as the best to be found on the territory of the original Danvers, within whose ancient limits Mr. Peabody was particularly to have it located. The monument is of a fine and elegant in design, and well finished in its workmanship. Its form was primarily designed by Francis Peabody, Esq., of Salem, and it was executed by Richard Barry, of Boston. Its weight is about 20 tons.

WIT AND WISTOM.—In accordance with our original plan, we intend to season our columns with the brief and pithy sayings of old authors. We shall quote sentences from the early essayists, culled flowers from the Spectator, Goldsmith and Tatler, plucked evergreen from Jeremy Taylor, take reasonings from the salt cellar of old Andrew Fuller, pungency from the mustard pot of Butler, pepper from Plutarch's pepper box and oil from the flask of Montaigne. We shall pilfer from Shens-ton, Franklin, Zimmerman and Pope, and give Burton's quaint sayings in his own quaint language. In a word, we shall pick up choice gems wherever we find them strewn about the walks in the garden of literature.

We shall append the names of the authors, even to their briefest sayings, lest some small critics get their fingers burnt by censures of what they cannot appreciate, yet have sense enough to refrain when the sentiment bears the authority of a great name.

WYATT & PARSONS' QUADRILLE BAND.—This Company of performers won for themselves great credit by their music at the Methodist Levee. It was so far the great feature of the occasion, that we prefer to notice them in a separate paragraph. It cannot be doubted that their services will often be required at the various gatherings where good music furnishes so much of the attraction. Our people have only to call upon Mr. H. Pitman, No. 4, Boston street, Salem, to secure the services of the Band.

PEWS IN CHURCH.—We see one offered for sale in the "Brick Church," New-York, for the moderate price of \$2000. This sum would build a very decent church, with fifty pews in the country, in either of which there would probably be as acceptable offering to God, and less pandering to mammon, than in this cushioned abode of the city. So much for the difference of locality.

## For The Wizard.

MR. WIZARD.—Seeing your notice of Rail Roads in the last number of your paper, it brought to mind some few notes that might be for the benefit of those who travel on them, if they were generally observed.

1st. One passenger should occupy a whole seat, when other passengers are in need of one. Sometimes a passenger lumps up the seat beside him with bundles and boxes enough to get up a country store, and looks very hard if you attempt to oust them—(as he has a right to do.)

2d. Two passengers should monopolize two seats, while others are vainly seeking for a seat. It is frequently the case that the seat in front is so arranged as to make a lounge for greasy boots and dirty pants; and thereby cleansing them.

3d. Tobacco chewers should be seated in front of the cow-catcher, that their filthy saliva may be squirted on the track of the road, instead of the floor of the cars.

4th. Officers transporting vagrants and jail-birds to Alms Houses, and Houses of correction, should seat them, (when convenient,) beside unprotected females especially if well dressed—as the contrast adds variety and piquancy to rail travelling.]

5th. Always converse in the cars at the top of your lungs—others not special y interested thus get the benefit of your remarks, and deaf persons cannot complain if they do not hear you.

6th. On entering or leaving the cars, be sure to hurry up and jostle those in your way at whatever hazard to dress or person—suppose a hoop or a limb is broken, what then? Business before pleasure—and civility too.

7th. Women's rights should invariably be asserted by their fair possessors, when travelling by rail. A look from one of them—and every gentleman should vacate his seat; at least so they think.

8th. School-misses and boys with incipient bristles on their upper lips, are privileged persons while in the cars, and can giggle and prattle as loudly, and incessantly as they like—older folks have no right to complain, but can leave the cars if they don't like the company.

Other rules might be given, to make travelling by rail vastly more pleasant and comfortable than it is now—but I think the above will suffice at present—a word to the wise is sufficient. AN OLD CONDUCTOR.

## For The Wizard.

DEVIL'S DISHFUL.—Among the many euphonious appellations applied to our territory, there is no more permanently engrafted than this. We have heard it from earliest recollection, but have never been able to trace with precision its dimensions, or to find any one who would admit that he belonged there. Some have undertaken to connect it with a certain miller, who lived somewhere, and used his dish, in which he took his tea, in such a manner, that some of his neighbors were accustomed to speak of the Devil's dishful.

As you Mr. Editor, are fully posted in the incidents of 1692, which will ever remain the prominent mark of our village—perhaps you can give your readers some idea of this locality. I believe it is found in the neighborhood of Humphrey's Pond, somewhere, but whether it includes the famous Mill south of it or not, I cannot say, but would say as did the sailor, when riding over a very rough road, who asked of a lady whom he met, where this d—d road leads to? Sir, said the lady, the d—d road leads to Hell. Well, said Jack, by the way of the land, and look of the people, I must be pretty near there.

We are not particularly versed in the history or geography of the "Devil's Dishful," and have no particular knowledge of its contents. We presume that our correspondent knows more of it than we can pretend to. Though we insert the communication, we think some of its language savors rather too strongly of the locality—but our readers must remember that the profanity is not ours, nor our correspondent's, but the sailor's, and the point of the article would be lost by its omission. Profanity on the lips or in print, is equally distasteful to us, and we always regard it with loathing and disgust, in any form.

This locality is more widely known than many imagine. A few years since, a letter came to our Post Office, from England, with a simple direction, "Devils Dishful, America," and the name of the person to whom it was addressed. It came via Boston, and was promptly forwarded here. We would like to know the true origin of the name. We may print at some future time a story founded on one interpretation of its origin.

THE METHODIST FESTIVAL.—This gathering was a pleasant and successful one in every respect. It certainly was, so far as to contribute to the enjoyment of the visitors; and it was so pecuniarily, as we learn that over \$200 came into the treasury of the lady managers. The weather was cold and cheerless without, but it was bright and cheerful within. Refreshments were abundant and good; the music was animated and sprightly; the articles of fancy and use were plentiful and found ready buyers. The Post Office keeper found a letter for every applicant, and a gift was found in every pigeon hole of the grab box. Our luck was to get a curious looking article, which we at first thought was an Editor's pen-wiper, but which proved to be a needle-book! Other incongruities were also common, as when an old bachelor would grab a doll, or a spinster a child's rattle. These instances of fortune's frolics served to create merriment for the company, and increase the general joy.

Our readers will see by Mr. Heylingberg's Advertisement, that he greets all his old customers and new ones with a "Happy New Year," and reminds them of the old stand.

South Danvers is fortunate in its skillful tonsorial operators. Both Mr. Heylingberg and our opposite neighbor, Mr. Samuel Davis, are as keen as their razors, which is saying a great deal. Let them be appreciated and patronized, for they are worthy of it.

FEMALE BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.—We are pleased to learn that by invitation of this society, Rev. Mr. Murray will address the public in its behalf at Peabody Hall on Monday evening next; and to render the occasion more attractive, the Musical Association have consented to perform some of their best pieces. Here is inducement enough for our citizens to crowd the hall. We trust it will be well filled, and the treasury of the Society bountifully replenished.

THE Volunteer Engine Co. will hold their third Assembly at the Town Hall, on Wed. evening, Jan. 4, the new hall on Main St. not being finished. Ladies tickets will be furnished for all the parties at the New Hall.

Rather severe. The South Danvers Wizard proposes to annex Salem to their town. A dead weight always impedes progress. Don't do it!—Gloucester Telegraph.

GEORGETOWN.—Of all the inland towns in Essex County, there are few that stand higher in point of enterprise, general intelligence, and prosperity than Georgetown, formerly known as New Rowley. Its main business is shoe-manufacturing, in which large numbers of both sexes are employed, not only within the limits of the town but in the adjacent towns and villages.

There are few localities more pleasant than "The Corner," where are situated Geo. J. Tenney's, Little's, Moulton's and several other large shoe manufactories, mechanic's shops &c. A short distance southward from "The Corner" is situated on a slight eminence on the right, that beautiful building—the Town Hall and the High School Room; a little farther on towards Lovings' corner may be seen a little to the left, their little rural Cemetery, where repose the mortal remains of those inhabitants who have gone, but a little before us, to "that undiscovered country," from whose bourne no traveller returns. Many very handsome buildings present themselves on the road towards Haverhill, prominent among which is a splendid dwelling house, recently erected by Mr. Moulton, of the firm of Little & Moulton. This town contains within its limits many good farms, and its farmers it can boast of many men of solid means and worth, and unimpeachable integrity.

Mr. Little, (of a forementioned firm) has a farm on Spofford Hill, which he has by much labor and expense, so much improved as to fall short of no other in the whole region round about. He has the best barn in Essex county. He is proprietor, also, of that beautiful grove in the vicinity and close proximity to the rail road; and has spared no expense and trouble to make it an agreeable resort for parties and other out-door gatherings, in their season. The community, from Boston to Newburyport, and from all the towns around, have not failed most justly to appreciate these advantages, by their many gatherings in said pleasant retreat.

Mr. George J. Tenney and Messrs. Little & Moulton stand prominent among their fellows in their personal and business relations, as of great benefit to the community, not only in their own town but in many localities beyond its limits; and we are gratified to learn that the present misfortunes in the trade have not operated to retard the smooth and onward course of their business—thus saving their numerous employees from adversity during this inclement season.

We find, Mr. Editor, that what we designed for a very short communication, will become a very long one, before we can even touch upon the many interesting localities and circumstances of this flourishing town; but we cannot close without a bare notice of that silvery expanse of water called "Pentucket Lake," situated but a few rods from the depot, on the direct line of the railroad towards Newburyport. This Lake, as we understand, is owned by Tenney & Little; and by their efforts has been so improved in the manner of procuring, packing and transporting the annual yield of ice, as to enhance the value of the adjacent lands, and to employ many men in obtaining the ice at a season when they would be otherwise unemployed. The ice from this Lake is of a very superior quality, and finds an easy and ready conveyance on the rail road to towns on its whole line, from Newburyport to Boston, and to the many towns with which this rail road intersects.

We conclude by wishing, sincerely, unalloyed and unceasing success and happiness to the generous-hearted citizens of Georgetown. TATC.

## Our Gold Pen.

"Three things bear mighty sway with men,  
The Sword, the Scepter and the Pen."

Greater than Sword or Scepter is the diminutive, but mighty PEN. We have just obtained a most excellent one from the Jewelry Store of Mr. B. F. Stevens. It is a gold one. We decline naming its price, which was so ruinously low, that we prefer to have our readers call upon Mr. Stevens and learn it for themselves. We deem ourselves fortunate in the possession of such a pen. There seems to be some witchcraft about it. No sooner had we dipped it into the ink, than it ran over the paper with a rapidity that surprised us, leaving rows of fair characters behind it. It continued its race over the paper, and, like the boy's whistling, went itself. It filled up page after page, and still ran on, so that we have a stock of leading editorials on hand for a month to come.

Mr. Stevens has other things in his shop beside gold pens. His show cases blaze with rich jewelry, and fairly dazzle the eyes of the unaccustomed visitor. He has a splendid show of watches and other wares usually found in a jewelry establishment, which he can sell at the most reasonable prices. He has recently had new arrangements, and extended accommodations for his increasing stock of goods. We are glad to see these signs of an extended and prosperous business. He is now on the threshold of a career of prosperity, and our citizens will do well to aid his progress by their patronage.

We have on our table, the annual publication by the Essex Agricultural Society, for the year 1859. It is a neatly printed pamphlet, of 150 pages, containing beside the ordinary Reports of the year, Essays on the culture of the Potato, and on the shoeing of horses and oxen. Both of these papers give evidence of much practical observation. Some of the reports, with the accompanying statements, will be found to contain much valuable information.

We do not remember to have seen, the subject of undergraining, so fully treated in any former publication by this Society; and when we notice the names of Fay, Loring, Stevens, Putnam and Proctor, attached to those papers, we feel confident they will be found worthy of careful perusal. If it be true, as is averred, that by an expenditure of \$50, upon an acre of land worth only \$100, it can be made to bring \$300, we know of no way that the owner of such an acre, can better advance the value of his lands, than by such operations. Drains when skillfully laid, are permanent improvements; we know no reason why they may not be lasting as the land itself. We would gladly call attention to other topics discussed in this pamphlet, but are confident our readers, when they find one so well done, will not lay it aside, until they have examined the whole. We have long been of the opinion, that among the best works of this Society, are those which are annually issued from the press.

DIARIES.—Now is the proper season to commence a diary. There can be no question of the utility of these daily records of events, thoughts, feelings and business. They are of permanent value after the year is completed, and are often referred to in after life. There are now facilities for keeping a diary which were formerly unknown.

Nearly printed books of every desirable size, with ruled pages, printed dates and the names of each day of the week, make it convenient and pleasant to jot down the diurnal record. We are led to these remarks by seeing the great variety and beauty of these record books at the Book Store of Messrs. D. B. Brooks & Brother; and we remind our readers for their own benefit, of the usefulness of these articles. We would also urge them not to delay procuring them, as the time to commence them is now, at the beginning of the year. Every teacher of our mature youth should set forth the advantages of keeping diaries.

Buyers of diaries will also find an excellent article in the "propelling pencil," which may be found, with all other articles of stationery at the South Danvers Book Store.



So. Danvers, Dec. 22, 1899.  
Mr. Editor.—Allow me through the columns of your paper to express my unqualified approval of the admirable series of illustrations in its issue of Dec. 21st. Sir, they are very effective; their fidelity to nature is beyond all praise. For fineness of execution, for vivid truthfulness, for clearness of detail, for catching, as it were, the very counterfeits of the scenes and things, for the inspection of delighted eyes, they are unapproachable.

I congratulate you, Sir, upon the unparalleled success you have achieved, and bid you go on "conquering and to conquer," in still further triumphs, and rest assured of the satisfaction of your readers.  
It is this feature, Sir, which has made "Frank Leslie's," "Harpers" and other sheets so deservedly (?) popular. Sir, I always see from of pictures, from my infancy up; I still am; and embrace every opportunity to gain access to them. I have even entertained serious thoughts since I came to man's estate, of making a journey expressly to see the *Pictured Rocks* of Lake Superior.

And I would state, Sir, furthermore, that there is no line of Shakespeare's so indelibly imprinted on the tablets of memory as that famous one wherein he says "First look upon this picture, then on this," a quotation which plainly shows that the immortal bard, utterly despairing of conveying to the reader, even in his matchless words, a perfect idea of his meaning, was compelled at last to avail himself of pictorial embellishment. But I must be brief. Permit me, Sir, in closing, to pay a passing tribute of praise to your gifted artist, and to compliment that venerable gentleman, not only upon his unequalled skill, but also upon the remarkable haleness and vigor of his constitution; who, although he was "round," and, indeed, luckily, present on Plymouth Rock, with sketch book in hand at the time when the Mayflower hove in sight, still survives in beauty and robust health, and is yet able to do good service in the cause of taste and the fine arts. That he may long remain so, and wishing you both every success, I subscribe myself—Yours respectfully,  
A CONSTANT READER.

#### REMINISCENCES OF REVEREND CHURCHMAN.—We know not a more agreeable service for our readers of this vicinity, than the perusal of this beautiful volume of 500 pages, by Col. Parker of Boston, who sat for many years, at the foot of this our own *Gambial*. We say our own, because in a small shanty, on our Main street, this distinguished scholar and jurist, first entered the career which terminated in so full a blaze of glory. On every page of this work, will be found unmistakable evidence, of the distinguishing characteristics of this great and good man. We say good, because we know that goodness of heart, and generous feeling, were prominent features of his character, wherever he was best known. Sordid avarice or selfish jealousy had no abode in his bosom.

#### SOUTH DANVERS FEMALE BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

REV. MR. MURRAY, will repeat the address, delivered in Salem before the Sermon's Orphan and Children's friend Society, at the PEABODY INSTITUTE, on MONDAY EVENING, JAN. 9th, for the benefit of the South Danvers Female Benevolent Society.

The South Danvers Musical Association, under the direction of Mr. A. Kreissman, have kindly volunteered their services, to add to the interest of the occasion. Exercises to commence at 7 o'clock. Admission 25 cents. Tickets may be obtained at the door, at the stores of Mr. Amos Merrill, Mr. Geo. Mescom, and Mr. T. A. Sweetser.

South Danvers, Jan. 4, 1899.

Joseph J. Rider, dealer in Jewelry and Silver Ware, will remove to New Store 188 Essex St. (West Block) when completed.

#### South Danvers Post Office.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.  
ON and after THURSDAY, December 1st, 1899, Mails will arrive daily, (Sundays excepted) at 10:30 A. M., and at 3 P. M. and will close at 10:30 A. M., and at 3 P. M. California Mails close the 4th and 10th of each month at 10:30 A. M. Foreign mails close every Tuesday and Friday at 10:30 A. M. Post office open, (Sundays excepted) from 7 A. M. till 5 P. M. A. R. FISKE, Post Master.

South Danvers, Dec. 7, 1899.

#### Marriages.

In this town, Jan. 1st by Rev. Mr. Best, Mr. John Wiggins of South Walpole, to Miss Lucy M. Dupee, of Wrentham. Also, Mr. Edward Jewett, of Ipswich, to Miss Eliza A. Barnard of Salem.

#### Deaths.

In this town, Jan. 2d, Capt. Jos. W. Hildreth, aged 37 yrs. 7 mos. He was a man of excellent character and disposition, and highly esteemed for his amiable qualities. He came here many years since from Beverly, and while here, held command of the Beverly Light Infantry. In the stirring political times of 1849 and afterwards, until his health became precarious, he was active in the Whig ranks, and did good service in the sphere in which he moved. His associates of Volunteer Engine Co., No. 4, testified their respect for his memory by raising their flag at half mast.

Funeral this afternoon at 2 o'clock from No. 142 Main street. Friends are invited.

#### Advertisements.

THOMAS M. STIMPSON,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
194 ESSEX STREET, SALEM.  
Jan 4-ly

HAPPY NEW YEAR!  
JOHN HEYLINGBERG  
TENDERS to his friends and patrons the compliments of the season, and continues his

HAIR-DRESSING  
And Shaving Business,  
At the Old Stand, MAIN ST., South Danvers, where he will always be happy to wait upon customers.  
Jan 4-ly

AUCTION SALE!  
BY order of Court, will be sold at Public Auction, at Danversport, on High street, TWO DWELLING HOUSES, each containing four or five rooms, and running back to Waters River. The above is part of the estate of the late Joseph Porter.  
Sale to take place on the premises, on the 10th day of April next. For particulars apply to Mrs. Abigail F. Porter, on the premises.  
Danversport, Jan 4

WYATT & PARSONS'  
QUADRILLE BAND,  
As Brass or String,  
Are prepared to furnish Music for Balls, Parties, Assemblies, etc., on the most reasonable terms.  
Engagements can be made with J. H. Parsons, No. 3 Pleasant Street, 1st Floor, 4 Boston St., or E. H. Staton, 161 Essex St. Salem, Jan 4-ly

Working Oxen for Sale.  
The subscriber having a large stock of WORKING OXEN, for which he has no use this winter, offers them for sale at a low price.  
BYRON GOODALE,  
Jan 4-ly

### BURNHAM'S

SOUTH DANVERS AND BOSTON  
Railroad and Wagon Express.  
Railroad Freight Train leaves for Boston, at 6 p.m.  
Leaves Boston for South Danvers at 9 p.m.  
Wagon Express leaves for Boston at 10 a.m.  
Leaves Boston at 4 p.m.  
Leaves South Danvers at 10 1/2 a.m., 2 p.m.  
Leaves Boston at 5 p.m.  
TEAMS FURNISHED FOR EXTRA JOBS AT SHORT NOTICE.  
Orders to be left in South Danvers at the store of W. M. Jacobs & Son, on Main street, and at the office on Central street, opposite the Salem and Lowell depot.  
Offices in Boston, No. 3 Washington street, and No. 7 Blackstone street, and an order box at No. 28 Pearl street.  
WESTER P. BURNHAM, Proprietor.  
Salem, Jan. 4, 1899.

### REED'S

SO. DANVERS & BOSTON RAILROAD EXPRESS.  
Leave South Danvers at 5 1/2 p.m.  
Boston, 5 1/2 p.m.  
Orders to be left at R. O. Spiller's store, Main st., and at Freight Depot, South Danvers Square.  
OFFICE IN BOSTON, NO. 1 FULTON ST.  
Particular attention paid to removing Furniture, collecting Bills, Notes, Drafts, &c.  
Express leaves S. Danvers at 10 a.m. Boston, 2 1/2 p.m.  
Goods called for and delivered in Boston and South Danvers.  
S. F. REED,  
South Danvers, Jan 4-ly

### Abbott's South Danvers and Salem EXPRESS.

Leave South Danvers, 7 1/2 a.m., 1 p.m.  
Leave Salem, 10 a.m., 4 p.m.  
Orders left at Teal & Moulton's, and principal stores on Main street, South Danvers; and at 7 Washington street, and at Bond's in the Market, Salem.

### Gas Heating and Cooking Stoves.

(Wm. F. Shaw's Patent, Boston, Mass.)  
E. H. STATON,  
SOLE AGENT FOR SOUTH DANVERS, SALEM, BEVERLY, AND MARBLEHEAD.

NOVEL method of Cooking by Gas. The toughest beef steak, when broiled by this process, is rendered as tender as a veal steak, and is cooked over a coal fire. Read the following, from Prof. A. A. Hayes. He says: "Having frequently examined the mode of action in Shaw's Gas Stove, I have been led to the conclusion that the process of cooking by gas is the most perfect and healthful method of cooking yet devised. It is a process of cooking by steam, and the steam penetrates and cooks the meat, and the subsequent broiling retains a portion of the water formed with the juices of the meat. The gas flame, as obtained in the device of Mr. Shaw, is the purest flame which art affords, and there is nothing present as vapor or gas, which can give odor to, or in any way interfere with the preparation of the delicious flavor of broiled meat. This apparatus secures the greatest economy of time in any other mode of broiling it, and with the simple noting of time, enables the cook to produce with certainty any graduation of effect."  
Respectfully,  
A. A. HAYES, M. D.,  
State Assayer,  
Boston, 5th Nov. 1899.  
The public are respectfully requested to call and examine for themselves.  
SHAW'S HEATING AND COOKING APPARATUS,  
AT E. H. STATON'S GAS FITTING STORE,  
Jan 4-3m 101 Essex Street, Salem.

### 238

Received this Week  
Skating Caps—a full stock—all colors;  
Jubilee Hose, for Lady Skaters;  
Ladies and Children's Merino Undervests;  
Woolen Drawers, for Ladies and Misses;  
Hand-Knit Woolen Vests for Infants;  
Infants' Waists, Edgings and Insertings;  
Wrought Collars—all prices—bargains;  
Cambrie Flouncings—extra good for 25 cts;  
Trimming Tassels, Cord and Buttons;  
Black Velvets—Closing at Bargains;  
Our Dress Trimmings are MARKED-DOWN;  
Shetland Veils—Brown and Black—25 cts;  
Black Lace Veils—from 50 cts to \$3.50;  
Bargain, for Veils—a full stock—all colors;  
Gauze and Gloves—a full stock;  
Kid Gloves—the best makes—all colors;  
Ladies' Misses' and children's Hosiery;  
Gents' Shaker Socks—the best quality.

### 238 ESSEX STREET, SALEM.

JOHN P. PEABODY.

### Elegant Mantel Ornaments.

GEORGE CREAMER has just received, per last steamer, a select assortment of Gilt Tea Bells, Watch Stands, Jewel Boxes, Taper Boxes, Cigar Cases, Inkstands, Pen Holder Rats, Water Caps, Microscopes, Thermometers, etc.  
Also—JAPANESE—at reduced prices.  
Brown Stone Block, 213 Essex st.  
Jan 4

### Reduction of Prices.

Closing out Sale of Dry Goods!  
W. W. PALMER & Co. have a large stock of Goods for the season which must be reduced.  
In order to effect this as soon as possible, on most of the stock a large reduction of price has been made.  
Purchasers are invited to examine these goods and prices, and see if an opportunity is offered to save money.  
Jan 4 181 Essex street.

### BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS.

WILLIAM J. WALTON,  
94 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS.

### Turret and Marine Clock Company.

5 and 13 Water St., Boston, Mass.  
Manufacture, and are prepared to furnish at short notice Crane's Patent Escapement Tower Clock,  
The Patent Universal Clock, indicating the time on any number of dials, throughout a building.  
THE PATENT ESCAPEMENT FIRE ALARM.  
Also, House, Office, Calendar, Marine and Watch Clocks and Regulators.  
Also agents for the sale of Church and other kinds of BELLS.  
Collins Stevens, George F. Walker, agt. Mofa G. Crane.

### Heavy OVERCOATINGS, at BURBECK'S,

240 Essex st.  
Furnishing Goods.  
THE latest styles in the market, at  
dec 28 BURBECK'S, 249 Essex st.

### French and English PANTALON GOODS, at BURBECK'S,

dec 28 248 Essex st.

### Newman & Symonds,

HAVE on hand and for sale, a supply of New Buck Wheat. Also, best quality of New York Syrup.  
dec 14

### CLOTHING STORE!

R. S. D. SYMONDS  
Has opened a STORE in TRASK'S BUILDING,  
52 MAIN ST., SOUTH DANVERS,  
Where he intends to keep a general assortment of  
MEN'S & BOYS' CLOTHING,  
Including  
BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS, HATS, CAPS  
And all such Goods as are generally found in such a store.  
READY MADE CLOTHING  
AND  
FURNISHING GOODS.  
Particular attention will be given to keeping a constant supply of  
LADIES' BOOTS & SHOES.  
The above Goods are of the best quality, and will be sold as low as similar articles can be had in South Danvers or Salem.

### LADIES

Are particularly invited to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.  
dec 21-ly

### A Cheap and Durable Article.

MEN'S KIP BOOTS—only Two Dollars and a Quarter per pair, at  
R. S. D. SYMONDS,  
62 Main st., S. Danvers.  
dec 21-ly

### Mitchell's Patent Men's Boots.

THIS new and improved article, with metallic soles, protecting the feet from dampness, may be found at  
R. S. D. SYMONDS,  
Trask's Building, No. 52 Main st.  
dec 21-ly

### SO. DANVERS PERIODICAL STORE.

L. CHANDLER & CO.,  
WOULD respectfully announce to the citizens of South Danvers that they have taken part of the store occupied by D. B. Brooks & Bro., in Allen's Building, where they intend to keep a good supply of Periodicals, Newspapers, Toys, &c.  
The Boston Daily Herald, Journal, and Traveller, and all the principal Weekly Papers and Periodicals, can always be found on their counter.  
dec 21-ly

### Have You Seen

THOSE 18 dollar suits, at BURBECK'S,  
dec 28 249 Essex st.

### To the Lovers of the Weed.

TURPIN & Yarbrough, Mellow Ridge, Honey Dew  
T. W. Sap, Catawba Twist, Oregum Bar, Navy,  
John Anderson, and Goodwin's Patent Pressed, and Thomas H. Lee's Celebrated Cavendish Tobacco.

### LUBIN'S EXTRACTS, Harmonio Principe, Manila and the "Favourite" Wandering Jew Cigars, at WM. J. LUNT'S, Hotel Building.

dec 21-3t

### New Smyrna Figs.

A CHOICE lot just received, at LUNT'S, Hotel Building.  
J. W. OSBORNE,  
Plain and Decorative, House and Sign PAINTER,  
88 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS.  
SAMUEL DAVIS,  
HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING ROOM,  
7 MAIN ST., SOUTH DANVERS.

### HENRY L. WHIDDEN, PAINTER, GLAZIER, AND PAPERER,

Central Street, South Danvers, Oppo. South Church.  
All orders promptly and faithfully executed.  
dec 14-ly

### UPTON'S STEAM REFINED LIQUID GLUE.

Save the Pieces!  
In every family, articles of Furniture, the children's Toys, Ornaments, &c. are being continually broken, and the fragments are thrown aside as useless, from the want of some convenient substance with which to unite them. This want is completely supplied by Upton's Liquid Glue.  
It is always ready, and up to the sticking point. Apply the glue to the fractured parts, secure the pieces together until dry, and the article is as good as new. It is a perfect substitute for common glue, for all purposes. Price 25 cents. For sale by Druggists and Stationers generally.  
dec 14-ly

### POWER'S MARBLE WORKS.

No. 11 St. Peter Street, Salem.  
Chimney Pieces, Monuments, Tablets, Basin and Table Tops, Sillies and Brackets,  
OF every description of MARBLE and SOAPSTONE work, furnished promptly and reasonably.  
Those in want of any of the above kinds of work, will find they can do as well here as in Boston.  
dec 14-ly W. A. POWER

### CHARLES S. BUFFUM, CABINET MAKER,

FURNITURE MADE, LEPAIRED & VARNISHED.  
UPHOLSTERY WORK IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.  
Carpets made to order. Cane Chairs new seated.  
EDWARD C. WEBSTER,  
ONE PRICE  
HAT, CAP and FUR STORE.  
231 ESSEX, and 34 WASHINGTON ST.,  
Rich  
BURBECK'S,  
249 Essex st.  
dec 28

### CURRIER & MILLET, Dealers in FURNITURE, CHAIRS, MATTRESSES, FEATHERS, &c.

259 & 261 ESSEX ST.  
Salem, dec 14-ly

### GAS AND STEAM PIPES AND GAS FIXTURES.

E. H. STATON,  
GAS, STEAM, AND WATER FITTER,  
151 Essex St., Lynde Block, Salem, Mass.,  
DEALER IN  
GAS FIXTURES  
OF every description for Lighting Stores, Dwellings, Public Buildings, Churches, etc.  
Old Gas Fixtures and Lamps refurnished to look as well as new. Galvanized Wrought Iron Pipes for Water. Rubber Hose Man-head Gaskets. Sheet and Ring Packings for steam constantly on hand.  
Agent for Geo. B. FOSTER'S CARCEL GAS BURNER, (Wood's Patent), the best and most economical Gas Burner in existence. Sole Agent for Wm. F. Shaw's Gas and Air Stoves, for cooking and heating by Gas.  
E. H. STATON, 151 Essex St., Lynde Block.

### THE CELEBRATED FRANKLIN COAL

For sale by M. BLACK, Jr.  
B. F. STEVENS,  
WATCH & JEWELRY MAKER,  
—AND DEALER IN—  
Watches, Clocks, Gold & Plated Jewelry, SILVER AND PLATED WARE, CUTLERY AND FANCY GOODS.  
Old Gold and Silver taken in exchange for New.  
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, neatly Cleaned, Repaired and warranted.  
16 MAIN ST., OPPOSITE WARREN BANK, SOUTH DANVERS, MASS.

### E. S. FLINT, DEALER IN WEST INDIA GOODS, COUNTRY PRODUCE,

No. 2 Main Street, South Danvers.

### M. BLACK, JR., COAL AND WOOD,

OFFICE IN SQUARE AT RAILROAD FREIGHT DEPOT.  
Order Box in Post Office.

### WHIPPLE & FRIEND, PAINTERS, GLAZIERS AND PAPER HANGERS,

Main street, opposite Danvers Bank, S. Danvers.  
All orders promptly attended to; a share of patronage solicited.  
J. J. WHIPPLE. F. A. FRIEND.

### NEWMAN & SYMONDS, DEALERS IN FAMILY GROCERIES, FLOUR AND GRAIN,

READY-MADE CLOTHING, GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES, &c.  
South Danvers Square, opposite Congregational Church  
SAM'L NEWMAN. NATH'L SYMONDS.

### Cheap House Lots for Sale.

THE SUBSCRIBER offers for Sale One Hundred House Lots, situated in the rear, (southerly) of Washington street, about 5 minutes walk from the Beach, and 15 minutes walk from the depot. Post Office &c. They are pleasantly located, chiefly upon Balentine street, which has been recently laid out and graded, over land sufficiently elevated to give a full view of the village, and the neighboring city of Salem. The price and terms of payment are such as to put it within the reach of any man having health and employment, to procure a permanent home. Some lot persons of good moral character need apply, as it will be my endeavor to limit, as far as possible, the sale to such persons. Any one wishing to bargain for a lot, will find it best to make an early application, as the best lots are being taken up—nearly 20 having already been sold.  
Salem, Dec. 7, 1899. SIDNEY C. BANCROFT. P-3m

### Light!

HAVING made arrangements with the Boston Kerosene Oil Company, for a full supply of Oil for the coming winter, I shall be prepared to sell  
"Downe's Pure Kerosene Oil,"  
as cheap as can be bought at retail in this vicinity.  
KEROSENE LAMPS,  
of every description, at a lower price than ever. Also, Glass and Paper Shades, Wicks, Burners, Cans, &c., all of which is offered at the lowest Cash Prices.  
at 136 & 138 Main street.  
R. O. SPILLER.  
dec 7

### T. A. Sweetser, Apothecary,

No. 37 South Main St.,  
Danver

### HAS on hand a complete and well-selected stock of Family Medicines. Also, Drugs, Chemicals, Foreign Leeches, Sutures, Herbs, Gums, Arils, Lye Stuffs, Sponges, and Genuine Patent Medicines. Perfumery, Toilet Articles, and Stationery. Physicians' Prescriptions accurately prepared by experienced persons at all hours of the day or night.

T. A. SWEETSER, proprietor of the COMPOUND ICELAND MOSS CANDY, so effective a remedy for Coughs and Colds.  
dec 7 37 Main, near Park street.

### GEORGE E. MEACOM, Dealer in DRUGS & MEDICINES,

Fancy and Toilet Articles, &c.,  
126 MAIN ST., 126  
Nearly opposite Danvers Bank, . . . South Danvers.

### WILLIAM J. LUNT, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FRUIT,

ATYER'S BUILDING, Central St., So. Danvers.

### PINGREE'S JOB WAGON.

THE subscriber is still prepared to do all kinds of Job Work and Teaming, such as removing Furniture and Merchandise of any description about town, or to and from the neighboring towns.  
Orders will be received at the Essex Railroad Station, and at E. S. Flint's store, on the Square.  
Thankful for past favors, he would solicit a continuance of the same.  
South Danvers, 1899. W. H. PINGREE

### TO RESTORE THE COLOR OF THE HAIR. Heilmann's Hair Coloring is a 1st rate preparation—sold by T. A. SWEETSER 37 Main Street.

### Professional Cards.

B. C. PERKINS,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
So. Danvers—Office in Allen's Building.

### H. O. WILEY, Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Office, Allen's Building, So. Danvers.

### IVES & PEABODY, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,

Have removed their Office to Rooms formerly occupied by Hon. Otis P. Lord, NO. 27 WASHINGTON STREET, SALEM.  
STEPHEN B. IVES, Jr. JOHN B. PEABODY.  
December 7, 1899.

### ALFRED A. ABBOTT, Attorney and Counsellor,

Office, No. 224 Essex Street, Salem;  
House, Main St., So. Danvers.

### SIDNEY C. BANCROFT, Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

27 Washington Street, Salem.  
Mr. Bancroft may be found mornings and evenings, at his home office, near his residence in South Danvers, December 7, 1899.

### A. S. CRAWFORD, DENTIST,

No. 4 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS SQUARE.  
Mechanical Dentistry Neatly Executed.  
Teeth Extracted by Electricity without Extra Charge.  
dec 7

### NEWMAN & SYMONDS, Green's Patent Non-Explosive Self-Generating Gas Lamps.

dec 7

### WILLIAM H. BURBECK, TAILOR AND DRAPER,

249 ESSEX STREET. 249  
(CHOATE BLOCK)—SALEM.

WOULD inform his customers and the public, that he has on hand and is daily receiving, for Fall and Winter trade, BROADCLOTH, DOCKINGS, FANCY FANTASY GOODS, VESTINGS, &c., &c.

which he will make to order, in the latest styles, and the most workmanlike manner.  
TO PURCHASERS of Nice Custom Ready Made Clothing he would call their attention to the Stock which is of his own and New York manufacturers, made and cut in the best styles, and sold at the LOWEST CASH PRICES.  
Also—A General Assortment of Gent's Furnishing Goods.  
Fine Shirts made to order.  
Mr. EPHRAIM LORD will be found at this establishment, where he would be happy to receive the calls of his friends.  
dec 7

### CHEAP CASH STORE IN SOUTH DANVERS.

WEST INDIA GOODS, DRY GOODS, TEAS, FLOUR AND GRAIN, HARD WARE, CUTLERY, &c., &c., &c.

Teas, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Nutmegs, Mace, Spices, Cocoa, Chocolate, Shells, Salsaparilla, Soda, Potash, Cream Tartar, Ferrous, Corn Starch, Tapioca, Sago, Coarse and Fine Salt, Tobacco and Cigars.  
Butter, Cheese, Pork, Lard, Bacon.

Oils.  
Kerosene Oil, Spem Oil, Whale Oil, Fluid.  
Wooden Ware.  
Pails, Buckets and Tubs, Baskets, Boxes, Brooms, Brushes.  
Clothes lines, Bed Cords, Rope.

Brushes.  
Stove, Shoe, White Wash, Dust, Floor and Horse. Currie Combs, Cattle Cards, Whips.  
Crochery.  
White Granite Tea Sets, and Dining Sets. Pitchers, Bowls, Chamber Sets, Castors and Bottles. Glass Ware, Stone Ware, Earthen Ware.

Plated Ware.  
Silver Plated Spoons, Silver Plated Butter Knives Silver Plated Forks, Silver Plated Salt Spoons.  
Cutlery.  
Knives and Forks, Bread Knives, Shoe Knives, Pocket Knives, Chopping Knives.

Hard Ware.  
Shovels, Spades, Garden Trowels, Hoes, Iron Rakes, Hay Tools, Saws, Files, Gimblets, Carpet Tacks, Screws, Bed Castors, &c., &c., &c.

Dry Goods.  
Broad Cloths, Doe Skins, Variety of Pant Goods and Vestings. Bleached and Brown Sheetings and Shirtings. Tickings, Denims, Flannels, Checks, Hickory, Hosiery and Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Dress Braid, White and Colored Spool and Skein Cottons. Colored Cambrics and Silicies, Dress Goods, Damask and Brown Linen Table Covers. Embossed Table Covers, Colored Table Covers, Cotton and Silk Velvets, Tailors' Trimmings.

Clothing.  
Gent's Furnishing Goods, Silk and Woolen Shirts, and Drawers, Collars and Neck Ties, Linen Bosoms, Suspenders, &c.

Medicines.  
A good assortment of Patent Medicines, Russ's Salve, Goodhue's Bitters, Atwood's Bitters, Skinner's Bitters. Essences and Extracts, Castor Oil, Salts, Sulphur.

Fruits.  
Dates, Prunes, Raisins, Nuts, &c.

All the above-named Goods can be found in the above store, and will be sold at the lowest prices for cash; and to which we would call the attention of the citizens of this place and vicinity, assuring them that we have adopted the LOW PRICE SYSTEM, and we are happy to say to our friends, our customers, and to all, that purchasers can rely upon getting better goods, and more of them, for their money, than at any other store in this place.

### R. O. SPILLER, SOUTH DANVERS COFFIN AND CASKET WAREHOUSE.

THE subscriber would inform the people of this place that he is now prepared to furnish, at the shortest notice, Mahogany, Black Walnut, & Stained Wood COFFINS. AND CASKETS OF ALL SIZES. Also, Silver and Silver Plated Coffin Plates, of the latest Patterns. Grave Clothes of every description constantly on hand. All orders from the neighboring towns, by express or otherwise, promptly attended to, and delivered personally, if desired.

### CHARLES S. BUFFUM,

Central Street, nearly opposite the Lowell Depot.  
On Sundays and evenings can be found at Simmons' Hotel.  
dec 14-ly

### Call at Walton's,

94 MAIN STREET and examine those Heavy Double Soled Calf Boots, just the thing for Winter.  
dec 7







# THE WIZARD.

VOL. I.

SOUTH DANVERS, MASS., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 11, 1860.

NO. 6.

## THE WIZARD

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

At Allen's Building, So. Danvers Square,

CHAS. D. HOWARD, Proprietor.

F. POOLE, Editor.

Terms \$2.00 a Year; for Immediate Payment, \$1.50.

### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Half a Square, 3 wks. 3 mos. 1 year.  
One Square, 1.00 2.50 5.00  
Quarter of a column, 1.50 3.50 10.00  
16 lines of Nonpareil type are equal to a square.  
The privilege of Annual Advertisers is limited to their own immediate business; and all advertisements for the benefit of other persons, as well as legal advertisements, and advertisements of real estate, or auction sales, sent in by them, must be paid for at the usual rates.

### Original Poetry.

For The Wizard.  
WILL YOU GO?

BY C. HOWARD.

Say not that other climes are fair,  
And lovelier than our own—  
That flowers will bloom on other shores,  
Where you may find a home.  
What though the sun shines brightly there,  
No cold, nor frost, nor snow,  
It would be Winter in thy heart,  
Thus absent—do not go!

Oh! do not dream that lapse of time,  
Can heal the wounded heart;  
The friends we find are ne'er so dear,  
As those from whom we part.  
In fairest lands you'll lonely be,  
And time with steady flow,  
Would bring to you but hours of pain  
And sorrow—Can you go?

Aye! more—though you may chance to find,  
A resting place, a home,  
Though you may meet warm friends and kind,  
While far away you roam,  
Still will you hear my spirit's voice,  
Pleading in murmur low:  
My heart will break, when you are gone,  
Beloved—will you go?  
Salem, January, 1860.

### An Original Story.

WARLOCK-KNOWE.

BY THEOPHILUS.

Who calls me lonely?—Hosts around me tread,  
The intensely bright, the beautiful, the dead,  
Phantoms of heart and brain—Song of Night.  
I am somewhat of a rambler among the fields,  
Over the hills, through the solemn forests, and  
Along the iron-bound shores of the ocean.

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
There is a rapture in the lonely shore,  
There is a society where none intrudes,  
By the deep sea; and music in its roar."

A few nights since, it was past the "key-stone hour, I whistled up Lion, always my faithful companion in these lonely walks, and taking my staff, bent my way towards Harmony Grove, that beautiful spot, already peopled with so many that were a short time ago living, breathing, active forms among us. The far off orbs of Heaven, shone with a serene beauty and luster, symbolizing the calm, tranquil thoughts of the Divine Mind, (for God, says Dr. Dick is the calmest being in the universe) and the air was hushed to a dreamy stillness that seemed like the rest of infinite motion. I wandered on till my footsteps reached the spot where repose the mortal remains of the lamented Phillips. Here I paused, and gazing at the mound where he in silence sleeps, the numerous services which he had rendered during his sojourn among us, to the cause of Education, of Temperance, of human freedom, and every other benevolent object that came to his knowledge, passed rapidly through my thoughts.

Lost in my own reflections, I almost involuntarily exclaimed, "Oh rise some other such," when slowly, and like an exhalation, a form of majestic mien and gigantic stature, rose from the earth and stood before me. A long white robe, glittering like snow in sunshine, hung gracefully from his shoulders, and flowed down to his feet, over which floated an azure mantle besprinkled with drops of celestial radiance. The bloom of eternal youth was on his countenance, and a tiara of rose-colored light crowned his temples bested with dazzling points, whose upward flashing rays met and mingled with the downward glancing star-beams from the heavens above. Turning his face towards me he leaned gently forward upon his staff, and seemed waiting for my salutation. My limbs trembled, and the hair of my flesh stood up. For a moment, I was incapable of motion or utterance.

At length encouraged by a smile, that I saw wreathing his benignant features, I ventured to remark in a voice tremulous with emotion, "A pleasant night sir." A low bow, graceful as the wave of a rose-bush in the breeze, was his only reply.

Again I broke silence with the inquiry, "were you acquainted with the illustrious sleeper beneath us?" Another majestic bend from the strange form before me, but his lips moved not. I then resolved on framing another question

that would require an answer in something more than mono-syllables. "Why, said I, is there no monument raised to perpetuate the memory of one who was so useful in life? In a voice sweeter than the fall of waters, or the song of Hours in the Moslem's paradise, he replied, "none is required."

"His life is embalmed in the memory of thousands, and his name will thus be handed down through many generations."

"Are you then," said I, "opposed to the erection of all monuments in honor of the dead?"

"They can be dispensed with," he responded. "The memory of the wicked should rot. The witness of the righteous is in heaven, and their record is on high. But, he continued, I am not so much opposed to the erection of monuments, as to the false epitaphs that disgrace them."

"False!" said I.

"Yes, false!" he rejoined, with an earnestness of tone that somewhat startled me. "A stranger from another sphere, on visiting this sacred enclosure, and reading the inscriptions written upon gravestones and monuments respecting those who sleep beneath, would assuredly come to the conclusion, that a virtue was buried with them, so different must they have been in life, from those who yet remain above ground."

I felt the force of this remark, accompanied as it was with an emphatic stroke of his staff upon the curb-stone on which he was standing. I ventured however to suggest, whether the following stanza, from "Gray's Elegy" would not meet with his approbation.

"No further seek his merits to disclose,  
Nor draw his frailties from their dread abode;  
There they alike in trembling hope repose,  
The bosom of his Father, and his God."

A playful smile stole over his serene features as he replied, "That is neither poetry, nor good sense."

"Indeed!" said I quite astonished; "it has been greatly admired, both for the beauty of its expression, and the sentiment it inculcates."

"Will you please inform me," he replied in a half sarcastic tone, "what the author meant by 'the bosom of God'?" I remained silent, for I saw at a glance the point of his criticism. Noticing my embarrassment, he continued,

"If he meant the mind of the Deity, then the idea is, that the sleeper's wicked acts repose side by side with his good deeds in that dread abode, in the trembling hope of being exposed at some future day to the knowledge of all mankind. If he meant the grave, then the sleeper was an Atheist, who regarded the earth as his Father, and his God, and the reader is exhorted not to dig up his frailties, or merits, which lie buried beneath his feet, for the reason that they repose there, in the trembling hope, that some freak, or convulsion of Nature, will one day throw them up to human view. All rhymes, he added smiling, are not poetry."

"What kinds of monuments," said I, "if any are to be erected over the dead, would your judgment dictate?"

"They should symbolize character, Sir, character," he repeated, sternly. A junk bottle carved from granite should represent the drunkard, a quarter of beef the glutton, a dagger the assassin, a false balance the dishonest man, a weather vane the politician, and a chain and manacle the slave-holder; but a stately palm-tree, wrought from pure white marble, should be the emblem of the upright man, and a human heart that of the philanthropist."

"And what," said I, desirous of getting his views of the recent Harper's Ferry affair, "would you place over the grave of those who hung John Brown?" A convulsive twitch of the muscles of his face, revealed the agitation of thought within. After a moments pause, he replied, with another stroke of his staff on the curb-stone.

"I have travelled the ethereal deep above us, riding from star to star on the deck of a comet. I have visited every spot of the green earth on which we tread, and explored the sunless dungeons of the universe, but can think of nothing in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth, that would be appropriate. Milton's description of Sin, embodied in black marble, is the fittest object that now recurs to me."

"Then you disapprove of the act, do you?" said I.

"Most assuredly, and so does High Heaven," he replied. The voice of that hero's blood talks in echoes around the throne of the Eternal, calling for retribution on the heads of those who perpetrated the act. True, Brown's project was a wild one, a streak of insanity ran through it, but his motives were as pure as the tears of Rachel, which Gabriel put into the Urn of heaven."

"And what," I inquired, think you, will be the effect of this tragical event on the cause of freedom."

"Good, beyond question." It has sent a thrill of indignation through all the veins of the Free States."

"But," said I, "will not the present excitement soon subside?"

"Excitement!" he replied, "man, 'tis not excitement. The deep undertone of feeling which this day heaves the breast of the Free North, is as much too solemn to be mere excitement, as the thunder of the heavens is to be mere noise. There may be temporary defeats. Freedom, like Truth, may retire for a season to weep, but there is a consuming fire in her tears, as lightning lurks in the drops of a summer's cloud, that will one day illuminate the world. All efforts to stay the tide of public opinion which is now setting in towards universal emancipation, are as futile as the attempt to clip the

rushing wings of the daylight. No revolution or reformation, ever rolled backward."

"And do you think," said I, "that the Temperance cause is destined to triumph thus gloriously?"

"No doubt of it my son, no doubt of it, but the idea which has recently been advocated by some persons, of returning to the old license system, in order to give the movement a new impetus, reminds one of Lord Talbot's attempt to make his horse canter tail-first. He thought by shoeing him with the corks foremost, putting the crupper over his nostrils, and the bridle over his tail, he could make him gallop backward."

And so, after making the necessary preparations, he placed his steed with his hinder parts pointing towards the south, the direction in which he wished him to travel, and leaped upon his back. Then seizing the reins, he applied the spurs; but the animal, instead of moving in the way desired, as the song has it,

"Scampered due north to the devil,"

carrying his affrighted rider with him, clinging to his caudal appendage for support."

"But to return from this long digression," I remarked, "would not your cemetery thus decorated, resemble Hogarth's Tail-Piece, which was the grouping together of all things that could denote the end of all things—a broken bottle, an old broom worn to the stump, the butt end of an old fire-lock, a cracked bell, a crownless hat, a soleless boot, a tower in ruins, the sign post of a tavern called the World's End, tumbling, the moon in her wane, Phœbus and his horses dead in the clouds, a wheelless wagon, Time, with his hour-glass and scythe broken, and a tobacco pipe in his mouth, the last whiff of smoke going out, &c., &c."

"No matter, my son, no matter," he responded, "facts, not falsehoods would be symbolized; no harm would be done to the dead, and such a pictorial representation of character would tell powerfully on the morals of the living."

"Have the spirits of the dead then, venerable Sir, no knowledge of the affairs of this world?"

"What says your 'Book, upon the question,'" he replied. "Nothing satisfactory," said I, "it only drops a few indirect hints, from which we infer the probability that disembodied souls are cognizant of what is done here below. But do they, think you, ever communicate with the living?"

"How could they do it?" he rejoined. "It is professedly done," said I, "through the media of pine tables, meal chests, bass-voils &c., by those too, who are not to be despised for their literary or scientific attainments."

A roguish twinkle lighted up his eye, as he replied, "learned men have had their vagaries in all ages. 'The Athenian Bee, thought the earth was a mass composed of twelve pentagons, and that fire was a pyramid tied to it by numbers. Pythagoras believed he had animated various bodies previous to his advent as the son of Mæusarchus; that in the person of Euphorbus he had distinguished himself at the sack of Troy, and afterwards had a more mortal existence in the person of a fisherman. He counselled his fellow men not to eat beans, believing that from them, human bodies were composed."

Empedocles persuaded himself and others that he was a God, but Etna, recreant to her trust, threw up his sandals, thus giving evidence that he died as mortals sometimes do—by fire. Buffon contended that the earth was a fragment of the sun, struck off by the contact of a comet. Darwin taught that the earth was formed by a volcano in the sun, which belched out at a single moment this monstrous monster. Kepler made the earth a mighty Mastodon; water being its blood, earth its flesh, the rocks its bones, and the metallic ores the results of disease and rotteness in the bones of the monster."

Whitehurst accounted for the derangement of the earth's surface by supposing it to contain a vast steam engine, used for propelling it in its orbit round the sun, the bursting of which elevated the mountains and volcanoes, and produced fissures in its rocky covering."

Walter Scott believed in ghosts. Crowley and Dryden in judicial astrology. Dr. Johnson was afraid to step from the door with his left foot foremost; and Byron dared not start upon a journey on Friday."

Is it strange then, that some profound erudites of the present day, should adopt notions at war with practical common sense?"

Dr. Quincy believed that he carried an elephant in his stomach! What is, has been, and shall be again, and there is nothing new under the sun."

It would be a sad reflection, he continued, upon a Being of Infinite Wisdom, if he could not contrive some more sensible way for his creatures to hold converse with each other than the one you have indicated."

The ignoble beast bestrode by Balaam, succeeded better in his attempts to rebuke the false prophet, for instead of rapping out the message by throwing his heels against the wall, he gave utterance to it in clear and emphatic tones."

"But," said I, "Socrates did hold communion with an invisible guide, and Tasso with a familiar spirit, who always came to visit him riding on a sunbeam; and why may not I hope that the shade of some departed friend"—At this moment a hoarse sepulchral laugh rang through the Grove, whose dismal sounds died away like the far off roll of retreating thunder."

The figure raised his staff and pointed towards the eastern entrance. Turning my eyes, I saw

a tall form wrapped in a wild, dark storm-cloud, moving towards us with rapid strides.

Advancing till within a short distance, he checked his steps, paused and stood gazing intently on me. His gloomy brow was knitted with a relentless frown, and his whole countenance resembled a miniature hurricane. A long white beard swept his bosom, contrasting strangely with the sable plumage that waved above his head.

"Presumptuous mortal!" he exclaimed in a voice harsh as the grating of the gates of Erebus, "who art thou, that wouldst roll back the curtains of the nether-most abyss, and invade the precincts of my dark dominion?"

Then throwing back his black mantle from his right shoulder, with extended arm he pointed to the west. Sending a glance in that direction I saw an angry cloud rolling rapidly up from the horizon, apparently holding a whirlwind in its grasp.

At that instant a blinding flash of lightning filled the whole urn of heaven with light, revealing innumerable dark shapes and forms, the face of each clothed with a fiendish scowl, floating through the air on dusky clouds, laureled with fire.

The next moment, darkness and silence reigned through the Grove; the mysterious beings had vanished. A loud burst of cannon-thunder crashed through the air, and was reverberated back by all the hollow tombs of death around me.

Grasping my staff firmly, I fled from the spot, and hastily retraced my steps to my solitary home. [For you must know, Mr. Editor, that I am one of those strange personages who live entirely alone, having neither "wife nor weans" to look after, and mingling seldom, or never, with human society.]

Here, seated in my old oak chair, ruminating on what I had seen and heard, the remembrance of your request for an article to fill a vacant column in the "Wizard," came fresh to my mind. This night's adventure, thought I, may interest some juvenile readers, and seizing my pen, ere daylight streaked the east, the foregoing sketch lay finished before me.

### DESTRUCTION RAILROAD.

The Directors take pleasure in re-assuring their numerous friends and patrons that the road to ruin is now in good order. Within the last three months it has carried more than three hundred thousand passengers clear through from the town of Temperance to the city of Destruction; while the number of way passengers is encouraging.

An enormous amount of freight, such as mechanics' tools, household furniture, and even whole farms, have gone forward; and the receipts of the year have been so large that the directors have resolved to declare a dividend of five hundred per cent. The track has been improved, and relaid with Messrs. Diabolos & Co's patent rail. The grades are reduced to a dead level, and the switches are brought to such perfection all along the route as to jerk the cars in a moment from the main track, to avoid collision with the Total Abstinence engine, and the Temperance trains which have recently occasioned so much trouble. In short, we have spared no expense to make it superior to any other Road to Ruin ever established. It gives us great pleasure to call the attention of the public to the improvements in our engines and cars. The old favorite Locomotive—*Alcohol*—has a fire chamber of double capacity, and patent driving-wheel after the fashion of old Juggernaut. Our wine-cars are models of luxurious conveyance, after the model of the far famed London Gin-Palaces, where ladies and children and gentlemen can have all attention. To keep up with the spirit of the times, our whiskey, rum and brandy cars have been greatly enlarged, and fare reduced to half-price. Our cider, porter and beer cars are exciting great attention among the children.

Our experienced engineer, Mr. Belial, and our polite and gentlemanly conductor, Mr. Mix, have been too long known to the travelling public to need any commendation. Indeed so swift and sparkling are our trains, through all our towns and villages, that some have called it "The flying artillery of hell let loose upon the earth." Tickets must always be procured of Mr. Mix at the drinkers Hotel, where you may see the following extract from our charter from government:

- "Licensed to make a strong man weak;
- "Licensed to lay a wise man low;
- "Licensed a wife's fond heart to break,
- "And make her children's tears to flow.
- "Licensed to do thy neighbor harm;
- "Licensed to hate and strife;
- "Licensed to nerve the robber's arm;
- "Licensed to whet the murderous knife."

REGULATIONS.—The down train leaves Cider-ville at 6 A.M.; Portertown at 7 A.M.; Beer-ville at 8 A.M.; Wineville, 9 A.M.; Brandy-Borough at 10 A.M.; Whiskey City at 12 M.

The speed of the train will be greatly increased as it proceeds, stopping, however, to land passengers at Poorhouseville, Hospitaltown, Prisonburg, Gallows-ville, etc. On Sunday, cars will be ready as usual, for way passengers, until further notice.

N. B.—All baggage at the risk of the owners, and widows and orphans are particularly requested not to inquire after persons or property at the Ruin Depot, as in no case the Directors will hold themselves liable for accidents to passengers.

W. M. WHOLESAL, President.

ROBERT RETAIL, Vice President.

### PEABODY LIBRARY.

Additions in October, 1859.  
7526-7 Austria, Empire-of, W. Peake, 2vol.  
7569-70 Austria, Court of, Dr. E. Velske, 2v.  
4353 Moors in Spain, Thos. Bourke.  
7571 Catherine II. Memoir of.  
7175 Greece and Russia. Bayard Taylor.  
7572 Humboldt, Life & Travels.  
7176 Third Book, Tales. Mrs. Moulton.  
7177 Sylvia's World.  
7174 Rectory of Moreland.  
7568 Chess Congress, Book of.  
7360 " Match Games. P. Morphy.  
7487 Puritans in England, S. Hopkins, vol. 1.  
7179 Bitter Sweet, a poem, J. C. Holland.  
7178 Dunallan, Grace Kennedy.  
7565-6 Fische's, J. G. Popular Works. 2vol.  
7387 Rogers, Sam'l. Recollections.  
7590 Russia, Empire of. J. S. C. Abbott.  
7901 Minister's Wooing. H. B. Stowe.  
10,104-7 Congressional Documents. 4 vol.  
7578 Spain under Charles II. Lord Mahan.  
7579 "Forty-Five," The Scottish Rebellion.  
7575 Peter the Great, Age of. Kamenski.  
7574 Zoological Recreations. W. J. Broderick.  
7459 Lexington Papers, or London and Vienna.  
7494-5 Natural History, Illus'd. Goodrich. 2v.  
7591 Teacher's Assistant. C. Northend.  
7484 Madison James. W. Rives.  
7589 Tuscany, Life in, Crawford.

KINDNESS. How much misery may be abated, how much suffering may be removed, by the simple tone and expression of the human voice! Upon the heart that is lone and desolate, that feels itself, as it were, shut out of the world, wrapped up in gloomy imaginings, how sweetly falls the voice of sympathy and consolation!

Why is it, then, since everything proves, and none are ignorant of the fact—that all must lie down in the earth together, since all are travellers in this highway to death—why is it that each should be so sparing of that which cost him nothing, but which might raise the drooping spirits of his neighbor, and cheer him on his journey—a few kind words and kindly looks?

DEATH OF A DUTCH SCHOOLMASTER. A German magazine recently announced the death of a schoolmaster in Saubia, who for fifty-one years had superintended a large institution with old-fashioned severity. From an average, inferred by means of recorded observations, one of the ushers had calculated that, in the course of his exertions, he had given 911,500 canings, 121,000 floggings, 209,000 custodes, 136,000 tips with the ruler, 10,200 boxes on the ear, and 22,700 tasks by heart. It was further calculated that he had made 750 boys stand on peas, 6000 kneel on the sharp edge of wood, 5000 wear the fools cap, and 1700 hold the rod. How vast (exclaims the journalist) the quantity of human misery inflicted by a single perverse educator!

Who can deny the truth of Dean Swift's sneer at matrimony?

Two or three dears and two or three sweets,  
Two or three balls or two or three treats,  
Two or three serenades given as a lure,  
Two or three oaths how much they endure,  
Two or three messages sent in one day,  
Two or three times led out from the play,  
Two or three tickets for two or three times,  
Two or three love letters writ all in rhymes;  
Two or three months keeping strict to these rules  
Can never fail making two or three fools.

Tompkins, when called upon to hand in to the Income Tax Commissioners his list, wrote this admirably clear statement:

"One old house all out of repair.  
Two hogs, two sheep and a poor old mare;  
Thus you have my honest list,  
Pray don't let the toll exceed the griot."

The following exquisite lines upon a Dead Infant, are worthy of preservation:—

Safer than in the nurse or mother's arms,  
Free from all present and all future harms,  
Mantled in sacred rest an infant sleeps,  
And God himself the guardian station keeps;  
Repose celestial! sleep supremely blest!  
Who can look on, and envy not such rest!

PUT NO DEPENDENCE ON GENIUS.—If you have great talents, industry will improve them; if you have but moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiency. Nothing is denied to well-directed labor; nothing worth having is to be obtained without it.

MODERATION. Heat gotten by degrees, with motion and exercise, is more natural, and stays longer by one, than what is gotten by all at once coming to the fire. Goods acquired by industry prove commonly more lasting than lands by descent.—Fuller.

EFFECT OF WAR. "Seven years fighting," says Jeremy Taylor, "sets a whole kingdom back in learning and virtue to which they were creeping, it may be, a whole age."

Two men, Joseph Sparks and Oscar Flint, were assailed in the suburbs of Baltimore, a few nights ago, by a gang of shoulder-hitters. Flint was knocked down but his companion escaped by flight. When the scoundrels hit Flint, Sparks flew.

"What papers off my writing desk are you burning there?" cried Willis, the other day, to his servant girl. "Oh, only the paper what's written over, sir; I haint touched the clean."

A DRY COUNTRY. Robert Chambers remarks that in writing in America, he observed that the ink dried in half the time it would have required to do so in England.



# THE WIZARD.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 11, 1860.

Agents for The Wizard.

SOUTH DANVERS AND SALM—L. Chandler & Co., Ench. Poor, J. D. Howard.  
DANVERS—D. P. Clough, (also general agent for the county.)  
The receipts of the above named Agents will be regarded as payments.

Book and Job Printing  
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,  
Executed with Neatness and Despatch,  
AT  
**THE WIZARD OFFICE.**

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—Our correspondent "Percy," will perceive that he is anticipated by the writer of a poetical article on the same topic in this paper. It would hardly be timely if inserted so late as our next issue.

"Cotton Mather's Appeal" is marked for insertion. The subject treated by our friend P. W. is so worn and thread bare, that we think it inexpedient to occupy space with it, especially as we are crowded with other matter of more general interest.

The "Child Sprite" is received and accepted. We feel obliged to apologize for the inferiority of the paper on which this and preceding numbers have been printed. Our next issue will be printed on better material.

## South Danvers Female Benevolent Society.

The Address of Rev. Mr. Murray, before this Society, on Monday evening, was all that was expected from the high encomiums which preceded its delivery. We had taken notes of its principal points, but as we should utterly fail to do anything like justice to the speaker by their publication, and as we hope all our readers were present at its delivery, we will only say that it was an able exposition of the duties and responsibilities of society towards those destitute children, who are thrown upon its protection, and a powerful appeal in their behalf. He showed that it was not only philosophical, humane, and wise, but experience and scriptural authority prove that it is better to resort to prevention of vice in the child, by throwing around him all good influences, than to depend upon reformatory means with the hardened adult. In illustration and confirmation of his theory, he read a letter from Dea. Moses Grant of Boston, in which he related the career of five boys, all by the name of Brown, who were taken up from a condition of degradation while children, and were now in a variety of pursuits, useful and honored citizens. Were it not for the care of the society, these boys would have been outcasts, and pests to society. He made at different parts of his address, honorable mention of Dr. Chalmers, Robert Raikes, John Pounds and Horace Mann, as prominent in the cause of true and wise measures of reform. He suggested to the society in whose behalf he spoke, whether it should not embrace in its efforts, the objects of a Children's Friend Society, as another mode of securing the ends of its present organization.

He closed by reading with such admirable effect the following lines, as to hush the audience to a stillness almost breathless.

Ben Adhem had a golden coin one day,  
Which he put out at interest with a Jew,  
Year after year, awaiting him it lay,  
Until the doubled coin two pieces grew,  
And those two pieces four, so on till people said,  
How rich Ben Adhem is! and bowed the servile head.

Ben Solin had a golden coin that day,  
Which to a stranger, asking alms he gave,  
Who went, rejoicing, on his unknown way.  
Ben Solin died—too poor to own a grave,  
But when his soul reached heaven, angels with pride,  
Showed him his wealth, to which his coin had multiplied.

Previous to the Address, Rev. Mr. Wheeler, offered a prayer, and the Musical Association performed some of their most admired pieces, much to the gratification of the audience. We learn that the increase to the treasury, resulting from this effort, will be about \$30.

## Dull Preachers.

There is a story going the rounds of the papers of a minister in Portland, who, while preaching, discovered that half his congregation were asleep, or inattentive to his discourse, and his indignation was so great that he left off abruptly, and gave them a severe reprimand. Now, we will venture the remark, that all the fault did not lie at the door of the audience. We believe, that if the truth could be known, it would appear that the pulpit was as much at fault as the pews. It is safe to conjecture that the preacher, in this case, was not a Paul, or a Whitfield; and that the people, if under his preaching, would not so much have resembled Hogarth's "sleeping congregation."

One great requisite of the modern pulpit is earnestness. We want to see the preacher awake, as well as the people. We want to know by his manner that he feels the importance of the message he delivers. The chronic drowsiness which characterizes many of the pulpit services of the present day, affords but too much excuse for drowsiness in the hearers. It may seem presumptuous in a layman to speak thus plainly of the occupants of the pulpit, but we do it reverently. One would think that the momentous importance of the subjects treated in the sacred text, ought to animate them, as well as enlist the profound attention of their hearers. Why is it that an educated clergyman, treating of the great themes of his calling, is unable to keep his congregation from drowsiness during the twenty or thirty minutes devoted to his subject, while a third-rate lawyer will hold a court room full of people in rapt attention to his plea in some minor lawsuit? We believe it to be so, mainly, from the absence of this same quality of earnestness in delivery on the part of the preacher. The exhibition of a coldness and carelessness of manner, conveys the impression that he is indifferent to, or unbelieving in the sentiments he so monotonously utters. The very natural consequence of this listlessness and inattention on the part of the people.

These remarks will not apply to the occupants of the pulpits of South Danvers; but their truth is too often illustrated by those who sometimes find a place in them by exchanges.

We might more fully illustrate our position by reference to the effects produced on communities by the eloquence of earnest men, whether lay or clerical; but we will close by quoting from a recent English writer

who in speaking of Mr. John Bright, the distinguished member of the British Parliament, says:  
"It is curious to note, with a certain monotony of tone of voice, and an almost entire absence of gesture, what wonderful variety Mr. Bright contrives to throw into his speeches. They are triumphs of mere earnestness, and catch all their power and all their effect from their appearing so palpably and entirely the immediate issue of his thoughts and mind at the moment of utterance."

## Thomas Smart.

The extracts we made from the journal of this individual last week have drawn attention to the traditions relating to him, and we learn that he was known in his day as a learned Scotchman or Irishman, authorities differing as to which country he originally belonged. The chest in which he kept the "clothes," of which he left a memorandum in his journal, is still in existence, and has always been known as "Master Smart's" chest. It is kept in the attic of the old mansion of Deacon Joseph Poor, the patriarchal ancestor of the now numerous Poor family. Some of the descendants were connected with the Sprague family, with one of whose ancestors Master Smart boarded. The chest is of English oak, of the size and form of a common seaman's chest, and until recently was unpainted. It has a secret drawer, in which was found a quantity of copper coin, very ancient, twenty six specimens of which are preserved. They are of irregular shape; some round, others square, or octagonal, and others of no definable form. There are none of so recent date as 1700, and on many the date is entirely obliterated. They seem to be mostly Spanish, and one bears the date of 1662, having the impress of "PHILIPPS III." They must be invaluable in the cabinet of the coin collector.

The "Negro Boy," mentioned in the article as having belonged to Mr. Jacobs, was one well known as having been owned by the grandfather of Mr. W. M. Jacobs. He was called "Primus." He lived to be quite aged, and became free under the famous decision of the Supreme Court, which abolished slavery in Massachusetts. It would be interesting to know the history of the black race as it existed here a century ago. They occupied a row of huts situated on the west side of what is now Washington street, and were famous for their joviality on election days, and at all other privileged holidays. It is rather difficult to imagine that Boston was once a slave market, where men, women and children were imported and sold on the auction block. Caesar and Milo were two negroes belonging to Mr. Wm. Pool, and leaders of the "ton" with the dark race. It is a well preserved family tradition, that our ancestor purchased them both at an auction sale in Boston, paying a large price for Milo, although Caesar was physically a superior negro. It is related that at the sale, the purchaser examined the human cattle, and as he did so spit in their faces. Milo received the insult with a grin, and Caesar with a scowl. This indicated the dispositions of the men which the future lives of the negroes confirmed. Milo was a tractable, kind and amiable fellow, and was treated with great consideration by the whites, as well as by his own race. Caesar was the reverse, crooked and unmanageable. Milo was the father of the late Mr. Prince Farmer, of Salem, who is remembered for his excellent disposition, gentlemanly manners and general respectability of character. Mr. Farmer used to be fond of making occasional visits to the scenes of his childhood to near the time of his decease.

The following is the Receipt or Bill of Sale of "Primus," above named. This Receipt is yet in possession of the Jacobs family:

Received of Mr. Ebenezer Jacobs, of Danvers, the sum of Forty five Pounds six shillings and Eight pence Lawfull Money, which is in full, Satisfaction for a Negro Boy Named Primus, which I have this Day sold to ye s<sup>d</sup> Jacobs. Daniel Epes Jun.  
L 45, 6, 3d  
Danvers April ye 20th 1764.

MARRIAGE NOTICES.—The *Cleveland Herald* states that the custom is beginning to be prevalent at the West, to publish with the marriages the names of the groomsmen and bridesmaids, as well as groom and bride. We like the idea. How much more interesting would such a record be to readers, especially the lady readers, of our papers, than the long lists of officers of public meetings and candidates for office, with which the journals are often filled. We think it would tend greatly to increase the circulation of those papers which would adopt it. Why not extend it further? Why not also describe minutely the dress of the bride, and of her maids; give an exact inventory of her gifts, with their prices? All these things are matters of much interest to many readers. Having gone thus far, we propose to describe more minutely the ceremonies and proceedings of the occasion. We would record the salutations and compliments to the happy pair; who did the earliest kissing and how gracefully it was done. There would be a libelous sweetness in such a record far more to thosome than the wedding or bride's cake. It would show a smacking of kindness to those who were not permitted to witness the performance. One thing more. A list of those to whom generous slices of cake have been awarded, with a statement of the extra slice of the one sent to the Editor, would be a sweet morsel to the public, as well as to those particularly interested.

Gov. BANK'S SPEECH.—We have read with much interest the Inaugural speech of Gov. Banks. His remarks on the various industrial, educational, financial and military interests, the revision of the Statutes and the Two Years amendment of the Constitution, are business like and satisfactory as are also his expressed views on national affairs. We think, however, that it is hardly necessary every year for the Executive to repeat expressions of fealty to the Union, and fidelity to the Constitution, in behalf of our ancient Commonwealth. A dignified and expressive silence would better become the old State of Revolutionary memories. Let us rather point to her and say with Webster, There "stands Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill, and there they will remain forever!"

SCOTCH HALL.—This beautiful and commodious Assembly room, near the Peabody Institute, will be opened to-morrow evening for its public uses, by the Volunteer Engine Company, who will hold a social levee for members and invited guests, with appropriate music. The Hall is lighted from above by five brilliant gas chandeliers, and heated by steam.

Their fourth public assembly will be held at the same place on Wednesday Evening the 18th inst. when a first rate time and a full attendance may be expected.

IMPENDING CRISIS IN WASHINGTON STREET.—We learn from a correspondent, that a Club has been formed on the above street, for the purpose of reading Helper's new book, which has been so extensively and extensively advertised at Washington.

ROCKVILLE LYCEUM. At the last meeting of this Lyceum, the hall was filled to its utmost capacity, to listen to a debate upon the following question: "Was John Brown deserving of the sympathy expressed for him at the North?"

The affirmative was supported by James N. Buffum, and N. J. Holden, of Lynn, C. L. Remond of Salem, and Alfred McKenzie, of South Danvers; the negative by H. O. Wiley, Isaac Hardy, and S. A. Lord, of South Danvers. The discussion commenced at 7 o'clock, and continued with unabated interest till nearly ten, when it was voted to postpone the taking of the question till next Thursday, at which time the debate will be resumed. This Lyceum is open to the public free, and any member of the audience may participate in the discussion.

## For The Wizard.

LETTER WRITING.—Put a stamp on your envelope at the top of the right hand corner. At the head of your letter, on the right hand, put your date in full. Write as concisely as possible, as if you were speaking; and do not revert three or four times to one circumstance, but finish up as you go on. The superscription and the subscription should alike be in accordance with the tone of the communication, and the domestic and social relation of those between whom it passes. Let your signature be written plainly; and never cross your letters, as long as paper can be procured at its present cheap rate. If writing to a stranger for information, or on your own business, do not fail to enclose a stamp. Give to titled persons their proper distinctions. Never use a full sheet of paper—not a piece, and never suffer a letter to go out of your hands which looks unclean, or is folded in a bungling or unworkmanlike manner.

Perhaps you will hear from me after I untwirl the kinks of my Moustache.

There are good hints in the above. We append a letter which we copy from the *Rail Road Mercury*, of Groton, to show how a letter ought not to be written. The Editor says that "some people possess a happy faculty for making one idea cover a quire of paper."

Dear Sir: Please send by the bearer of this note, two yards of that spotted dark ground calico, like that I had yesterday—full two yards long. Let it come by the bearer with the brown ground the usual width two yards long—remember, make no mistake in the length as I have written, because I wish the two yards to make up into a dress. Don't fail of having it brought to the center of that row? I bought of you. Give it to Susan who will bring it to me and mind and let it be full two yards. Recollect the spots and the ground work. I must certainly have full measure of two yards and the usual width spotted and dark ground. The bearer will take it home to me two yards long.

Yours truly, CHLOE SMITH.

N. B. Don't forget the length, width and color two yards long.

## For The Wizard.

THE LECTURER.—Cannot the Lecture committee make some arrangements by which people may be seated in the hall without crushing their dresses and crowding each other in finding their seats? For my part I cannot go early, and if I go late all the first seats are occupied, and I have to crowd in, to the damage of my own dress and of other people's. Why would it not be a good regulation to provide that the first occupant of a row of seats should take the seat farthest from the door, and if this is not done, let the rows of seats be placed wider apart, and allow room to pass by. This would not allow so many seats to the hall, but all who obtained them would be more comfortably seated. Please, good Mr. Wizard, bring this subject before the committee in your own way, and see if something cannot be done to remedy the evil.

JANETTE.

We are fully aware of the evil of which Janette complains in her neatly written note; but we prefer to have her bring it to the attention of those concerned, in her own way. We are as much opposed to running against crinoline as anybody else, and we would just make the suggestion that the remedy is partly in the power of the ladies. There is other framework besides the seats which might be removed and the evil partially remedied. Her first proposal meets our views exactly, and we think, if adopted, it would meet with ready approval by all. It only needs the recommendation of the proper authority to become the established law of "seating ye women."

## For The Wizard.

CHESS.—I rejoice Mr. Editor, that you are disposed to awaken an interest in the minds of our young men and maidens, in this fascinating game. As some amusement is indispensable, "to drive dull care away," I know of nothing less exceptionable, than the game of chess. It is much to be preferred to cards, or checkers, or even to the dance; for it is calculated to sharpen and improve the powers of the mind. No one can play successfully at chess, without giving undivided attention to the game. It will not admit of negligence. One mistaken move may lead to ruin, as certainly as will a mistaken move in the game of life. This power of commanding attention, once acquired, is a priceless jewel. I say then, if it can be learned in the games of chess, it can be applied, as occasion may demand, in the realities of life.

I remember, it was my privilege, many years ago, to have instructed a most interesting young lady of sixteen, in the mysteries of this game, and the intense interest she took in it at the time. She possessed mind and imagination, and has since used them to her own credit, and the gratification of the community. How far her acquisitions in chess facilitated this, must be left for her to say; I have always remembered Miss C. L. W., as a charming girl.

South Danvers, January 9th, 1860.

Our correspondent need not have been so chary of mentioning the full name of his interesting pupil. We happen to know that she afterwards had her name changed and became no less a personage than Mrs. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ, the gifted authoress.

JOHN BROWN.—Was he a rational, accountable being? or was he a monomaniac? On every principle of law, of equity, and of common sense, I think he was a monomaniac, in relation to the freedom of the slave. He had contemplated the subject so much, that this one idea entirely engrossed his mind. It possessed him by day, and by night, in the cabinet and in the field, he could not for a moment contemplate the contrary. The very attempt that he made to rise against a sovereign State, with but a corporal's guard to aid him, demonstrates the folly of his movement.

I do not say that he is to be justified in what he did. I do not say that he was not convicted according to law of the offence with which he was charged by the Grand Jury, but I do say, that he was not lawfully executed. No reasons of State ever justify a perversion of the laws. God is just, and law should be certain and unchangeable. Rashness in the Executive will never be taken as an apology for error.

Posterity will look upon the authorities of Virginia as murderers, and John Brown as their victim.

December 30, 1859. J. W. P.

That man must have a strange value for words, when he can think it worth while to hazard the innocence and virtue of his son for a little Greek and Latin; whilst he should be laying the solid foundations of knowledge in his mind, and furnishing it with just rules to direct his future progress in life.—Locke.

## S. S. Again.

Since writing our article in the last paper on these letters, we have had some little light on this matter. Our informants, however, differ. One says they mean Videlicet, and another Silicet. Don't read it solicit, for the law never solicits anybody, it grabs them at once. The words are in the Latin language, and mean "To Wit." What "To Wit" means we are unable to discover; we certainly cannot discover the wit of the words; any more than we can their meaning. It reminds us of the ancient theory of the universe, when it was supposed that the earth was a vast plain, and supported on the back of a huge elephant, and the elephant stood on a turtle's back, but what the turtle stood upon they were unable to tell. So S S stands on Silicet, stands on To Wit, and now what does To Wit stand upon?

We are thus forced to regard these double S's as once having had a meaning, which the world has now lost, and that, without much loss to itself; but which the conservatism of the law has preserved, although the world has outgrown them.

The funeral of the late Joseph W. Hildreth, on Wednesday last, was attended by about fifty past and present members of Volunteer Engine Co., of which the deceased was formerly Foreman. He has been an active member of the Company for about 12 years. After the funeral services at the house, the Company escorted the long procession to the draw on Beverly Bridge, where the remains of one who had in past years commanded them, and escorted them to the Tomb. On arrival at the bridge, the Engine Co. opened to the right and left, and with uncovered heads, allowed the mourners to pass through; then closing up, returned home. The Infantry, with slow and measured tread, marched onward to the Tomb, where the coffin was opened, and with the usual military honors, took their last look of their past commander; and with a lively quickstep, returned to their homes.

LYNN.—The new Church for the Third Baptist Society, is now nearly completed, and will probably be dedicated in four or five weeks. The Church is in that part of Lynn called the Dye House Village, which constitutes Ward One of this thrifty city. The place has about half as many voters as Hull, and till the erection of the new Church, looked about the same now as it did twenty years ago. But the people are beginning to show themselves enterprising and energetic, and evidently intend not to be behind their neighbors any longer in point of progression. By their efforts, and with some outside assistance, they have erected a neat and commodious place of worship. It is 55 feet long by 35 wide, of good height, and is built on land deeded to them by our own enterprising citizen, Elijah W. Upton. The inside is to be finished after the style of the 1st Congregational Methodist (late Mr. Gen's) in Woodend, Lynn, and will contain forty eight pews.

"GREAT OAKS FROM LITTLE ACORNS GROW." The Lynn Reporter comes to us greatly enlarged in size, beautifully printed and densely filled with the best readable matter. Its publisher, Henry S. Cox, Esq., is one of the best printers in the county, and his first effort in journalism was a little folio of four pages about 7 by 9 inches, from which has arisen the spacious sheet now lying before us. We rejoice in this evidence of his enterprise and success as we are convinced no printer has more of the one or deserves better the other. The editor, Mr. Peter L. Cox, equally deserves our commendation for his share in raising the Reporter to the high stand it now occupies among the newspapers of Massachusetts.

CHILSEA TELEGRAPH AND PIONEER. This is a capital weekly paper, edited and published by Mr. Henry Mason. It has an invaluable contributor in the person of Mr. A. K. Newcomb, the keeper of the "Intelligence Office," on Broadway, which is a secret about a dozen miles long, commencing at Chelsea bridge, and ending at Buffum's corner in Salem. Mr. Newcomb publishes in a late number, a metrical "History of Chelsea," illustrated after the manner of our late Pictorial number. The Editor says, "the illustrations are by the Imp of the ink-tub."

"A little nonsense, now and then, Is relished by the wisest men."

DANCING ACADEMY.—Mr. Eben Upton, Jr., so well known as an instrumental performer of music, and as a Teacher of the art of Dancing, proposes to open a day school for instruction in the latter accomplishment at Sutton Hall if sufficient encouragement is given. We notice that the Salem newspapers speak of him highly not only as an efficient and able instructor in this pleasing art, but they commend him especially for the admirable order he maintains in his school and his attention to the deportment of his pupils. Here is a fine opportunity afforded to our citizens to have their young masters and misses trained to a graceful carriage and instructed in "the poetry of motion," by a competent master of the art. The school hours being in the day time, renders it free from the objections often urged against dancing schools, when conducted in the evening.

We trust he will have a large subscription to enable him to fill that beautiful hall with a throng of youth improving their manners as well as their health by this graceful exercise.

Mr. Editor.—If you should think proper, hereafter, to continue the Pictorials, I would suggest the propriety of another view of South Danvers, from a different point, so as to take in prominently and effectually, that ornament of our Town, the Hearse House. Your artist should not omit to seize the most favorable opportunity, which will be when the front thereof is the most plentifully besprinkled with Theatre Bills, Ethiopian Concert ditto, The "original Bell Ringers," &c., &c. It cannot fail to make a fine picture and afford much delight to the lovers of the beautiful and appropriate.

"By Telegraph expressly for The Wizard."

MORE TROUBLE IN VIRGINIA! There was great excitement in Charleston on the arrival of the midnight freight train, Dec. 3rd, at that place, of a car loaded with a full assortment of post holes, sent on consignment to parties in Charleston. The military were ordered out, and a message was despatched to Gov. Wise who, on his arrival, after investigating the matter, promptly ordered them sent back, having made up his mind that said Northern post holes probably contained abolitionists in disguise, and if not these, were something he could not see through.

As sins proceed they ever multiply, and like figures in arithmetic, the last stands for more than all that went before it.—Sir T. Brown.

We think our readers will agree with us that the following neat little poem is far above the usual standard of newspaper rhymes. It reminds us of some of Frothingham's best German translations. It would be a fine piece for recitation by any one who could give proper effect to its weird melody. Will not some of the young elocutionists in our schools adopt it as a declamation exercise?

## A FANCY.

Enrobed in snowy mantle,  
And with coronet of rime,  
The Old Year brings his offering  
To the altar stones of Time:  
  
To the Shrine whereon the Ages,  
Have their variant offerings thrown,  
Each year, in turn, a pilgrim,  
Foot-weary and alone.  
  
The Temple's arch resoundeth  
Nor with chant, nor funeral hymn,  
While each shadow seems a specter,  
And the Altar fire burns dim.  
  
No echo-voice respondeth  
To his footfall in the aisle,  
For a spell like reigneth  
Over all the hoary pile.

Mute phantoms throng the chancel,  
And they troop along the nave,  
Yet the haunted air seems muffled  
With the silence of the grave.  
  
The Old Year's step is feeble,  
For 'tis feet are travel sore,  
And he heeds not ghoul nor phantom,  
And he looketh straight before.  
  
But his lips hath voiceless laughter,  
And his wrinkled brow, a frown,  
As, with mingled joy and sadness,  
He has laid his bundle down.

He has laid it on the Altar,  
And the Altar-fire burns dim,  
As a spectral figure beckoneth,  
Through an open door, to him.

He has passed the misty portals,  
And the warden shuts the door,  
And, from out the Vale of Shadows,  
He returneth nevermore.

And the Temple's phantom chorus,  
With its turreted brazen roar,  
And with Echo's many voices,  
Swell the cadence,—NEVERMORE!

Salem, Jan. 1st, 1860. S. P. D.

BAKED BEANS.—Why has not the muse of some Barlow sung the praises of this admirable esculent? Is it because the blessing is so common, that we cease to be grateful for it? The dish of baked beans is, and long has been, a New England institution. It is our peculiar institution. We ought not only to prize it, but take pride in it. It ought to be eulogized by our orators, and sung by our poets. What we ask, would New England be without her beans? It is to them we owe our many virtues and material prosperity. In their very propagation they set us a useful example of sociability, ambition and patriotism. Only see how they hang together—how they climb, and with what fidelity for the good of the country they go to the pole!

We have long been accustomed to attribute the superiority of the New England race to other causes—to our hard climate, our barren soil, our educational privileges—or to the principles of our Pilgrim ancestors. But we forget the beans. Where did the Pilgrims acquire their indomitable energy, their reverence for civil liberty and regard for education, but from the beans? Beans flourish in a cold climate, on unfruitful soil and they were wisely cultivated by the Puritan ancestry. They valued them not only for their nutritious richness to satisfy the palate, but for their tendency to inspire reverential and devotional feelings. They delighted in them, they honored them. They had the first place in their hearts as well as in their stomachs. They discovered an odor of sanctity in the fumes of the bean pot. They accordingly adopted the dish for Sunday, and it has so continued sacred until now. Our fathers would almost as soon have given up their doctrines as their beans. How could they digest their sermons of interminable length without their beans? The latter must have been windy, and so may have been the sermons, but on the homoeopathic principle, one may have been a curative of the other.

It was thus that the first settlers of New England acquired from this favorite vegetable those sterling virtues which have distinguished its population to this day. It may be that their posterity have in some respects degenerated. If they have, let them take warning and return to their ancestors' first love. Let them on no account backslide from the virtues or the beans of their pious forefathers. Let them punctually and religiously have their weekly pot of beans lest they themselves go to pot. "As they prize their liberties and institutions of benevolence let them adhere to their bean poles. It may safely be averred of this New England dish, that he is deficient in taste, in patriotism and a true estimate of the blessings of 'tjie. In a word, "he don't know beans."

We want every reader of the Wizard to bear in mind that every article bought at B. F. Stevens' Jewelry Store, 16 Main street, will be freely shown and fairly represented, or the money refunded.

BOOK NOTICE.—History of the town of Dorchester.—By a Committee of the Dorchester Antiquarian Society.

This is a model for a well written and well digested local history. Although, evidently, the production of different hands and different minds, there has been so much of unity of feeling and interest in the undertaking, that it has a completeness only to be expected from the effort of a single well qualified pen. We were not before aware that Dorchester possessed so much and so rich material in her early records for an interesting town history. Boston has annexed, from time to time, much of her territory, and in the end will probably swallow her entire. No matter—so long as this History will preserve her individuality and early importance as an independent municipality.

PLEASANTRY.—An inoffensive pleasantness is a good quality to improve friendship. It calivens conversation, relieves melancholy, and conveys advice with a letter success than naked reprehension. This gilding the pill reconciles the palate to the prescription without weakening the force of the ingredients; and he who can cure by recreation, and make pleasure the vehicle of health, is a doctor in good earnest.

ROBERT HALL







## Boston New Advertisements.

FROM JOHN D. FLAGG & CO.'S, ADVERTISING AGENCY,  
No. 11 WATER STREET, AND SPRING LANE, BOSTON.

### Music and Musical Instruments.

THE undersigned having purchased the varied and extensive stock of the late HENRY PIERCE, 33 Court Street, Boston, has made large additions, and has now on hand and for sale the most complete assortment of

Musical Instruments, Music Books, Musical Merchandise, Umbrellas, Parasols, and Walking Canes, TO BE FOUND IN THE UNITED STATES.

Consisting in part of Piano Fortes, Melodeons, Sopranos, Organ-Harmoniums, House and Church Organs, Hand Organs, Harps, Guitars, Violins, Violoncellos, Double Bass Viols, Accordions, Flutes, Concertinas, Music Boxes, Flutes, Musettes, Clarinets, Flageolets, and Fifes, Cornets in a great variety, Post Horns, Sax Horns, in complete sets or single, Tubas, Chinese and Turkish Cymbals, Bass and Snare Drums, Hurdy Gurdies, Banjos, Tambourines, Castanets, Triangles and Maracas, Strings of Italian, German, French and English manufacture for Violins, Violoncellos, Double Bass Viols, Harps, Guitars, and Banjos. Trimmings of every description for the above instruments; Bows for Violins, Violoncellos, and Double Bass Viols; Violin and Guitar Cases; Clarinet Reeds and Mouth Pieces; Brass and German Silver Mouth Pieces for Instruments; Metallic Mouth Pieces for Fifes, Fencing Hammers; Instruction Books and Scales for every instrument; Blank Music Books and Scales for every instrument; a complete collection of Music Books both Vocal and Instrumental; Musical Instruments of all kinds to let by the quarter or year; full sets for Military Bands furnished; Musical Instruments, Umbrellas, Parasols and Walking Canes, neatly repaired; Piano Fortes, Melodeons, Organs, &c., tuned.

Also, in great variety—Silk, Gingham and Cotton Umbrellas; Walking Canes mounted in Gold, Silver and Ivory; Sword Canes, Malacca, Hickory, &c., &c., including more than one thousand different varieties;—in fact every article in the Music Trade, no matter where a Musical Instrument is manufactured, or a Music Book may be published, it can always be had of the undersigned.

Having purchased the stock at a great discount from cost and having unusual facilities in procuring most of his goods in exchange for the books of his own publication, he is enabled to offer Dealers, Military and Quoddrille Bands and individuals, all Goods in the Music Line, at very low prices.

ELIAS HOWE, At the old stand of H. Prentiss, 33 Court Street—BOSTON.

### TO BUYERS OF IRON OR STEEL.

HULLER & DANA, 64 FETTER STREET, BOSTON, offer for sale in lots to suit, and at the lowest prices, a complete assortment of the best qualities of IRON and STEEL, as follows:—Refined and Common Bar Iron. Heavy, Band, Scroll, Sheet and Angle Iron. Norway and Sweden's Slings, Rods and Bars. Horse and Ox Nail Rods, of extra quality. Round Norway and Rivet Iron. Spring, Slight Shoe and Corrugated Steel. Tire Steel—the best material for Carriage Tires. Granite Wagon, German and Blister Steel. Ship Spikes, Axles, Springs, Horse Nails, Files, Rasps, &c.

Together with every description of Nail and Co's Warranted Cast Steel, to which the attention of purchasers is especially invited.

### A CARD TO THE PUBLIC.

Recent developments having made fully apparent the fact that there are numerous imitations of our "trade mark" throughout the United States, and there being for us no legal remedy for such attempts to impose upon the Public by a spurious article, and thus lessen our reputation as manufacturers, we have deemed it judicious, as the only way to put our friends and customers upon their guard against imposition, to say to them that all Pianos made by us bear upon the "name board" "CHICKERING, BOSTON," in Old English and Roman letters, and upon the "sounding board" the address of the firm in full, "CHICKERING & SONS, BOSTON," in German Text, and ornamental capitals, with the number of the Piano in plain numerals between the two lines.

Should any person have in his possession, or become aware of the existence of any of the counterfeit instruments above referred to, an advice to the same to us, would be considered as an especial favor.

### CHICKERING & SONS,

272 Washington Street, Boston.  
654 Broadway, New York.  
367 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

### Fennos' Boys' Clothing House.

Come listen friends while I shall sing a ditty for you. 'Tis all about that famous place the Boys' New Clothing Store; This famous mart so noted grown is close by Faneuil Hall, Where hosts of customers are seen each pleasant day to call. That no one need mistake the place and clothe their Boys elsewhere, EIGHT FLAGS ALL BLUE, suspended are at 22 DOCK-SQUARE. The POOR MAN here with scanty means and children half a score, May dress his Boys as decently as those whose means are more. All you who wish to guard your Boys 'gainst winter's cold and snow, Should buy their CLOTHING at this mart kept by GEORGE A. FENNO.

### DR. MORAND'S ANTIDOTE,

A Specific Remedy for Gonorrhea, Gleet, Stricture, and Diseases of the Organs of Generation.

This Valuable Remedy expels the virus effectually, and permanently eradicates the Disease from the system—in most cases effecting a radical cure in a few days. No change of diet or interruption of business is necessary. It is purely vegetable, and does not injure the health or constitution. Price \$1.00. Single bottles enclosed in a small sealed box, can be sent to any part of the country. Also,

### DR. MORAND'S INJECTION.

The Injection, with syringe for application, neatly put up in a sealed box, can be sent to any part of the country with but little expense. Price 50 Cents.

### M. S. BURR & CO.,

No. 25 Tremont Street Boston; General Agents. Orders addressed as above will receive prompt attention.

### KEROSENE OILS.

KEROSENE, and the best COAL OILS. Also, the NEWTON OILS of superior qualities, both the NEWTON and PIMM OILS, at Manufacturer's prices. Also—A superior LUBRICATING OIL, both for heavy and light bearings; the best thing in the market.

### Lamps and Lamp Fixtures, &c.

SARGENT, CROSSMAN & CO., 14 and 16 CENTRAL STREET, BOSTON.

### JOHN D. FLAGG,

GENERAL DEALER IN NEW YORK PRINTING INKS, Manufactured by J. D. McCreary & Co., or others, as customers may prefer.

### ADVERTISING AGENCY.

No. 11 Water Street, and Spring Lane, BOSTON. Orders for any kind of Printing Inks respectfully solicited, and will be promptly filled, at the manufacturers' very lowest cash prices.

## Boston New Advertisements.

### GILMORE & RUSSELL.

NO. 61 COURT STREET, BOSTON. Publishers, and Wholesale and retail dealers in Foreign and American Music, and Musical Merchandise, of every description. Gilmore's Brass Band Music, 12 pieces, in small books. Price only \$6.00.

Gilmore's Quadrille Band Music, for 5 instruments. Published in monthly numbers. Price 50c. per number. Piano Fortes, and all kinds of Musical Instruments, carefully repaired. Sheet Music neatly bound.

### JUST PUBLISHED, a new work entitled the

### "SACRED HARP."

Containing a choice selection of Sacred Quartettes, well suited for Choirs and Musical Societies. This work contains fifty pages, and is offered at the low price of 20 cents, bound in paper, and 30 cents in cloth.

GILMORE & RUSSELL, Publishers and Music Dealers, 61 Court St., Boston.

### SEVEN FIRST RATE BOOKS

For every library, and for all Agents & Booksellers, 1st.—Copeland's Country Life, price \$2.50.

2d.—Alcott's Forty Years Among Pills and Powders, \$1.00.

3d.—Dr. Dadd's New Cattle Doctor, \$1.00.

4th.—Alcott's Physiology of Marriage, \$1.00.

5th.—"Courtship and Marriage, \$1.00.

6th.—"Loves of Health, \$1.00.

7th.—Dunallan: Or, Know What You Judge, \$1.00.

Published by JOHN P. JEWETT & CO., 20 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

### CROSBY, NICHOLS & CO.

No. 117 Washington Street, Boston. HAVE for sale at Wholesale and Retail, one of the Largest and best stocks of Books and Stationery, to be found in New England.

Visitors to Boston are respectfully requested to call.

### THE PUBLIC

Are especially invited to examine the Stock of WRITING, & DRAWING MATERIAL, Imported, Manufactured, and for sale by

### HAYDEN & RANDALL,

23 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

Every needful variety of Writing and Drawing Paper, Writing, Drawing, Composition, Memorandum and other Blank Books, Pencils, Pens, Crayons, Inks, Slates, &c., constantly on hand, and at the lowest cash prices.

Hayden's Cards and Transparent Slates, with copies, for Primary and Intermediate Schools, are rapidly going into those Schools.

Hayden & Randall, Wholesale Agents for Shepherd's Globes and Slates. The Patent Ivory Common Slates. The Improved Pencil Sharpener, Grant's Genuine Ink Eraser, Platt's Portable Letter Press, and several Patent Ink Stands, and are constantly adding to their stock, new and useful articles of Stationery. Teachers and Committees supplied with their approved School Pen, at a low rate.

### FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.

THE undersigned, having the satisfaction of presenting to the notice of a discerning public, Bartholow & Co's Shuttle, & Lock Stitch Machines, For Family Use and Manufacturing purposes, which are admitted by competent judges to be far superior in their capacity, for variety of work, noiseless movement, and simplicity of operation than any Machines ever before offered.

PRICES FROM FIFTY TO EIGHTY FIVE DOLLARS.

### D. PHILBRICK,

M. B. KENNEY, AGENTS, 265 Washington Street, (up stairs) BOSTON.

### THE NEW KEROSENE OIL BURNER.

THE PERFORATED BURNER burns with the most perfect combustion, with a large white blaze; it chafes the wick less than any other burner; fits the same Screw and Chimney of the usual Kerosene Burner, and having an entire new shaped cone, with no holes in it for the odor to escape from the Lamp, we claim as the result of actual trial that it gives off less odor in burning, than any other burner whatever. Not having to pay tariff on two or three patents, these Burners (two sizes) will be offered at less prices than any other first class Burners.

### ELISHA K. COLLINS,

Agent for the Manufacturers, 97 Water St., BOSTON.

### ANDREW PETERSON.

Manufacturer of Planished, Plain, and Jagged TIN WARE, No. 388 Washington, and 5 Avery Streets, BOSTON.

AND 39 Washington Street, (corner Williams Court) opposite Eustis Street, ROXBURY.

### GILMORE'S QUADRILLE BAND.

ANY number of Musicians furnished for Private Parties, Balls, Concerts, &c., &c., on application to P. S. GILMORE, (At Gilmore & Russell's), 61 Court Street, BOSTON.

### REMOVAL.

S. H. GREGORY & CO., Importers, and wholesale and retail dealers in French and American PAPER HANGINGS, Have removed to 225 WASHINGTON STREET, (Opposite head of Franklin) Washington Building.

### S. H. GREGORY, C. W. ROBINSON.

BOSTON.

### STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS.

NEW AND SECOND HAND CONSTANTLY ON HAND AND FOR SALE AT THE

### ATLANTIC WORKS,

EAST BOSTON.

### PIANOS AND MELODEONS TO LET,

AT VERY LOW PRICES \$3 TO \$12 PER QUARTER.

With no charge for rent, if purchased within one year. OLIVER DITSON & CO., 277 Washington Street, Boston.

### Forty Dollars Per Month!!

AGENTS WANTED, to travel and solicit orders for the celebrated PATENT FIFTEEN DOLLAR SEWING MACHINE. Salary \$40 per month, with all expenses paid. For sample machines and full particulars, apply to, or address, with stamp enclosed for return postage, to

### I. M. DAGGETT & CO.,

210 Washington Street, Boston.

### GUSTAVUS A. MILLER,

PIANO FORTE MANUFACTURER, 702 Washington Street, Boston.

Piano Fortes tuned and repaired, second hand, bought, sold and exchanged for new. PIANOS TO LET. Please call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

### IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

FROM five to seven applications of HOTT'S HAT-HAIR RESTORATIVE will change any Gray or Red Hair to a beautiful Brown or Black color; also prevents its falling off. Supplied and for sale wholesale and retail by H. M. BOWMAN, General Agent for the New England States, NO. 22 HANOVER STREET, Boston.

### the new Kerosene, or Coal Oil Lamp.

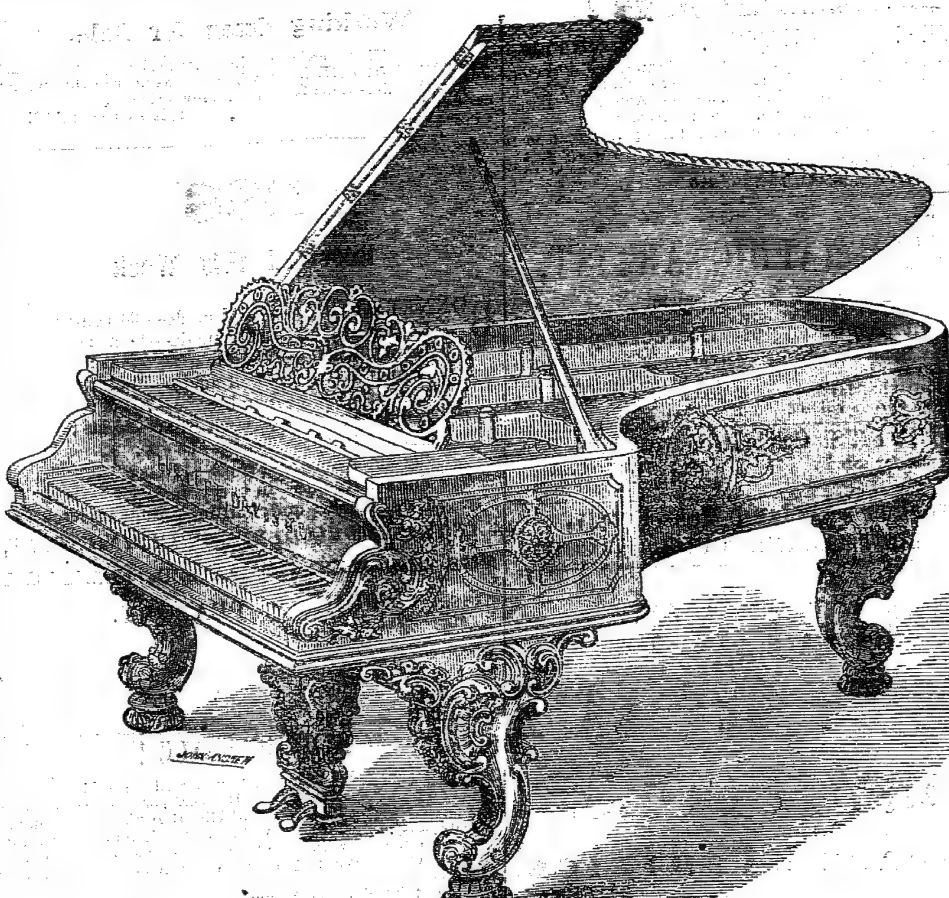
TO BURN WITHOUT A CHIMNEY! NO HUMBUG! For Sale at No. 30 Washington Street, Boston.

### L. D. BOISE & CO.,

(L. D. Boise, of the late firm of Boise, Boise & Co.) Wholesale Dealers in

### CLOTHING

No. 57 Federal St. (nearly opposite foot of Franklin St.) BOSTON.



## D. B. BROOKS & BROTHER, 201 Essex St., and 6 Central St., Agents for SALEM, SOUTH DANVERS and Vicinity, for HALLET, DAVIS & CO.'S CELEBRATED PIANOS.

They would refer to these Instruments now used in the Bowditch School, and Peabody High School, South Danvers.

These Pianos are considered by the best musicians to be equal, if not superior, to any other instrument before the public. The most favorable terms given to purchasers.

Illustrated Catalogues furnished gratis. Inspection is invited to their assortment of Pianos.

### MASON & HAMLIN'S CELEBRATED MODEL MELODEONS AND HARMONIUMS

now on exhibition at their Elegant Music Rooms.

## Boston New Advertisements.

### REMOVAL.

### C. E. KING & CO.

DRESS, CLOAK, and MANTILLA TRIMMINGS, Also—Zephyr Woollens, Skirts, Corsets, SHAWL BORDERS, &c.

Have removed to the new Washington Building, 221 Washington Street, (opposite Franklin) BOSTON.

### JEWELRY!! JEWELRY!!

ASSIGNMENT'S SALE OF 15,000 Dollars Worth of JEWELRY!!

151 WASHINGTON STREET, Up Stairs, rear room, opposite Old South Church, BOSTON.

THO'S S. DROWNE, AGENT.

### WANTED—AGENTS in every town and county

in the Union, to solicit subscriptions for the "NEW YORK WAVELEY," a choice family paper, which publishes Spurgeon's Latest Sermons every week, and a vast amount of Literature, Travels, News, &c. Rare inducements are offered. Apply in person or by letter, with references, to JONES, SMITH & CO., 15 Brattle Street, Boston.

### Howe's Sewing Machines.

MACHINES adapted to all Manufacturing purposes in Cloth or Leather. Prices from \$50 to \$150. For Family use, New Machines have recently been constructed. They are well adapted for Tailors use or for lighter fitting, and are unquestionably the best Machines for Vest Makers in the market. They are constructed under the direct inspection of Mr. Howe himself, and in all instances are warranted.

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The Best Double Thread FAMILY SEWING MACHINES, In the Market, for the Low Price of

### THIRTY DOLLARS.

C. S. CUSHMAN, AGENT, No. 13 Tremont Row, Boston.

### E. B. MASON,

NO. 133 WASHINGTON ST. BOSTON, (size of the store 145 by 28 feet.)

Crochery, Glass, China, and Plated WARES, With a large and select stock of

### GAS FIXTURES.

### Gas and Steam Pipes and Gas Fixtures.

E. H. STATEN, GAS, STEAM, AND WATER FITTER, GAS, STEAM AND WATER FITTER, 161 Essex St., Lynde Block, Salem, Mass.

### DEALER IN

### GAS FIXTURES

Of every description for lighting Stores, Dwellings, Public Buildings, Churches, &c. Old Gas Fixtures and Lamps refurnished to look as well as new. Gasvanized Wrought Iron Pipes for Water. Rubber Hose Man-Hole Gaskets. Sheet and King Packings for steam work constantly on hand.

Agent for Geo. B. Foster's PATENT GAS BURNER, (Wood's Patent), the best and most economical Gas Burner in existence. Also Agent for Wm. F. Shaw's Gas and Air Stoves, for cooking and heating by Gas.

E. H. STATEN, 151 Essex St., Lynde Block.

### H. & H. G. HUBON,

WASHINGTON STREET, SALEM, Manufacturers of

Rose Wood, Mahogany, Black Walnut and Stained Wood.

### COFFINS AND CASKETS.

MAKING this our exclusive business, we are ready at all times and at the shortest notice to furnish Grave Cloths of various styles, as well as Coffins and Caskets of the finest finish. Personal attention given, and delivered without extra charge to any of the neighboring towns. All orders by express or otherwise will receive prompt attention.

Henry A. Brown & Co.'s celebrated fine Gold Pens, Manhattans Paste Powder, for cleansing Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware, manufactured by J. J. R. for his own use, and the new article, called Silver Soap, Brushes, and indeed a full assortment of articles usually found at such an establishment.

Letter Engraving neatly executed, Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry repaired, and Accordions tuned and put in order, at 242 Essex Street, Salem.

JOSEPH J. RIDER.

### WITCOMB'S REMEDY FOR ASTHMA.

Sold by T. A. SWEETSER, 37 Main Street.

## OSBORNE'S FUR STORE.

Essex, corner of Central St.

The subscriber is again a candidate for the favors of those discriminating and judicious purchasers of FURS, whose superior taste and judgment he has for so many years been able to meet and satisfy. His stock of Goods in the Fur line is now, by early and fortunate arrangements, very complete and extensive, with prices more moderate than the present prices of skins will warrant.

CLOAKS, CAPES, VICTORINES, MANTILLAS, MUFTS, CUFFS, &c. BOAS, will be found or made to measure, in Hudson Bay, Canada, Norway, Mink, and American Sables—Stone Martin, Fitch, Chinchilli, Siberian, Squirrel, Ermine, and all the fashionable Furs in demand.

Gentlemen's Furs and Sleigh Robes, in all their variety, will be found at the lowest prices.

He trusts that his new apartments for the display of his rich stock of FUR GOODS will meet the approbation of his numerous patrons.

STEPHEN OSBORNE, Salem, Jan 21, 57

### EZEKIEL COSS.

### DECORATIVE UPHOLSTERER,

And dealer in every description of

### UPHOLSTERY GOODS,

Trimmings and Ornaments. —ALSO—

### FURNITURE, BEDDING,

Patent Portable Bed Chair, for the sick. BEDS AND FEATHERS RENOVATED.

Wire Screen; Store and other Window Shades; Venetian Blinds; Mattresses and Pew Cushions; Wheelers, Brays, and other Curtain Fixtures; Carpet, Curtain, and Repairing Work, on reasonable terms, and warranted. Drapery arranged according to the lowest styles.

279 Essex Street, Salem.

### JOSEPH J. RIDER,

WOULD respectfully invite the attention of the citizens of South Danvers, to his stock of

### JEWELRY, SILVER AND PLATED WARE,

to which he has just received large and desirable additions in various styles and at all prices.

### SILVER PLATED WARE,

Just opened, consisting of Tea Sets, several new styles, at fair prices. Also, a large variety of Cake Baskets, Castors, Cups, Spoon-holders, Toast Racks, Knives, Forks, &c., &c., &c.

### IN SILVER WARE,

No greater variety, or better goods, can be found in Salem or Boston, my goods being purchased from the same manufacturers and at the same prices as the largest Boston and New York houses, and consists in part of, Knives, Forks, and Spoons, of all kinds, at various prices; Cups, Goblets, Children's Sets, Salt Cellars, tea pairs and sets; Nutmeg Graters, Match Boxes, Card Cases, Napkin Rings, Ladies of all sizes, Bouquet Holders, Knife Rests, &c., &c., all at fair prices, depending on finish and weight.

### JEWELRY,

in sets of Brooch and Ear Knobs, from \$50 to \$1.50 Breast Pins from \$20 to 25 cts. Vest, Fob, Guard, Neck, and Chatelaine Chains, at a great range of prices of Jewelry, in styles and prices.

J. J. R., has also for sale, the celebrated Old Dominion Coffee and Tea Pots, which, from personal experience, he can guarantee all that they are represented.

A fine assortment of finest quality Shears, Scissors, Pen and Pocket Knives, of the best English manufacture, also Ivory handle Table and Tea Knives.

Henry A. Brown & Co.'s celebrated fine Gold Pens, Manhattans Paste Powder, for cleansing Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware, manufactured by J. J. R. for his own use, and the new article, called Silver Soap, Brushes, and indeed a full assortment of articles usually found at such an establishment.

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JOSEPH J. RIDER.

## Professional Cards.

### THOMAS M. STIMPSON,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law, 194 ESSEX STREET, SALEM.

Jan 4—1y

### B. C. PERKINS,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law, So. Danvers—Office in Allen's Building.

### H. O. WILEY,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Office, Allen's Building, So. Danvers.

### IVES & PEABODY,

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, Have removed their Office to Rooms formerly occupied by Hon. Otis P. Lord, NO. 27 WASHINGTON STREET, SALEM.

STEPHEN B. IVES, JR. JOHN B. PEABODY. December 7, 1859.



**Eastern Railroad.**

We followed, and the father pulled me to the table between his two sprouts, telling me that this would amuse me in a thousand different ways. A great sprint immediately began pawing my head in the air, and a startling jump landed me down on the table, and hopped from plate to plate; while the lady handed me a napkin, which would have been white but for the stains. My voice it seemed to have rendered to more than one predecessor. Mamma helped the soup, which proved too little salted. Papa took notice of this in the following polite remark:

zing sound. The iron monster was cheated of her prey. I am an old man, but I must confess as I once more held the little truant in my arms safe, the tear of gratitude started to my eye. The little dog had perseveringly followed th

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# THE WIZARD.

VOL. I.

SOUTH DANVERS, MASS.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1859.

NO. 2.

## THE WIZARD

At Allen's Building, So. Danvers Square,

CHAS. D. HOWARD, Proprietor.

F. POOLE, Editor.

Terms \$2.00 a Year; for Immediate Payment, \$1.50.

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Half a Square, 3 wks. 3 mos. 1 year.  
One Square, 1.00 2.00 3.00  
Quarter of a Square, .50 1.00 1.50  
16 lines of Nonpareil type are equal to a square.  
60 cents per line will be charged for notices of meetings for political, civil, or religious purposes, notices of societies, orders of acknowledgments, &c.  
The privileges of Annual Advertisers is limited to their own immediate business, and all advertisements for the benefit of other persons, as well as legal advertisements, and advertisements of real estate, or auction sales, sent in by them, must be paid for at the usual rate.

### Poetry.

For The Wizard.

#### THE WINDS.

Whence comes the wind? that with its ceaseless sighing,  
Such melancholy music makes,  
As its last wail in the dim distance dying,  
The echoes mournful answer waken.  
Is it some winged messenger, replying  
To questions of the hills and shaded lakes?  
They come at eve, with low mysterious noises,  
As spirits, whispering in their flight;  
Then laugh aloud, as a strong man rejoices,  
In his proud consciousness of might;  
Till weary grown, their deep and hollow voices,  
Sweep with a wail through the dark halls of night.  
Where did they learn their music, hushed and holy,  
That seemeth of our lives a part?  
Where catch the strains they breathe to spirits lowly,  
Attuned to every fiber of the heart?  
Or those more lofty notes, that rising grandly, slowly,  
The better purpose, strong resolve can start.

Did the deep sounds of heavenly anthems, swelling  
With more than an immortal art,  
As seraph songs celestial love were telling,  
To them the matchless gift impart?  
Or land of song, the muses fabled dwelling,  
Did they learn there the secrets of the heart?  
O! not from songs which Angel lips have chanted,  
Which only Angel lips may swell,  
Nor yet in lands by fauns and satyrs haunted,  
Realms where the fancy loves to dwell,  
Learned they the secret, which they vainly panted—  
Vainly and long, in part, to tell.

But their weird spell, is that when hope beamed brightly,  
They roamed with us o'er hill and plain,  
And piped to us, when the heart's chords were tightly,  
Were drawn by the harsh hand of pain,  
Awakes within some well remembered strain.

#### LENORA.

Bacon Montaldi had a daughter fair,  
But sixteen summers she had seen;  
Her heart was light, no grief was there,  
And loved by all was she I ween.  
But love hath wiles for beauty's smiles,  
And Alpine hunters young and bold  
Oft sought her bower at evening hours,  
And many a tale of rapture told.  
Fly to the mountain, Lenora, with me,  
Fly to the mountain, love, said he.  
But she, the young betrothed, was claimed  
By the love of Uggall, the proud and old.  
The day was fixed, the dower named  
And counted out in shining gold.  
The hall was bright that nuptial night,  
And gladness through the castle rang;  
But there was one who stood alone,  
And softly to the maiden sang—  
Fly to the mountain, Lenora, with me;  
Queen of my heart! I wait for thee!  
A steed stood at the castle gate,  
And dark and lowering was the night;  
Soon on his back the lovers sat,  
And swift and silent was their flight.  
Now joy beside the hunter's bride,  
Who gave a heart no gold could buy;  
Long may she roam in her mountain home,  
And sing the Alpine melody.  
Life in the mountain wilds for me,  
Life in the valley no more I'll see.

My Mother.—In the way of true, forcible and poetic similes, the following, by Adelaide Procter, has not been often surpassed: A boy is speaking of his infantine recollections of his dead mother:—

The more thought  
Of her great love for me has brought  
Tears in my eyes: Though far away,  
It seems as it were yesterday.  
And just as when I looked on high  
Through the blue silence of the sky,  
Fresh stars came out and more and more  
Where I could see so few before;  
So, the more steadily I gaze,  
Upon those far-off, misty days,  
Fresh words, fresh tones, fresh memories start,  
Before my eyes and in my heart.

Long acquaintance is often called friendship, and so is intimacy; but they are different things.

## Selected Story.

### THE QUEEN SEMIRAMIS.

"Of all my wives," said King Ninus to Semiramis, "it is you I love the best. None have graces like you, and for you I would willingly resign them all."

"Let the king consider well what he says," replied Semiramis. "What if I were to take him at his word?"

"Do so," returned the monarch; "whilst beloved by you, I am indifferent to all others."  
"So, then, if I asked it," said Semiramis, "you would banish all your other wives, and love me alone? I should be alone your consort, the partaker of your power, and Queen of Assyria."

"Queen of Assyria! Are you not so already," said Ninus, "since you reign by your beauty over its king?"

"No—no," answered his lovely mistress; "I am at present only a slave whom you love. I reign not; I merely charm. When I give an order, you are consulted before I am obeyed."  
"And to reign, then, you think so great a pleasure?"

"Yes, to one who has never experienced it."  
"And do you wish, then, to experience it?"  
"Would you like to reign a few days in my place?"  
"Take care, O king! do not offer too much."  
"No, I repeat it," said the captivated monarch.

"Would you like, for one whole day, to be sovereign-mistress of Assyria? If you would, I consent to it."  
"And all which I command, then, shall be executed?"

"Yes, I will resign to you for one entire day, my power and my golden sceptre."  
"And when shall this be?"  
"To-morrow, if you like."

"I do," said Semiramis; and she let her hand fall upon the shoulder of the king, like a beautiful woman asking pardon for some caprice which has been yielded to.

The next morning, Semiramis called her women, and commanded them to dress her magnificently. On her head she wore a crown of precious stones, and appeared thus before Ninus. Ninus, enchanted with her beauty, ordered all the officers of the palace to assemble in the state chamber, and his golden sceptre to be brought from the treasury. He then entered the chamber, leading Semiramis by the hand, All prostrated themselves before the aspect of the king, who conducted Semiramis to the throne, and seated her upon it. Then ordering the whole assembly to rise, he announced to the court that they were to obey, during the whole day, Semiramis as herself. So saying, he took up the golden sceptre, and placing it in the hands of Semiramis—"Queen," said he, "I commit to you the emblem of a sovereign power; take it, and command with sovereign authority. All here are your slaves, and I myself am nothing. Whoever shall be remiss in executing your orders, let him be punished as if he had disobeyed the commands of the king."

Having thus spoken, the king knelt down before Semiramis, who gave him, with a smile, her hand to kiss. The courtiers then passed in succession, each making oath to execute blindly the orders of Semiramis. When the ceremony was finished, the king made her his compliments, and asked her how she had managed to go through with it with so grave and majestic an air.

"Whilst they were promising to obey me," said Semiramis, "I was thinking what I should command each of them to do. I have but one day of power, and I will employ it well."

The king laughed at this reply. Semiramis appeared more piquante and amiable than ever. "Let us see," said he, "how you will continue your part. By what order will you begin?"

"Let the secretary of the king approach my throne," said Semiramis, with a loud voice.  
The secretary approached—two slaves placed a little table before him.

"Write," said Semiramis: "Under penalty of death, the governor of the citadel of Babylon is ordered to yield up the command of the citadel to him who shall bear him this order. Fold this order, seal it with the king's seal, and give it to me." Write now: "Under penalty of death, the governor of the slaves of the palace is ordered to resign the command of the slaves into the hands of the person who shall present to him this order." Fold it, seal it with the king's seal and deliver to me this decree. Write again: "Under penalty of death, the general of the army, encamped under the walls of Babylon, is ordered to resign the command of the army to him who shall be the bearer of this order." Fold, seal, and deliver to me this decree.

She took the three orders thus dictated, and put them in her bosom. The whole court was struck with consternation; the king himself was surprised.

"Listen," said Semiramis. "In two hours hence let all the officers of the state come and offer me presents, as is the custom on the accession of new princes, and let a festival be prepared for the evening. Now let all depart. Let my faithful servant Ninus alone remain. I have to consult him upon affairs of state."  
When all the rest had gone out—You see, said Semiramis, "that I know how to play the queen."

Ninus laughed.  
"My beautiful queen," said he, "You play your part to astonishment. But if your servant may dare to question you, what would you do with the orders you have dictated?"  
"I should be no longer queen, were I obliged

to give account of my actions, as I have to do this day, my motive, my intentions, my conduct, my conduct against the three officers whom I have ordered to resign their commands."

The first, the governor of the citadel, is one-eyed, and frightens me every time I meet him; the second, the chief of the slaves, I hate because he threatens me with rivals; the third, the general of the army, deprives me too often of your company; you are constantly in the camp."

This reply, in which caprice and flattery were mingled, enchanted Ninus. "Good," said he, laughing. "Here are the three first officers of the empire dismissed for very sufficient reasons."

The gentlemen of the court now came to present their gifts to the queen. Some gave precious stones, others of a lower rank flowers and fruits, and the slaves having nothing to give, gave nothing but homage. Among these last were three young brothers, who had come from the Caucasus with Semiramis, and had raised the caravan in which the women were, from an enormous tiger. When they passed the throne, "And you," said she, to the three brothers, "have you no present to make to your queen?"

"No other," replied the first, Zophire, "than my life to defend her."  
"None other," replied the second, Artaban, "than my sword against her enemies."  
"None other," replied the third, Assar, "than the respect and admiration which her presence inspires."

"Slaves," said Semiramis, "it is you who have made me the most valuable presents of the whole court, and I will not be ungrateful. You who have offered me your sword against my enemies, take this order, carry it to the general of the army encamped under the walls of Babylon, give it to him, and see what he will do for you. You who have offered me your life for my defence, take this order to the governor of the citadel, and see what he will do for you; and you who offer me the respect and admiration which my presence inspires, take this order; give it to the commandant of the slaves of the palace, and see what will be the result."

Never had Semiramis displayed so much gaiety, so much folly, and so much grace, and never was Ninus so much captivated. Nor were her charms lessened in his eyes, when a slave not having executed promptly an insignificant order, she commanded his hand to be struck off, which was immediately done.

Without bestowing a thought upon this trivial matter, Ninus continued to converse with Semiramis, till the evening and the fest arrived. When she entered the saloon which had been prepared for the occasion, a slave brought her a plate, in which was the head of the decapitated eunuch. "This well," said she, after having examined it. "Place it on a stake in the court of the palace, that all may see it, and be there on the spot to proclaim to every one, that the man to whom this head belonged lived three hours ago, but that having disobeyed my will, his head was separated from his body."

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of the slaves. "Take him out of the saloon, lead him into the court of the eunuchs, prepare everything for his death, and wait my orders."

The slaves obeyed, and Ninus followed them, laughing into the court of the eunuchs. They passed by the head of the disobedient eunuch. Then Semiramis placed herself on a balcony. Ninus had suffered his hands to be tied.

Hasten to the fortress, Zophire; you, to the camp, Artaban; Assar, do you secure all the gates of the palace."

These orders were given in a whisper, and executed immediately.

Beautiful queen," said Ninus, laughing, "this comedy only waits the denouement; pray let it be a prompt one."

"I will," said Semiramis; "Slaves, recollect the eunuch—strike!"

"They struck," Ninus had hardly time to utter a cry, when his head fell upon the pavement, the smile still upon his lips.

"Now I am queen of Assyria," exclaimed Semiramis; and perished every one, like the eunuch and like Ninus, who dare disobey my order."

### HON. DANIEL W. GOOCH.

The following sketch of our respected Representative in Congress, will be of interest to our readers. It is taken from the Boston Saturday Evening Gazette, and we have reasons for believing that it was prepared for that paper by a former townsman of ours, now resident at Melrose:

This gentleman, from the 7th District, was born at Wells, York County, Maine, Jan. 8 1820. His ancestors were among the first settlers of that ancient town. He was fitted for college at Phillips Academy, Andover, entered the sophomore class of Dartmouth College in 1840, and graduated in 1843. In the fall of that year he entered upon the study of law in the office of Hon. Wm. A. Hayes, of South Berwick, Maine, where he remained a year and a half. He then entered the office of Ex-Governor Samuel Wells, of Portland, and was admitted to the bar in 1846. In 1847 he commenced the practice of law in Boston, was married in the fall of 1848 to Miss Hannah, daughter of Captain John S. Pope, of Wells, and took up his residence in Melrose, Middlesex Co., where he still resides. In 1852 he was elected a Representative to the Legislature from Melrose, and in 1853 a member of the convention for revising the Constitution. In both these bodies he took an active and influential position. In January, 1858, a vacancy occurred in the Seventh Congressional District by the resignation of Hon. N. E. Banks, who then entered upon the duties of Governor of Massachusetts. In the District Convention of the American Republican party for nominating a successor, Mr. Gooch received upon the first formal ballot 82 out of 87 votes, and was elected by a majority of 2018 votes over the democratic candidate. Having faithfully served his constituents through the unexpired term of the 35th Congress, he was renominated and re-elected almost without opposition to the 36th Congress.

In early life, Mr. Gooch's sympathies were with the Democratic party, and he continued to act with that party till 1849, when he joined the Free Soil party, and has ever since been an earnest advocate of Anti-Slavery principles. Although approving of some of the measures of the American party, he was never connected with the American organization. In person Mr. Gooch is of medium stature. His manners are quiet, cordial and unaffected, and among his neighbors and acquaintances he is a universal favorite. In his presence there is nothing of the atmosphere of the politician, and he is incapable of uttering personal hatred or political animosity. His principles are progressive, while his temperament is conservative. His mind is eminently logical, persistent and self-possessed. He has no tact for making after-dinner speeches, and never speaks in behalf of the American eagle, or for Buncomb, and hence his style is destitute of those courtesying qualities which are so fascinating to Young America. His forte is in rising, without any special preparation, to advocate or defend some theory or principle on which he has fixed his opinions. Entirely self-possessed, the occasion supplies arrangement and a proper form of expression, and he proceeds deliberately to construct an argument that is impregnable and complete in all its parts. Every fact in his well stored memory that has a bearing on the question, comes in promptly, by way of illustration, at its proper place, and when he has finished he has perhaps been more successful than if he had time to arrange his argument beforehand. No interruption nor badgering on the opposite side disturbs him in the least, but they rather quicken his energies. Perhaps no member of the Massachusetts delegation could more ably defend, by argument, at a moment's notice, some principle of the party, than Mr. Gooch. He made but one speech in Congress, and that was eminently successful. If his industry and ambition equalled his natural ability, there would be few more influential men in Congress. His family will reside in Washington this winter.

AN EXTENSIVE MICROSCOPE.—When it is desired to examine a small object, and a microscope is not at hand, an extempore one may be quickly made by filling two small glass bottles, such as homoeopathic medicines are put up in, with water or other clear liquid. Cross these at right angles over one another, and look at the object through the cross, when it will be seen considerably magnified.

A few years since, a man of high respectability was tried in England on a charge of forging a will, in which it was discovered he had an indirect interest to a large amount. Mr. Warren was the associate prosecuting attorney, and the case was tried before Lord Denman.

The prisoner being arraigned and the formalities gone through with, the prosecutor, placing his thumb over his seal, held up the will and demanded of the prisoner if he had seen the testator sign that instrument, to which he promptly answered, "he had."

"And did you sign it at his request as subscribing witness?"

"I did."

"Was it sealed with red or black wax?"

"With red wax."

"Did you see him seal it with red wax?"

"I did."

"Where was the testator when he signed and sealed this will?"

"In his bed."

"Pray, how long a piece of wax did he use?"

"About three or four inches long."

"Who gave the testator this piece of wax?"

"I did."

"Where did you get it?"

"From the drawer of his desk."

"How did he light that piece of wax?"

"With a candle."

"Where did that piece of candle come from?"

"I got it out of a cupboard in his room."

"How long was that piece of candle?"

"Perhaps four or five inches long."

"Who lit that piece of candle?"

"I lit it."

"With what?"

"With a match."

"Where did you get that match?"

"On the mantel-shelf in the room."

Here Warren paused, and fixing his large deep blue eyes upon the prisoner, he held the will up above his head, his thumb still resting upon the seal, and said in a solemn, measured tone:—  
"Now, sir, upon your solemn oath, you saw the testator sign that will—he signed it in his bed—at his request you signed it, as a subscribing witness—you saw him seal it—it was with red wax he sealed it—a piece of wax, two, three or four inches long—he lit that wax with a piece of candle which you procured for him from a cupboard—you lit that candle by a match which you found on the mantel-shelf?"

"I did."

"Once more, sir—upon your solemn oath—you did it!"

"I did it!"

"My Lord—it's a WAFER!!!"—Exchanges.

YOUNG MEN AND TREE FROGS.—The following quaint comparison is forcible and true. It would be well if our young men would note the moral of the terse passage we quote below:—  
"The tree-frog acquires the color of whatever it adheres to for a short time. If it be an oak it is brown color; on the yew or cedar he is of a whitish brown color, but when found on growing corn he is sure to be green. Just so it is with young men. Their companions tell us what their characters are; if they associate with the vulgar, the licentious and the profane, then their hearts are already stained with their gift and shame, and they will themselves become like vicious. The study of bad books, or the love of wicked companions is the broadest and most certain road to ruin that a young man can travel, and a few lessons in either will lead him on, step by step, to destruction. Our moral and physical laws show how important it is to have proper associations of every kind, especially in youth. How dangerous it is to gaze on a picture or scene that pollutes the imagination or blunts the moral perceptions!"

CHARACTER.—The differences of character are never more distinctly seen than in times when men are surrounded by difficulties and misfortunes. There are some who, when disappointed by the failure of an undertaking from which they had expected great things, make up their minds at once to exert themselves no longer against what they call fate, as if thereby they could avenge themselves upon fate; others grow desponding and hopeless; but a third class of men will rouse themselves just at such moments, and say to themselves, "The more difficult it is to attain my ends, the more honorable it will be; and this is a maxim which every one should impress upon himself as a law. Some of those who are guided by it, present their plans with obstinacy, and perish; others, who are more practical men, if they have failed in one way will try in another."

WHERE DO SEA-BIRDS SLAKE THEIR THIRST? The question is often asked, where do sea-birds obtain fresh water to slake their thirst? but we have never seen it satisfactorily answered till a few days ago. An old skipper with whom we were conversing on the subject, said that he had frequently seen these birds at sea, far from any land that could furnish them water, hovering around and under a storm-cloud, clattering like ducks on a hot day at a pond, and drinking in the drops of rain as it fell. They will smell a rain squall a hundred miles or even further off, and seek for it with most incredible swiftness. How long sea-birds can exist without water is only a matter of conjecture, but probably their powers of enduring thirst are increased by habit, and possibly they go without it for many days, if not for several weeks.



# THE WIZARD.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1859.

The rapidity with which the large edition of our first number went off, has induced us to change our purpose in regard to the sale of single numbers, and this paper, with perhaps two or three succeeding numbers, will be offered for sale at FOUR CENTS per copy, which is as low as it can be afforded. So many were disappointed in not being able to obtain a sample copy that we have deemed it but fair and expedient to allow them an opportunity to see the paper before purchasing, and we trust that between this time and the beginning of the new year we shall have a large accession to our subscription list. Luskier Chandler is our Agent in Salem and Dr. P. Clough in Danvers. Mr. Clough is also our General Agent for the County.

We take this occasion to return our thanks to our many friends, at home and abroad, who have conveyed to us, by letter, their kind approbation of our enterprise. We were first inclined to overcome our modesty so far as to print some of these encomiums, but when the tedious task of selection and take this mode of replying to them all, assuring the writers that we shall continue to use our best endeavors to deserve the good opinion they seem to entertain of our labors.

To our PATRONS.—We desire to express our gratitude for the kind manner with which our first number has been received by the public, and the unexpected readiness with which our patrons have come forward to give the sanction of their determination that our journal should be supported and placed on a basis, at once solid and secure. The unexpected influx of advertising patronage, which is indicated by this number, is also in the highest degree encouraging. It foreshadows the time when the enlargement of our sheet will be expedient, if not necessary, to accommodate the wants of the business community.

## Newspapers as an Article of Dress.

It is with feelings of highest satisfaction that we read in one of the city newspapers, the following: "A young lady of Edgfield, S. C., recently attended a family soiree as 'The Evening News.' One who was there, described her dress (made entirely of newspapers) as being decidedly unique and very beautiful."

In the first place, we had a feeling of gratified pride in learning that what has hitherto been devoted to such base uses as kindling kitchen fires and wrapping dry goods, was employed to kindle a subtler fire in the lover's heart, and to serve as the outermost wrappings of some "snow and rose bloom maiden."

To be sure, the newspaper has long been favorably known among the cooks of Paris as a material for caps; we have seen in workshops, men clad in aprons of the same stuff; distinct recollections have we also of manufacturing heavy military chapeaux out of the Boston Daily Advertiser, in the days of our boyhood, but never, until recently, have we known of a newspaper appearing in place of silk and muslin, at an evening party. We congratulate our brethren of the quill upon the noble reward that is henceforth to crown their editorial labors. Their thoughts, so painfully hammered out in midnight hours of toil, are no longer doomed to an oblivion as leading as their existence was ephemeral. We cannot but regard the fact above recorded, as the aurora of a great reform—the morning dawn of a new and glorious day, when the newspaper shall become the universal texture for ladies' dresses.

As the sartorial function of the newspaper grows upon the mind in all its vast importance, we are well nigh overwhelmed with a new sense of responsibility. Hitherto we have thought it to be our office, simply to amuse, interest and instruct the people; but now, a grander field is opened to our labors—we are to clothe them. So long as the newspaper was designed merely for reading—so long as we were set down among the drudges in the public service, we might at times have been personally negligent in the performance of our duties; but, now that we are defiled—now that we take our places in the Pantheon beside the tailor and milliner, we are determined that our Homes shall not only not nod, but not even so much as wink.

The question now arises, what particular department in this new line of business shall we enter? While we most cheerfully accord to some of our contemporaries an especial fitness for the sober garments of elderly people, and admit that others are well adapted for children's wear, we claim that it is the special duty of the Wizard to render the young ladies bewitching, and we confidently commend ourselves to their kind consideration. We promise to meet their wants to the utmost of our endeavor. We shall pay particular attention to the arrangement of the matter in our columns, so that, in the making up, the sweet effusions of our erotic poet shall come upon the left shoulder, the propriety of which arrangement is obvious to any adept in the waltz or polka. We shall hold frequent consultations with the milliner, and shall serve as the interpreters of her behests at the same time that we furnish the wherewithal to obey them. We shall exercise the greatest caution in the admission of ultra political sentiments, so that any of our fair readers (we should say, readers) may attend a party in any southern city with perfect safety. The probable fate of a lady, who should appear at a ball in New Orleans, clad in the "New York Tribune," is sufficient to warn us off from sectional ground. Nor would we, on any account, savor our dear patrons with Disunion Sentiments, for it is not magnanimity one of the United States! In short we shall spare no pains to make The Wizard, the very best material for the toilette, demi-toilette and the promenade. While, in performing our duties as editor, we shall try to please all our patrons, in our higher office of clothier, we shall address (no pun intended) ourselves to the Demagogue. With impatience, then, do we await the deepening of that faint ethereal glow of which we spoke, into the perfect light of day.

To CORRESPONDENTS AND READERS.—We are sorry to be obliged to defer several articles marked for insertion. "A chip from the New Block" and "Dixton's Hill" will appear in our next. "Moustache" is under consideration. His Letters, and a breezy poem on the "Winds," by W., may be found on the first page. We are rich in original poetry this week. The fine tribute to Senator Broderick by Mr. Pike of the Harbors shows his talent and taste as a writer as well as a vocalist. Perhaps he may be induced to sing the piece at the Concert on Thursday evening.

## "Suspend your Judgment."

We often hear in the Court room where trials are in progress, the admonition of counsel to the jury to suspend their judgment until other facts are known, or other arguments considered. Sometimes a piece of evidence gets in irregularly; it is a piece of evidence which is a thief and a robber, but at any rate it gets in. The jury hear it. It is then discovered that it should have been ruled out. The Court tells the jury not to let that evidence affect their judgment—to dis-miss it from their minds. Perhaps a criminal is in the box, and he is called upon to plead guilty or not guilty to the indictment. He lays his hand on his heart and says he knows he is guilty. Some sympathy is excited in his favor and he is advised to retract his plea. He does it and pleads not guilty. How are the jurors in this case to dismiss from their minds the effects of the first and honest answer? They cannot do it. It is there printed, engraved, daguerrotypied and photographed, and there it will remain. Is there any way in which they can get over it? They may get over it technically but not fairly and honestly. If they can find any Le-thean waters of forgetfulness, whose powers will shut out all knowledge of that portion of time in which were recorded the words, they may be able to suspend the judgment which was formed under their inspiration. Not otherwise. Is there ever any such obliteration of thought and memory? We contend that there is, and the object of these prefatory remarks is to introduce a case well authenticated, and which happened in this town within a short time.

About a year since, in this town, a man, who has been called a miser, was employed to erect a chimney in a tall new building in this place. He had completed his work, the chimney was finished, and he ascended to the attic of the building, but by some mistake he fell through an aperture, or a series of open trap doors, to the cellar, where he landed on a pile of bricks and rubbish. Here he was found lying bleeding and insensible. A physician was called, and it was found that his skull was fractured. He remained for some time insensible. His wound was dressed, and such care taken of him that he slowly recovered.

On the recovery of his consciousness, he could give no account how the accident happened. He could not remember having ascended to the height from which he fell. He could not recall the purpose for which he went up. He must have climbed by means of ladders to the elevation. He remembered nothing about ladders. He had no recollection, no thought of being above in the attic or below on the rubbish. It is all a matter of inference to him that he ever went up. He logically concludes that as he came down he must first have gone up. He knows nothing of it from the use of his memory. A certain portion of time before the accident, as well as after it, is a blank. It was not a fading of the events from his mind, but they were forcibly driven out of it. We can readily account for his oblivion after the catastrophe, but how account for it while the brain was in its healthy condition? He doubtless remembered these circumstances at the moment of and during his fall. Now they are entirely obliterated—knocked out of him as cleanly as if they were so many bricks knocked out of his chimney. These moments of time are rudely annihilated. He was not able to recover them nor can he now. It is a standing mystery to him at this moment why he went up there. He can conceive of various reasons which might have prompted him to make the ascent, and reasons he doubts not, but he has no idea what they were. We do not know whether philosophers account for such facts, or whether they know them. From Locke to Hamilton, we never have seen them discussed, but we know of other facts to the same purpose fully authenticated.

Now to apply this case to the proceeding in Court. There is one way then by which jurors can divert their minds of ideas there planted. Whenever any evidence is irregularly introduced into their minds, let the Judge order the Sheriff with his staff of office, to strike a blow on the head of each juror, just hard enough to "dis-miss" the evidence, and adjourn the trial to the next day. It may then proceed, unimpeded by what was crypt clandestinely into the jurors' heads, but which is now most effectually knocked out.

## Congress.

Congress has assembled, the organization has not been effected, nor the President's Message delivered. There are already indications that the precious time which ought to be applied by our legislators to transacting the business of their constituents, will be devoted to party agitation, and President-making. We regret to say that we have little hope that those with whom we sympathize politically, will keep their skirts clear of this propensity of our legislators. A new sort of bitterness will be found in the Harper's Ferry affair, to divide still more the North and South. We shall probably witness a repetition of the quarrels and feuds which have so long been a stigma and disgrace to the highest legislative assembly of our country. The remedy is in the hands of the people. If they would only put the seal of their condemnation upon the disgraceful acts of their public servants, there might be hope that the evil would be cured. If they continue to send bullies and brawlers to the halls of Congress, such scenes will still be witnessed as will bring sorrow and sadness to every true lover of his country's welfare.

ROCKVILLE.—Rev. D. O. Allen, D. D., will supply the desk at the Rockville Chapel during the remainder of the present year. Dr. Allen is the author of a historical work on India, where he resided twenty-six years engaged in the Missionary enterprise, until his falling health compelled him to return to this country. The work above referred to, is entitled "India, Ancient and Modern." It is contained in a large, well printed octavo volume, and gives an account of the political and religious systems of that region from the earliest times. It may be found in the Peabody Library. We believe the present residence of Dr. Allen, is at Wenhams.

We learn that Dr. Allen is expected to give one or more lectures before the Rockville Lyceum the present season, and that other lectures of competent ability are also engaged.

THE YOUNG MEN'S Literary Association of this town, will give a course of five Assemblies, at Ashland Hall, commencing Friday evening, Dec. 16. Music by Upton & Getchell's Quadrille Band.

AGRICULTURE.—John W. Proctor, Esq., whose pen is never idle on Agricultural topics, is writing a series of articles for the Cultivator, on Drainage.

The following spirited article from an unknown correspondent is designed, we presume, as a palpable hit on the bird laws, the result of over-legislation so common at the State House. In publishing the article, we do not mean to be understood to adopt the writer's extreme opinions in relation to natural rights.

## Common Law, vs. Statute Law.

Common law is the great bulwark of society, based on equality to every member of the community; it knows no serfdom, no lordship, no tyranny; it crucifies no John Browns for attempting to unshackle the galling fetters, forged and riveted by statute made tyrants. It elevates, it gives protection to every member of society, and the liberty of protecting both his person and his labor (i. e. his property.) It needs no Wizard's power to see the petty tyranny, the wide departure from justice, the high-handed robbery of personal rights, rights God-given, conferred upon Adam in the garden of Eden, and handed down undisputed through the long vista of time, until the bright rays of the dark lantern of the ancient commonwealth of the Bay State, (in the year of grace 1855,) darted through the chinks and crevices of God's command to Adam, when He gave him dominion over the air, and also appointed him head gardener of his footstool.

Those who men saw by that lantern on Beacon hill, that God had made a mistake, had delegated too much power to Adam and his descendants. The oracle of the assembled wisdom, in that coup d'etat tells Adam, "you may trap hares, but if a partridge commits suicide in your trap, you must pay twenty times fine, and some fifty or sixty preparatory dimes; for what?—the stupidity or perhaps the melancholy temperament of a suicidal bird."

Should a half starved lad, with a soul as big as Howard's dry his mouth-watering with a few cherries, currants or apples, fine him if his poor parents are unable to pay it, send him to the pseudo-reform school, to crush out his remaining integrity, put on a felon's uniform, dry up the gushing fountains of his deep soul, cloud his mind in the mist of despair, to demoralize him.

But if Cook Robin should take all your fruit, which is usually the case, don't hurt him, don't let him die on your premises, or you must disgorge your dimes, or in want of them, must reflect in a county building with grating windows. What reflections! Gizzards infallibly, sacred, of more consequence than souls, that Christ said were fit for heaven; gizzards above men; souls below, down, down, down lower than copper stocks.

MARKS.

THE MERRY SHAKERS.—Seated in our Sanotum the other day, we heard an abrupt enquiry for the Editor, and looking up we saw approaching a tall, well-looking individual in a broad stiff brimmed white hat, with spectacles on nose, and a box under his arm, who accosted us quite familiarly as "Friend Wizard," and requested a look at our paper. His request granted, he made known his business, which was to establish an Agency in South Danvers for the sale of a preparation of Valerian for Neuralgia and kindred ailments, and took a sample bottle neatly labelled from his box for us to "try." He was voluble in speech, praising his remedy, and declaring that it would praise itself—glancing at the paper as he talked and advising us kindly in regard to selections for its columns—gave us a piece of poetry on profane swearing—drew papers from his pocket and showed us first rate articles for insertion—proposed an exchange for the "Indian Arcana"—talked sensibly and rapidly on many subjects,—part of the time glancing at the paper in his hand, until he all at once broke out into a most un-Shakerly roar, and commenced reading "John Brown's death and burial" aloud, closing each verse with a burst of merriment so contagious that we thought it ill accorded with his sober garb. He then gave his sentiments in regard to John Brown and demanded ours—went back to his medicine again—showed us another selection to print, an article on Shakerism, and told us to give it, and the last paragraph, relating to marriage prohibition which was condemnatory of that article of the Shaker faith. We then parted from our voluble friend, whose form and face reminded us strongly of John G. Whittier, for whom he says he has often been taken. We have carefully laid aside our bottle, for use whenever we happen to have the neuralgia, and if the medicine has as genial effect on the body as the vivacious vendor's conversation has on the mind, it must really be all that it is recommended to be.

Messrs. Newman & Symonds and D. B. Brooks & Bro. are his Agents.

TEACHER'S ASSISTANT, BY CHARLES D. NORTHEND.—This excellent Manual for teachers, is full of practical information and judicious counsel for those entering in the now honored profession of Instructors of youth. Such a work was much needed as an effectual aid to the mature as well as the young teacher, and Mr. Northend was just the man to supply the deficiency. Most happily has he effected it in the work before us, and we are pleased to learn that it is having a rapid sale, edition after edition being called for by the public in the few weeks which have elapsed since its publication. Let every teacher possess it, who would be a thorough workman in his profession. It may be found at all the Bookstores.

WE have received a beautifully printed pamphlet entitled "Descriptive Circular of Baylies' Commercial College, Dubuque, Iowa," furnishing information as to the condition, management and course of study at that institution. We happen to have some knowledge of the Principal of the College, who is a gentleman of tact and energy, of extensive acquirements and every way fitted for the head of an institution designed to give a thorough business education to its pupils. He has also a corps of able assistants and lecturers on commercial law &c.

POSTPONED.—The proposed great gathering at Faneuil Hall to reaffirm the public sentiment of Massachusetts, in favor of our laws against Polygamy, and to deprecate the spread of Mormonism, at which an Ex-Governor was to preside, assisted by One Hundred and Fifty Vice Presidents and Twenty Five Secretaries, and which was to be addressed by several eminent and eloquent gentlemen—has been postponed until the necessity of such a meeting becomes more apparent than at the present time.

CHANGE OF EVENING.—We are requested to state that Assemblies of Volunteer Engine Company, will be on Wednesday evening instead of Tuesday, as before advertised, and the second of the course will be at Town Hall on Wednesday evening, Dec. 21. The managers make this change on account of the lectures at the Institute.

## The Liquor Agents Psalm of Life.

Tell me not ye State House grumblers,  
While in cushioned seats ye dream,  
As you fill your flowing tumblers,  
"Liquors are not what they seem."  
Gin is real! 'tis the sternest,  
You'll find out ere long—perhaps,  
Gin to alcohol nearest,  
Was not spoken of the Schnapps.  
Rum that's strong and Whiskey fleeting  
Kill alike the strong and brave,  
March them on while still they're treating,  
Downward to the drunkards grave.  
Brandy pure, by insidious blending  
Spirits of the ranker sort,  
By subtle art of mine extending,  
Makes gallon jugs to hold a quart.  
Where they show their biggest cattle  
In the Agricultural pens,  
Where the game cocks come to battle,  
I was here 'mong the hens.  
I could bring the surest layer,  
Prized could always win,  
I could spur the State Assayer,  
And Cock-tails make without the gin.  
There I shone in bright arraying,—  
Shameless boaster as you know,—  
Foul my business, fowls displaying,  
There it was I learned to crow.  
"Fluids find their proper level,"  
Maxim we from science draw,  
Downward is my course to evil  
Obedient to this Liquor Law.  
My enjoyment and not sorrow  
Was my destined end and way;  
So to cheat that each to-morrow  
Finds me sharper than to-day.  
Lives of Humbugs all remind us  
How they make the most of crime,  
And departing, leave behind us  
Footsteps marked with stains of slime.  
Let me then be up and doing,  
With a head for any feat,  
Still extending, ever browning,  
Learn to cozen and to cheat.

## Fair at the Baptist Church.

We are happy to announce the complete success of this Festival, notwithstanding the disappointment occasioned by the absence of the "Old Folks" vocalists who were announced as expected to take part in furnishing the music. We hope there is more harmony in their voices than there appears to be in their councils, for, it seems that it was owing to disagreement among themselves that they violated their engagement. Rev. Mr. Keely the Pastor, announced to the company assembled the disappointment, and expressed the mortification and regret it caused to the society, and himself, and has since through the Salem Register stated the case to the public. The following is the closing portion of his communication:

Coaches were sent from this place to bring them, as was previously arranged; and the well known and gentlemanly proprietor of our line of Omnibuses went himself, and offered them every inducement rather than come back without them. But, because of the cold weather and some disagreement among themselves, the coaches were obliged to return empty, and we were put to the extreme mortification of announcing to the waiting audience the failure.

But our wounded feelings were greatly relieved as we gave expression to them, by the friendly and generous sympathy returned from the entire audience, and the very numerous expressions of the pleasure and enjoyment derived from such entertainments as the evening offered. Hon. Eben S. Poor offered a few kind and timely words, which were responded to by a general expression of approbation.

In recording our deep felt gratitude to the company who to acknowledge that our minds were entirely relieved from what otherwise would have been a lasting mortification and sorrow.

INSTITUTE LECTURES.—The Fourth Lecture of the season was delivered last week by Dr. Hedge of Cambridge, it being the first of a course of six Lectures to be delivered by him on the Middle Ages. This was introductory, on history in general, its philosophy and uses. His manner of treatment, his beautiful language and eloquent delivery invested his subject with a charm which held the attention of the audience and dispelled all fears which may have been entertained that the course would be unattractive.

PIKE'S HARMONIONS.—The entertainment given by this favorite company of vocalists at the Peabody Institute, was attended by a good audience and we may safely say that no preceding Concert at that hall has given such perfect satisfaction and elicited such enthusiastic commendation. A very general desire was manifested for a second performance, and they have been prevailed upon to give another entertainment with a new programme, on Thursday (to-morrow) evening. See their advertisements and posters. We bespeak for them a large audience.

VOLUNTEER ASSOCIATES.—The first of the series of socials by the Volunteer Engine Company, number 4, came off at the Town Hall on Tuesday evening Dec. 6th, and considering the inclemency of the weather was very fairly attended, there being nearly 40 couples present. The music by Emerson & Faxon's Band was excellent, and the success of the first party speaks well for the course. The dancing public will please bear in mind that the sight for these assemblies has been changed from Monday to Wednesday, making the next one come on Dec. 21st, and continuing on alternate Wednesdays during the course.

THE MOUNT VERNON FUND.—Rumors have been current for some time past, affirming that Mr. John A. Washington, the proprietor of the home of Washington, has failed and the Ladies' Mt. Vernon Fund was sacrificed. We are glad to be able to contradict this story on the authority of the Newburg N. Y. Gazette, which states that Mr. Washington has added to the Fund recently, the sum of \$1228.25 by the hands of Mr. Riggs, the Banker of Washington city, this being the amount of proceeds of the Mount Vernon steam boat trips for the past year.

ESSEX INSTITUTE.—The ladies of Salem propose holding a Fair in aid of the Funds of this Institute. It is a county Institution, and when the Fair is opened it ought to have the patronage of all the neighboring towns. We hope our line of Omnibuses will be well loaded with visitors to the hall where it may be held.

## The Cosmopolitan Art Association.

Six years since an Association was formed for the purpose of uniting the Fine Arts and Literature. To this end a number of gentlemen associated themselves together in an endeavor to "disseminate Art and Literature throughout the land." This project was received with much favor, even greater than the most sanguine had anticipated, as several unsuccessful attempts had been made, and a feeling of distrust in regard to them had infected the whole community. As experience had taught wisdom, it was determined to leave no effort untied in order to accomplish the undertaking. The Managers felt that the people were ready to lend their aid if they could see any possibility of success, therefore their work was pursued with energy and systematically. The prominent and reliable persons who were concerned in the movement, at once gave confidence to the public, and in a short time they were encouraged to hope for a constant and increasing success, in which they have not been disappointed, showing that there was a demand for such an institution, and proving that the Cosmopolitan Association was able to furnish the supply. The first four years they offered to each subscriber, either a popular Monthly Magazine or a fine engraving together with a share in the distribution of numerous works of Art, of Sculpture and Paintings, for the annual subscription of three dollars. The fifth year they discontinued the offer of Magazines, and issued an engraving superior in design and finish. "The Village Blacksmith" from Herring's celebrated painting, which painting costing three thousand dollars, is, with several hundred others, to be awarded to the subscribers, at the annual meeting January 31, 1860. The Art Journal which had before been published was enlarged, improved, and finely illustrated, making it a superb Magazine, which, as a literary work stands very high. Its articles are sound and progressive. It treats of the Fine Arts with freedom and ease that indicates knowledge of the truths of the subject. Its selections are of great interest. Many beautifully illustrated poems are found in its columns. It gives better and more information of artists, and the Fine Arts, than all other Magazines in this country. In fact it stands alone in its particular province, and is destined to become a rival to the far famed London Art Journal. Such an Institution ought to be sustained, and the more liberally it is sustained, the more generous will be its return. The Cosmopolitan Art Association is, properly, an Honorary Institution, its officers receiving no emolument for their services, all but absolutely necessary expenses being devoted to the purchase and distribution of Paintings, Sculpture, &c. The present year they offer, in addition to the Art Journal, a superb engraving of "Shakespeare and his Friends," a most beautiful and desirable work it is, giving accurate portraits copied from faithful likenesses painted by their contemporaries. By subscribing to this Association one will receive this fine picture, the Art Journal, and may receive at the annual distribution a beautiful painting or piece of sculpture. The Engravings given last year, could not otherwise have been obtained for less than ten dollars. Before it came in possession of the Association, the writer of this, subscribed for a copy at that price. The Engraving offered this year is of yet a higher order and more expensive. It is earnestly hoped that all who love the true and beautiful in nature or their transcripts through Art, will subscribe to this Association, for, the more generous the support it receives, the more extensive will its work be distributed, and a love for the beautiful be disseminated. The Association has the finest gallery of Paintings in New York, to be found in this country, to which it is constantly adding works from the old as well as modern masters, all of which in their turn will be distributed among its members. To this gallery subscribers are admitted free.

Do not pass T. A. Sweetser's without pausing to view the magnificent engraving of "Shakespeare and his Friends," exhibited at his window. Dr. Sweetser is Honorary Secretary of the Cosmopolitan Art Association by which Institution this work is published. He receives subscriptions for the engraving entitling the subscriber to the Art Journal and a chance to secure some other valuable work of Art.

All lovers of good Fruit, foreign and domestic, will do well to call at Mr. Wm. J. Lunt's store at the Hotel building, Central St., where they will find Preserves, Confectionery and all other good things to gratify the appetite.

We call the attention of our readers to the Advancements of Mr. R. O. Spiller, who has adopted the system of low prices and quick sales. At his store you can find almost every thing you want, from a piece of broadcloth to a yard of tape, or from a shawl to a cambric needle.

Families living near the Square, cannot do better than to call at the store of Newman & Symonds for their supply of Clothes and Groceries.

Those who want to keep their feet dry, would do well to visit Walton's Shoe Store, 94 Main Street, and get Thick Boots and Rubbers.

SALMON.—There seems to be no want of candidates for the Mayoralty of our good mother Salem. Besides Mr. Webb, who was mentioned in our last, we see proposed, the names of the present Mayor, Mr. Shabee, our old Townsman Mr. John Webster, Messrs. Ripley, Ropes, Wm. C. Endicott, N. B. Perkins, John A. Lunt, and others. With such a diversity of candidates to distract the nerves of our ancient mother, it would be strange if she should have the night-Mayor.

Carl Schurz Esq., of Wisconsin, lectures this evening before the Salem Lyceum, and Prof. Huntington to-morrow evening, before the Young Men's Union.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.—At a joint meeting of the Board of Selectmen, and School Committee on Monday last, Thomas M. Stimpson, Esq., was unanimously elected a member of the School Committee to fill a vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Rev. Mr. Brayton.

INCENDIARISM.—The barn of Mr. Burnham of "Fever" and "Extension Brandy" popularity, burned on Sunday night by incendiaries. His stock of fowls was reduced to a single Shanghai hen, which was thoroughly roasted, feathers and all.

A HARD HIT.—The Cape Ann Light, in spite of the performances at the Faneuil Hall meetings, "The Music was from the lyres of the Boston Courthouse and Boston Post."



[illegible]

**ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.**—It becomes our pleasure as well as duty to acknowledge the many kind greetings which we have received from our editorial brethren—so many in number, as well as so complimentary in terms, that we really feel abashed when we look at them. We respond most heartily to them all and extend our sincerest thanks and best wishes for happiness and prosperity to each and every one of those who have so generously welcomed us into the editorial fraternity.

**"We."**

There is something embarrassing in the use of the Editorial "we." It has however, so long been the custom for editors to use that first person plural that it has come to be considered an editorial privilege and right, common with Kings and Emperors. John Phenix, Secy. of the San Diego Herald, with the independence which was so characteristic of him, broke through the custom and used in his editorials the pronoun I.

It may be remarked that Mr. Phenix was only three weeks an editor and that if he had continued longer in office, he might have at last succumbed. We—that is I—that is—the Editor of the Wizard—intend or intends to follow the prevailing custom, shunning the charge of Egotism by becoming amenable to that of We-gotism. He is aware that it will lead him into labyrinthine of bad grammar and tend to make people believe that he assumes to be more than he is,—a duality, a man beside himself, a double, triple or quadruple man and not a single man as, in one sense he is, but in another sense he is not. He will be obliged to speak of himself, *as himself or ourselves.* These and the absurdities will continually happen. If he speaks of his hat, it will be our hat as if the hat was singular and its owner, plural. If he talks of his nose, or his chin it is still more absurd, for how can two or more persons own the several members of one countenance? It is worse still when he comes to his domestic relations, and speaks of our wife suggesting polyandria which is worse, if possible, than polygamy.

There is an objection also when he comes to the objective case. When he only means *he* says *us*. He is fibbing all the time in the nonrelative, possessive and objective cases. In no case does he tell the honest truth to his readers about himself, however he may do it towards others. The editor is a noun of multitude, signifying many, although he is only one. He may be ever so singular, yet he passes himself off as plural. He is supposed to be anonymous, yet everybody knows him. He is a myth, a falsehood, an acted lie. He is always "not at home" to his readers, yet they see him plainly through his glass windows. He professes to be 'we,' 'us' and 'our' when in fact he is only I, me and my. He is continually committing bad grammar which, to some men, is an offence as grave as bad morals.

♣ Ladies who visit Salem to make their purchases, should be sure to visit John P. Peabody's, 238 Essex Street. He has a very large stock of all kinds of Hand Knit and Woven Hoods, Sleeves, Tippets, Mittens, Gloves, Gaunlets, Undervests, Drawers, &c. He has also all kinds of Embroideries, Trimmings, Bonnet Ruches, Lace Goods &c. As Mr. P. buys for Cash and sells for Cash only, he is enabled to offer extra inducements to his Customers. 238 Essex Street.

Joseph J. Rider, dealer in Jewelry and Silver Ware, will remove to New Store 138 Essex St. (West Block) when completed. tf

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**South Danvers Post Office.**

MAIL ARRANGEMENT.

ON and after THURSDAY, December 1st, 1893, Mails will arrive daily, (Sundays excepted) at  
5:34 A. M., and 4:34 P. M.  
and will close at 10:34 A. M., and at 4:54 P. M.  
California Mails close the 4th and 16th of each month at 10:34 A. M. Foreign mails close every Tuesday and Friday at 10:34 A. M. Post office open, (Sundays) excepted from 7 A. M. till 8 P. M. A. G. S. FISK, Post Master.  
South Danvers, Dec. 7, 1893.

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**Marriage.**

In Salem, Nov. 23, by Rev. Mr. Winn, Mr. John Dane, to Miss. Caroline Trask, both of South Danvers.

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**Deaths.**

In this Town, Dec. 8, Alfred Augustus, only child of Chas. O. and Sarah L. Maxfield, aged 6 mos.  
Dec. 10, of consumption, Mrs. Sally Price, aged 78 yrs. 5 mos.  
At West Danvers, Nov. 30, Mr. Edward E. Russell, 21 yrs. son of Warren and Mary Russell. [33]

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**Advertisements.**

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**FAREWELL CONCERT**  
At PEABODY INSTITUTE.

BY  
**PIKE'S**  
**HARMONIONS,**

On Thursday Evening, December 15th.

MEMBERS:

MISS CARRIE BENT,  
MR. CHARLES BENT,  
MR. MARSHALL S. PIKE,  
MR. E. B. FAIRBANKS,  
MR. JOHN FOWER.

---

**Entire Change of Programme.**

CARDS OF ADMISSION 25 CTS.  
Doors open at 6 1/2 o'clock. Concert to com'ce at 7 1-2.

**NO. POSTPONEMENT.**

dec 14—11 S. D. GIDRICKS, Agent.

---

**Rubber Goods.**

THE Subscribers have just received, and offer for sale, gentlemen's Rubber Boots, Slacks, Caps, Pants, &c.  
Also, Ladies' Rubber Boots and over Slacks.  
dec 14 NEWMAN & SYMONDS.

---

**Newman & Symonds,**

HAVE on hand and for Sale, a supply of New Buck Wheat Flour, best quality of New York Supply. dec 14

---

**Balmoral Skirts.**

JUST received an assortment of Balmoral Skirts in superior styles and colors, containing four full breadth.  
dec 14 W. W. PALMER, & CO'S, 151 Essex street.

---

**Domestic Cotton and Flannels.**

DECEASED and Brown Cottons (Hull) widths and quantities, D at reasonable prices. Whites and colored. Flannels, both printed and plain, Shaker Flannels, Shakers' Tickings, Shaker Shirtings, Towelings, Tinfole Covers, &c, comprising a full stock of useful goods for Housekeeping. For sale low by  
dec 15 W. W. PALMER & CO, 151 Essex street.

---

**Call and See**

THE new Engraving of "Shakers and their Friends. Also, the Illustrated Art Catalogue, both of which are furnished for 300. Also a charge for some fine Painting or Statues, by  
dec 14 T. A. SWEETSER, Room 807, 37 Main street.

---


**Brown's Laxative Troches**

FOR Coughs, Croup, Brown's Bronchial Troches for Coughs & Croup, sold by  
T. A. SWEETSER,

---

EDWARD - C. WEBSTER,  
**ONE PRIZE**  
**HAT, CAP and FUR STORE**  
261 ESSEX, and 84 WASHINGTON ST.,  
Salem, dec 14-ly

EZEKIEL GOSS,  
**DECORATIVE UPHOLSTERER**  
And dealer in every description of  
**UPHOLSTERY GOODS,**  
Trimming and Ornaments  
— ALSO —  
**FURNITURE, BEDDING**  
Patent Portable Bed Chair, for the sick  
**BEDS and FEATHERS RENOVATED.**  
Wire Sprogs; Store and other Window Shades; Venetian Blinds; Mattresses and Pew Cushions; Wheelers's Bays, and other Certain Fixtures; Carpet, Curtains, and Repairing Work, on reasonable terms, all warranted. Drapery arranged according to the latest styles.  
**270 Essex Street, Salem.**  
dec 14-ly

JOSEPH J. RIDER,  
(Late of the firm of Bridge, Lummus & Rider, Manufacturing Jewelers of New York.)  
DEALER IN  
**FINE JEWELRY**  
SILVER AND PLATED WARE,  
GOLD AND SILVER SPECTACLES.  
NO. 242 ESSEX ST. - - - SALEM.  
Watches and Accordeons repaired, and Engraving neatly executed, by Mr. C. Dwyer, formerly with Mr. E. K. Latham  
**CURRIER & MILLET,**  
Dealers in  
**FURNITURE, CHAIRS,**  
MATTRESSES, FEATHERS, &c.  
258 & 261 ESSEX ST.  
Salem, dec 14-ly

Gas and Steam Pipes and Gas Fixtures  
E. H. STATEN,  
**GAS, STEAM, AND WATER FITTER,**  
GAS, STEAM AND WATER FITTER  
161 Essex St., Lynde Block, Salem, Mass.,  
DEALER IN  
**GAS FIXTURES**  
Of every description for Lighting Stores, Dwellings, Public Buildings, Churches, &c.  
Old Gas Fixtures and Lamps refurnished to look as well as new. Gas washed Wrought Iron Pipes for Water, Rubber Hose Manifold Gratings, Sheets and Kine Packings for steam work constantly on hand.  
Agent for Geo. B. FOSTER'S GASOLINE GAS BURNER, (Wood Patent), the best and most economical Gas Burner in existence.  
Sole Agent for Wm. F. Shaw's Gas and Air Stoves, for cooking and heating by Gas.  
dec 14 - E. H. STATEN, 151 Essex St., Lynde Block.

B. O. PERKINS,  
**Attorney and Counsellor at Law,**  
So. Danvers—Office in Allen's Building.

H. O. WILEY,  
**Attorney and Counsellor at Law,**  
Office, Allen's Building, So. Danvers.


IVES & PEABODY,  
**Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,**  
Have removed their Office to  
Rooms formerly occupied by Hon. Otis P. Lord,  
NO. 27 WASHINGTON STREET, SALEM.  
STEPHEN B. IVES, Jr. JOHN B. PEABODY.  
December 7, 1899.

ALFRED A. ABBOTT,  
**Attorney and Counsellor,**  
Office No. 204 Essex Street, Salem,  
House, Main St., So. Danvers.

SIDNEY C. BANCROFT,  
**Attorney and Counsellor at Law,**  
27 Washington Street, Salem.  
Mr. Bancroft may be found mornings and evenings, at his home office, near his residence in South Danvers.  
December 7, 1899.

A. S. CRAWFORD,  
**DENTIST,**  
No. 4 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS SQUARE.  
Mechanical Dentistry Neatly Executed.  
Teeth Extracted by Electricity without Extra Charge.  
dec 7

THE CELEBRATED  
**FRANKLIN COAL**  
For sale by M. BLACK, Jr.

B. F. STEVENS,  
**WATCH & MAKER,**  
  
— AND DEALER IN —  
Watches, Clocks, Gold and Plated Jewelry,  
SILVER AND PLATED WARE,  
CUTLERY AND FANCY GOODS.  
Old Gold and Silver taken in exchange for New.  
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, neatly Cleaned, Repaired and  
WARRANTED.  
16 MAIN ST., OPPOSITE WARREN BANK,  
SOUTH DANVERS, . . . . . MASS.

E. S. FLINT,  
DEALER IN  
**WEST INDIA GOODS; COUNTRY PRODUCE,**  
No. 2 Main Street, South Danvers.

M. BLACK, Jr.,  
**COAL AND WOOD,**  
OFFICE IN SQUARE AT RAILROAD FREIGHT DEPOT.  
Order Box in Post Office.

E. S. FLINT,  
Manufacturer and Dealer in  
**INNER SOLES,**  
AND SHOE STIFFENINGS OF ALL KINDS.  
2 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS.

NEWMAN & SYMONDS,  
DEALERS IN  
**FAMILY GROCERIES,**  
**FLOUR and GRAIN,**  
READY-MADE CLOTHING, GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS,  
BOOTS, SHOES, &c.  
South Danvers Square, opposite Congregational Church.  
Salem, Dec 14, 1899.

100



Boston New Advertisements.

FROM JOHN D. FLAGG & CO'S, ADVERTISING AGENCY,  
NO. 11 WATER STREET, AND SPRING LANE, BOSTON.

Music and Musical Instruments.

THE undersigned having purchased the varied and extensive stock of the late HENRY FARRIS, 33 Court Street, Boston, has made large additions, and has now on hand and for sale the most complete assortment of

Musical Instruments, Music Books, Musical Merchandise, Umbrellas, Parasols, and Walking Canes, TO BE FOUND IN THE UNITED STATES.

Consisting in part of Piano Fortes, Melodions, Seraphines, Organ-Harmoniums, House and Church Organs, Hand Organs, Harps, Guitars, Violins, Violoncellos, Double Bass Viola, Accordions, Flutes, Clarinets, Piccolos, Music Boxes, Pipes, Muzzles, Clarinets, Flageolles, and Flutes, Cornets in a great variety, Bass Horns, Sax Horns, in complete sets or single, Tubas, Chinese and Turkish Cymbals, Bass and Snare Drums, Hurdy Gurdies, Banjos, Tambourines, Castanets, Triangles and Maracas, Bells of Italian, German, French and English manufacture for Violins, Violoncellos, Double Bass Viola, Harps, Guitars, and Banjos. Trimmings of every description for the above instruments; Bows for Violins, Violoncellos, and Double Bass Viola; Violin and Guitar Cases; Clarinet Reeds and Mouth Pieces; Brass and German Silver Mouth Pieces for Instruments; Metallic Mouth Pieces for Flutes; Drum Heads, Sticks and Cords; Tuning Forks, Tuning Hammers; Instruction Books and Scores for every instrument; Blank Music Books and Staves for every instrument; Blank Music Books and Staves for every instrument; Musical Instruments of all kinds to let by the quarter or year; full sets for Military Bands furnished; Musical Instruments, Umbrellas, Parasols and Walking Canes, neatly repaired; Piano Fortes, Melodions Organs, &c., tuned.

Also, in GREAT VARIETY—Silk, Gingham and Cotton Umbrellas; Walking Canes mounted in Gold, Silver and Ivory; Sword Canes, Malacca, Hickory, &c., &c., including more than one thousand different varieties—in fact every article in the Musical and Umbrella trade, at the lowest prices.

ELIAS HOWE, At the old stand of H. Prentiss, 33 Court Street—BOSTON.

TO BUYERS OF IRON OR STEEL.

FULLER & DANA, 64 FLEET STREET, BOSTON, offer for sale in lots to suit, and at the lowest prices, a complete assortment of the best quality of IRON and STEEL, as follows:

Refined and Common Bar Iron.  
Hoop, Band, Sheet, and Angle Iron.  
Norway and Sweden Shapes, Rods and Bars.  
Horse and Ox Nail Rods, of extra quality.  
Round Norway and River Iron.  
Sping, Sleigh Shoe and Carriage Steel.  
Tire Steel—the best material for Carriage Tires.  
Granite Wedge, German and Blister Steel.  
Ship Spikes, Axles, Springs, Horse Nails, Files, Harnes, &c.

Together with every description of Naylor & Co's. Warranted Cast Iron, which the attention of purchasers is especially invited.

A CARD TO THE PUBLIC.

RECENT developments have made fully apparent the fact that there are numerous imitations of our "trade mark" throughout the United States, and there being for us no legal means of redress for such attempts to imitate upon the Public by a spurious article, and thus lessen our reputation as manufacturers, we have deemed it judicious, as the only way to put our friends and customers upon their guard against imposition, to say to them that all Piano made by us bear upon the "name board" "CHICKERING, BOSTON," in Old English and Roman letters, and upon the "sounding board" the address of the firm in full, "CHICKERING & SONS, Boston," in German Text, and ornamental capitals, with the number of the Piano in plain numerals between the two lines.

Should any person have in his possession, or become aware of the existence of any of the counterfeit instruments above referred to, an advance of the same to us, would be considered as an especial favor.

CHICKERING & SONS,  
273 Washington Street, Boston.  
604 Broadway, New York.  
807 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Fenno's Boys' Clothing House.

Come listen friends while I shall sing a ditty for the poor.

"Tis all about that famous place the Boys' New Clothing House.  
This famous mart so noted grown is close by Fenno's Hall,  
Where hosts of customers are seen each pleasant day to call.  
That no one need mistake the place and clothe their boys  
Fenno's Hall, where Fenno's Boys are sold, is close by Fenno's Hall.  
The Poor Man here with scanty means and children half a score,  
May dress his boys as decently as those whose means are more.  
All you who wish to guard your boys 'gainst winter's cold and snow,  
Should buy their CLOTHING at this mart kept by GEORGE A. FENNO.

DR. MORAND'S ANTIDOTE.

A Specific Remedy for Gonorrhea, Gleet, Stricture, and Discharge of the Organs of Generation.

This Valuable Remedy expels the virus effectually, and permanently cures the disease from the system—in most cases effecting a radical cure in a few days. No change of diet or interruption of business is necessary. It is purely vegetable, and does not injure the health or constitution. Price \$1.00.

Single bottles enclosed in a small sealed box, can be sent to any part of the country. Also,

DR. MORAND'S INJECTION.

The Injection, with syringe for application, neatly put up in a sealed box, can be sent to any part of the country with but little expense. Price 50 Cents.

M. S. BURN, & CO.,  
No. 26 TREMONT STREET, Boston, General Agents.  
Orders addressed as above will receive prompt attention.

KEROSENE OILS.

KEROSENE, and the best COAL OILS. Also, ROBIN OILS of superior quality, both the NEWTON and FIMMER, at Manufacturers' prices.

Also—A superior LUBRICATING OIL, for heavy and light bearings; the best thing in the market.

Lamps and Lamp Fixtures, &c.  
SARGENT, CROSSMAN & CO.,  
14 and 16 CENTRAL STREET, BOSTON.

E. B. MASON.

NO. 123 WASHINGTON ST. BOSTON.  
(size of the store 146 by 28 feet.)  
Crochery, Glass, China, and Plated WARE, &c.  
With a large and select stock of  
GAS FIXTURES.

Boston New Advertisements.

GILMORE & RUSSELL,  
No. 31 COURT STREET, BOSTON.

Publishers, and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Foreign and American Music, and Musical Merchandise, of every description. Gilmore's Brass Band Music, 12 pieces, in small books. Price only \$2.00.

Gilmore's Quadrille Band Music, for 5 Instruments. Published in monthly numbers. Price 50c. per number.

Piano Fortes, and all kinds of Musical Instruments, Carefully repaired. Sheet Music neatly bound.

JUST PUBLISHED, a new work entitled the

"SACRED HARP."

Containing a choice selection of Sacred Quotations, well suited for Choirs and Musical Societies. This work contains fifty pages, and is offered at the low price of 20 cents, bound in paper, or 40 cents in cloth.

GILMORE & RUSSELL,  
Publishers and Music Dealers, 31 Court St., Boston.

SEVEN FIRST RATE BOOKS

For every Library, and for all Agents & Dealers. 1st—Copland's Country Life, Price \$2.50. 2d—Alcott's Forty Years Among Pious and Pious, \$1.00. 3d—Dr. Dadd's New Cattle Doctor, \$1.00. 4th—Alcott's Physiology of Marriage, \$1.00. 5th—Courtship and Marriage, \$1.00. 6th—Lays of Health, \$1.00. 7th—Dunellon; Or, Know What You Judge, \$1.00.

Published by JOHN P. JEWETT & CO.,  
20 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

CROSBY NICHOLS & CO.

No. 117 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

HAVE for sale at Wholesale and Retail, one of the Largest and best stocks of Books and Stationery to be found in New England.

Visitors to Boston are respectfully requested to call.

THE PUBLIC.

Are especially invited to examine the Stock of

WRITING & DRAWING MATERIAL.

Imported, Manufactured, and for sale by

HAYDEN & RANDALL,

23 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

Every needful variety of Writing and Drawing Paper, Writing, Drawing, Composition, Memorandum, and other Blank Books, Pencils, Pens, Crayons, Inks, Slates, &c., constantly on hand, and at the lowest cash prices.

Hayden's Cards and Transparencies, with copies for Primary and Intermediate Schools, are rapidly going into those Schools.

Hayden & Randall, Wholesale Agents for Shepherd's Globes and Slates. The Pennsylvania Common Slates. The Improved Pencil Sharpener, Grant's Genuine Ink Eraser, Plaster's Portable Letter Press, and several Patent Ink Stands, and are constantly adding to their stock, new and useful articles of Stationery. Teachers and Committees supplied with their approved School Pen, at a low rate.

S. D. HAYDEN. A. J. RANDALL.

FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.

THE undersigned, having the satisfaction of presenting to the notice of a discerning public,

Berkshire & Co's. Sewing Machine, for Family Use, and for Sewing Purposes.

Which are admitted by competent judges to be far superior in their capacity, for variety of work, noiseless movement, and simplicity of operation than any Machines ever before offered.

Prices from Fifty to Eighty Five Dollars.

D. PHILLIPS, } AGENTS,  
M. B. KENNY, }

265 Washington Street, (up stairs) BOSTON.

THE NEW KEROSENE OIL BURNER.

THE PERFECTED BURNER burns with the most perfect combustion, with a large white flame; it burns the wick less than any other burner; it fits the same screw and chimney of the usual Kerosene Burner, and having an entire new shaped cone, with no holes in it for the odor to escape from the Lamp, we claim as the result of actual trial that it gives off less odor in burning, than any other burner whatever. Not having to pay tariff on two or three patents, these Burners (two sizes) will be offered at less prices than any other first class Burners.

ELISHA K. COLLINS,  
Agent for the Manufacturers, 97 Water St., BOSTON.

ANDREW PETERSON.

Manufactures of Washed, Plain, and Janed

TIN WARE.

No. 388 Washington, and 5 Avery Street, BOSTON.

And 39 Washington Street, (corner Williams Court) opposite Rustis Street, ROXBURY.

GILMORE'S QUADRILLE BAND.

ANY number of Musicians furnished for Private Parties, Balls, Concerts, &c., on application to P. S. GILMORE, (at Gilmore & Russell's), 31 Court Street, BOSTON.

REMOVAL.

S. H. GREGORY & CO.,

Importers, and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in French and American PAPER HANGINGS.

Have removed to 225 WASHINGTON STREET, (Opposite head of Franklin) Washington Building.

S. H. GREGORY, & CO.,  
225 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

Steam Engines and Boilers.

NEW AND RECENTLY

CONSTANTLY ON HAND AND FOR SALE AT THE

ATLANTIC WORKS,

EAST BOSTON.

PIANOS AND MELODEONS TO LET,

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

\$3 TO \$12 PER QUARTER.

With no charge for rent, if purchased within one year.

OLIVER DITSON, & CO.,  
277 Washington Street, Boston.

Forty Dollars Per Month!

500 AGENTS WANTED, to travel and solicit orders for the celebrated

PATENT FIFTEEN DOLLAR SEWING MACHINE.

Salary \$10 per month, with all expenses paid. For sample machines and full particulars, apply to, or address, with stamp enclosed for returned postage, to

I. M. DAGGETT & CO.,  
210 Washington Street, BOSTON.

GUSTAVUS A. MILLER.

PIANO FORTÉ MANUFACTURER.

709 Washington Street, Boston.

Piano Fortes tuned and repaired, second hand, bought, sold and exchanged for new. Pianos to Let.

Please call and examine before purchasing.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

FROM five to seven applications of HOTT'S HAIR RESTORATIVE will change any Gray or Red Hair to a beautiful Brown or Black color; also prevents its falling off. Supplied and sold wholesale and retail by H. M. BOWMAN, General Agent for the New England States.

No. 22 HANOVER STREET, BOSTON.

The New Kerosene, or Coal Oil Lamp.

TO BURN WITHOUT A CHIMNEY!

NO HUMBUG!

For Sale at No. 30 Washington Street, Boston.

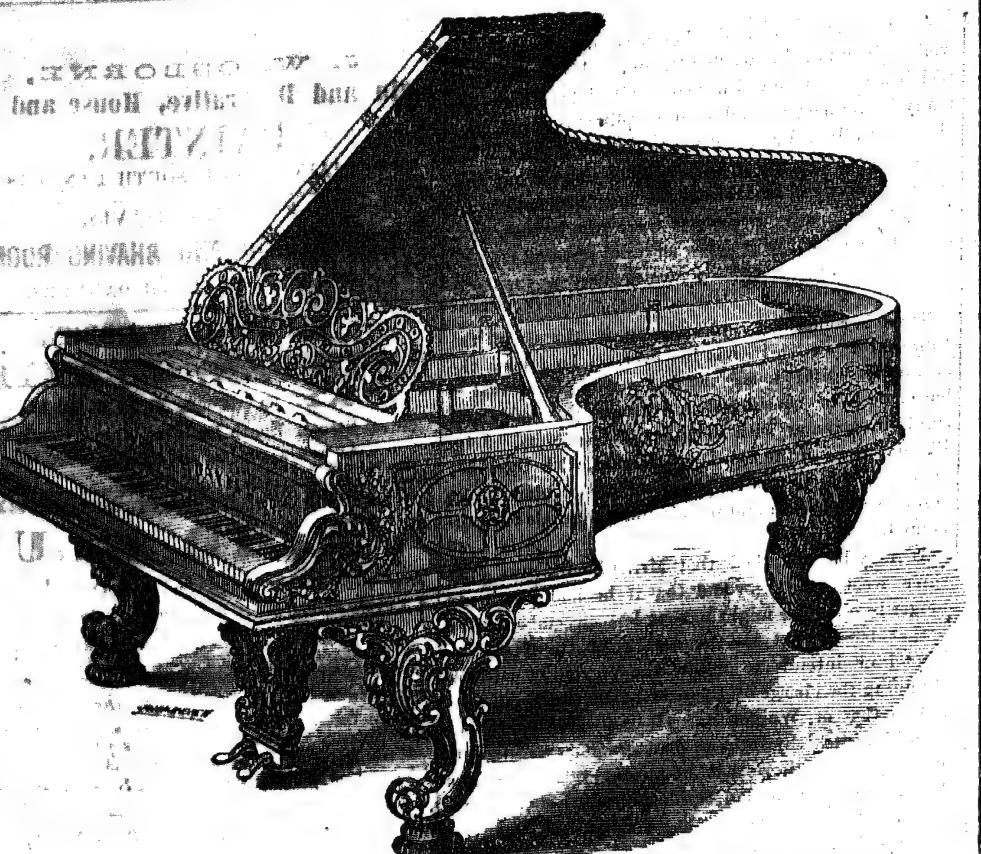
C. G. HARRIS & CO.

L. D. BOISE & CO.

(L. D. Boise, of the late firm of Boise, Boise, & Co.)  
Wholesale Dealers in

CLOTHING.

No. 87 Federal St. (nearly opposite foot of Franklin St) BOSTON.



D. B. BROOKS & BROTHER,  
201 Essex St., and 6 Central St.,  
Agents for SALEM, SOUTH DANVERS and Vicinity, for  
HALLET, DAVIS & CO'S  
CELEBRATED PIANOS.

They would refer to these Instruments now used in the Bowditch School, and Peabody High School, South Danvers.

These Pianos are considered by the best musicians to be equal, if not superior, to any other Instrument before the public. The most favorable terms given to purchasers.

Illustrated Catalogues furnished gratis. Inspection is invited to their assortment of Pianos.

MASON & HAMLIN'S CELEBRATED MODEL MELODEONS AND HARMONIUMS

now on exhibition at their Elegant Music Rooms.

d 7

Boston New Advertisements.

JOHN D. FLAGG,  
GENERAL DEALER IN

NEW YORK PRINTING INKS,

Manufactured by J. D. McCrory & Co.,  
or others, at customers may prefer.

ADVERTISING AGENCY.

No. 11 Water Street, and Spring Lane, BOSTON.

Orders for any kind of Printing Inks respectfully solicited, and will be promptly filled, at the manufacturers very lowest cash prices.

REMOVAL.

C. E. KING & CO.

DRESS, CLOAK, and MANTILLA TRIMMINGS,  
Also—Zephyr, Washable, Shirts, Corsets,  
and SHAWL BORDERS, &c.

Have removed to the new Washington Building,  
321 Washington Street, (opposite Franklin) BOSTON.

JEWELRY! JEWELRY!!

AMOUNTS TO SALE OF

15,000 Dollars WORTH OF JEWELRY!

101 WASHINGTON STREET,

Up Stairs, rear room, opposite Old South Church, BOSTON.

TIN & BRONZE WORK.

WANTED—AGENTS in every town and county in the Union, to solicit subscriptions for the

"NEW YORK WAVELET," a choice family paper, which publishes Spurgeon's latest Sermons every week, and a vast amount of Literature, Travel, News, &c. Bare inducements are offered. Apply in person, or by letter, with references, to JONES, SMITH & CO., 15 Brattle Street, Boston.

Howe's Sewing Machines.

MACHINES adapted to all manufacturing purposes in Cloth or Leather. Prices from \$50 to \$150. For Family use, New Machines have recently been constructed. They are well adapted for Tailors use or for fitting, and are unquestionably the best Machines for Vest Makers in the market. They are constructed under the direct inspection of Mr. Howe himself, and in all instances are warranted.

G. S. BARTLETT, Agent,  
257 Washington Street.

\$80.

The Best Double Thread

FAMILY SEWING MACHINES,

In the Market, for the Low Price of

THIRTY DOLLARS.

C. S. CUSHMAN, AGENT,

No. 13 Tremont Row, Boston.

DECEMBER 1, 1859.

AUGUSTUS E. PRICE,

No. 220 Essex Street, Salem.

Will sell his entire stock of

DRY GOODS,

MILLINERY

AND

TRIMMINGS,

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES

For THIRTY Days.

dec 7 1 m

WILLIAM H. BURBECK,

TAILOR AND DRAPER,

249 ESSEX STREET, 249

(UNOAK BLOCK), SALEM.

WOULD inform his customers and the public, that he has

been and is daily receiving, for Fall and Winter trade, BROADWAY.

ESSEX PANTS GOODS.

which he will make to order, in the latest styles, and the most

workmanlike manner. He has a large stock of New York

tailors' and ready made Clothing, which he is of his own and

will call their attention to the stock which is of the best and

at the LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Also a General Assortment of Gent's Furnishing Goods.

Mr. BURBECK would be found at this establishment, where he would be happy to receive the calls of his friends.

CHEAP CASH STORE

IN SOUTH DANVERS.

WEST INDIA GOODS, DRY GOODS, TEAS,

FLOUR AND GRAIN, HARD WARE,

CUTLERY, &c., &c., &c.

Teas, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Nutmegs, Mace, Spice, Cocoa, Chocolate, Shells, Salmatras, Soda, Potash, Cream Tartar, Farina, Corn Starch, Tapioca, Sago, Cornmeal and Fine Salt, Tobacco and Cigars.

Butter, Cheese, Pork, Lard, Bacon.

OILS.

Kerosene Oil, Speru Oil, Whale Oil, Fluid.

WOODEN WARE.

Pails, Buckets and Tubs, Baskets, Boxes, Brooms, Brushes.

Clothes Lines, Bed Cords, Rope.

BRUSHES.

Stove, Shoe, White Wash, Dust, Floor and Horse.

Currie Combs, Cattle Cards, Whips.

CROCKERY.

White Granite Tea Sets, and Dining Sets, Pitchers, Bowls, Chamber Sets, Caskets and Bottles.

Glass Ware, Stone Ware, Earthen Ware.

PLATED WARE.

Silver Plated Forks, Silver Plated Salt Spoons.

CUTLERY.

Knives and Forks, Broad Knives, Shoe Knives, Pocket Knives, Chopping Knives.

HARD WARE.

Shovels, Spades, Garden Tools, Hoes, Iron Rakes, Hay Tools, Nails, Files, Gimlets, Carpet Tacks, Screws, Bed Castors, &c., &c., &c.

DRY GOODS.

Broad Cloths, Doe Skins, Variety of Pant Goods and Vestings.

Blankets, Bleached and Brown Sheet and Shirting.

Ticking, Denims, Factory Check, Hickory, Hosiery and Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Dress Brads, White and Colored Spool and Skin Cottons.

Colored Cambrics and Silicates, Dress Goods, Damask and Brown Linen Table Covers.

Embroidered Table Covers, Colored Table Covers, Cotton and Silk Velvets, Tailors' Trimmings.

CLOTHING.

Gent's Furnishing Goods, Silk and Woolen Shirts, and Drawers, Collars and Neckties, Neck Ties, Liner Bosoms, Suspenders, &c.

MEDICINES.

A good assortment of Patent Medicines, Russia Salve, Goulard's Bitters, Atwood's Bitters, Skinner's Bitters.

Essences and Extracts, Castor Oil, Salts, Sulphur.

FRUITS.

Dates, Prunes, Raisins, Nuts, &c.

All the above-named Goods can be found in the above store, and will be sold at the lowest prices for cash; and to which we would call the attention of the citizens of this place and vicinity, assuring them that we have adopted the LOW PRICE SYSTEM, and we are happy to say to our friends, our customers, and to all, that purchasers can rely upon getting better goods, and more of them, for their money, than at any other store in this place.

R. O. SPILLER.

Nos. 134 and 138 Main Street, South Danvers.

NEW BOOKS.

REMINISCENCES OF REVEREND CHURCH, by E. G. Parker.

Up, by author of Aunt Fanny's Stories, Martha's Hooks and

Power, by James Miller; and the use and Abuse of Tobacco, by James Edgar; for sale by

H. P. IVES & A. A. SMITH,  
opp. Eastern Railroad Station.

School Books.

ALL the books in use in the Classical and High Schools, and in the Grammar and Primary Schools, of the latest editions, and the strongest bindings, and at the lowest prices. Also, every variety of School Stationery, at the Book and Paper Store of

H. P. IVES & A. A. SMITH,  
212 Essex Street.

Rich Cloaks.

NEW and Elegant Cloaks, from twelve to thirty dollars, just received by

W. W. PALMER & CO.,  
181 Essex Street.

Bargains in Plaid Dress Goods.

WE have marked down our Plaid Dress Goods to extremely low prices.

W. W. PALMER & CO.,  
181 Essex Street.

Good Muslin De Laines, for 12 1/2 cts.

SUPERIOR quality Muslin De Laines, 17 cts; Choice new styles, elegant goods, 20 cents; New styles, Cashmere, 25 to 30 cents—

W. W. PALMER & CO'S,  
181 Essex Street.

Eastern Railroad.

STATION IN BOSTON ON CAUSEWAY ST.



3WAY ST.

as will leave  
Washington  
as follows:—  
7.15, 8.15, 9,

Saugus Cen.  
and Malden  
m. 5, 5.45, 6.30,

ad Gloucester

a. m. 1, 3.15,

15, 5.45, p. m.

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# THE WIZARD

VOL. I.

SOUTH DANVERS, MASS., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1859.

NO. 3.

## THE WIZARD

AT ALTER'S BUILDING, 80, DANVERS SQUARE.

CHAS. D. HOWARD, Proprietor.

F. POOLE, Editor.

Terms \$200 a Year; for Immediate Payment, \$150.

RADES OF ADVERTISING.

Half a Square, One Square, Quarter of a Column, 16 lines of Nonpareil type are equal to a square.

60 cents per line will be charged for notices of meetings for political, civic, or religious purposes, notices of societies, public acknowledgments, &c.

The privilege of Annual Advertisers is limited to their own immediate business; and all advertisements for the benefit of other persons, as well as legal advertisements, and notices of real estate, or auction sales, and in any other manner, must be paid for at the usual rates.

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Yet strange to say, the blessing-deceit  
New unto death did have her;  
I only proved and have said,  
A powerful stockish warning!

One lazy goblin sorely vexed  
And harassed good Grummock,  
By leading constantly within  
The luckless matron's stomach.

External force could not dislodge,  
No respectable arrest him,  
The sturdy tenant would not budge,  
The dame could not digest him.

At last the mighty Mother came,  
With potent exorcism,  
Whereat the quick began to yield,  
And soon the Doctor "ris" him!

Another spirit plagued Salem folks,  
In semblance of a monkey;  
John Lander with his trusty axe,  
(A yeoman he right spunky.)

Esquayed below, the goblin doctored,  
Then fled in form of smoke,  
Leaving a perfume in the air;  
John Lander's right arm shrunk.

And lost its vigor from that hour,  
The old records say,  
And never held an axe again  
From that unlucky day!

Eight Wizards made a joint attack,  
In Boston on Miss Rule,  
And bade her sign the big "red book,"  
She, stubborn as a mule,

Flatly refused to "lend her name,"  
Whereat they wrathily grew,  
And fell upon her, tooth and nail—  
'Twas sorrowful to view.

They banged and thumped her fearfully,  
And pinched and scratched her sore,  
Oft raised her to the ceiling high,  
Then dumped her on the floor.

They stuck her body full of pins,  
And saw her nose did stuff  
A powder strange, which Mather said,  
He thought was brimstone snuff.

And oft the sprites were "in her hair,"  
And handfuls tore away;  
Their cruelties she still withstood,  
Nor would their will obey.

They robbed her of her appetite,  
For many days to come,  
She took but little nourishment,  
Except Jamaica Rum!

And still brave Margaret's pluck held out,  
She never signed the "book";  
At last her foes' onslaughts,  
Their hopeless job forsook.

Some Wizards stole from citizens,  
The money in their pockets,  
A cruelly refined was this,  
As digging eyes from sockets.

Which surely was too bad,  
For one before since wedding day,  
The poor man never had.

A goblin came some nights to roost  
On Robert Downer's breast;  
In various forms the spirit appeared,  
And Robert, much distressed.

Who squeezed him like a white bear,  
Sometimes a huge black cat he seemed,  
And sometimes seemed a white bear.

George Martin coming from the woods  
At twilight, was surrounded  
By troops of Wizards hid in fog,  
And utterly confounded.

They lured him from the well-known path,  
And sent him wandering wild,  
Amid the forest labyrinth,  
As helpless as a child.

And pitched him headlong over stumps,  
And made him staggering go,  
Just like unto a drunken man,  
Who reel to and fro.

But space forbids I should relate  
A tenth part of the evil,  
Which they both here and elsewhere wrought,  
Those children of the Devil.

I leave the olden Wizard now,  
I've striven to portray,  
And turn unto the modern one,  
The Wizard of To-Day.

He does not cleave the realms of air,  
Nor on the tempest sail,  
But chiefly all his journeys takes  
By steamboat, stage or rail.

Or else upon that handy beast  
Which doth so many bear,  
Who forth on their occasions go,  
Benighted by some "Shank's mare."

He does not poison, bite or scratch,  
Nor strangle, pinch or choke,  
But practices his wretchedness  
By poem, tale and joke.

By epigram and parody,  
Not lacking truth and reason,  
And such small shot that never kills,  
Let fly at game in season.

No ancient dames who meet him now,  
Shudder at wild affright,  
Nor backward turning in their path,  
Go hobbling out of sight.

You'll see him now in plain dark suit,  
In manners dignified,  
And when he in the street appears,  
No children run and hide.

They know a grave, yet kindly face,  
Did never appear in  
To Wizard dark and dangerous,  
Like those of olden strain.

Our Wizard man of Fifty-Nine,  
In one respect alone,  
Resembles him of long ago,  
Long since forgotten now.

He keeps a "book" for mortal names,  
But no man found therein,  
Small risk thereby his future weal,  
Or ought incur of sin.

Nor is this "book" a "quib" long,  
Nor is it "red" or "white";  
But is, unless I greatly err,  
Called a "Subscription List."

Then let us sing, long live the king:  
Our Wizard, long live he,  
And as he wearily goes abroad,  
May all his visage see.

H. P.



**CL**  
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**REAR**  
**FU**  
 Particulars  
**LADIES**  
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Advertisements.

**CLOTHING STORE!**

R. S. D. SYMONDS  
Has opened a STORE in TRASK'S BUILDING,  
52 MAIN ST., SOUTH DANVERS,  
Where he intends to keep a general assortment of

**MEN'S & BOYS' CLOTHING,**

Consisting of:  
**BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBER, HATS & CAPS**

And all such Goods as are generally found in such a store.

**READY MADE CLOTHING**  
AND  
**FURNISHING GOODS.**

Particular attention will be given to keeping a constant supply of

**LADIES' BOOTS & SHOES.**

The above Goods are of the best quality, and will be sold as low as similar articles can be had in South Danvers or Salem.

**LADIES**

Are particularly invited to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

dec 21-1f

**A Cheap and Durable Article.**

**MEN'S KIP BOOTS**—only Two Dollars and a Quarter per pair, at

R. S. D. SYMONDS,  
52 Main St., S. Dan. vrs.

dec 21-1f

**Mitchell's Patent Men's Boots.**

THIS new and improved article, with metallic soles, protecting the feet from dampness, may be found at

R. S. D. SYMONDS,  
Trask's Building, No. 52 Main St.

dec 21-1f

**SO. DANVERS PERIODICAL STORE.**

L. CHANDLER & CO.

WOULD respectfully announce to the citizens of South Danvers that they have taken part of the store occupied by D. B. Brooks & Co., in Allen's Building, where they intend to keep a good supply of

Periodicals, Newspapers, Toys, &c.

The Boston Daily Herald, Journal, and Traveller, and all the principal Weekly Papers and Periodicals, can always be found on their counter.

dec 21-1f

**To the Lovers of the Weed.**

THURPIN'S Yachough, Mellow Ridge, Honey Dew, Wine Cup, Catawba Twist, Orghum Bay, Navy, John Anderson, and Goodwin's Patent, and Thomas H. Lee's Celebrated Cavendish Tobacco.

**LUBIN'S EXTRACTS.** Homoeo Principle, Manilla and the "Favourite" Wandering Jew Cigars, at

WM. J. LUNT'S, Hotel Building.

dec 21-3t

**New Smyrna Figs.**

A CHOICE lot just received, at

LUNT'S, Hotel Building.

dec 21-3t

**FACTS**

FOR THE  
CONSIDERATION OF ECONOMIC  
WHOLESALE & RETAIL BUYERS.

**OVER \$55,000**

worth of  
**PRIME READY-MADE**

**Winter clothing**

To be closed off during the next

**THIRTY DAYS!**

At prices below the lowest bargain hitherto offered at

**LANE'S**

**GREAT BARGAIN STORE,**

32 Dock Square, 32

The long continued open, genial fall and winter weather has left us with a large supply stock of

**UNSOLD GOODS**

On hand, which must be disposed of within 30 days, as our system has invariably been to allow no goods to remain upon our shelves over this season. This stock embraces every variety of

**READY-MADE,**

**FINE FASHIONABLE AND HEAVY**

**WINTER GARMENTS.**

Adapted for

**PROFESSIONAL MEN,**

**MERCHANTS,**

**MECHANICS AND LABORERS.**

**LANE'S,**

32-Dock Square, Boston, - 32

dec 21-3t

**Holiday Goods!**

**DESKS, Dressing Cases, Parian Ware, Games, Toys,**

**Fancy Goods, Juvenile, Miscellaneous and Illustrated Books** in every variety and style, just rec'd by

**H. P. LIVES & A. A. SMITH,**

232 Essex St., Salem.

dec 21-3t

**Huntwell's Medicines.**

**TOLU ANODYNE** for Neuralgia and Nervous affections—**UNIVERSAL CURE** for Throat and Lung Complaints; sold by

T. A. SWEETSER, 37 Main St.

dec 21-3t

**DR. J. M. TRUE'S GERMAN COUGH SYRUP.**

**DR. J. M. TRUE'S Pain Destroying Compound**—sold at 37 Main St.

dec 21-3t

**OSBORNE'S FUR STORE.**  
Essex, corner of Central St.

The subscriber is again a candidate for the favors of those discriminating and judicious purchasers of FURS, whose superior taste and judgment he has for so many years been able to meet and satisfy. His stock of Goods in the Fur line is now, by early and fortunate arrangements, very complete and extensive, with prices more moderate than the present prices of skins will warrant.

**CLOAKS.** **CAPE.** **VICTORIAN.** **BOAS.** **MUFFS.** **GUFFS.** &c.

will be found or made to measure, in Hudson Bay, Canada, Norway, Mink, and American Sables—Stone Martin, Pitch, Chinchilla, Siberian, Squirrel, Ermine, and all the Fashionable Furs in demand.

**Gentlemen's Furs and Sleigh Robes,** in all their variety, will be found at the lowest prices.

He trusts that his new apartments for the display of his rich stock of **FUR GOODS** will meet the approbation of his numerous patrons.

**STEPHEN OSBORNE,**  
Salem, dec 21, 5w.

**SHAKER'S FLUID EXTRACT OF VALERIAN,** FOR quieting the nerves, and promoting sleep; sold by

T. A. SWEETSER, 37 Main St.

**For Christmas and New Year.** **FINE Jewelry and Silver Ware.** A large and new stock of Goods, suitable for Holiday Presents, received this week.

**JOSEPH J. RIDER,** 242 Essex St.

**MANTEL CLOCKS,** new styles, just received by

J. J. RIDER, 242 Essex St.

**CALL** and see the new and beautiful Silver Goods, just received and for sale at

T. A. SWEETSER, 37 Main St.

**A FINE assortment of Fancy Hair Pins,** at 242 Essex St.

dec 21-3t

**Brown's Laxative Troches,** FOR Catarrhs, BRONCHITIS, ARTERIAL TROCHES (for coughs and colds), sold by

T. A. SWEETSER, 37 Main St.

**WHITCOMB'S REMEDY FOR RASHES,** sold by

T. A. SWEETSER, 37 Main St.

**TO RESTORE THE COLOR OF THE HAIR.** Helminthol Hair Coloring is a safe preparation, sold by

T. A. SWEETSER, 37 Main St.

**SHAKES' PULMONIC SYRUP,** an old but excellent remedy for coughs, colds, and all affections of the pulmonary system—sold by

T. A. SWEETSER, 37 Main St.

**J. W. OSBORNE,**

**Plain and Decorative, House and Sign PAINTER,**

88 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS.

**SAMUEL DAVIS,**

**HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING ROOM,** 7 MAIN ST., SOUTH DANVERS.

**HENRY L. WHIDDEN,**

**PAINTER, GLAZIER, AND PAPERER,**

Central Street, South Danvers, Oppo. South Church. All orders promptly and faithfully executed.

dec 14-1f

**UPTON'S STEAM REFINED LIQUID GLUE.**

Save the Pieces!

In every family, articles of Furniture, the children's Toys, Ornaments, &c., are being continually broken, and the fragments are thrown aside as useless, from the want of some convenient substance with which to unite them. This want is completely supplied by Upton's Liquid Glue.

It is always ready, and up to the sticking point. Apply the glue to the fractured parts, secure the pieces together until dry, and the article is as good as new. It is a perfect substitute for common glue, for all purposes. Price 25 cents. For sale by Druggists and Stationers generally.

dec 14-1f

**DECEMBER 1, 1859.**

**AUGUSTUS E. PRICE,**

No. 220 Essex Street, Salem.

Will sell his entire stock of

**DRY GOODS, MILLINERY**

AND

**TRIMMINGS,**

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES

**For THIRTY Days.**

dec 7

**H. & H. G. HUBBON,**

WASHINGTON STREET, SALEM.

Manufacturers of

**Rose Wood, Mahogany, Black Walnut and Stained Wood.**

**COFFINS and CASKETS.**

MAKING this our exclusive business, we are ready at all times to furnish the shortest notice, for Coffins and Caskets of the finest quality, and at the lowest prices. We deliver without extra charge to any of the neighboring towns. All orders by express or otherwise will receive prompt attention.

**Black Walnut and White Wood**

**Boards, Blank and Joists**

**for sale.**

dec 14-5m

**POWER'S MARBLE WORKS.**

No. 11 St. Peter Street, Salem.

Chimney Pieces, Monuments, Tablets, Bases and Table Tops, Shelves and Brackets.

OF every description of Marble and Soapstone work, furnished promptly and reasonably.

Those in want of any of the above kinds of work, will find they can do so as well here as in Boston.

dec 14-1f

**CHARLES S. BUFFUM,**

Central St., nearly opposite Lowell Depot, So. Danvers.

**CABINET MAKER,**

**FURNITURE MADE, REPAIRED & VARNISHED.**

**UPHOLSTERY WORK IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.**

Carpets made to order. Cane Chairs' new seated.

**PINGREE'S JOB WAGON.**

THE subscriber is still prepared to do all kinds of Job Work and Teaming, such as removing Furniture and Merchandise of any description from town, or to send from the neighboring towns.

Orders will be received at the Essex Railroad Station, and at E. S. Flint's store, on the Square.

Thankful for past favors, he would solicit a continuance of the same.

W. B. PINGREE.

South Danvers, dec 14-1f

**WHIPPLE & FRIEND, PAINTERS, GLAZIERS AND PAPER HANGERS,**

Main Street, opposite Danvers Bank, S. Danvers. All orders promptly attended to; a share of patronage solicited.

**CHEAP CASH STORE**

**IN SOUTH DANVERS.**

**WEST INDIA GOODS, DRY GOODS, TEAS,**

**FLOUR AND GRAIN, HARD WARE,**

**CUTLERY, &c., &c., &c.**

Teas, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Nutmegs, Mace, Spice, Cocoa, Chocolate, Saffron, Soda, Potash, Cream Tartar, Farina, Corn Starch, Tapioca, Sago, Coarse and Fine Salt, Tobacco and Cigars.

Butter, Cheese, Pork, Lard, Bacon.

**Oils.** Kerosene Oil, Sparn Oil, Whale Oil, Fluid.

**Wooden Ware.** Pails, Buckets and Tubs, Baskets, Boxes, Brooms, Brushes.

**Brushes.** Stove, Shoe, White Wash, Dust, Floor and Horse.

**Currie Combs, Cattle Cards, Whips, Crockery.** White Granite Tea Sets, and Dining Sets. Pitchers, Bowls, Chamber Sets, Castors and Bottles.

**Plated Ware.** Silver Plated Spoons, Silver Plated Butter Knives, Silver Plated Forks, Silver Plated Salt Spoons.

**Cutlery.** Knives and Forks, Bread Knives, Shovel Knives, Pocket Knives, Chopping Knives.

**Hard Ware.** Shovels, Spades, Garden Traverses, Hoes, Iron Hakes, Hay Tools, Saws, Files, Gimlets, Carpet Tacks, Screws, Bed Castors, &c., &c., &c.

**Dry Goods.** Broad Cloths, Deeskins, Variety of Pant Goods and Vestings. Bleached and Brown Sheetings and Shirtings. Tickings, Denims, Factory Checks, Hickory, Hosiery and Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Dress Brads. White and Colored Spool and Skein Yarns. Colored Cambrics and Silicates, Dress Goods, Damask and Brown Linnen Table Covers. Embossed Table Covers, Colored Table Covers, Cotton and Silk Velvets, Tailors' Trimmings.

**Clothing.** Gent's Furnishing Goods, Silk and Woolen Shirts, and Drawers, Collars and Neck Ties, Linen Bosoms, Suspenders, &c.

**Medicines.** A good assortment of Patent Medicines, Russia Salvo, Goodhue's Bitters, Atwood's Bitters, Pinkettes Bitters. Essences and Extracts, Castor Oil, Salts, Sulphur.

**Fruits.** Dates, Prunes, Raisins, Nuts, &c.

All the above-named Goods can be found in the above store, and will be sold at the lowest prices for cash; and to which we would call the attention of the citizens of this place and vicinity, assuring them that we have adopted the LOW PRICE SYSTEM, and we are happy to say to our friends, our customers, and to all, that purchasers can rely upon getting better goods, and more of them, for their money, than at any other store in this place.

**F. O. SPILLER,**

Nos. 131 and 133 Main Street, South Danvers.

**SOUTH DANVERS**

**COFFIN AND CASKET WAREHOUSE.**

THE subscriber would inform the people of this place that he is now prepared to receive, at the shortest notice,

**Mahogany, Black Walnut, & Stained Wood**

**COFFINS.**

**AND CASKETS OF ALL SIZES.**

Also, Silver and Silver Plated Coffin Plates, of the latest Patterns.

Grave Clothes of every description constantly on hand.

All orders from the neighboring towns, by express or otherwise, promptly attended to, and delivered personally, if desired.

**CHARLES S. BUFFUM,**

Central Street, nearly opposite the Lowell Depot. Dec 14-1f

**Received this Week**

**BONNET RUCHES** for 13, 17, 25 and 34 cents; Heavy 3 Rowed Ruche for 13 cts.

Wrought Collars for 25, 35, 45, 50, and 75 cts—bargains.

Black and Cambric Bands—all prices.

Black Knit Hoods for 65, 75, 85, and 1 25 cts.

Woven Hoods and Bonnets for children.

Skating Capes, Comforters, Hosiery and Mittens.

Songsters, Buckles, Sleeves, &c.

Cambric Edgings, Insertings and Bands.

Linen Handkerchiefs—a good article for 25 cts.

Linen Cambric Hdkfs from 5 cts. to 42 cts.

**For Christmas**

**And New Year's Presents**

You will find a full stock of very desirable goods—all new and selected for the occasion.

**238 ESSEX STREET, SALEM,**

**JOHN P. PEABODY.**

**BONNET RUCHES.**

**AT 238-ESSEX STREET,**

**JOHN P. PEABODY.**

dec 14

**EDWARD C. WEBSTER,**

**ONE PRICE**

**HAT, CAP AND FUR STORE,**

231 ESSEX, and 34 WASHINGTON ST.

Salem, dec 11-1y

**EZEKIEL GOSS,**

**DECORATIVE UPHOLSTERER,**

And dealer in every description of

**UPHOLSTERY GOODS,**

**Trimmings and Ornaments.**

—ALSO—

**FURNITURE, BEDDING,**

**Patent Portable Bed Chair, for the sick.**

**BEDS AND FEATHERS RENOVATED.**

Wire Screens, Store and other Window Shades; Venetian Blinds; Mattresses and Pillow Cushions; Wheelers, Brays, and other Curtain Fixtures; Carpet, Curtain, and Repairing Work, on reasonable terms; and warranted; Drapery arranged according to the latest styles.

**270 Essex Street, Salem.**

dec 14-1y

**CURRIER & MILLETT, Dealers in FURNITURE, CHAIRS, MATTRESSES, FEATHERS, &c.**

259 & 261 ESSEX ST.

**Gas and Steam Pipes and Gas Fixtures.**

**E. H. STATEN,**

**GAS, STEAM, AND WATER FITTER,**

**GAS, STEAM AND WATER FITTER,**

151 Essex St., Lynde Block, Salem, Mass.

**GAS FIXTURES**

OF every description for lighting Stores, Dwellings, Public Buildings, Churches, &c.

Old Gas Fixtures and Lamps refurnished to look as well as new. Gas washed, wrought-iron Pipes for Water, Rubber Hose Man-head (ask for it). Sheet and Ring Packings for steam work constantly on hand.

Agent for Essex, 11 PORTLAND GAS BURNER, (Wood's Patent), the best and most economical Gas Burner in existence. Sole Agent for Wm. F. Shaw's Gas and Air Stoves, for cooking and heating by Gas.

E. H. STATEN, 151 Essex St., Lynde Block.

**THE CELEBRATED FRANKLIN COAL**

**For sale by M. BLACK, Jr.**

**B. F. STEVENS,**

**WATCH & MAKER,**

—AND DEALER IN—

**Watches, Clocks, Gold & Plated Jewelry,**

**SILVER AND PLATED WARE,**

**CUTLERY AND FANCY GOODS.**

Old Gold and Silver taken in exchange for New.

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, neatly Cleaned, Repaired and warranted.

**16 MAIN ST., OPPOSITE WARREN BANK,**

**SOUTH DANVERS, MASS.**

**E. S. FLINT,**

**DEALER IN</**











**CARDS IN PHOTOGRAPHY.**—The new device of photographic Cards, which originated with Mr. W. A. 96 Washington street, is quite in vogue at the present time, and that artist is very busy, as orders are coming in as fast as they can be executed. As New Year day occurs on Sunday, and the usual call must be dispensed with on that anniversary, gentlemen can have their Photographic Cards on Saturday, so that they can not only name the number of callers, but also to show their portraits, with the best smiles of their countenances. We charge nothing for the service, though it will save the gentlemen much pain, and the ladies any quantity of cakes and



[illegible]

229

dec 14-11

Nos. 181 and 188 Main Street, South Danvers.

Dec 7 T. A. SWEETSER, 37 Main street.

ec 14 T. A. SWEETSER, Hon. Ec'y, 37 Main street.



Boston New Advertisements.

FROM JOHN D. FLAGG & CO.'S, ADVERTISING AGENCY,  
No. 11 WATER STREET, AND SPRING LANE, BOSTON.

Music and Musical Instruments.

THE undersigned having purchased the varied and extensive stock of the late HENRY PATENT, 33 Court Street, Boston, has made large additions, and has now on hand and for sale the most complete assortment of

Musical Instruments, Music Books, Musical Merchandise, Umbrellas, Parasols, and Walking Canes, to be found in the United States.

Consisting in part of Piano Fortes, Melodions, Seraphines, Organ-Harmoniums, House and Church Organs, Hand Organs, Harps, Guitars, Violins, Violoncellos, Double Bass Viols, Accordions, Flutes, Conchettos, Flageolles, and Flutes, in a great variety, Post Horns, Sax Horns, in complete sets or single, Tubas, Chinese and Turkish Cymbals, Bass and Snare Drums, Hurdy Gurdies, Banjos, Tambourines, Castanets, Triangles and Metronomes, Strings of Italian, German, French and English manufacture for Violins, Violoncellos, Double Bass Viols, Harps, Guitars, and Banjos. Trimmings of every description for the above instruments; Boxes for Violins, Violoncellos, and Double Bass Viols; Violin and Guitar Cases; Clarinet Reeds and Mouth Pieces; German Silver Mouth Pieces for Flutes; Metallic Mouth Pieces for Flutes; Drum Heads, Sticks and Cords; Tuning Forks, Tuning Hammers; Instruction Books and Scores for every instrument; Blank Music Books and Music Paper; a complete collection of Music Books both Vocal and Instrumental; Musical Instruments of all kinds to let by the quarter or year; full sets for Military Bands furnished; Musical Instruments, Umbrellas, Parasols and Walking Canes, neatly repaired; Piano Fortes, Melodions, Organ-Harps, tuned.

Also, an elegant variety—Silk, Gingham and Cotton Umbrellas; Walking Canes mounted in Gold, Silver and Ivory; Sword Canes, Malacca, Hickory, &c., &c., including more than one thousand different varieties—in fact every article in the Music Trade. No matter where a Musical Instrument is manufactured, or a Music Book may be published, it can always be had of the subscriber.

Elony, Cocanwood, Boxwood, Leopardwood & Ivory for sale.

Having purchased the stock at a great discount from cost and having unusual facilities in procuring most of his goods in exchange for the books of his own publication, he is enabled to offer Dealers, Military and Quadrille Bands and individuals, all Goods in the Music Line, at very low prices.

ELIAS HOWE, At the old stand of H. Prentiss, 33 Court Street—BOSTON.

TO BUYERS OF IRON OR STEEL.

FULLER & DANA, 64 FULTON STREET, BOSTON, offer for sale in lots to suit, and at the lowest prices, a complete assortment of the best qualities of IRON and STEEL, as follows:—

Hotbed and Common Bar Iron.  
Hoop Band, Scroll, Sheet and Angle Iron.  
Norway and Sweden Shapes, Rods and Bars.  
Horse and Ox Nail Rods, of extra quality.  
Round Norway and River Iron.

Spring, Sleigh Shoe and Corking Steel.  
Fire Steel—the best material for Carriage Tires.  
Granite Wedge, German and Blister Steel.  
Ship Spikes, Axles, Springs, Horse Nails, Files, Haps, &c.

Together with every description of Nagler & Co's Warranted Cast Steel, to which the attention of purchasers is especially invited.

A CARD TO THE PUBLIC.

Recent developments having made fully apparent the fact that there are numerous imitations of our "trade mark" throughout the United States, and there being for us no legal means of redress for our attempts to impose upon the Public by a spurious article, and thus lessen our reputation as manufacturers, we have deemed it judicious, as the only way to put our friends and customers upon their guard against imposition, to say to them that all Piano Fortes, Seraphines, Organ-Harmoniums, and other Musical Instruments, manufactured by us, bear upon the "name board" "CHICKERING & SONS, Boston," in German Text, and ornamental capital, with the number of the Piano in plain numerals between the two lines.

Should any person have in his possession, or become aware of the existence of any of the counterfeit instruments above referred to, an address of the same to us, would be considered as an act of friendship.

CHICKERING & SONS, 272 Washington Street, Boston, 604 Broadway, New York, 307 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Fenno's Boys' Clothing House.

Come listen friends while I shall sing a ditty for the poor.

'Tis all about that famous place the Boys' New Clothing Store;

This famous mart so noted long is close by Fenno's Hall;

Where hosts of customers are seen each pleasant day to call.

That no one need mistake the place and clothe their Boys elsewhere,

Eighty Pairs all Boys, suspended are at 22 DOCK-SQUARE.

The Poor Man here with scanty means and children half a score,

May dress his Boys as decently as those whose means are more.

All you who wish to guard your Boys 'gainst winter's cold and snow,

Should buy their CLOTHING at this mart kept by GEORGE A. FENNO.

DR. MORAND'S ANTIDOTE.

A Specific Remedy for Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Stricture, and Diseases of the Organs of Generation.

This Valuable Remedy expels the virus effectually, and permanently eradicates the Disease from the system—in most cases effecting a radical cure in a few days. No charge of diet or interruption of business is necessary. It is purely vegetable, and does not injure the health or constitution. Price \$1.00.

Single bottles enclosed in a small sealed box, can be sent to any part of the country. Also,

DR. MORAND'S INJECTION.

The Injection, with syringe for application, neatly put up in a sealed box, can be sent to any part of the country with but little expense. Price 50 Cents.

M. S. HURR, & CO., No. 26 THURMONT STREET, Boston, General Agents. Orders addressed as above will receive prompt attention.

KEROSENE OILS.

KEROSENE, and the best COAL OILS. Also, ROBIN OILS of superior quality, both the NEWTON and PIMARIC, at Manufacturer's prices.

Also—A superior LUBRICATING OIL, both for heavy and light bearings; the best thing in the market.

Lamps and Lamp Fixtures, &c. SARGENT, CROSSMAN & CO., 11 and 16 CENTRAL STREET, BOSTON.

JOHN D. FLAGG,

GENERAL WATER INK, NEW YORK PRINTING INKS, Manufactured by J. D. McCreary & Co., or others, as customers may prefer.

ADVERTISING AGENCY.

No. 11 Water Street, and Spring Lane, BOSTON. Orders for any kind of Printing Ink respectfully solicited, and will be promptly filled, at the manufacturers very lowest cash prices.

Boston New Advertisements.

GILMORE & RUSSELL, NO. 61 COURT STREET, BOSTON, Publishers, and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Foreign and American Music, and Musical Merchandise, of every description. Gilmore's Brass Band Music, 12 pieces, in small books. Price only \$3.00.

Gilmore's Quadrille Band Music, for 5 Instrument Published in monthly numbers. Price 60c. per number. Piano Fortes, and all kinds of Musical Instruments, carefully repaired. Sheet Music neatly bound.

JUST PUBLISHED, a new work entitled "THE SACRED HARP,"

Containing a choice selection of Sacred Quartette well suited for Choirs and Musical Societies. This work contains fifty pages, and is offered at the low price of 20 cents, bound in paper, a d 30 cents in cloth.

GILMORE & RUSSELL, Publishers and Music Dealers, 61 Court St., Boston.

SEVEN FIRST RATE BOOKS

For every Library, and for all Agents & Booksellers, 1st—Capehart's Country Life, price \$2.50, 2d—Alcott's Forty Years Among Pills and Powders, \$1.00.

3d—Dr. Dadd's New Cattle Doctor, \$1.00, 4th—Alcott's Physiology of Marriage, \$1.00, 5th— "Courtship and Marriage, \$1.00, 6th— "Law of Health, \$1.00, 7th—Dunellen's Or, Know What You Judge, \$1.00.

Published by JOHN P. JEWETT & CO., 20 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

CROSBY, NICHOLS & CO., No. 117 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

HAVE for sale at Wholesale and Retail, one of the Largest and best stocks of Books and Stationery, to be found in New England.

Visitors to Boston are respectfully requested to call.

THE PUBLIC

Are especially invited to examine the Stock of WRITING & DRAWING MATERIAL.

Imported, Manufactured, and for sale by HAYDEN & RANDALL, 23 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

Every needful variety of Writing and Drawing Paper, Writing, Drawing, Composition, Memorandum and other Blank Books, Pencils, Pens, Crayons, Laks, Slates, &c., constantly on hand, and at the lowest cash prices.

Hayden's Cards and Transparent Slates, with copies for Primary and Intermediate Schools, are rapidly going into these Schools.

Hayden & Randall, Wholesale Agents for Shepherd's Globes and Slates. The Pennsylvania Common Slates. The Improved Pencil Sharpener, Grant's Genuine Ink Eraser, Platt's Portable Letter Press, and several Patent Ink Stands, and are constantly adding to their stock, new and useful articles of Stationery. Teachers and Committees supplied with their approved School Pen, at a low rate.

H. D. HAYDEN, A. J. RANDALL, 23 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.

THE undersigned, have the satisfaction of presenting to the notice of a discerning public Barthol & Co's Shuttle, or Lock Stitch Machine, for Family Use and Manufacturing Purposes.

Which are admitted by competent judges to be far superior in their capacity, for variety of work, noiseless movement, and simplicity of operation than any Machines ever before offered.

PRICES FROM FIFTY TO EIGHTY FIVE DOLLARS. D. PHILBRICK, M. B. KENNEY, Agents, 265 Washington Street, (up stairs) BOSTON.

THE NEW KEROSENE OIL BURNER.

THE PERFECTED BURNER burns with the most perfect combustion, with a large white flame; it clears the wick less than any other burner; its same Screw and Chimney of the usual Kerosene Burner, and having an entire new shaped Cone, with no claim as the result of actual trial that it gives off less odor in burning, than any other burner whatever. Not having to pay tariff on two or three patents, these Burners (two sizes) will be offered at less prices than any other first class Burners.

MILBIA K. COLLINS, Agent for the Manufacturers, 97 Water St., BOSTON.

ANDREW PETERSON, Manufacturer of Blankets, Plaid, and Japanese TIN WARE,

No. 338 Washington, and 5 Avery Streets, BOSTON, And 39 Washington Street, (corner Williams Court) opposite East Street, ROXBURY.

GILMORE'S QUADRILLE BAND.

A number of Musicians furnished for Private Parties, Balls, Concerts, &c., &c., application to P. S. GILMORE, (At Gilmore & Russell's), 61 Court Street, BOSTON.

REMOVAL. S. H. GREGORY & CO.,

Importers, and wholesale and retail dealers in French and American PAPER HANGINGS.

Have removed to 225 WASHINGTON STREET, (Opposite head of Franklin) Washington Building, S. H. GREGORY, C. W. ROBINSON, BOSTON.

Steam Engines and Boilers, NEW AND SECOND HAND

CONSTANTLY ON HAND AND FOR SALE AT THE ATLANTIC WORKS, EAST BOSTON.

PIANOS AND MELODEONS TO LET, AT VERY LOW PRICES

\$3 TO \$12 PER QUARTER. With no charge for rent, if purchased within one year. OLIVER DITSON, & CO., 277 Washington Street, Boston.

For 5 Dollars Per Month!

AGENTS WANTED, to travel and solicit orders for the celebrated PATENT FIFTEEN DOLLAR SEWING MACHINE, Salary \$40 per month, with all expenses paid. For sample machine and full particulars, apply to, or address, with stamp enclosed for returned postage, I. M. DAGGETT & CO., 210 Washington Street, BOSTON.

GUSTAVUS A. MILLER, PIANO FORTE MANUFACTURER,

703 Washington Street, Boston. Piano Fortes tuned and repaired, second hand, bought, sold and exchanged for new. PIANOS TO LET. Please call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

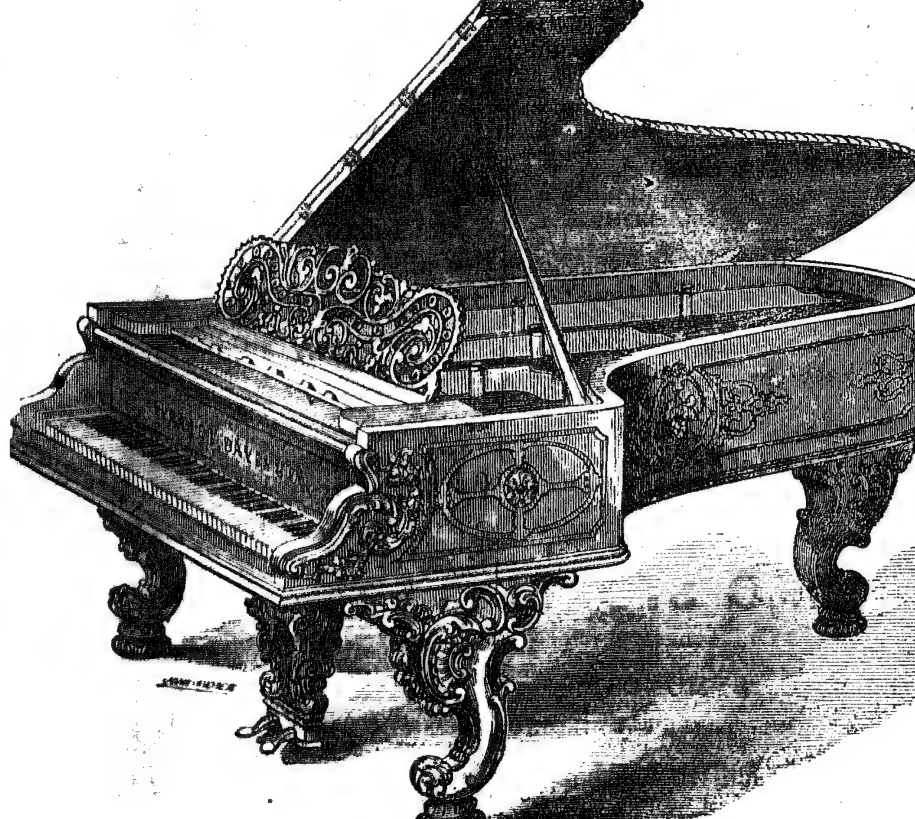
IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

FROM five to seven applications of HOYT'S HAIR RESTORATIVE will change any Gray or Red Hair to a beautiful Brown or Black color; also prevents its falling off. Supplied and for sale wholesale and retail by H. M. BOWMAN, General Agent for the New England States, NO. 22 HANOVER STREET, BOSTON.

the new Kerosene, or Coal Oil Lamp, TO BURN WITHOUT A CHIMNEY!

NO HUMBBUG! For Sale at No. 30 Washington Street, Boston. C. G. HARRIS & CO.

L. D. BOISE & CO., Wholesale Dealers in CLOTHING, No. 57 Federal St., (nearly opposite foot of Franklin St.) BOSTON.



D. B. BROOKS & BROTHER, 201 Essex St., and 6 Central St., Agents for SALEM, SOUTH DANVERS and Vicinity, for HALLET, DAVIS & CO.'S CELEBRATED PIANOS.

They would refer to these Instruments now used in the Bowditch School, and Peabody High School, South Danvers.

These Pianos are considered by the best musicians to be equal, if not superior, to any other instrument before the public. The most favorable terms given to purchasers.

Illustrated Catalogues furnished gratis. Inspection is invited to their assortment of Pianos.

MASON & HAMLIN'S CELEBRATED MODEL MELODEONS AND HARMONIUMS now on exhibition at their Elegant Music Rooms. d 7

Boston New Advertisements.

REMOVAL. O. E. KING & CO.,

DRESS, CLOAK, and MANTILLA TRIMMINGS, Also—Zephyr Wastels, Skirts, Corsets, SHAWL BORDERS, &c.

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JEWELRY! JEWELRY!!

ASSIGNED SALE OF 15,000 Dollars WORTH OF JEWELRY!

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WANTED—AGENTS in every town and county in the Union, to solicit subscriptions for "NEW YORK WAVELET," a choice family paper, which publishes Spurgeon's LATEST Sermons every week, and a vast amount of Literature, Travels, News, &c. Rare inducements are offered. Apply in person or by letter, with references, to JONES, SMITH & CO., 10 Brattle Street, Boston.

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MACHINES adapted to all Manufacturing purposes in Cloth or Leather. Prices from \$40 to \$100. For Family use, New Machines have recently been constructed. They are well adapted for Tailors' use or for fitting in the market. They are constructed under the direct inspection of Mr. Howe himself, and in all instances are warranted.

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The Best Double Thread FAMILY SEWING MACHINES,

In the Market, for the Low Price of THIRTY DOLLARS.

C. S. CUSHMAN, AGENT, No. 13 Tremont Row, Boston.

E. B. MASON, NO. 183 WASHINGTON ST. BOSTON, (size of the store 145 by 28 feet.)

Crockery, Glass, China, and Plated WARES, With a large and select stock of GAS FIXTURES.

OSBORNE'S FUR STORE, Essex, corner of Central St.

The subscriber is again a candidate for the favor of those discriminating and judicious purchasers of FURS, whose superior taste and judgment he has for so many years been able to meet and satisfy. His stock of furs in the Fur line is now, by early and fortunate arrangements, very complete and extensive, with prices more moderate than the present prices of skins will warrant.

CLOAKS, CAPES, VICTORINES, BOAS, MUFFS, CUFFS, &c. will be found or made to measure, in Hudson Bay, Canada, Norway, Mink, and American Sables—Stone Martin, Pitch, Chinchilla, Siberian, Squirrel, Ermine, and all the fashionable Furs in demand.

Gentlemen's Furs and Sleigh Robes, in all their variety, will be found at the lowest prices.

It trusts that his new apartments for the display of his rich stock of FUR GOODS will meet the approbation of his numerous patrons.

STEPHEN OSBORNE, Salem, Dec 21, 5w

MANTLE CLOCKS, new styles, just received by J. J. RIDER,

Call and see the new and beautiful Silver Goods, just received and for sale at 242 Essex St.

A FINE assortment of Fancy Hair Pins, at 242 Essex St.

WHITCOMB'S REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM. Sold by T. A. SWEETSER, 37 Main Street.

FACTS FOR THE CONSIDERATION OF ECONOMICAL WHOLESALE & RETAIL BUYERS.

OVER \$55,000 worth of PRIME READY-MADE Winter clothing

To be closed off during the next THIRTY DAYS!

At prices below the lowest bargain hitherto offered at

LANE'S GREAT BARGAIN STORE,

32 Dock Square, 32

The long continued open, genial fall and winter weather has left us with a large supply stock of UNSOLD GOODS

On hand, which must be disposed of within 30 days, or our system has invariably been to allow no goods to remain upon our shelves over the season. This stock

READY-MADE, FINE FASHIONABLE AND HEAVY WINTER GARMENTS.

Adapted for PROFESSIONAL MEN, MERCHANTS, MECHANICS AND LABORERS.

LANE'S, 32 Dock Square, Boston,—32

EZEKIEL GOSS, DECORATIVE UPHOLSTERER,

And dealer in every description of UPHOLSTERY GOODS, Trimmings and Ornaments.

—ALSO— FURNITURE, BEDDING,

Patent Portable Bed Chair, for the sick. BEDS AND FEATHERS RENOVATED.

Wire Screens; Store and other Window Shades; Venetian Blinds; Mattresses and Pillow Cases; Wheelbarrows, and other Carriage Fixtures; Carpet, Curtain, and Repairing Work, on reasonable terms, and warranted. Drapery arranged according to the latest styles.

270 Essex Street, Salem. dec 14—1y

H. & H. G. HURON, WASHINGTON STREET, SALEM,

Rose Wood, Mahogany, Black Walnut and Stained Wood COFFINS AND CASKETS.

MAKING this our exclusive business, we are ready at all times and at the shortest notice to furnish Grave Goods of various styles, as well as Coffins and Caskets of the finest quality. Personal attention given, and delivered without extra charge to any of the neighboring towns. All orders by express or otherwise will receive prompt attention.

Black Walnut and White Wood Boards, Blank and Joists for sale.

dec 14—5m

Hunnewell's Medicines.

TOLU ANODYNE for Neuralgia and Nervous affections—UNIVERSAL CURE REMEDY for Throat and Lung Complaints; sold by T. A. SWEETSER, 37 Main St.

SCHENK'S PULMONARY SYRUP, an old but excellent remedy for coughs, colds, and all affections of the pulmonary organs—sold by T. A. SWEETSER, 37 Main St.

Eastern Railroad.

STATION IN BOSTON ON CAUSEWAY ST.

FALL ARRANGEMENTS. On and after Monday, Nov. 5, 1859, Trains will leave the Eastern Railroad Station, Washington Street, Salem, daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

SALEM for LYNN and BOSTON, 6.15, 7.15, 8.15, 9.10, 11, a. m. 1.20, 2.30, 4.34, 6.45, p. m.

Salem for Lynn Common, East Saugus, Saugus Centre, Chittenden, East Malden, Maplewood, and Malden Centre, 6.15, 7.15, 10 a. m. 2.30, 4.40, p. m.

Salem for Beverly, 8.15, a. m. 1. 3.15, 5, 5.45, 6.40, 7.15, 9.45, p. m.

Salem for West Beach, Manchester, and Gloucester, 8.15, a. m. 1. 5, p. m.

Salem for Wenham and Ipswich, 8.15 a. m. 1. 3.15, 5.45, p. m.

Salem for Newburyport, 8.15, a. m. 1. 3.15, 5.45, p. m.

Salem for Amesbury, 8.15, a. m. 3.15, 5.45, p. m.

Salem for Portsmouth, 8.15, a. m. 3.15, 5.45, p. m.

Salem for Portland, 8.15, a. m. 3.15, p. m.

And for SALEM as follows:—

Portland for Salem, 8.45 a. m. 2.30, p. m.

Portsmouth for Salem, 7.15, 11.15, a. m. 5, p. m.

Amesbury for Salem, 7.35, 9.40, a. m. 6.20, p. m.

Newburyport for Salem, 8.10, a. m. 12, 6.40 p. m.

Ipswich for Salem, 8.20, 10.25, a. m. 12.20, 6.10 p. m.

Gloucester for Salem, 7.30, 10.10, a. m. 4.00, p. m.

Manchester for Salem, 7.45, 10.25, a. m. 4.15, p. m.

Beverly for Salem, 7.05, 8.05, 8.50, 10.50, a. m. 12.50, 4.30, 6.35, p. m.

Lynn for Salem, 8, 9.15, a. m. 12.45, 3, 4.15, 4.55, 5.30, 6.15, 7, 9.30, p. m.

BOSTON for SALEM, 7.30, 8.45, a. m. 12.15, 2.30, 3.45, 4.15, 6, 5.45, 6.30, 9, p. m.

On arrival from the East.

On Wednesday's at 11.15, p. m. and Saturday's at 10.15, (via Saugus Branch.)

South Reading Branch Railroad. WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Monday, Nov. 7, 1859, Trains leave Salem for Boston, at 7, 10, a. m. 2.25, 4.55, p. m.

S. Danvers for Boston, 7.5, 10.5, a. m. 2.30, 5, p. m.

Essex Railroad. Trains leave Salem for Lawrence and Way Stations, at 7.15, a. m. 1.45, p. m.

Trains leave Lawrence for Salem, at 8.35, a. m. 8.15, p. m.

Leave Danvers for Salem, at 9.15, a. m. 6.55, p. m.

Leave Danvers for Salem, 9.18, a. m. 6.58, p. m.

Leave S. Danvers for Salem, 9.23, a. m. 7.03, p. m.

On arrival of trains from Beverly and Marblehead, or on the arrival of the trains from Concord and the Northern Railroads.

Marblehead Branch. Salem for Marblehead, 8.15, 9, 10, a. m. 1.05, 3.15, 5.45, 7.15, p. m.

Marblehead for Salem, 7, 8.45, 9.45, a. m. 12.45, 1.45, 4.25, 6.30, p. m.

FREIGHT TRAINS leave Boston for Portsmouth daily, at 5 p. m., for Salem at 5.15 p. m., and for Gloucester on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 6.15 p. m. Leaves Salem for Boston at 4.20, a. m. Gloucester on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 4 a. m., and Portsmouth on arrival of Freight Train from Portland, or at 11.30 p. m.

J. PRIESCOTT, Superintendent, South Danvers, Dec. 7, 1859.

Salem and Lowell Railroad. WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Monday, Nov. 7, 1859, Passenger Trains will run as follows:—

Leave LOWELL for SALEM, 7.50, a. m. 8.30, p. m.

Leave SALEM for LOWELL, 10.45, a. m. 4.55, p. m.

Leave Lawrence, Andover and Ballardvale, for Salem via Boston & Maine and Salem & Lowell Railroads, 7.50 a



# THE WIZARD

VOL. I.

SOUTH DANVERS, MASS.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 4, 1860.

NO. 5.

## THE WIZARD

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY,  
At Allen's Building, 50, Danvers Square,

CHAS. D. HOWARD, Proprietor.

F. POOLE, Editor.

Terms \$2.00 a Year; for Immediate Payment, \$1.50.

### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Half a Square, 3 wks. 3 mos. 1 year.  
One Square, 1.00 2.00 3.00  
Quarter of a column, 1.00 2.00 3.00  
16 lines of Nonpareil type are equal to a square.  
60 lines per line will be charged for notices of meetings for political, civic, or religious purposes, notices of societies, cards of acknowledgments, &c.  
The privilege of Annual Advertisers is limited to their own immediate business, and all advertisements for the benefit of other persons, as well as legal advertisements, and advertisements of real estate, or auction sales, sent in by them, must be paid for at the usual rates.

### Original Poetry.

For The Wizard.

#### CARRIER'S NEW YEAR'S OFFERING.

One day Father Time, on a journey intent,  
Gave his long flowing beard a fine combing;  
He then took his glass, with intention to pass  
His Christmas vacation in idleness.

He triumphed with his forelock and wiped his bald head,  
Great care on his person bestowing;  
He looked up all right and his scythe in good plight,  
Old Time went away to his mowing.

He called on the old, he called on the young;  
They heard with disdain his appealing;  
He then struck a blow, for he'd have them to know  
With whom these vain mortals were dealing.

He met with a man in a Governor's chair,  
Who in dignified state was reclining;  
He looked up with dread, then down dropped his head  
On the Acts and Resolves he was signing.

A President next met the face of old Time,  
His Message to Congress inditing;  
Time's brow waxed grim—he'd a message for him:  
And the President paused in his writing!

He called on a Judge, as he sat on his bench,  
Pronouncing the prisoner's sentence;  
He trembled with fear, as Time spoke in his ear,  
"Your time is not long for repentance!"

He saw a famed belle as he dressed for the ball,  
At the mirror's bright face went to linger;  
As he smoothed her dark hair, so brilliantly fair,  
It turned grey at the touch of his finger!

He met an old miser who laid up his gold,  
The hours of his leisure beguiling;  
Time put on a frown, and out the man down,  
On the glistening coin he was piling.

He met a Physician as he went on his rounds,  
The ills of humanity healing;  
He held up his glass—"you see your sands pass,"  
Quoth Time without mercy or feeling.

The Doctor felt calm as he saw his sands fall,  
Nor trembled he aught at his danger;  
He still made his pill, to cure human ills,  
For Death ne'er to him was a stranger.

He called on a Merchant while counting his gains,  
Who met his keen glance with a stare;  
He knew by Time's looks he must close up his books,  
And settle his business to-morrow.

He seized on a tipsy who asked for a dram,  
And led him at once to the slaughter;  
He hurled him away, where for many a day,  
He will plead for a drop of cold water.

He next found a rumseller dealing his grog  
To a youth who stood by as his victim;  
Time struck him a blow with the end of his toe,  
And out quipped kicked him.

He called on an infant in innocence clad,  
On the breast of his mother reclining;  
Time gazed on the child—it looked up and smiled,  
As the hair of its mother 'twas twining.

"Too good for this earth," said Time with a sigh,  
Nor heeded the fond mother's weeping;  
This pledge of thy love is transplanted above,  
With the Angels in Paradise keeping."

"Mourn not fond mother for the child of thy love,  
Though the bonds of affection I sever;  
When your sands have all run, you will meet the  
Loved one.

And enjoy its sweet presence forever!"  
Time went to the Teacher who taught in his school—  
Vulgar Fractions, Cube Root and Division;  
He called him a dunce and took him at once,  
And treated his tears with derision.

The Teacher begged hard for a little recess,  
And plead for his days an Addition;  
Time said to him—"No, get ready to go,  
The hour has arrived for dismissal."

He took up a Lawyer whose exorbitant fees,  
From widows and orphans enriched him;  
Time gave him a lot where the worm dieth not,  
And strait into Hades he pitched him.

He next met a Priest as he walked out to see  
The lambs of his flock he was leading;  
He joined in his walk to have a brief talk,  
Of the mode he adopted in feeding.

The Parson was pale as he looked on his guest,  
Who seemed in no haste for retreating;  
He asked for delay to some far distant day,  
Till his projects were ripe for completing.

Time looked on him kindly, but shook his bald head,  
As he saw how his sand stream was running;  
The Priest was dismayed, that one of his trade  
Should meet with such terrible punning.

Time gave him a text, a farewell to his flock;  
The Evangel of love was his story;  
The message was given—he then passed to heaven,  
And wears the bright crown of his glory.

He discovered at last a young Carrier boy,  
Whose route was thoroughfare, street and alley;  
Time's face wore a smile, saying, "stay for a while,  
Are you travel with me the dark valley?"

The boy smiling pleasantly looked upon Time,  
His cheeks were all flushing and ruddy;  
His eyes were bright with excess of delight,  
Though his trousers and boots were all muddy.

His hand in his pocket he thrust with a grin,  
His manner Time thought was quite funny;  
For he oped his eyes wide, and laughed till he cried,  
As he drew out a handful of money.

He told where he roamed all about through the town,  
Darting his Gargoyles' addresses;  
And how the bright tin came showering in,  
To relieve his kind mother's distresses.

Old Gray Beard was pleased as he looked on the youth  
And witnessed his antics and capers;  
He joined in the joy of the frolicsome boy,  
And asked where they printed the papers.

He came to our office and sat in a chair,  
He took up THE WIZARD, and smiled as he did it;  
While he read it all through, (as borrowers do),  
We took his old Hour Glass and hid it.

We then took his scythe and conveyed it away,  
(For Time was absorbed in the paper)  
And we laughed in our sleeves, that Time should believe  
That he could extinguish our taper.

He gave a long yawn, (for the paper was dull)  
And stretched out his limbs while reclining;  
Very soon he found out what we'd been about,  
And he changed from his yawning to whining.

He wept like a child at the loss of his tools,  
And told of the years he'd been giving;  
He said he was old and freezing with cold,  
And relied on his work for a living.

He spoke of engagements all over the earth,  
How all his best plans would be thwarted;  
There were scores in the town all ripe to cut down,  
And he feared he would die broken-hearted.

His tears, as they rolled down his deep sunken cheeks,  
Drew forth from our heart a relenting;  
We thought of a plan to delude the old man,  
And put off our time for repenting.

We said—"Father Time, since our smiles are but few,  
We have a strong wish for obtaining  
A lease of Ten Years of life's pleasures and fears,  
And ask your consent for remaining."

The tools of your calling—your Hour-glass and  
Scythe—  
Will then be put back in your keeping;  
Thou shalt not go to thy station or wilt retire,  
Then away you may go to your sleeping."

"TIS DONE, Mr. Editor," said Time with a bang,  
As his fist gave a blow on the table;  
The bargain is made, and I deem it a good trade,  
That to save my loved tools I am able."

"But stop—Mr. Time," we said with a smile,  
To avoid any chance of our fighting,  
Just take this steel pen, and how easily then,  
We may put our agreement in writing."

The paper was written and signed in a trice,  
Our own metal types were used in the sealing;  
We stamped with a P and Time with a T,  
And we placed it in safety from stealing."

Time rose from his chair and picked up his tools,  
We greeted his cold hand as we parted;  
A tear filled his eye as he bade us "Good bye,"  
Then out of our Sanctum he darted.

A GOOD ONE.—Sitting on the piazza of the  
Cataract was a young foppish looking gentleman,  
His garments very highly scented with a mingled  
odor of cologne. A solemn faced old  
gentleman after passing the dandy several times  
with a look of aversion which drew general no-  
tice, suddenly stopped, and, in a confidential  
tone, said:

"Stranger, I know what'll take that scent out  
of your clothes; you—"  
"What do you mean, sir?" said the exqui-  
site, fired with indignation, starting from his  
chair.

"O get mad, now, swear, pitch around and  
fight, because a man wants to do you a kind-  
ness!" coolly replied the stranger.

"But I tell you I do know what'll take out  
that smell—phew! You must bury your  
clothes; bury 'em on a day or two." Uncle Josh  
got foul of a skunk, and he—

At that instant there went up a simultaneous  
roar of merriment, and the dandy very sensibly  
"cleared the coop," and rushed up stairs.

Recently, at a marriage in Leeds, after the  
ceremony, the bride burst into tears; whereupon  
the bridegroom, a stout, six-foot fellow, follow-  
ing the example, blubbered like a calf, and on  
being remonstrated with, roared out, "Let me  
alone! I feel as bad as she does about it!"

"Well, Mr. Richards, how does my son get  
on with his grammar lessons?" "He surpas-  
ses any pupil I ever had." "In what does he  
chiefly excel, sir?" "In stupidity, sir. He sur-  
passes any boy that I ever saw in that quality,"  
said

## An Original Story.

### "THE COWARD SENTINELS."

An Episode in the Life and Times of Gov. Wise.  
BY HICKMAN.

At this writing (Jan. 1st, 1860,) but few  
persons remember the excitement which was  
created in Virginia, in the year 1859, by one  
Gov. Wise, who then occupied the gubernatorial  
chair. The sudden appearance, in that  
State, of a man, mostly black and white, who  
had resolved on liberating the slaves in that re-  
gion, and had taken steps important and criminal  
steps in that direction, such as seizing the  
Government Arsenal at Harper's Ferry, shoot-  
ing down citizens, stopping railroad trains, and  
the mails, and committing other acts, against  
the peace of Virginia.

The leader of this gang was one Brown,  
whose many exploits, a few years previously, in  
Kansas, a Territory conceived for sin, and  
brought forth in iniquity, won for him the ad-  
miration of a State, and for him the eupho-  
nious name of Ossawatimie Brown. With  
the virtues or crimes of Ossawatimie, this  
story has nothing to do; for they have, by the  
usual course of events, passed from the human  
to the Divine tribunal. But we have thought  
a short preface necessary to a proper appreciation  
of the history of one of the most exciting events  
of that period.

The Gov. of Virginia, on learning of the  
seizure of the Arsenal at Harper's Ferry, im-  
mediately dropped a copy of "Jackson on the  
U. S. Bank," which he had been reading, and  
"took the responsibility" of crushing out the  
said five men, who had so audaciously seized a  
part of the property of the United States. He  
telegraphed all over Virginia, from Walnut Hill  
to Bath, from Fairview to Jones Store, "To  
Arms! To Arms! TO CHARLESTON!"

To the President, (Mr. Buchanan—we have  
not space for a eulogy) he telegraphed, "Sir—  
The United States has been assailed!—She has  
been DEFEATED! Virginia must be her deliv-  
erer! Virginia, ever true to her motto, will  
stand upon the bodies of her tyrant invaders!  
Leave them to Virginia; when she has done  
with them, you may have their remains!"

To the people of Virginia, he said—"The  
toxin of War has sounded! On ye braves!  
Death to the foe! Virginia and the South, now  
and forever!"

Having thus announced the existence of a  
revolution in their midst, he took possession of  
all the railroad lines and telegraph offices; and  
superintended the carrying of the U. S. Mails.  
A system of espionage was established—pass  
words were adopted, and Virginia, in her double  
capacity of State and General Government, was  
an anomaly, under a reign of terror and  
martial law. Sentinels were placed upon the  
hill tops, and fires by night, and flags by day,  
signaled passing events. Whiskey, powder,  
beef and percussion caps, were allotted out,  
each in quantity commensurate with capacity to  
receive. Wise was everywhere to be seen (like  
Don Quixote at the great attack on the Wind  
mill) giving directions, ordering up reserves  
and supplies, and discharging, in person and per  
all the minutia of the defence of Virginia. It  
has, probably, fallen to the lot of no man, since  
the world began, to perform the duties in nature  
and amount, which Wise performed in that  
Campaign—certain it is, for a time, no mili-  
tary man, in history or out, was so famous.

One of his (Wise) precautions, was to station a  
guard immediately around his tent, and pickets  
a hundred yards farther off, so that his person,  
(in which existed the general government, the  
government of Virginia and the honor of her  
people and himself, and the confused idea of  
"Gen. Jackson on the U. S. Bank") might not  
be exposed to danger; or the peace of the  
world jeopardized. Among the gallant defend-  
ers, were many young men who had all the  
"pluck" of the F. F. V., from which each of  
the ten thousand were invariably said to have  
descended. Under the intoxicating pleasure of  
bearing arms, in their country's defence, they  
were likely to commit some little indiscretions,  
notwithstanding the example of their leader,  
and to remedy this on dark nights, the rations  
of whiskey were made ad libitum, which, at that  
time in Virginia, meant as much as possible. On  
one of these nights, when, wearied with the  
labors of the day, the Governor had retired to  
rest, upon the "cold, cold ground," his senti-  
nels having a fearful foreboding of some dis-  
aster to their General—that all, sought to  
render themselves equal to any emergency which  
might arise, by taking rations of whiskey—ad

libitum, as aforesaid, and then kept a vigilant  
watch of things movable and immovable, how  
and then challenging each other, so careful  
were they. Midnight had come, without any  
remarkable occurrence; when the sky, which  
had looked questionable, suddenly became dark,  
and "fifteen gusts of wind, and drops of rain  
came ever and anon," and made their hearts  
sick with fear, and dread. The fires upon the  
hills went out, the only emblem of hope, and  
Virginia was extinguished. Such as knew  
prayers, now said them; while those who did  
not, said whatever poetry they knew, or lay  
down upon the ground. One only, of those ten  
thousand braves, was awake and watchful—  
"Wise! Wise! Napoleon-like, he labored while  
others slept. His quick ear, long and wide,  
which detected every sound, and weighed its  
importance, soon told the approach of men,  
whose measured tread—the approach of Infan-  
try! "Up Men," he whispered—"they come!"

Silently prepare to meet them, to defeat them,  
or—die!" With all speed, silent messengers,  
quaking with fear, passed from post to post,  
warning the men of their peril, and ordering  
them to fall back upon the common center—the  
camp of their Governor.

Softly and sadly came they in, softly and si-  
lently came the enemy on. The martial tread  
of men was heard! Muffled drums and lum-  
bering waggons—the hoofs of cavalry, and all  
the "pomp and circumstance of war!" Wise's  
only prayer was, "give us light, and victory is  
ours." On they came! No eye could see, no  
tongue could challenge! Darkness and fear  
reigned supreme.

Those only, who have been in a similar situa-  
tion, can realize the mortal terror of those men.  
At length, when the breath of approaching  
steeds and the slashing of swords, was felt in  
the air, word was given—"Charge! Virginians,  
CHARGE!"

Away they flew, swift and steady. They  
met the enemy, and conquered!  
But, Oh! milk of human kindness curdle,  
when we narrate the carnage of that bloody  
sight. The morning sun arose as if reluctantly,  
and threw his pale and sickened rays upon the  
battle field. Here a hoof, and there a horn,  
was all that remained of a peaceful Cow, that  
perambulated over those hills, in search of  
water, pleasure and grass.

### THOMAS SMART.

We have had put into our hands a curious  
manuscript, containing particulars interesting  
to the local historian. It purports to be a Journal  
of one Thomas Smart, "From my setting out  
of London, April 24th, 1773, till my arrival at  
this place." On the cover is his name and  
these words in large capitals—SALEM, NEW  
ENGLAND, 1774.

Although the manuscript professes to be a  
journal, there is nothing of the kind in the book,  
except in a commercial sense, but it is filled  
with the personal financial matters and accounts  
of the owner, who, it seems, was a schoolmaster  
of that day, in our village; and his list of pupils  
is interesting, as it gives the names of many of  
our grandfathers, and leads to the suspicion that  
they were once only children. We find among  
his pupils such familiar names as Johnson Proctor,  
John Peirce, Jona. Osborne, John Osborne,  
Richard Osborne, and others of the name, which  
is always spelt as we have written it. There are  
Silvester Proctor, John Dodge, Joseph Buxton,  
Daniel Whittemore and Stephen Lowe. There  
are two Ebenezer Shillabers, distinguished one  
by the paternal name, (Robert) and the other by  
(Samuel), enclosed at the end of the name of  
each Ebenezer. There is also a John Shillaber,  
distinguished from another John, probably by  
the name of his father, (William).

John Upton, Henry Cook and Ward Pool,  
Nathaniel Pool and Jackariah Pool were also  
his scholars. All the above and many more  
were in his school in 1775. The next year we  
find them again with additional names of new  
scholars. Thomas Whittridge and Joseph Pooz  
came in; and also, for the first time we find  
three female names—Mary Poor and Sarah and  
Lydia Jacobs, who must have felt queerly with  
forty one boys for school companions.

Mr. Smart also kept an evening school in 1776,  
and among his scholars we find only one female  
—Elizabeth Jacobs; but she has two brothers  
for protectors, John and Amos, and "Mr. Jacobs"  
Negro Boy, who is charged for his tuition.  
There is another nameless scholar, designated  
as "Mr. Porter's apprentice." The name of this  
negro boy was probably Primus, as the Jacobs  
family once owned a negro of that name.

We learn little else from this book of Mr.  
Schoolmaster Smart, except that he was an elegant  
writer, kept his accounts accurately, and  
that he boarded with Ebenezer Sprague, who  
used to be commonly called "Barber" Sprague,  
from his profession. He was a relative of the  
late Capt. Eben Sprague.

We can only guess at a few other particulars  
of the man from his statements of his "Disburse-  
ments," of which he seems to have kept an ex-  
act account. From these we infer that he was  
a very particular man, something of a dandy,  
and a bachelor. His hand writing and the whole

appearance of the book show him to be what we  
call a dandy in his notions. That he was a dandy we  
infer from the articles of clothing he purchased.

At one time he buys three pairs of silk stock-  
ings, and pays 2 pounds for them! Then he buys  
two pairs of Leather Breeches, and a few months  
later, in summer, he buys Nankeen for another  
pair. Then we find in a memorandum, of  
"Clothes left in my Chest May 30, 1777":

1 Camblet Coat,  
1 Gold Band Hat,  
1 Brown Coat,  
1 Velvet Jacket,  
1 Flower'd Jacket,  
1 Pair Silk Stockings,

and a variety of other similar articles, and just  
previous to that date, we find him buying trimmings  
for a pair of Velvet Breeches, and patterns of velvet  
for a pair of Breeches, and 2 1/2 yards of "Raf-  
teen," an article of which we know nothing,  
only that it cost Mr. Thomas Smart three times  
as much as his velvet. We also find entries for  
"Buckram and Silk," and "A new pair of Silver  
Shoe Buckles. For 'making my Breeches' and  
"cleaning my Breeches." The latter duty was  
required to be done, in the case of leather breech-  
es, by the Leather Dresser.

We think the reader ought, by this time,  
to agree with us that Mr. Smart was a pretty smart  
specimen of an old-time exquisite. That he  
was also a bachelor we infer from his buying  
nine ounces of Worcester, and paying Miss Trusk  
one pound ten shillings, old tenor, for knitting  
him a pair of Stockings. If this is not convinc-  
ing enough, we present him with the fact that he  
paid Miss Upton two pounds for repairing  
shirts. Also for another job on a "Collar for a  
Shirt, setting on and mending, and making ditto."

We are led to the opinion that Mr. Smart gave  
up school keeping and turned Soldier, from  
some entries made in 1776. At this period he  
seems to have purchased at one time the follow-  
ing articles:

To Gun and Cartouch Box,  
Bayonet and Cleaning Gun,  
Knapsack and Powder Horn,  
Canteen,  
A Sword,  
Half a pound of powder,  
Shott and Bag, Cartridges and Bitt,

Paid Fitz for new Strap and cleaning Bitt,  
The whole costing him 28 pounds, 2 shillings  
and 2 pence. He also enters "Horse, Saddle  
and Bridle I bought of Mr. William Frost."  
There is an entry of "Paid Dr. Osgood for Medi-  
cines," and the last entry previous to mention-  
ing his "Clothes left in my Chest," is for "Ex-  
pences to Boston twice, (gone about 6 days) 33  
pounds 5 shillings."

After this we have no more particulars of Mr.  
Schoolmaster Smart. The book may be seen  
by any one, at the Peabody Library, who may  
be interested in its contents.

### CHESS.

This fascinating pastime game, is now so  
popular and well known, that it seems appropriate  
that some space should be given to it in our  
columns. We do not intend to establish a  
"chess column," devoted exclusively to this  
subject, but propose, as a matter of intelligence,  
occasionally to devote a small space to these  
contests on the peaceful checkered field.

As to discipline to the mind, some have  
thought that chess games, thoroughly played  
and the various combinations studied out to a  
successful issue, may be compared favorably  
with mathematical problems. At any rate, the  
game has the recommendation and patronage  
of many of the most brilliant minds of this and  
former times. It is certain that to be a success-  
ful player, requires concentrated thought, pa-  
tience, and close attention to the game. It is  
also absorbing; and two earnest players in a  
game where the combinations are complicated,  
as they sometimes will be, seem almost uncon-  
scious of the outer world. It is not liable to  
many of the objections which are made to games  
of chance, or those of mingled chance and skill.  
It is pre-eminently a game of skill. It requires  
observation, reflection, meditation, and judg-  
ment, to ensure success. Burton, in his An-  
atomy of Melancholy, thus speaks of it:

"Chess-play is a good and witty exercise of  
the mind, and fit for such as have extravagant  
important thoughts, or troubled with cares;  
nothing better to divert the mind and alter their  
meditations; invented, some say, by the general  
of an army in a famine, to keep soldiers from  
muttering; but if it proceed from over much study,  
in such a case, it may do more harm than good.  
It is a game too troublesome to some men's  
brains; too full of anxiety; all but as, bad as  
study; besides it is a testy, choleric game, and  
very offensive to him that loatheth the mate."

Very true, wise old philosopher! It is in-  
deed offensive to him that loatheth the mate, and  
it is also true that it is very pleasing to him  
who gaineth it. We shall have occasion to re-  
fer to this subject in future numbers.

Sir Andrew Agnew characterizes the wit  
of the three kingdoms as follows: "The Scotch  
play upon the feelings, the Irish upon the ideas,  
and the English play upon words." Very true.

Dr. Franklin, talking of a friend of his who  
had been a Manchester dealer said, "he never  
saw a piece of tape narrower than his own mind."

"I am afraid, dear wife, that, while I am  
gone, absence will conquer love." "Never fear,  
dear, the longer you stay away the better I shall  
like you."



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# THE WIZARD

VOL. I.

SOUTH DANVERS, MASS., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 11, 1860.

NO. 6.

## THE WIZARD

At Allen's Building, So. Danvers Square,

CHAS. D. HOWARD, Proprietor.

F. POOLE, Editor.

Terms \$2.00 a Year; for Immediate Payment, \$1.50.

### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Half a Square, 3 wks. 6 mos. 1 year.  
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The privilege of Annual Advertisers is limited to their own immediate business; and all advertisements for the benefit of other persons, as well as legal advertisements, and advertisements of real estate, or auction sales, sent in by them, must be paid for at the usual rates.

### Original Poetry.

For The Wizard,  
WILL YOU GO?

BY G. HOBART.

Say not that other climes are fair,  
And lovelier than our own—  
That flowers will bloom on other shores,  
Where you may find a home.  
What though the sun shines brightly there,  
No cold, nor frost, nor snow,  
It would be winter in thy heart,  
Thou absent—do not go!

Oh! do not dream that lapse of time,  
Can heal the wounded heart;  
The friends we find are not so dear,  
As those from whom we part.  
In distant lands you'll lonely be,  
And time with steady flow,  
Would bring to you but hours of pain  
And sorrow—Can you go?

Aye! more—though you may chance to find,  
A resting place, a home,  
Though you may meet warm friends and kind,  
While far away you roam,  
Still will you hear my spirit's voice,  
Pleading in murmur low?  
My heart will break when you are gone,  
Beloved—will you go?  
Salem, January, 1860.

### An Original Story.

WARLOCK-KNOWE.

BY ENEFELDORCH.

Who calls me lonely?—Hunts around me tread,  
The intensely bright, the beautiful, the dead—  
Phantoms of heart and brain—Song of Night.

I am somewhat of a wanderer among the fields,  
Over the hills, through the solemn forests, and  
along the iron-bound shores of the ocean.  
There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
There is a society where none intrudes,  
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.

A few nights since, it was past the "key-stone hour," I whistled up Lion, always my faithful companion in these lonely walks, and taking my staff, bent my way towards Harmony Grove, that beautiful spot, already peopled with so many that were a short time ago living, breathing, active forms among us. The far off orb of Heaven, shone with a serene beauty and luster, symbolizing the calm, tranquil thoughts of the Divine Mind, (for God, says Dr. Dick is the calmest being in the universe) and the air was hushed to a dreamy stillness that seemed like the rest of infinite motion. I wandered on till my footsteps reached the spot where repose the mortal remains of the lamented Phillips. Here I paused, and gazing at the mound where he in silence sleeps, the numerous services which he had rendered during his sojourn among us, to the cause of Education, of Temperance, of human freedom, and every other benevolent object that came to his knowledge, passed rapidly through my thoughts.

Lost in my own reflections, I almost involuntarily exclaimed, "Oh rise some other such," when slowly, and like an exhalation, a form of majestic mien and gigantic stature, rose from the earth and stood before me. A long white robe, glittering like snow in sunshine, hung gracefully from his shoulders, and flowed down to his feet, over which floated an azure mantle besprinkled with drops of celestial radiance. The bloom of eternal youth was on his countenance, and a diadem of rose-colored light crowned his temples bedecked with dazzling points, whose upward flashing rays met and mingled with the downward glancing star-beams from the heavens above. Turning his face towards me he leaned gently forward upon his staff, and seemed waiting for my salutation. My limbs trembled, and the hair of my flesh stood up. For a moment, I was incapable of motion or utterance.

At length encouraged by a smile, that I saw wreathing his benignant features, I ventured to remark in a voice tremulous with emotion, "A pleasant night sir." A low bow, graceful as the wave of a rose-bush in the breeze, was his only reply.

Again I broke silence with the inquiry, "were you acquainted with the illustrious sleeper beneath us?" Another majestic bend from the strange form before me, but his lips moved not. I then resolved on framing another question

that would require an answer to something more than mono-syllables. "Why, said I, is there no monument raised to perpetuate the memory of one who was so useful in life? In a voice sweeter than the fall of waters, or the song of Hours in the Moslem's paradise, he replied,—"none is required."

"His life is enshrined in the memory of thousands, and his name will thus be handed down through many generations."

"Are you then," said I, "opposed to the erection of all monuments in honor of the dead?"

"They can be dispensed with," he responded. "The memory of the wicked should not be preserved on high. But, he continued, I am not so much opposed to the erection of monuments, as to the false epitaphs that disgrace them."

"False!" said I.

"Yes, false," he rejoined, with an earnestness of tone that somewhat startled me. "A stranger from another sphere, on visiting this sacred enclosure, and reading the inscriptions written upon gravestones and monuments respecting those who sleep beneath, would assuredly come to the conclusion, that as virtue was buried with them, so different must they have been in life, from those who yet remain above ground."

I felt the force of this remark, accompanied as it was with an emphatic stroke of his staff upon the curb-stone on which he was standing. I ventured however to suggest, whether the following stanza, from "Gray's Elegy" would not meet with his approbation.

No further seek his merits to disclose,  
Nor draw his frailties from their dread abode;  
There they alike in trembling hope repose,  
The bosom of his Father, and his God."

A playful smile stole over his serene features as he replied, "That is neither poetry, nor good sense."

"Indeed!" said I quite astonished, "it has been greatly admired, both for the beauty of its expression, and the sentiment it inculcates."

"Will you please inform me," he replied in a half sarcastic tone, "what the author meant by 'the bosom of God'?" I remained silent, for I saw at a glance the point of his criticism. Noticing my embarrassment, he continued,

"If he meant the mind of the Deity, then the idea is, that the sleeper's wicked acts repose side by side with his good deeds in that dread abode, in the trembling hope of being exposed at some future day to the knowledge of all mankind. If he meant the grave, then the sleeper was an Atheist, who regarded the earth as his Father, and his God, and the reader is exhorted not to dig up his frailties, or merits, which lie buried beneath his feet, for the reason that they repose there, in the trembling hope, that some freak, or convulsion of Nature, will one day throw them up to human view. All rhymes, he added smiling, are not poetry."

"What kinds of monuments," said I, "if any are to be erected over the dead, would your judgment dictate?"

"They should symbolize character, Sir, character," he repeated, sternly. A junk bottle carved from granite should represent the drunkard, a quarter of beef the glutton, a dagger the assassin, a false balance the dishonest man, a weather vane the politician, and a chain and manacle the slave-holder; but a stately palm-tree, wrought from pure white marble, should be the emblem of the upright man, and a human heart that of the philanthropist."

"And what," said I, desirous of getting his views of the recent Harper's Ferry affair, "would you place over the grave of those who hung John Brown?" A convulsive twitch of the muscles of his face, revealed the agitation of thought within. After a moments pause, he replied, with another stroke of his staff on the curb-stone.

"I have travelled the ethereal deep above us, riding from star to star on the deck of a comet. I have visited every spot of the green earth on which we tread, and explored the sunless dungeons of the universe, but can think of nothing in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth, that would be appropriate. Milton's description of Sin, embodied in black marble, is the fittest object that now recurs to me."

"Then you disapprove of the act, do you?" said I.

"Most assuredly, and so does High Heaven," he replied. The voice of that hero's blood talks in echoes around the throne of the Eternal, calling for retribution on the heads of those who perpetrated the act. True, Brown's project was a wild one, a streak of insanity ran through it, but his motives were as pure as the tears of Rachel, which Gabriel put into the Urn of Heaven."

"And what," I inquired, think you, will be the effect of this tragical event on the cause of freedom?"

"Good, beyond question." It has sent a thrill of indignation through all the veins of the Free States."

"But," said I, "will not the present excitement soon subside?"

"Excitement!" he replied, "man, 'tis not excitement. The deep undertone of feeling which this day heaves the breast of the Free North, is as much too solemn to be mere excitement, as the thunder of the heavens is to be mere noise. There may be temporary defeats. Freedom, like Truth, may retire for a season to weep, but there is a consuming fire in her tears, as lightning lurks in the drops of a summer's cloud, that will one day illuminate the world. All efforts to stay the tide of public opinion which is now setting in towards universal emancipation, are as futile as the attempt to clip the

rushing wings of the daylight. No revolution or reformation, overrolled backward."

"And do you think," said I, "that the Temperance cause is destined to triumph thus gloriously?"

"No doubt of it, my son, no doubt of it, but the idea which has recently been advocated by some persons, of returning to the old Keepe system, in order to give the movement a new impetus, reminds me of Lord Talbot's attempt to make his horse enter tail-first. His thought by shooting him with the corks foremost, putting the crupper over his nostrils, and the bridle over his tail, he could make him gallop backward."

And so, after making the necessary preparations, he placed his steed with his hinder parts pointing towards the south, the direction in which he wished him to travel, and leaped upon his back. Then seizing the reins, he applied the spurs; but the animal, instead of moving in the way desired, as the song has it,

"Scampered due north to the devil,"

carrying his affrighted rider with him, clinging to his caudal appendage for support."

"But to return from this long digression," I remarked, "would not your cemetery thus decorated, resemble Hogarth's Tail-Piece, which was the grouping together of all things that could denote the end of all things—a broken bottle, an old broom worn to the stump, the butt end of an old fire-lock, a cracked bell, a crownless hat, a soleless boot, a tower in ruins, the sign post of a tavern called the World's End, tumbling the moon in her wane, Phobus and his horses dead in the clouds, a wheelless wagon, Time, with his hour-glass and scythe broken, and a tobacco pipe in his mouth, the last whiff of smoke going out, &c., &c."

"No matter, my son, no matter," he responded, "facts, not falsehoods would be symbolized; no harm would be done to the dead, and such a pictorial representation of character would tell, powerfully on the morals of the living."

"Have the spirits of the dead then, venerable Sir, no knowledge of the affairs of this world?"

"What says your 'Book, upon the question," he replied.

"Nothing satisfactory," said I, "it only drops a few indirect hints, from which we infer the probability that disembodied souls are cognizant of what is done here below. But do they, think you, ever communicate with the living?"

"How could they do it?" he rejoined.

"It is professedly done," said I, "through the media of pine tables, meal chests, bass-voils, &c., by those too, who are not to be despised for their literary or scientific attainments."

A roguish twinkle lighted up his eye, as he replied, "I learned men have had their vagaries in all ages. 'The Athenian Bee, thought the earth was a mass composed of twelve pentagons, and that five was a pyramid used to it by numbers. Pythagoras believed he had animated various bodies previous to his advent as the son of Mucarchus; that in the person of Euphorus he had distinguished himself at the sack of Troy, and afterwards had a more menial existence in the person of a fisherman. He counselled his fellow men not to eat beans, believing that from them, human bodies were composed."

Empedocles persuaded himself and others that he was a God, but Btina, recreant to her trust, threw up his sandals, thus giving evidence that he died as mortals sometimes do—by fire. Buffon contended that the earth was a fragment of the sun, struck off by the contact of a comet.

Darwin taught that the earth was formed by a volcano in the sun, which belched out at a single moment this monstrous mouthful. Kepler made the earth a mighty Mastodon; water being its blood, earth its flesh, the rocks its bones, and the metallic ores the results of disease and rotteness in the bones of the monster.

Whitehurst accounted for the derangement of the earth's surface by supposing it to contain a vast steam engine, used for propelling it in its orbit round the sun, the bursting of which elevated the mountains and volcanoes, and produced fissures in its rocky covering.

Walter Scott believed in ghosts. Crowley and Dryden in judicial astrology. Dr. Johnson was afraid to step from the door with his left foot foremost; and Byron dared not start upon a journey on Friday.

Is it strange then, that some profound erudites of the present day, should adopt notions at war with practical common sense?"

De Quincy believed that he carried an elephant in his stomach! What is, has been, and shall be again, and there is nothing new under the sun.

It would be a sad reflection, he continued, upon a Being of Infinite Wisdom, if he could not contrive some more sensible way for his creatures to hold converse with each other than the one we have indicated.

The ignoble beast bestrode by Balaam, succeeded better in his attempts to rebuke the false prophet, for instead of rapping out the message by throwing his heels against the wall, he gave utterance to it in clear and emphatic tones."

"But," said I, "Socrates did hold communion with an invisible guide, and Tasso with a familiar spirit, who always came to visit him riding on a sunbeam; and why may not I hope that the shade of some departed friend—"

At this moment a hoarse sepulchral laugh rang through the Grove, whose dismal sounds drew away like the far off roll of retreating thunder. The figure raised his staff and pointed towards the eastern entrance. Turning my eyes, I saw

a tall form wrapped in a wild, dark storm-cloud, moving towards us with rapid strides.

Advancing till within a short distance, he checked his steps, paused and stood gazing intently on me. His gloomy brow was knitted with a relentless frown, and his whole countenance resembled a miniature hurricane. A long white beard swept his bosom, contrasting strangely with the sable plumage that waved above his head.

"Presumptuous mortal!" he exclaimed in a voice harsh as the grating of the gates of Erebus, "who art thou, that wouldst roll back the curtains of the nether-most abyss, and invade the precincts of my dark dominion?"

Then throwing back his black mantle from his right shoulder, with extended arm he pointed to the west. Sending a glance in that direction I saw an angry cloud rolling rapidly up from the horizon, apparently holding a whirlwind in its grasp.

At that instant a blinding flash of lightning filled the whole urn of heaven with light, revealing innumerable dark shapes and forms, the face of each clothed with a fiendish scowl, floating through the air on dusky clouds, laurelled with fire.

The next moment, darkness and silence reigned through the Grove; the mysterious beings had vanished. A loud burst of cannon-thunder crashed through the air, and was reverberated back by all the hollow tombs of death around me.

Grasping my staff firmly, I fled from the spot, and hastily retraced my steps to my solitary home. [For you must know, Mr. Editor, that I am one of those strange personages who live entirely alone, having neither 'wife nor weans' to look after, and mingling seldom, or never, with human society.]

Here, seated in my old oak chair, ruminating on what I had seen and heard, the remembrance of your request for an article to fill a vacant column in the "Wizard," came fresh to my mind. This night's adventure, thought I, may interest some juvenile readers, and seizing my pen, ere daylight streaked the east, the foregoing sketch lay finished before me.

### DESTRUCTION RAILROAD.

The Directors take pleasure in re-assuring their numerous friends and patrons that the road to ruin is now in good order. Within the last three months it has carried more than three hundred thousand passengers clear through from the town of Temperance to the city of Destruction; while the number of way passengers is encouraging.

An enormous amount of freight, such as mechanics' tools, household furniture, and even whole farms, have gone forward; and the receipts of the year have been so large that the directors have resolved to declare a dividend of five hundred per cent. The track has been improved, and relaid with Messrs. Diabolos & Co's patent rail. The grades are reduced to a dead level, and the switches are brought to such perfection all along the route as to jerk the cars in a moment from the main track, to avoid collision with the Total Abstinence engine, and the Temperance trains which have recently occasioned so much trouble. In short, we have spared no expense to make it superior to any other Road to Ruin ever established. It gives us great pleasure to call the attention of the public to the improvements in our engines and cars. The old favorite Locomotive, "Alcohol"—has a fire chamber of double capacity, and patent driving-wheel after the fashion of old Juggernaut. Our wine-cars are models of luxurious conveyance, after the model of the far famed London Gin-Palaces, where ladies and children and gentlemen can have all attention. To keep up with the spirit of the times, our whiskey, rum and brandy cars have been greatly enlarged, and fire reduced to half-price. Our cider, porter and beer cars are exciting great attention among the children.

Our experienced engineer, Mr. Belial, and our polite and gentlemanly conductor, Mr. Mix, have been too long known to the travelling public to need any commendation. Indeed so swift and sparkling are our trains, through all our towns and villages, that some have called it "The flying artillery of hell let loose upon the earth."

Tickets must always be procured of Mr. Mix at the drinkers Hotel, where you may see the following extract from our charter from government:

"Licensed to make a strong man weak,

"Licensed to lay a wise man low;

"Licensed a wife's fond heart to break,

"And make her children's tears to flow.

"Licensed to do thy neighbor harm;

"Licensed to hate and strife;

"Licensed to nerve the robber's arm;

"Licensed to whet the murderous knife."

REGULATIONS.—The down train leaves Cider-ville at 6 A. M.; Portertown at 7 A. M.; Beer-ville at 8 A. M.; Wineville, A. M.; Brandy Borough at 10 A. M.; Whiskey City at 12 M.

The speed of the train will be greatly increased as it proceeds, stopping, however, to land passengers at Poorhouseville, Hospitaltown, Prisonburg, Gallowsville, etc. On Sunday, cars will be ready as usual, for way passengers, until further notice.

N. B.—All baggage at the risk of the owners, and widows and orphans are particularly requested not to inquire after persons or property at the Ruin Depot, as in no case the Directors will hold themselves liable for accidents to passengers.

WM. WHOLESALSA, President.

ROBERT RETAIL, Vice President.

### PEABODY LIBRARY.

Additions in October, 1859.  
75697 Austria, Empire of. W. Peake, 2vol.  
75697 Austria, Court of. Dr. E. Valse, 2v.  
4353 Moors in Spain, Thos. Bourke.  
7571 Catherine II. Memoir of.  
7175 Greece and Russia. Bayard Taylor.  
7572 Humboldt, Life & Travels.  
7176 Third Book, Tales. Mrs. Moulton.  
7177 Sylvia's World.  
7174 Rectory of Moreland.  
7568 Chess Congress, Book of.  
7560 Match Games. T. Morphy.  
7487 Puritans in England, S. Hopkins, vol. 1.  
7179 Bitter Sweet, a poem, J. C. Holland.  
7178 Dunallan, Grace Kennedy.  
7565-6 Fichte's, J. G. Popular Works. 2vol.  
7587 Rogers, Sam'l. Recollections.  
7590 Russia, Empire of. J. S. C. Abbott.  
7591 Minister's Wooing. H. B. Stowe.  
10,104-7 Congressional Documents. 4 vol.  
7578 Spain under Charles II. Lord Mahan.  
7579 "Forty-Five," The Scottish Rebellion.  
7575 Peter the Great, Age of. Kamenski.  
7574 Zoological Recollections. W. J. Broderip.  
7459 Lexington Papers, or London and Vienna.  
7494-5 Natural History, Illus'd. Goodrich. 2v.  
7591 Teacher's Assistant. C. Northend.  
7484 Madison James. W. Rives.  
7589 Tuscany, Life in. Crawford.

KINDNESS. How much misery may be abated, how much suffering may be removed, by the simple tone and expression of the human voice! Upon the heart that is lone and desolate, that feels itself, as it were, shut out of the world, wrapped up in gloomy imaginings, how sweetly falls the voice of sympathy and consolation!

Why is it, then, since everything proves, and none are ignorant of the fact—that all must lie down in the earth together, since all are travellers in this highway to death—why is it that each should be so sparing of that which cost him nothing, but which might raise the drooping spirits of his neighbor, and cheer him on his journey—a few kind words and kindly looks?

DEATH OF A DUTCH SCHOOLMASTER. A German magazine recently announced the death of a schoolmaster in Saubia, who for fifty-one years had superintended a large institution with old-fashioned severity. From an average, inferred by means of recorded observations, one of the ushers had calculated that, in the course of his exertions, he had given 911,500 canings, 121,000 floggings, 209,000 custodes, 136,000 tips with the ruler, 10,200 boxes on the ear, and 22,700 tasks by heart! It was further calculated that he had made 750 boys stand on peas, 6000 kneel on the sharp edge of wood, 5000 wear the fools cap, and 1700 hold the rod. How vast (exclaims the journalist) the quantity of human misery inflicted by a single perverse educator!

Who can deny the truth of Dean Swift's sneer at matrimony?

Two or three dears and two or three sweets,  
Two or three baits or two or three treats,  
Two or three serenades given as a lure,  
Two or three oaths how much they endure,  
Two or three messages sent in one day,  
Two or three times led out from the play,  
Two or three tickets for two or three times,  
Two or three love letters writ all in rhymes;  
Two or three months keeping strict to these rules  
Can never fill making two or three fools.

Tompkins, when called upon to hand in to the Income Tax Commissioners his list, wrote this admirably clear statement:

"One old house all out of repair,  
Two hogs, two sheep and a poor old mare;  
Thus you have my honest list,  
Pray don't let the toll exceed the grist."

The following exquisite lines upon a Dead Infant, are worthy of preservation:—

Safer than in the nurse or mother's arms,  
Free from all present and all future harms,  
Mantled in sacred rest an infant sleeps,  
And God himself the guardian station keeps;  
Repose celestial! sleep supremely blest!  
Who can look on, and envy not such rest!

PUT UP DEPENDENCE ON GENIUS.—If you have great talents, industry will improve them; if you have but moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiency. Nothing is denied to well-directed labor; nothing worth having is to be obtained without it.

MODERATION. Heat gotten by degrees, with motion and exercise, is more natural, and stays longer by one, than what is gotten by all at once coming to the fire. Goods acquired by industry prove commonly more lasting than lands by descent.—Fuller.

EFFECT OF WAR. "Seven years fighting," says Jeremy Taylor, "sets a whole kingdom back in learning and virtue to what they were creeping, it may be, a whole age."

Two men, Joseph Sparks and Oscar Flint, were assailed in the suburbs of Baltimore, a few nights ago, by a gang of shoulder-hitters.

Flint was knocked down but his companion escaped by flight. When the scoundrels hit Flint, Sparks flew.

"What papers off my writing desk are you burning there?" cried Willis, the other day, to his servant girl. "Oh, only the paper what's written over, sir; I haint touched the clean."

A DRY COUNTRY. Robert Chambers remarks that in writing in America, he observed that the ink dried in half the time it would have required to do so in England.



# THE WIZARD.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 11, 1860.

Agents for The Wizard.  
SOUTH DAVENPORT AND BARNES—L. Chandler & Co., Incob  
Post, J. D. Howard.  
DAVENPORT—D. P. Clough, (also general agent for the county.)  
The receipts of the above named Agents will be regarded as  
payments.

Book and Job Printing  
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.  
Executed with neatness and dispatch,  
AT  
THE WIZARD OFFICE.

To READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—Our cor-  
respondent "Perley," will perceive that he is anticipated  
by the writer of a poetical article on the same topic in  
this paper. It would hardly be timely if inserted so  
late as our next issue.

"Cotton Mather's Appeal" is marked for insertion.  
The subject treated by our friend P. W. is so warm  
and thread bare, that we think it inexpedient to occu-  
py space with it, especially as we are crowded with  
other matter of more general interest.

The "Child Spirit" is received and accepted.  
We feel obliged to apologize for the inferiority of the  
paper on which this and preceding numbers have been  
printed. Our next issue will be printed on better  
material.

## South Davenport Female Benevolent Society.

The address of Rev. Mr. Murray, before this Society,  
on Monday evening, was all that was expected from  
the high encomiums which preceded its delivery. We  
had taken notes of its principal points, but as we should  
utterly fail to do anything like justice to the speaker  
by their publication, and as we hope all our readers  
were present at its delivery, we will only say that it  
was an able exposition of the duties and responsibilities  
of society towards those destitute children, who are  
thrown upon its protection, and a powerful appeal in  
their behalf. He showed that it was not only philoso-  
phical, humane, and wise, but experience and scriptural  
authority prove that it is better to prevent the  
vice in the child, by throwing around him all good  
influences, than to depend upon reformatory means  
with the hardened adult. In illustration and confir-  
mation of his theory, he read a letter from Mrs. Moses  
Grant of Boston, in which he related the career of five  
boys, all by the name of Brown, who were taken up  
from a condition of degradation while children, and  
were now in a variety of pursuits, useful and honored  
citizens. Were it not for the care of the benevolent  
Institution which adopted them, they would most prob-  
ably have been outcasts, and pests to society. He  
made at different parts of his address, honorable men-  
tion of Dr. Chalmers, Robert Raikes, John Pounds and  
Horace Mann, as prominent in the cause of true and  
wise measures of reform. He suggested to the society  
in whose behalf he spoke, whether it should not em-  
brace in its efforts, the objects of a Children's Friend  
Society, as another mode of securing the ends of its  
present organization.

He closed by reciting with such admirable effect  
the following lines, as to hush the audience to a stillness,  
almost breathless.

Ben Adhem had a golden coin one day,  
Which he put out at interest with a Jew,  
Year after year, awaiting him it lay,  
Until the doubled coin two pieces grew,  
And those two pieces four, so on till people said,  
How rich Ben Adhem is! and bowed the servile head.

Ben Schim had a golden coin that day,  
Which to a stranger, asking him he gave,  
Who went, rejoicing on his unknown way.  
Ben Schim died—too poor to own a grave,  
But when his soul reached heaven, angels with pride,  
Showed him his wealth, to which his coin had multi-  
plied.

Previous to the address, Rev. Mr. Wheeler, offered  
a prayer, and the Musical Association performed some  
of their most admired pieces, much to the gratification  
of the audience. We learn that the increase of the  
treasury, resulting from this effort, will be about \$80.

## Dull Preachers.

There is a story going the rounds of the papers of a  
minister in Portland, who, while preaching, discovered  
that half his congregation were asleep, or inattentive to  
his discourse, and his indignation was so great that he  
he left off abruptly, and gave them a severe reprimand.  
Now, we will venture the remark, that all the  
fault did not lie at the door of the audience. We be-  
lieve, that if the truth could be known, it would ap-  
pear that the pulpit was as much at fault as the pews.  
It is safe to conjecture that the preacher, in this case,  
was not a Paul, or a Whitfield; and that the people,  
if under his preaching, would not so much have re-  
sembled Hogarth's "sleeping congregation."

One great requisite of the modern pulpit is earnest-  
ness. We want to see the preacher awake, as well as  
the people. We want to know by his manner that he  
feels the importance of the message he delivers. The  
chronic dullness which characterizes many of the pulpit  
services of the present day, affords but too much  
excuse for drowsiness in the hearers. It may seem  
presumptuous in a layman to speak thus plainly of  
the occupants of the pulpit, but we do it reverently.  
One could think that the momentous importance of  
the subjects treated in the sacred desk, ought to an-  
timate them, as well as enlist the profound attention of  
the hearers. Why is it that an educated clergyman,  
treating of the great themes of his calling, is unable to  
keep his congregation from drowsiness during the  
twenty or thirty minutes devoted to his subject, while  
a third rate lawyer will hold a court room full of peo-  
ple in rapt attention to his plea in some minor lawsuit?

We believe it to be so, mainly, from the absence of  
the same quality of earnestness in delivery on the part  
of the preacher. The exhibition of a coldness and care-  
lessness of manner, conveys the impression that he is  
indifferent to, or unbelieving in the sentiments he so  
monotonously utters. The very natural consequence  
of this is listlessness and inattention on the part of the  
people.

These remarks will not apply to the occupants of the  
pulpits of South Davenport; but their truth is too often  
illustrated by those who sometimes find a place in them  
by exchanges.

We might more fully illustrate our position by refer-  
ence to the effects produced on communities by the el-  
quence of earnest men, whether lay or clerical; but  
we will close by quoting from a recent English writer

who in speaking of Mr. John Bright, the distinguished  
member of the British Parliament, says:

"It is a curious note, with a certain monotony of  
tone of voice, and an almost entire absence of gesture,  
what wonderful variety Mr. Bright contrives to throw  
into his speeches. They are triumphs of mere earnest-  
ness, and catch all their power and all their effect from  
their appearing so palpably and ardently the immediate  
issue of his thoughts and mind at the moment of utter-  
ance."

## Thomas Smart.

The extracts we made from the journal of this indi-  
vidual last week have drawn attention to the traditions  
relating to him, and we learn that he was known in his  
day as a learned Scotchman or Irishman, his qualities  
differing as to which country he originally belonged.  
The chest in which he kept the "relics," of which he  
left a memorandum in his journal, is still in existence,  
and has always been known as "Master Smart's" chest.  
It is kept in the attic of the old mansion of Deacon  
Joseph Poor, the patriarchal ancestor of the now num-  
erous Poor family. Some of the descendants were con-  
nected with the Sprague family, with one of whose  
ancestors Master Smart boarded. The chest is of Eng-  
lish oak, of the size and form of a common seaman's  
chest, and until recently was unpainted. It has a se-  
cret drawer, in which was found a quantity of copper  
coin, very ancient, twenty six specimens of which are  
preserved. They are of irregular shape; some round,  
others square, or octagonal, and others of no de-  
finitive form. There are none of so recent date as  
1700, and on many the date is entirely obliterated.  
They seem to be mostly Spanish, and one bears the date  
of 1662, having the impress of "PHILIP'S III." They  
must be invaluable in the cabinet of the coin collector.

The "Negro Boy," mentioned in the article as be-  
longing to Mr. Jacobs, was one well known as having  
been owned by the grandfather of Mr. W. M. Jacobs.  
He was called "Primus." He lived to be quite aged,  
and became free under the famous decision of the Su-  
preme Court, which abolished slavery in Massachusetts.

It would be interesting to know the history of the black  
race as it existed here a century ago. They occupied a  
row of huts situated on the west side of what is now  
Washington street, and were famous for their joviality  
on election days, and at all other privileged holidays.  
It is rather difficult to imagine that Boston was once a  
slave market, where men, women and children were  
imported and sold on the auction block. Cesar and  
Milo were two negroes belonging to Mr. Wm. Pool,  
and leaders of the "ton" with the dark race. It is a  
well preserved family tradition, that our ancestor pur-  
chased them both at an auction sale in Boston, paying  
a large price for Milo, although Cesar was physically  
a superior negro. It is related that at the sale, the  
purchaser examined the human cattle, and as he did so  
spit in their faces. Milo received the insult with a  
grin, and Cesar with a howl. This indicated the dis-  
position of the men which the future lives of the ne-  
groes confirmed. Milo was a tractable, kind and amia-  
ble fellow, and was treated with great consideration by  
the whites, as well as by his own race. Cesar was the  
reverse, crooked and unamiable. Milo was the father  
of the late Mr. Prince Farmer, of Salem, who is re-  
minded for his excellent disposition, gentlemanly  
manners and general respectability of character. Mr.  
Farmer used to be fond of making occasional visits to  
the scenes of his childhood to near the time of his de-  
cease.

The following is the Receipt or Bill of Sale of "Pri-  
mus," above named. This Receipt is yet in possession  
of the Jacobs family:  
Received of Mr. Ebenezer Jacobs, of Danvers, the  
sum of Fourty five Pounds six shillings and Eight  
pence Lawful Money, which is in full Satisfaction for  
a Negro Boy Named Primus, which I have this Day  
sold to you &c. &c. Daniel Epes Jun.  
In 45, 6, 3d  
Danvers April ye 30th 1754.

MARRIAGE NOTICE.—The Cleveland Herald states  
that the custom is beginning to be prevalent at the  
West, to publish with the marriage the names of the  
groomsmen and bridesmaids, as well as groom and  
bride. We like the idea. How much more interesting  
would such a record be to readers, especially the lay  
readers, of our papers, than the long lists of officers of  
public meetings and candidates for office, with which  
the journals are often filled. We think it would tend  
greatly to increase the circulation of those papers which  
would adopt it. Why not extend it further? Why  
not also describe minutely the dress of the bride, and  
of her maid; give an exact inventory of her gifts,  
with their prices? All these things are matters of much  
interest to many readers. Having gone thus far, we  
propose to describe more minutely the ceremonies and  
proceedings of the occasion. We would record the salu-  
tations and compliments to the happy pair; who did  
the earliest kissing and how gracefully it was done.  
There would be a labial sweetness in such a record far  
more to them than the wedding or bride's cake. It  
would show a smacking of kindness in those who were  
not permitted to witness the performance. One thing  
more. A list of those to whom generous slices of cake  
have been awarded, with a statement of the extra size  
of the one sent to the Editor, would be a sweet morn-  
el to the public, as well as to those particularly interest-

Gov. BANK'S SPEECH.—We have read with much  
interest the inaugural speech of Gov. Banks. His re-  
marks on the various industrial, educational, financial  
and military interests, the revision of the Statutes and  
the Two Years amendment of the Constitution, are  
business like and satisfactory as are also his expressed  
views on national affairs. We think, however that it  
is hardly necessary every year for the Executive to  
repeat expressions of fealty to the Union, and fidelity  
to the Constitution, in behalf of our ancient Common-  
wealth. A dignified and expressive silence would bet-  
ter become the old State of Revolutionary memories.  
Let us rather point to her and say with Webster,  
There "stands Lexington, Concord and Bunker  
Hill, and there they will remain forever!"

SUTTON HALL.—This beautiful and commodious As-  
sembly room, near the Peabody Institute, will be open-  
ed to-morrow evening for its public use, by the  
Volunteer Engine Company, who will hold a social le-  
vee for members and invited guests, with appropriate  
music. The Hall is lighted from above by five bril-  
liant gas chandeliers, and heated by steam.

Their fourth public assembly will be held at the  
same place on Wednesday Evening the 18th inst. when  
a first rate time and a full attendance may be expected.

IMPENDING CRISIS IN WASHINGTON STREET.—We  
learn from a correspondent, that a Club has been formed  
on the above street, for the purpose of reading Hel-  
per's new book, which has been so extensively and ad-  
venturedly advertised at Washington.

Rockville Lyceum. At the last meeting of this  
Lyceum, the hall was filled to its utmost capacity, to  
listen to a debate upon the following question: "Was  
John Brown deserving of the sympathy expressed for  
him at the North?"

The affirmative was supported by James N. Buffum,  
and N. J. Holden, of Lynn, C. L. Remond of Salem,  
and Alfred McKenney, of South Danvers; the negative  
by H. O. Wiley, Isaac Hardy, and B. A. Lord, of  
South Danvers. The discussion commenced at 7 o'clock,  
and continued with unabated interest till nearly ten,  
when it was voted to postpone the taking of the ques-  
tion till next Thursday, at which time the debate will  
be resumed. This Lyceum is open to the public free,  
and any member of the audience may participate in  
the discussion.

## For The Wizard.

LETTER WRITING.—Put a stamp on your envelope  
at the top of the right hand corner. At the head of  
your letter, on the right hand, put your date in full.  
Write as concisely as possible, as if you were speaking;  
and do not repeat three or four times to one circum-  
stance, but finish up as you go on. The superscription  
and the subscription should also be in accordance with  
the tone of the communication, and whom it passes. Let  
social relations of those between whom it passes. Let  
your signature be written plainly; and never cross your  
signature, as long as paper can be procured at its present  
cheap rate. If writing to a stranger for information,  
or on your own business, do not fail to enclose a stamp.  
Give to titled persons their proper distinctions. Ad-  
dress a letter to go out of your hands which looks un-  
certain, or is folded in a bungling or unworkmanlike  
manner.

Perhaps you will hear from me after I untwirl the  
kinks of my  
There are good hints in the above. We append a  
letter which we copy from the Hall Road Mercury, of  
Groton, to show how a letter ought not to be written.  
The Editor says that "some people possess a happy fac-  
ulty for making one idea cover a quire of paper."

Dear Sir: Please send by the bearer of this note, two  
yards of that spotted dark ground calico, like that I  
had yesterday—full two yards long. Let it come by  
mail, because I wish the two yards to  
make up into a dress. Don't fail of having it right  
width—the same as that I bought of you. Give it to  
Susan who will bring it to me and send it to the dress-  
maker. Recollect the spots and the ground  
work. I must certainly have full measure of two  
yards and the usual width spotted and dark ground.  
The bearer will take it home to me this evening.  
Yours truly, CHLOE SMITH.

N. B. Don't forget the length, width and color  
two yards long.

## For The Wizard.

THE LECTURE.—Cannot the Lecture committee  
make some arrangements by which people may be seated  
in the hall without crushing their dresses and  
crowding each other in finding their seats? For my  
part I cannot go early, and if I go late all the seats  
are occupied, and I have to crowd in to the damage  
of my own dress and of other people's. Why  
would it not be a good regulation to provide that the  
first occupant of a row of seats should take the seat  
farthest from the aisle, or if on the middle row, take  
the center of that row? If this is not done, let the  
rows of seats be placed wider apart, and allow room to  
pass by. This will not allow so many seats to be  
filled, but all who obtained them would be more com-  
fortably seated. Please, good Mr. Wizard, bring this  
subject before the committee in your own way, and see  
if something cannot be done to remedy the evil.

We are fully aware of the evil of which Janette com-  
plains in her nearly written note; but we prefer to  
have her bring it to the attention of those concerned, in  
her own way. We are as much opposed to running  
against crinolines as anybody else, and we would just  
make the suggestion that the remedy is partly in the  
power of the ladies. There is other framework besides  
the crinoline which might be removed and the evil partly  
remedied. Her first proposal meets our views exactly,  
and we think, if adopted, it would meet with ready  
approval by all. It only needs the recommendation of  
the proper authority to become the established law of  
"seating yon ladies."

## For The Wizard.

CHESA.—I rejoice Mr. Editor, that you are disposed  
to awaken an interest in the minds of our young men  
and maidens, in this fascinating game. As some  
amusement is indispensable, "to drive dull care away,"  
I know of nothing less exceptional, than the game of  
chess. It is a game which is calculated to sharpen  
or even to dull the intellect; for it is calculated to sharp-  
en and improve the powers of the mind. No one can  
play successfully at chess, without giving undivided  
attention to the game. It will not admit of negligence.  
One mistake move may lead to ruin, as certainly as  
will a mistaken move the game of life. This power  
of commanding attention, once acquired, is a priceless  
jewel. I say then, if it can be learned in the games of  
chess, it can be applied, as occasion may demand, in  
the realities of life.

I remember, it was my privilege, many years ago, to  
have instructed a most interesting young lady, who  
was in the mysteries of this game, and the intense  
interest she took in it at the time. She possessed mind  
and imagination, and has since used them to her own  
credit, and the gratification of the community. How  
her her acquisition in chess facilitated this, must be  
left for her to say; I have always remembered Miss  
C. L. W., as a charming girl.

South Danvers, January 10th, 1860.

Our correspondent need not have been so chary of  
mentioning the full name of his interesting pupil. We  
happen to know that she afterwards had her name  
changed and became no less a personage than Mrs.  
CAROLINE LEE HENTZ, the gifted authoress.

JOHN BROWN.—Was he a rational, accountable be-  
ing? or was he a monomaniac? On every principle of  
law, of equity, and of common sense, I think he was a  
monomaniac, in relation to the freedom of the slave.  
He had contemplated the subject so much, that this  
one idea entirely engrossed his mind. It possessed him  
by day, and by night, in the cabinet and in the  
field, he could not for a moment contemplate the con-  
trary. The very attempt that he made to rise against  
a sovereign State, with but a corporal's guard to aid  
him, demonstrates the folly of his movement.

I do not say that he is to be justified in what he did.  
I do not say that he was not convicted according to  
law of the offence with which he was charged by the  
Grand Jury, but I do say, that he was not lawfully  
executed. No reasons of State will ever justify a per-  
version of the laws. God is just, and law should be  
certain and unchangeable. Rashness in the Executive  
will never be taken as an apology for error.

Posterity will look upon the authorities of Virginia  
as murderers, and John Brown as their victim.  
December 30, 1859.

That man must have a strange value for words, when  
he can think it worth while to hazard the innocence  
and virtue of his son for a little Greek and Latin;  
while he should be laying the solid foundations of  
knowledge in his mind, and if not these, were some-  
thing he could not see through.

As sins proceed they ever multiply, and like figures  
went before it.—Sir T. Brown.

## S. S. Again.

Since writing our article in the last paper on these  
letters, we have had some little light on this matter.  
Our informants, however, differ. One says they mean  
Videlicet, and another Silicet. Don't read it solid-  
Videlicet, and another Silicet. It grabs them at  
for the law never solicits anybody, it grabs them at  
once. The words are in the Latin language, and mean  
"To Wit." What "To Wit" means we are unable to  
discover; we certainly cannot discover the wit of the  
discoverer; we may as well say their meaning. It re-  
words, any more than we can their meaning. It re-  
minds us of the ancient theory of the universe, when it  
was supposed that the earth was a vast plain, and sup-  
ported on the back of a huge elephant, the elephant  
on a turtle's back, but what the turtle stood upon they  
were unable to tell. So S S stands on Silicet, Silicet  
stands on To Wit, and now what does To Wit stand  
upon?

We are thus forced to regard these double S's as once  
having had a meaning, which the world has now lost,  
and that, without much loss to itself; but which the  
conservation of the law has preserved, although the  
world has outgrown them.

The funeral of the late Joseph W. Willard, on  
Wednesday last, was attended by about fifty past and  
present members of Volunteer Engine Co., of which the  
deceased was formerly Foreman. He has been an active  
member of the Company for about 12 years. After the  
funeral services at the house, the Company escorted the  
long procession to the draw on Beverly Bridge, where  
the Hevelly Light Infantry, Capt. Porter, were ready  
to receive the remains of one who had in past years  
commanded them, and escort them to the Tomb. On  
arrival at the bridge, the Engine Co. opened to the  
right and left, and with uncovered heads, allowed the  
mourners to pass through; then closing up, returned  
home. The Infantry, with slow and measured tread,  
marched onward to the Tomb, where the coffin was  
opened, and with the usual military honors, took their  
last look of their past commander; and with a lively  
quickstep, returned to their homes.

LYNN.—The new Church for the Third Baptist Soci-  
ety, is now nearly completed, and will probably be  
dedicated in four or five weeks. The Church is in that  
part of Lynn called the Dye House Village, which con-  
stitutes Ward One of this thrifty city. The place has  
about half as many voters as Hull, and, till the  
erection of the new Church, looked about the same now  
as it did twenty years ago. But the people are begin-  
ning to show themselves enterprising and energetic,  
and evidently intend not to be behind their neighbors  
any longer in point of progression. By their efforts,  
and with some outside assistance, they have erected  
a neat and commodious place of worship. It is 66  
feet long by 36 wide, of good height, and is built on  
land deeded to them by our own enterprising citizen,  
Elijah W. Upton. The inside is to be finished after the  
style of the 1st Congregational Methodist (late Mr.  
Gerr's) in Woodend, Lynn, and will contain forty  
eight pews.

"GREAT OAKS FROM LITTLE ACORNS GROW." The  
Lynn Reporter comes to us greatly enlarged in size,  
beautifully printed and densely filled with the best  
readable matter. Its publisher, Henry S. Cox, Esq.,  
is one of the best printers in the county, and his first  
effort in journalism was a little folio of four pages  
about 7 by 9 inches, from which has arisen the spaci-  
ous sheet now lying before us. We rejoice in this  
evidence of his enterprise and success as we are con-  
vinced no printer has more of the one or deserves better  
the other. The Editor, Mr. Peter L. Cox, equally de-  
serves our commendation for his share in raising the  
Reporter to the high stand it now occupies among the  
newspapers of Massachusetts.

CHESA TELEGRAPH AND PIONEER. This is a  
capital weekly paper, edited and published by Mr.  
Henry Mason. It has an invaluable contributor in  
the person of Mr. A. K. Newcomb, the keeper of the  
"Intelligence Office," on Broadway, which has a street  
about a dozen miles long, commencing at Chelsea  
bridge, and ending at Buffum's corner in Salem. Mr.  
Newcomb publishes in a late number, a metrical "His-  
tory of Chelsea," illustrated after the manner of our  
late Pictorial number. The Editor says, "the illus-  
trations are by the Imp of the ink-tub."  
"A little nonsense, now and then,  
Is relished by the wisest men."

DANCING ACADEMY.—Mr. Eben Upton Jr., so well  
known as an instrumental performer of music, and as a  
Teacher of the art of Dancing, proposes to open a day  
school for instruction in the latter accomplishment at  
Sutton Hall if sufficient encouragement is given.  
We note that the Salem newspapers speak of him  
highly not only as an efficient and able instructor in  
this pleasing art, but they commend him especially for  
the admirable order he maintains in his school and his  
attention to the deportment of his pupils. Here is a  
fine opportunity afforded to our citizens to have their  
young masters and misses trained to a graceful carriage  
and instructed in "the poetry of motion," by a com-  
petent master of the art. The school hours being in  
the day time, renders it free from the objections often  
urged against dancing schools, when conducted in the  
evening.

We trust he will have a large subscription to enable  
him to fill that beautiful hall with a throng of youth  
improving their manners as well as their health by  
this graceful exercise.

Mr. Editor.—If you should think proper, hereafter, to  
continue the Pictorial, I would suggest the propriety  
of another view of South Danvers, from a different  
point, so as to take in prominently and effectually, that  
ornament of our Town, the Hearse House. Your artist  
should not omit to seize the most favorable opportunity,  
which will be when the front thereof is the most plen-  
tifully besprikled with Theatre Bills, Ethiopian Con-  
cert ditto, The "original Bell Ringers," &c., &c. It  
cannot fail to make a fine picture and afford much de-  
light to the lovers of the beautiful and appropriate.

"By Telegraph expressly for The Wizard."

MORE TROUBLE IN VIRGINIA! There was great  
excitement in Charleston on the arrival of the midnight  
freight train, Dec. 32d, at that place, of a car loaded  
with a full assortment of post holes, sent on consign-  
ment to parties in Charleston. The military were or-  
dered, on their arrival, after investigating the matter,  
mind that said Southern post holes probably contained  
abolitionists in disguise, and if not these, were some-  
thing he could not see through.

As sins proceed they ever multiply, and like figures  
went before it.—Sir T. Brown.

We think our readers will agree with us that the  
following neat little poem is far above the usual stand-  
ard of newspaper rhymes. It reminds us of some of  
Brothman's best German translations. It would be  
a fine piece for recitation by any one who could give  
a fine piece for recitation by any one who could give  
proper effect to its weird melody. Will not some of  
the young elocutionists in our schools adopt it as a  
declamation exercise?

## A FANCY.

Enrobed in snowy mantle,  
And with coronet of rime,  
The Old Year brings his offering  
To the altar stones of Time:

To the Shrine whereon the Ages,  
Have their variant offerings thrown,  
Each year, in turn, a pilgrim,  
Foot-weary and alone.

The Temple's arch resoundeth,  
Nor with chant, nor funeral hymn,  
While each shadow seems a specter,  
And the Altar fire burns dim.

No echo-voice respondeth  
To his footfall in the aisle,  
For a spell like reigneth  
Over all the hoary pile.

Mute phantoms throng the chancel,  
And they troop along the nave,  
Yet the haunted air seems muffled  
With the silence of the grave.

The Old Year's step is feeble,  
For it feet are travel sore,  
And he needs not ghoul nor phantom,  
And he looketh straight before.

But his lips hath voiceless laughter,  
And his wrinkled brow, a frown,  
As, with mingled joy and sadness,  
He has laid his bundle down.

He has laid it on the Altar,  
And the Altar-fire burns dim,  
As a spectral finger beckoneth,  
Through an open door, to him.

He has passed the misty portals,  
And the warden shuts the door,  
And, from out the Vale of Shadows,  
He returneth nevermore.

And the Temple's phantom chorus,  
With its turre's brazen roar,  
And with Echo's many voices,  
Swell the cadence.—NEVERMORE!

Salem, Jan. 1st, 1860. S. P. D.

BAKED BEANS.—Why has not the muse of some  
Barlow sung the praises of this admirable esculent?  
Is it because the blessing is so common, that we cease  
to be grateful for it? The dish of baked beans is, and  
long has been, a New England institution. It is our  
peculiar institution. We ought not only to prize it, but  
take pride in it. It ought to be eulogised by our or-  
ators, and sung by our poets. What we ask, would New  
England be without her beans? It is to them we owe  
our many virtues and material prosperity. In their  
very propagation they set us a useful example of soci-  
ability, ambition and patriotism. Only see how they  
hang together—how they climb, and with what fidelity  
for the good of the country they go to the poles!

We have long been accustomed to attribute the su-  
periority of the New England race to other causes,—to  
our hard climate, our barren soil, our educational priv-  
ileges or to the principles of our Pilgrim ancestors. But  
we forget the beans. Where did the Pilgrims acquire  
their indomitable energy, their reverence for civil lib-  
erty and regard for education, but from the beans?  
Beans flourish in a cold climate, on unfruitful soil and  
they were wisely cultivated by the Puritan ancestry.  
They valued them not only for their nutritious richness  
to satisfy the palate, but for their tendency to inspire  
reverential and devotional feelings. They delighted in  
them, as well as in their stomachs. They discovered an  
odor of sanctity in the fumes of the pot. They accord-  
ingly adopted the dish for Sunday, and it has so con-  
tinued sacred until now. Our fathers would almost  
as soon have given up their doctrines as their beans.  
How could they digest their sermons of interminable  
length without their beans? The latter might have been  
windy, and so may have been the sermons, but on the  
homopathic principle, one may have been a curative of  
the other.

It was thus that the first settlers of New England  
acquired from this favorite vegetable those sterling vir-  
tues which have distinguished its population to this  
day. It may be that their posterity have in some re-  
spects degenerated. If they have, let them take warn-  
ing and return to their ancestors' first love. Let them  
on no account backslide from the virtues or the beans of  
their pious forefathers. Let them punctually and reli-  
giously have their weekly pot of beans lest they  
themselves go to pot. "As they prize their liberties  
and institutions of benevolence let them adhere to their  
bean poles. It may safely be averred of one who does  
not appreciate the excellencies of this New England  
dish, that he is deficient in taste, in patriotism and a  
true estimate of the blessings of 'tite. In a word, he  
don't know beans."

We want every reader of the Wizard to bear in  
mind that every article bought at B. F. Stevens Jew-  
elry Store, 16 Main street, will be freely shown and  
fairly represented, or the money refunded.

BOOK NOTICE.—History of the town of Dorchester.  
—By a Committee of the Dorchester Antiquarian So-  
ciety.

This is a model for a well written and well digested  
local history. Although, evidently, the production of  
different hands and different minds, there has been  
much of unity of feeling and interest in the narra-  
tation, that it has a completeness only to be expected  
from the effort of a single well qualified pen. We were  
not before aware that Dorchester possessed so much  
and so rich material in her early records for an inter-  
esting town history. Boston has annexed, from time  
time, much of her territory, and in the end will have  
swallowed her entire. No matter—so long as the  
History will preserve her individuality and easy im-  
portance as an independent municipality.

PLEASANTY.—An inoffensive pleasantness is a good  
quality to improve friendship. It enlivens conversa-  
tion, relieves melancholy, and conveys advice with-  
out success than naked reprehension. This gift of  
will reconciles the palate to the prescription without  
weakening the force of the ingredients; and hence  
can cure by recreation, and make pleasure the basis  
of health, is a doctor in good earnest.

ROBERT HAY

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Also, a good ass  
Stove Furnace, &c  
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S. P. D.

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take pleasure the reche-  
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ROBERT HALL.

**THE SOCIETY.**—This old organization "still lives," and will continue the season with a program of dance at Sutton Hall, on Monday evening next. Wyatt & Parsons, promenade band, with ten pieces, will perform the music on the occasion. It is expected that there will be a large turnout on this occasion. There will be other amusements by the same company during the coming season, of which due notice will be given.

**Sutton's New Hall.**—Participants in this pleasant and healthful exercise are referred to the Advertisement of James A. Parsons 188 Essex street, who will supply them from a choice assortment.

**LADIES.**—If you want any kind of Woolen Under vests, Drawers, Hoods, Skating Caps, Sleeves, or anything else in the furnishing goods line, you should remember that the best stock and the lowest prices are found at J. P. Peabody's, 238 Essex Street.

### DANCING ACADEMY

**SUTTON'S NEW HALL.**  
SCHOOL for instruction in Dancing on the AT-  
TACHMENTS of WEDNESDAY and SATUR-  
DAY, for Masters and Misses, Young Ladies  
and Gentlemen.  
Mr. Eben Upton, Jr. would respectfully announce to  
the Ladies and Gentlemen of So. Danvers and vicinity,  
that he proposes to form a class for juveniles and others  
as above, to commence as soon as it is sufficient number  
can be obtained. The course of instruction to include  
Steps and Figures, Lancers, Caledonia, Polka, Redowa,  
and Waltz Quadrilles. Schottische, Varsovienne, &c.  
A subscription paper may be found at the store of  
Mr. T. A. Sweetser, where terms, reference, and particu-  
lars may be ascertained. Jan 11-12

**South Danvers Post Office.**  
MAIL ARRANGEMENT.  
ON and after THURSDAY, December 1st, 1890, Mails will  
arrive daily (Sundays excepted) at  
8:34 A. M., 4:54 P. M.  
and will close at 10:34 A. M., and at 4:54 P. M.  
California Mails close the 4th and 19th of each month at 10:34  
A. M. Foreign mails close every Thursday and Friday at 10:34  
A. M. Post office open (Sundays excepted) from 7 A. M. till  
8 P. M. South Danvers, Dec. 7, 1890. A. W. FISKE, Post Master

### Marriages.

In Danversport, Jan. 1, by Rev. Mr. Putnam, Mr.  
Alvin F. Welch to Miss Mary A. Norris; also, at the  
same time and place, Mr. Nathaniel K. Wells to Miss  
Mary J. Welch, all of Topsfield.  
In Salem, on the 6th inst., by the Rev. D. D. Winn,  
Mr. Edward Upton to Miss Emma L., only daughter of  
J. Buttram, Jr., all of Salem.  
In Lynnfield, Jan. 6, by Rev. Mr. Gannett, Mr. Samu-  
el W. Hillier of Lynn, to Miss Elizabeth C. daughter of  
Capt John Mansfield of Lynnfield.

### Deaths.

In this town, Dec. 21, Mrs. Eunice, widow of the  
late Timothy Buxton, 76 yrs 6 mos.  
In Salem, Jan. 6, Mrs. Elizabeth Lowe, 65 yrs; Mrs.  
Ellen, widow of the late Mr. James Derwin, 64 yrs; 7th  
Mrs. Polly, wife of Mr. Henry Lacombe, 67 yrs 10 mos;  
Capt William Dusen, 77 yrs 2 mos 12 days; 8th, Mr.  
Jesse Upton, 63 yrs.  
In Lynnfield, Dec. 29, Mrs. Hannah, widow of the  
late John Mansfield, 74 yrs.

### Advertisements.

THE Subscriber would inform the public  
that he has a large amount of

### Dry Goods

TO BE CONVERTED INTO CASH!  
In order to effect this object, he will sell, at greatly  
reduced prices his entire stock of

Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Doeskins, Dress  
Goods, Thinets, Lyonses, Alpacaes, Par-  
mettas, Black Silks, all Wool and  
Cotton and Wool Plaids and  
Delaines, Ginghams,  
Prints, Bleached and Unbleached  
Sheeting and Shirtings.

### CARPETINGS

READY-MADE  
CLOTHING.

Also, HOUSEKEEPING GOODS of every de-  
scription; Hosiery, Gloves, Embroideries, Trimming  
Goods, Buttons, Fancy Goods, &c.

**GEO. P. DANIELS,**  
No. 83 MAIN STREET—MONUMENT SQUARE—  
Jan 11 South Danvers. tf

### STOVES, TIN WARE,

KITCHEN FURNISHING GOODS!  
The subscriber having enlarged and fitted up his store,  
would respectfully call the attention of the public to his large  
and well selected assortment of

**Cook, Parlor and Office Stoves.**  
Among other Cook Stoves, I would especially call attention to  
the KITCHEN QUEEN, which for economy, ease of manage-  
ment, even and quick baking, has no equal.  
For the Parlor I have MAJESTY'S PATENT VENTILATING  
STOVE, which is too well known to need recommendation.  
Also, a good assortment of Tin, Glass and Wooden Ware,  
Sauce Pans, Stove Grates, and Linings.  
Those in want of any of the above articles, are invited to  
call and examine the goods, and purchase at the lowest prices.  
Particular attention paid to fitting and repairing stoves, and  
mending Tin Ware.

**GARDNER WEBSTER,**  
135 Boston Street.  
Jan 11-12

**J. PERLEY, JR. & CO.**  
**BOOK-BINDERS**  
—AND—  
Blank Book Manufacturers,  
199 Essex Street, Salem.

Blank Account Books of every pattern, ruled and bound to  
order. Periodicals and Magazines of every description, bound  
in every variety of style, on reasonable terms. Particular at-  
tention given to binding Piano Music. All orders promptly  
attended to.  
Jan 11-12 J. PERLEY, JR.  
JACOB CARTER.

**W. L. BOWDOIN,**  
SURGEON DENTIST,  
No. 208 Essex Street, Salem, (Opposite the Market).  
Residence—No. 87 Washington Street.  
Jan 11-12

**BROWN COTTONS CHEAP.** Yard Wide  
Brown Cottons, at 61 cts. Also, Blue Sheetings at the  
same low price.  
Brown Cottons of all the best makes, in all different widths,  
at very low prices.  
Also, Bargains in Bleached Cottons; Cotton Muslin; Wool  
Plaids; Grays; and all Housekeeping Goods.  
Jan 11 W. W. PALMER, 181 Essex St.

### SKATES!

Having received a fresh supply of Skates, we offer for  
sale an assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's skates, selected  
from the best styles of English, German and American manu-  
factures, and for quality and finish are unsurpassed.  
The Ladies' styles are numerous, and at low prices than last  
season.  
Please call and examine the stock at  
JAN 11 JAMES A. PARLISSE, 106 Essex St.

### PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST,

241 Essex Street, Salem.  
Patent Ambrotypes, Stereoscopes,  
Photographs, Spherotypes, Melanotypes, and patent leather  
pictures, of various styles, taken with all the improvements of  
the art. Portraits, Miniatures, Engravings, &c., accurately  
copied. Views taken when desired. Jan 11

**HOSIERY'S Celebrated STOMACH BIT-  
TERS** are for sale by  
T. A. SWEETSER,  
57 Main Street,  
Jan 11

**Sweetser's Iceland Moss Candy,**  
CURES ABOUT ALL THE COUGHS AND COLDS.

### GREAT CLOSING OFF SALE OF DRY GOODS.

IMMENSE SACRIFICE.

Every article in our store must be sold previous to  
February, and in order to dispose of our immense stock of  
DRY GOODS in the shortest possible time, we  
have marked it down to prices never before heard of in  
Essex County.

Read the prices of this Great Closing Off Sale.

### Dress Goods.

100 pieces of good style perfect Delaines only 8 cts.  
150 " Extra 10 cts.  
100 " Fine quality Delaines, worth 20 cts for 10 cts.  
100 " Dark Brown Delaines 17 and 18 cts.  
100 " Fine Cashmeres, worth 35 cts for 15 cts.  
100 " Cashmere Delaines, worth 35 cts for 15 cts.  
100 " B. at Merrimack and Pacific Prints only 8 cts.  
100 " Best English Prints only 6 cts.  
100 " Good fine color Prints only 8 cts.  
100 " Handsome Mourning Prints only 10 cts.  
100 " Elegant styles Mourning Delaines 18 and 17 cts.  
100 " Best Valence Plaid only 10 cts.  
100 " Extra quality 44 Plaid only 10 cts.  
100 " Best Lyonses Cloths, worth 37 1/2 cts for 17 cts.  
100 " Plaid to be closed at your own prices.  
100 " Black Alpacaes and Alpacaes, must be sold.  
100 " White Delaines worth 30 cts for 10 cts.  
100 " Delaines, fine quality 20 and 22 cts.

### Domestic Goods.

12 bales Brown Cottons, 6 1/2, 7, 8 and 9 cts  
500 pieces Bleached Cottons, at Agents cash prices  
100 " Grapes 5, 6 1/2 and 8 cts  
100 " White Flannels from 12 1/2 cts up  
100 " Heavy Gray Twilled Flannels only 25 cts  
100 " Red and Blue Twilled Flannels 9 cts  
1000 yards of yard-wide Cotton Flannel, cheap 8 cts  
100 " Yellow Flannels, all-wool 25 cts  
100 " Best English Cambrics only 10 cts  
1000 yards of 1000ths of Solitaires only 7 cts

### Bargains from Auctions.

5000 pairs Gents heavy half Hose 12 1/2 cts  
10000 " Extra heavy wool Hose 17 cts  
10000 down Ladies Ribbed Hose, extra quality 17 cts  
10000 pairs Childrens Hose 10 cts  
10000 Ladies and Childrens White Mittens 10 cts  
50 dozen extra quality fleece lined Gloves for ladies only 25 cts  
50 White Mittens, fine quality 8 cts  
50 dozen of the celebrated Solitaires 70 cents each  
city at 81 cts, we shall sell them at 75 cents each  
60 dozen Shalimar Vests 75 cts  
1000 Drab Embroidered Covers, large also 50 cts  
1500 Tans (Gymers), red embossed 50 cts  
Childrens Victorines, imitation of fur 17 to 25 cts

This is the cheapest sale of Dry Goods ever offered  
in Salem. Ladies are requested to call and see if what  
we state is not so. We have all the other Goods  
that must be sold if low prices will do it.

**PRESBY & FEARING,**  
238 Essex Street, Salem.  
Store open every evening till 8 o'clock.  
Jan 11-12

**NOTICE.** All persons having demands against  
the subscriber are requested to present them for pay-  
ment, as the subscriber is desirous to close his business  
and settle his accounts.  
JAN 22

**GEORGE CREAMER,**  
bookkeeper & Stationer, 243 Essex St.  
JAN 22

**DE LAINE'S 15 CENTS.** We have just  
received the price of many of our 20 cts M. de Laines at the  
low figure of 15 cts a yard.  
JAN 22 W. W. PALMER,  
181 Essex Street.

**NEW MUSIC.** Songs, Marches, Waltzes, &c.,  
not received by  
GEORGE CREAMER,  
243 Essex St. Brown Stone Block.  
JAN 11

**McAdams' Panoramic Calendar—**  
1860. Cheap and Best—for sale at  
GRIMM'S Bookstore,  
Brown Stone block, up town.  
JAN 11

**BLANK ACCOUNT BOOKS.** Blank Books  
of every description in good bindings for sale low by  
H. P. IVES & A. A. SMITH,  
Book and Paper store, Stearns' Building.  
JAN 11

**COUNTING ROOM STATIONERY.** Let-  
ter and Note paper in great variety of English, French  
and American manufacture, for sale by  
H. P. IVES & A. A. SMITH.  
JAN 11

**JUST OPENED AT H. P. IVES & A. A. SMITH'S**  
a fine variety of English, French, and Italian  
Gentlemen's and Ladies use.  
JAN 11

**SELLING OUT STOCK AT COST!**  
ANN R. BLAY, 76 Federal street, will continue to sell the  
last and many styles of Goods at less than cost until the  
first of Feb. One and all are invited to call. Every article will be  
sold out to prepare for Spring Trade.

**CHICKERING & SON'S PIANO FORTES.**  
For sale and to let—beautiful Piano Fortes of the above  
make, viz: 7 octave; 6 octave and 5 octave. The very  
very best to be given.  
JAN 11 ANN R. BLAY 76 Federal street.

**HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.** Crockery  
Wares, Glass Ware, China Ware, Stone Ware, Hard and  
Wooden Ware, and Cutlery of all kinds, constantly for sale at  
S. C. & M. A. SIMMONS,  
House Furnishing Store, 25 Front St., Salem.  
JAN 11

**YES YOU MAY USE OR RECOMMEND**  
**Helmstreet's Inimitable Hair Coloring!**  
And had it to be a PERFECT HAIR RESTORATIVE,  
promoting the strength and growth of the Hair, and giving it  
all the beauty of youth. Do you doubt it?  
Read! Read! Read!

Vol. 1, Mass., Jan. 25, 1893  
Helmstreet's "Inimitable Hair Restorative" for three or  
four years, with good satisfaction and success. I have tried  
various other articles in the market, but yours has the decided  
preference among all. Several ladies of our town who had  
been wearing false hair for several years have laid it aside, and  
now have a full and luxuriant head of hair of original color and  
color, produced by using two or three bottles of your article.  
I am yours very truly,  
S. B. SIMMONS.  
Sold in South Danvers by T. A. SWEETSER,  
57 Main Street.  
JAN 11

**HAPPY NEW YEAR!**  
**JOHN HEYLINGBERG**  
TENDER to his friends and patrons the compliments of the  
season, and continues his

**HAIR-DRESSING**  
And Shaving Business,  
At the Old Stand, Main St., South Danvers, where he will at-  
tend to the hair of all who call on him. Jan 4-12

**A FINE assortment of Fancy Hair Pins, at 242**  
Essex St. dec 21

### Working Oxen for Sale.

THE subscriber having a large sized pair of WORK-  
ING OXEN, for which he has no use this winter,  
offers them for sale at a low price.  
BYRON GOODALE.  
Jan 4-12

### 238

Received this Week  
**BONNET RUCHES**—hand made—34 cts;  
Bonnet Ruches—hand made—38 cts;  
Bonnet Ruches—hand made—42 cts;  
Bonnet Ruches—hand made—50 cts;  
Bonnet Ruches—hand made—76 cts;  
Bonnet Ruches—French Flat—25 cts;  
Bonnet Ruches—heavy—13 cts;  
Bonnet Ruches—8 rows—17 cts;  
Bonnet Ruches—in every variety;  
Dress Ruches and Quillings—new styles,  
AT THE EMBROIDERY & TRIMMING STORE,  
238 ESSEX STREET, SALEM.  
JOHN P. PEABODY.

**SALE!**  
BY order of Court, will be sold at Public  
Auction, at Danversport, on High Street,  
T. H. BURKING HOUSES, such conven-  
iently last for two tenements, having about four  
acres of land attached thereto, and fronting on to Waters  
River. The above is part of the estate of the late Joseph  
Burke.  
Sale to take place on the premises, on the 10th day of April  
next. For particulars apply to Mrs. A. A. P. Porter, on the  
premises.  
Danversport, Jan 4

**WYATT & PARSONS'**  
**QUADRILLE BAND,**  
Are prepared to furnish Music for Balls, Parties, Assemblies  
etc., on the most reasonable terms.

Engagements can be made with J. H. Parsons, No. 3 Pleasant  
Street, H. P. Patten, 4 Boston St., or T. H. Spiller's, 151 Essex St.,  
Salem, Jan 4-12

### BURNHAM'S

**SOUTH DANVERS AND BOSTON**  
Railroad and Wagon Express.  
Railroad Freight Train leaves for Boston, at 6 1/2 p.m.  
Leaves Boston for South Danvers at 5 p.m.  
Wagon Express leaves for Boston 10 a.m.  
Leaves Boston for South Danvers at 4 p.m.  
Railroad Express, for collecting and paying Bills, Notes, Drafts  
and remittance of Money, &c., &c., &c.  
Leaves South Danvers at 10 1/2 a.m., 2 p.m.  
Leaves Boston at 5 p.m.

**TEAMS FURNISHED FOR EXTRA JOBS AT SHORT NOTICE.**  
Orders to be left in South Danvers at the store of W. M.  
Jacobs & Son, on Main Street, and at the office on Central  
Street, opposite the Salem and Lowell depot.  
J. P. BURNHAM, Proprietor.  
South Danvers, Jan. 4, 1890.

### REED'S

**SO. DANVERS & BOSTON RAILROAD**  
EXPRESS.  
Leave South Danvers at 5 1-2 p.m.  
Boston, 5 1-2 p.m.  
Orders to be left at R. O. Spiller's store, Main St.,  
and at Freight Depot, South Danvers Square.

**OFFICE IN BOSTON, NO. 1 FULTON ST.**  
Particular attention paid to removing Furniture,  
collecting Bills, Notes, Drafts, &c.  
Express leaves S. Danvers at 10 a.m. Boston, 2 1-2 p.m.  
Goods called for and delivered in Boston and  
South Danvers.  
S. F. REED,  
South Danvers, Jan 4-12

### Gas Heating and Cooking Stoves.

(Wm. F. Shaw's Patent, Boston, Mass.)  
**B. H. STATEN,**  
SOLE AGENT FOR SOUTH DANVERS, SALEM,  
BEVERLY AND MARLBOROUGH.

**NOVEL method of Cooking by Gas.** The toughest beef  
steak, which boiled by this process, is rendered as tender  
as a roast which is cooked over a coal fire. Read the fol-  
lowing from Prof. A. A. Hayes. He says:  
"Having frequently examined the results of action in Shaw's  
Steam Stove, I have been led to the conclusion that in the steams  
and ingredients for tough meat are ruptured and broken  
through the effect of highly heated steam, and the steam  
of which gas flame is largely composed. At the first instant  
this steam penetrates and rends the meat, and the subsequent  
boiling is but a process of the water formed with the juices  
produced.  
The gas flame, as obtained in the device of Mr. Shaw, is the  
purest flame which art affords, and there is nothing present  
as vapor or gas, which can give odor to, or any way interfere  
with the preparation of the delicious flavor of broiled meat."  
This apparatus secures the greatest economy of time in  
cooking; it renders the toughest meat more tender than  
any other mode of broiling it; and with the simple noting of  
time, enables the cook to produce with certainty any gradua-  
tion of effect.  
Respectfully,  
A. A. HAYES, M. D.,  
State A. Sayer,  
18 1/2 Lyndon St.  
Boston, 5th Nov, 1890.  
The public are respectfully requested to call and examine  
for themselves.

**SHAW'S HEATING AND COOKING APPARATUS,**  
AT E. H. STATEN'S GAS FIXTURE STORE,  
JAN 4-3m 151 Essex Street, Salem.

**BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS,**  
WILLIAM J. WALTON,  
94 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS.

**LIGHT!**  
NEWMAN & SYMONDS  
SOLE AGENTS FOR  
Green's Patent Non-Explosive Self-Gen-  
erating Gas Lamps.  
dec 7

**WILLIAM H. BURBECK,**  
TAILOR AND DRAPER,  
249 ESSEX STREET. 249  
(CHOCOLATE BLOCK) SALEM.

Would inform his customers and the public, that he has  
on hand and is daily receiving, for Fall and Winter trade,  
BROADCLOTH,  
DOBBIES,  
FANCY PANTS GOODS,  
VESTINGS, &c., &c., and the most  
workmanlike manner.  
TO PURCHASERS of Nice Custom Ready Made Clothing he  
would call attention to the Stock which is of his own and  
New York manufacture, made and cut in the best styles, and  
sold at the LOWEST CASH PRICES.  
Also a General Assortment of Gents' Furnishing Goods,  
Fancy Shirts made to order.  
Mr. BURBECK would be found at this establishment,  
where he would be happy to receive the calls of his friends.  
dec 7

**EDWARD C. WEBSTER,**  
ONE PRICE  
**HAT, CAP and FUR STORE.**  
231 ESSEX, and 84 WASHINGTON ST.,  
dec 21

### SOUTH DANVERS

**COFFIN AND CASKET WAREHOUSE.**  
THE subscriber would inform the people of this place that  
he is now prepared to furnish, at the shortest notice,  
Mahogany, Black Walnut, & Stained Wood  
**COFFINS.**  
AND CASKETS OF ALL SIZES.  
Also, Silver and Silver Plated Coffin Plates, of the  
latest Patterns.  
Grave Clothes of every description constantly on hand.  
All orders from the neighboring towns, by express or other-  
wise, promptly attended to, and delivered personally, if desired.  
**CHARLES S. BUFFUM,**  
Central Street, nearly opposite the Lowell Depot.  
On Sundays and evenings can be found at Stearns' Hotel.  
dec 14-12

### CLOTHING STORE!

**R. S. D. SYMONDS**  
Has opened a STORE in TRASK'S BUILDING,  
52 MAIN ST., SOUTH DANVERS,  
Where he intends to keep a general assortment of  
**MEN'S & BOYS'**  
**CLOTHING,**  
Including  
**BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS, HATS, CAPS**  
And all such Goods as are generally found in such  
a store.

### READY MADE CLOTHING

AND  
**FURNISHING GOODS.**  
Particular attention will be given to keeping a constant  
supply of

### LADIES' BOOTS & SHOES.

The above Goods are of the best quality, and will be  
sold as low as similar articles can be had in South  
Danvers or Salem.

### LADIES

Are particularly invited to call and examine before  
purchasing elsewhere.  
dec 21-12

### A Cheap and Durable Article.

**MEN'S KIP BOOTS**—only Two Dollars and a  
Quarter per pair, at  
R. S. D. SYMONDS,  
52 Main St., S. Danvers.  
dec 21-12

### Mitchell's Patent Men's Boots.

THIS new and improved article, with metallic soles,  
protecting the feet from dampness, may be found  
at  
R. S. D. SYMONDS,  
dec 21-12 Trask's Building, No. 52 Main St.

### SO. DANVERS PERIODICAL STORE.

**L. CHANDLER & CO.,**  
WOULD respectfully announce to the citizens of  
South Danvers that they have taken part of the  
store occupied by D. B. Brooks & Bro., in Allen's  
Building, where they intend to keep a good supply of  
Periodicals, Newspapers, Toys, &c.  
The Boston Daily Herald, Journal, and Traveller,  
and all the principal Weekly Papers and Periodicals,  
can always be found on their counters.  
dec 21-12

**J. W. OSBORNE,**  
Plain and Decorative, House and Sign  
PAINTER,  
88 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS.

**SAMUEL DAVIS,**  
**HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING ROOM,**  
7 MAIN ST., SOUTH DANVERS.

**HENRY L. WHIDDEN,**  
**PAINTER, GLAZIER,**  
AND PAPERER,  
Central Street, South Danvers, Oppo. South Church.  
All orders promptly and faithfully executed.  
dec 14-12

**POWER'S MARBLE WORKS.**  
No. 11 St. Peter Street, Salem,  
Chimney Pieces, Monuments, Tablets, Basin and  
Table Tops, Shelves and Brackets,  
Of every description of MARBLE and SEAFORTH work, fur-  
nished promptly and reasonably.  
Those in want of any of the above kinds of work, will find  
that they can do so well here as in Boston.  
dec 14-12 W. A. POWER

**B. F. STEVENS,**  
**WATCH & JEWELRY,**  
—AND DEALER IN—  
Watches, Clocks, Gold & Plated Jewelry,  
SILVER AND PLATED WARE,  
CUTLERY AND FANCY GOODS.  
Old Gold and Silver taken in exchange for New.  
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, neatly Cleaned, Repaired and  
warranted.  
16 MAIN ST., OPPOSITE WARREN BANK,  
SOUTH DANVERS, MASS.

**GURRIER & MILLETT,**  
Dealers in  
**FURNITURE, CHAIRS,**  
MATTRESSES, FEATHERS, &c.  
259 & 261 ESSEX ST.  
Salem, dec 14-12

### THE CELEBRATED

**FRANKLIN COAL**  
For sale by M. BLACK, Jr.  
Call at Walton's,  
94 MAIN STREET and examine those Heavy Double Sled  
Calf Boots, just the thing for Winter.  
dec 7

### WHIPPLE & FRIEND,

**PAINTERS.**  
**GLAZIERS AND PAPER HANGERS,**  
Main street, opposite Danvers Bank, S. Danvers.  
All orders promptly attended to; a share of patronage solicited.  
J. J. WHIPPLE. A. FRIEND.

**E. S. FLINT,**  
DEALER IN  
**WEST INDIA GOODS, COUNTRY PRODUCE,**  
No. 2 Main Street, South Danvers.

**M. BLACK, JR.,**  
**COAL AND WOOD,**  
OFFICE IN SQUARE AT RAILROAD FREIGHT DEPOT.  
Order Box in Post Office.

**NEWMAN & SYMONDS,**  
DEALERS IN  
**FAMILY GROCERIES,**  
**FLOUR AND GRAIN,**  
READY-MADE CLOTHING, GENTS' FUR-  
NISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS,  
BOOTS, SHOES, &c.  
South Danvers Square, opposite Congregational Church  
SAM'L NEWMAN. NATH'L SYMONDS.

**Cheap House Lots for Sale.**  
THE SUBSCRIBER offers for Sale One Hundred  
House Lots, situated in the rear, (South) of Wash-  
ington street, about 3 minutes walk from the Branch  
and 15 minutes walk from the depot. Post Office &c. They  
are pleasantly located, chiefly upon Palatine street, which  
has been recently laid out and graded, over land sufficiently  
elevated to give a full view of the village, and the neighboring  
city of Salem. The price and terms of payment are such as to  
put it within the reach of any man having health and employ-  
ment, to procure a permanent home. None but persons  
of good moral character need apply, as it will be by no means  
to limit, as far as possible, the sale to such persons. Any one  
wishing to bargain for a lot, will find it best to make an early  
application, as the best lots are being taken up—nearly 20 hav-  
ing already been sold. SIDNEY C. BANCROFT.  
South Danvers, Dec. 7, 1890. 1-3m

### Light!

HAVING made arrangements with the Boston Kerosene  
Oil Company, for a full supply of Oil for the coming win-  
ter, I shall be prepared to sell  
"Downer's Pure Kerosene Oil,"  
as cheap as can be bought at retail in this vicinity.

**KEROSENE LAMPS,**  
of







Cards.

IMPSON,  
Attor at Law,  
SALEM.

INS,  
Attor at Law,  
len's Building.

EY,  
Attor at Law,  
So. Danvers.

BODY,  
Attors at Law,  
Office to  
Jon. Otis P. Lord,  
REET, SALEM.  
JOHN B. FEARDELL.

BBOTT,  
ounselor,  
treet, Salem;  
Danvers.

NCROFT,  
Attor at Law,  
et, Salem.

ges and evenings, at his  
th Danvers.

FORD,  
ST,  
DANVERS SQUARE.  
dly Executed.  
out Extra Charge.

LUNT,  
ESTIC FRUIT.  
St., So. Danvers.

arran's, Clam, Lobster,  
ry and Provisions,  
Jelly and Jams, etc.,  
French and American  
Sauces.

INT,  
saler in  
OLES,  
OF ALL KINDS,  
H DANVERS.

RIDER,  
nmus & Rider, Man-  
New York).

ELRY,  
PED WARE,  
ECTAGLES.

SALEM.  
d Engraving neatly exe-  
th Mr E. K. Lakeman.

UFFUM,  
1 Depot, So. Danvers.

MAKER,  
ED & VARNISHED.  
ITS BRANCHES.  
Chris new seated.

I STORE  
ANVERS.

Y GOODS, TEAS,  
HARD WARE,  
AC., &c.

Nutmegs, Mace, Spi-  
laratus, Soda, Potash,  
arch, Tapioca, Sago,  
d Cigars.

Oil, Fluid.  
skets, Boxes, Brooms.

st, Floor and Horse  
Whips.

Dining Sets, Pitch-  
ers and Bottles,  
then Ware.

FE,  
Plated Butter Knives  
d Salt Spoons.

Knives, Shoe Knives,  
s.

els, Hoes, Iron Rakes,  
slets, Carpet Tacks,  
s.

Set of Pant Goods and  
Sheeting and Shirting,  
ck, Hickory, Hickory  
s Braids, White and  
s. Colored Cambrics  
isk and Brown Linen  
Covers, Colored Table  
s, Tailors' Trimmings.

k and Wooden Shirts,  
ies, Neck Ties, Linen

S.  
icidines, Russia Salve,  
ters, Skinner's Bitters,  
Oil, Salts, Sulphur.

So.  
n be found in the above  
lowest prices for cash;  
attention of the citi-  
satisfying them that we  
SYSTEM, and we are  
customers, and to all  
getting better goods, and  
than at any other store

PILLER.  
ect. South Danvers.

ms. &c.  
typer Nis, Redwood, Fan-  
d Yellow Ochre, Umber,  
Rosen, Indigo, and a gen-  
erence. Sold by  
PILLER, 37 Main street.

# THE WIZARD.

VOL. I.

SOUTH DANVERS, MASS., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 18, 1860.

NO. 7.

## THE WIZARD

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

At Allen's Building, So. Danvers Square,

CHAS. D. HOWARD, Proprietor.

F. POOLE, Editor.

Terms \$2.00 a Year; for Immediate Payment, \$1.50.

### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Half a Square, One Square, Quarter of a Column, 16 lines of Nonpareil type are equal to a square. 50 cents per line will be charged for notices of meetings for political, civil, or religious purposes, notices of societies, cards of acknowledgments, &c. The privilege of Annual Advertisers is limited to their own immediate business; and all advertisements for the benefit of other persons, as well as legal advertisements, and advertise- ments of real estate, or auction sales, sent in by them, must be paid for at the usual rates.	3 wks. 3 mos. 1 year. \$1.00 \$2.50 \$6.00 1.50 3.50 10.00 8.00 25.00
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### Original Poetry.

For The Wizard.

#### HOG PATRI COE NOS SINT.

We greet our generous host, to-night,  
With friendliness sincere!  
To make our hearts, not heads, grow light,  
We know he asked us here.

We greet our host, who says—"it pays,  
To raise a flock of sheep,  
When we can sell, on market days,  
All that we could not keep."

We greet our host, who fain would let  
His brother farmers know,  
When they a fence, or hedge, would set,  
How best to make it go.

We greet our host. Though, sometimes, he  
May like away to roam,  
We all rejoice our friend to see,  
Here in his happy home.

His happy home! The sweetest place,  
That all the earth can show;  
Far off the day that ends his race,  
When from it he shall go.

We greet, with warmth, his lady fair,  
Her presence is our joy.  
Oh, ne'er may sorrow, pain or care,  
Her happiness destroy!

We greet his house. Our generous friend,  
We wish you happy years!  
Life's joys we wish you, to the end,  
Unmingled with its tears?

### An Original Sketch.

#### FAT MEN.

We dislike fat men. Portly aldermen are our aversion. We think we were born with this antipathy—that we inherit it. All our ancestors as far as we know, were slim men, and so are we. Our country is that of a lightning rod, and we are almost as destitute of a shadow as Peter Schlemihl. As long ago as our young childhood, we remember to have conceived a dislike amounting to disgust, at the sight of bulky men. This aversion was increased by our school-master, who was a monster of fatness. We cannot even at this time, now that his carcass is laid in the grave, think of him but with abhorrence, and for good reasons. He used to keep his pupils quiet by threats to eat them up, and told us that he had swallowed very many naughty boys, and that he already had two or three in his belly! We believed him, and it filled our little minds with terror. Why should we not believe him? How else could we account for such marvelous protuberance of paunch? We shivered with fear at every blast of his harsh voice, and dreaded the chance of being the next victim to be devoured. Is it then to be wondered at, that we should hold a grudge against stout men? But our pious teacher had also his pleasant moods. He would sometimes condescend to allure his pupils along the paths of knowledge. He told us that he sometimes allowed good boys to slide down hill on his belly,—and we believed that too. It would not be very steep sliding either, for he was a short man and his head and shoulders were thrown back to preserve the equilibrium of his body, thereby projecting his front. It is doubtful if he ever saw his feet, owing to the mountainous elevation before him. We are sure he never saw his silver watch key as it hung dangling below the overhanging precipice.

What a strange fallacy is the maxim teaching that we must "laugh to grow fat." Preposterous! There are instances, we admit, where humor accompanies grossness of body, but these are exceptions and not the rule. If the fat man laughs at all he laughs with his belly. You see it tremble and shake with a tardy recognition of the joke, for it takes a long while to receive it and have it affect his carcass all over. The lean man takes it at once, like a flash of electricity, for with him there is no obstruction to the circulation of the jest, and it pervades the whole body instantaneously. It is a great effort for the puffy man to arrange his features to a feeble smile. You must look to the lantern jaws for ready and generous laughter. Shakespeare causes Julius Caesar to say: "Let me have men about me who are fat; sleek headed men, and such as sleep of nights." Thus we see he valued stout men for their sleepiness. He wanted, not active, wiry, wide-awake men who would be likely to have opinions of their own, but fat, heavy, corpulent men who would sleep while he

administered the affairs of government. Sir John Falstaff, who was "a cause of wit in others" is a type of one kind of fat men;—gross, burly and boastful, coarse in manners and brutal in behavior. Who admires Jack Falstaff and such as he? Who cares for him except to laugh at him and not with him? Such grossness is deleterious to the mental and moral constitution of man. The scriptures inform us that it was when Jehu waxed fat that he kicked.

We are almost tempted to refrain from presenting the contrast of the lean man lest we excite the envy of the fat man. We commiserate the condition of the poor fat man, and would not willingly add to the miseries and discomforts of his situation. We well know that it is not always by his own fault that his rotundity increases. Perhaps his infirmity was fastened upon him by inheritance from some corpulent ancestor, and he was thus punished in his third or fourth generation. For him we have the sincerest compassion, but not for that bulky man of flesh, made so by its owner's abuse of the blessings of Providence. How often have we had our feelings of pity for the miseries of these puffed up specimens of over grown humanity! How often have we felt a proud self gratulation that we are so exempt from the ills that flesh is heir to.

When we see one of these moving masses of flesh as it waddles along, the immense load swaying from side to side as it alternately seeks support from either leg, and contrast it with the easy motion of our own spindle shanks and the light load they have to carry, we have no suitable words to express our gratitude. Our compassion for the fat man is greatest in warm, sultry, summer weather. What more uncomfortable beings in existence than the corpulent man in dog days? How the perspiration stands on his forehead and runs down his back and all over. How he nudges about and teases and frets himself into a tormenting heat. How he puffs—how he swelters—how he breathes how he fans! Poor fat man! How he raves at the flies and slaps the broad disk of his face in his angry attacks on the mosquitoes! How red he looks, and how he wipes the sweat. Fortune are we who cannot sweat. How can we perspire, blessed as we are by the absence of flesh? Mosquitoes do not trouble us, Ah no; they know where the fat man lives and they visit him. We have a kind of respect for them in their natural leanness, but despise them when they grow corpulent by gormandizing, even on the fat man. Between ourselves and the mosquitoes there is an armed neutrality. We don't like their music, and they don't like our skeleton—so we have on dealings together.

How is it with the fat man on the hot summer nights? Ask him. Will he say that he "sleeps well o' nights?" Not he. He will tell you of tossings about and getting up and sitting at the open window wishing he could "step out of his flesh and sit in his bones." Vain wish! How sincerely we pity him! We know he envies us, it is natural that he should and we have no heart to blame him for his repinings. Notwithstanding our natural aversion to stout men, we have a kind of respect for him as a fat man, we trust we have a christian sympathy for his sufferings as a human being. We also have a kindly regard for the framework within him. We know that, miserable as he is, he has a soul—and a skeleton. Our fondest desire would be to relieve him—to make him a happy man. We wish we could try him out and make a rational and comfortable being of him. There is much about him that is useless, and worse than useless to himself, that would be useful and profitable to the tallow chandler. O that he could thus be made to give light to his fellow men!

Let us pause here to say that in our aversion to fatness, we do not mean to apply our remarks to the brute creation. Fatness is a virtue only in the pens of an Agricultural Fair. Here, grossness finds its appropriate place. We even sympathize with the poet's address to the young porkers of the sty. Their fat is a sure precursor of their fate.

"All hail, ye little piggy wiggles! a pretty sight I vow, To see you all surrounding the fond maternal sow, Oh may these sinless things be careful what they're at And imitate their mother in becoming mighty fat."

Our aversion to the fat man does not deter us from extending to him the common courtesies of society. If his heart bears any fair proportion to his body, we welcome him. He visits at our home and we treat him with civility and hospitality. Yet we always tremble with apprehension when he plumps himself into a chair or on a sofa, especially if they are of modern construction. Indeed we already have sundry stout bills against him which we have paid to the cabinet maker. Still we enjoy his society, as it affords us a kind of malicious satisfaction to exhibit our leanness in contrast with his obesity.

Do not think that we have any feeling of insignificance while in his august presence. Far from it. We regard him as a great round cypher, and ourselves as a unit. We count one—*he*, nothing—unless he stands on our right, when both together count 10—and we are, in the aggregate as bulky as ten men ought to be. We liken ourself to David, him to Goliath of Gath whom we can easily conquer. In Bunyan's Pilgrims Progress the valorous and cadaverous christian warrior, Great-Heart, was an overmatch for the huge giants Pope and Pagan, Grim and Despair.

Of what use would the fat man be in defense of our country from invasion? An army of Falstaffs would be worse and more ridiculous than Falstaff's army. What dangerous exposure of front to the advancing fire of the enemy, and more fatal exposure of rear in retreat! Imagine the fat man as a soldier running from the field:

how ludicrous, how helpless, how dangerous would be his situation! A regiment of fat men might indeed be used as a breast work for more active soldiers to fire over, just as Gen. Jackson used the cotton bales at New Orleans: or they might do to fill a ditch so that leaner men could pass over their bodies to an assault on a fortified rampart. Far safer would this position be to them than standing up and exposing such broad targets to the enemy. How absurd would it be to enlist the fat men, as *Light Infantry*, and what a ridiculous figure they would make as Grenadiers! As Cavalry and Horse Artillery they would be more destructive to horse-flesh than the onsets of the enemy.

We wish to do strict justice to the man of corpulence. We reluctantly admit that the fat man occupies a larger space in the community than the thin man; that he fills more room in the public eye. In one sense also, he can better fill the Gubernatorial or Speakers chair. So he fills a larger space in the lecture room, the concert, the car and the omnibus. But does he pay for the room he occupies? Does he give more than one ticket when he occupies two seats? Assuredly he does not. We, that is, the thin men, are grossly insulted in this matter. We are made to do more than our part in sustaining the institutions of society. We find inscribed on the interior of the omnibus "Seats for twelve persons." The driver packs twenty four thin persons inside and without scruple takes a ticket from each. Another time he takes in six fat men and if a spare man applies at the door, he is greeted with the words, "All full inside." Strange ambiguity of language! "All full." They are indeed all full; each and every one is full to repletion. There is no doubt of it. It is self evident. Poor Charles Lamb's thin body was full after one partridge, but what a hutchom of edibles must it have taken to fill the bread baskets of these six passengers! The omnibus designed for twelve average passengers is "all full" too, and the spare man must walk. The unreasonable and extortionate driver who demanded twenty four tickets from his load of thin passengers, grows amiable and takes only six from his load of fat ones! Is this equal? Is it just? We pause for a reply. A similar kind of injustice is suffered by the thin man from the barber, who charges him the same price for shaving as he does the fat man. Paying no regard to the extent of territory he goes over in his tensorial operations, he demands as much for rapping his, as the broad area of the fat man's countenance. Now we would ask seriously and under a full sense of the importance of the question, is this a country of equal rights? Do we pay due regard to the solemn and weighty doctrines of the Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights, or are they only a mass of glittering generalities?

We care not for the small pecuniary consideration involved any more than did our fathers for the amount of the tax tea. It is for the principle we contend. Why did our ancestors fight in the war of Independence if such inequalities are to be borne by their descendants? Are they legal? Are they constitutional? Perhaps it will be said, while admitting the enormity of these outrages on the rights of the slim men, that they are, after all, only social evils and not to be cured by civil enactments. Let then, the force of an enlightened public opinion be made to bear upon them. Let the oppressed and degraded lean men call a meeting to express in a suitable manner their over powering indignation. Let them select their President and seventy five Vice Presidents, ten Secretaries and twenty five committees, and write out their thirty nine lengthy and peppery "Resolutions" for the adoption of the meeting. Let the last one nominate a thin candidate for President of the United States. We have many a spare man who would make an excellent President and we could spare one of them for the purpose of being the standard bearer of the party.

No doubt such a movement would arouse the opposition and encounter the ridicule and contempt of the stout men. They will shake their fat fists in laughter at our skeleton organization and jeer at our gatherings, however numerous attended, as thin meetings—just because those who compose them are thin. But who cares for their gibes and their jeers? Our cause is a righteous one and will bring to its support the bone and sinew of the country if not its fat and muscle. We shall have song and valor on our side. We shall bring out our long fellows and bony parts and our drumsticks will make such a clamor as will fill the hearts of the stout men with fear and dismay. Thanks to alkaline food, rapid mastication and infallible remedies, we are numerically superior to our opponents. If we, individually, have not so much weight as they, our arguments have vastly more.

We used to consider it a weak point in the character of Washington Irving that he was sensitive on account of his proximity to the unknown Stout Gentleman. We do not now so much wonder at it. The case was, in some respects, a provoking one. He was a type of the race—a plague to the servants, to the landlord and to the guests. He was ashamed of himself and hid his great carcass away. He could not bear the gaze of honest fellow travellers on his abominable deformity of grossness. No wonder he desired to hide himself. Daniel Lambert, another mountain of man's flesh, was of a different type. He was willing to exhibit himself for money and displayed his monstrous corporation before the public, disgusting the beholders at a chilling apiece. For years after his fleshy infirmity was planted in the earth, his effigy in wax, with a load of hay in his paunch was exhibited in traveling museums to the wonder and horror of the multitude. We remember in our

younger days seeing this gigantic effigy with a card pinned on his belly telling how many hundred pounds he weighed while living, and we have held fat men in greater detestation ever since.

While smarting under the injuries endured by the lean men, we are not unmindful that there are also some compensating advantages which we have over the men of obesity. Some of these have been incidentally mentioned, but we but we might enumerate many more. In the matter of clothing, the spare man has an advantage over the stout man inasmuch as it not only takes less material for his garments but he is able to purchase them ready made. The body of the spare man is easily fitted at the tailor's. No tailor, not even at Oak Hall we venture to say, will cut up an acre of broad cloth expecting, without actual measure, to fit the forms of fat men. His chances of sale would be rare indeed. The fat man knows this and never asks the tailor for ready made fits. His chances are vastly greater for apocryphal ones. The spare man can insinuate his thin body into many places impossible to the stout man. He has more room in his arm chair. He can move quicker, walk faster, leap higher and escape danger better than the man overladen with flesh. He can swim, the fat man can only float. He is taller and can reach higher, he is flexible and can stoop lower. Dine where he will he always has spare ribs before him, while the fat man, owing to his enormous appetite, often meets only the cold shoulder. What immense advantage we, the spare men, would have over the large bellied man in an affair of honor? We surely can have no fears of a challenge from such an antagonist. We could hit him at fifty paces with a pocket pistol and with our eyes shut. We should feel safe at ten paces unless he is a marksman who can put a bullet into a clapboard standing edgewise. We trust for his sake, and not for our own, that what we here say of him will not provoke him to the unequal contest.

Another great advantage the thin man has over his bulky brother. The attenuate man lives longer. Obesity is itself a disease. Are not all men of a century of years, spare men? Look at the "oldest inhabitant." Is he not a lean man? He never was a man of bulk. If he had been he would have been in his grave years ago. The great master of the English drama represents Old Age as "the lean and slippered pantaloon." All the authentic portraits of the great progenitor of our race portray him as a lean man, and sensibility shudders at the idea of a fat Adam! Doubtless all the old patriarchs were of like thinness. We have seen full length portraits of Shem, Ham and Japhet, three sons of Noah,—not photographs,—but engravings on wood. There was no sham about the leanness of Shem. Ham was decidedly fat and apparently well smoked, while Japhet, the third brother, was as lean as a rake, and looked as if he was in search of his father. In all probability Methuselah was a very thin man. It was not until men began to grow fat that the term of man's life was reduced from eight hundred years to three score and ten. The man of bone and sinews does not drop off at the first attack of fever, as the fat man does. He catches the same fever and bows to it—politely—and recovers. It comes again, and again and he does the same. Death has a marked respect and kindly feeling for his brother skeleton, and gives him a long lease of life. No matter if he is an invalid, he still lives on. Look at that attenuated octogenarian on the other side of the street. He had a church-yard cough when he was fifteen years of age, spit blood when he was twenty, has had five fevers and had a confirmed hoarseness at thirty which continues to this day. He still lives on, and the lusty men point to him as a doomed man—and they have done so these fifty years. Still he does not die. It will be a long time yet before he will need the services of the undertaker. He will live on and attend the funerals of the stout men. One of these is found dead in his bed after eating a late supper, another drops in the street with apoplexy, a violent fever carries off a third, heart disease a fourth, and so they drop away, one by one, but the invalid spare man lives on. The man of long neck and spindle shanks never dies. He has plenty of room in his thin chest for the free working of the vital organs. No superfluous fat prevents the free play of his lungs and the throbbings of his heart. His one intestine, running strait down parallel with his spinal column, is not subject to derangement. His liver secretes no extra bile. It is the fat man against whom Death has a grudge. A precious morsel is he to the king of terrors who passes by the spare man. "But," you will ask, "what becomes of the thin man? Are not all men mortal?" We answer this question, as a good yankee, we are entitled to do by asking another, "What becomes of all the pins?" We do not know what becomes of him. We only know that the Life Insurance Companies make money out of him and that they lose by the fat men. Perhaps he dries up and blows away.

There is a town in northern New York named Penn-Yan. This odd name was given it by its first settlers, one of whom came from Pennsylvania, the other from New England, and is a combination respectively of the first syllables of Penn-sylvania and Yan-kee.

Good nature is the very air of a good mind, the sign of a large and generous soul, and the peculiar soil in which virtue prospers.

I wonder what makes my eyes so weak?" said a loafer to a gentleman. "Why, they are in a weak place," replied the latter.

### A GAME DINNER.

Shortly after the war with Great Britain, an aristocratic English gentleman built a fine residence in the vicinity of Fort George, on the Niagara frontier, and, in accordance with the old country idea of exclusiveness, he enclosed his ground with a high tight fence. Here he lived like an old English gentleman—one of the olden time—with the exception that none but the elite of the Province and the officers of the neighboring garrison were permitted to pass his gate. There was a very good understanding between the American officers at Fort Niagara and the British at Fort George, and the men were permitted occasionally to visit back and forth. Among the American soldiers was a queer chap, who stuttered terribly, and was very fond of hunting, and who was always getting into some sort of mischief.

One day this chap took the small boat that lay moored at the foot of the walls of the Fort, and crossed over to the Canadian shore for a hunt. He wandered over several miles in the rear of Fort George, without meeting any game, and on his return, seeing a crow on a tree within the enclosure of the aristocratic Englishman, he scaled the high fence, fired and brought down his game. Colonel, or whatever his title might have been—we call him Colonel anyhow—witnessed the transaction and advanced while our soldier was re-loading. He was very angry, but seeing the Yankee standing coolly with a loaded gun in his hand, he gulped down his passion for the moment, and merely asked him if he killed the crow. The soldier replied he did.

"I am sorry," said the Colonel, "for he was a pet. By the by, that is a very pretty gun—will you be so kind as to let me look at it?" The soldier complied with the request. The Englishman took the gun, stepped back a few paces, took deliberate aim, and then broke in a trade of abuse, concluding with an order to stoop down and take a bite of the crow, or he would blow his brains out. The soldier explained, apologized and entreated. It was no use. There was shoot in the Englishman's eye—there was no help for it—and the stuttering soldier stooped down and took a bite of the crow, but swallow it he could not. Up came his breakfast—his dinner before, and it really appeared as if he would throw up his two-nails. The Englishman gloated on the misery of his victim, and smiled at every additional heave. When he got through vomiting and had wiped his eyes, the Colonel handed him his gun with this remark:

"Now, you rascal, that will teach you how to poach on a gentleman's enclosure." The Yankee took his gun, and the Colonel might have seen the devil in his eye if he had looked close. Stepping back he took deliberate aim at the heart of his host, and ordered him instantly to finish the crow. Angry expostulations, prayers and entreaties were useless things. There was shoot in the American eye then, as there had been in the English eye before. There was no help at hand, and he took a bite of the crow. One bite was enough to send all the good dinners he had eaten lately on the same journey with the garrison fare of the soldier, and while the Englishman was in the agony of sickness, Jonathan escaped to the other shore.

Early the next morning the Commandant of Fort Niagara was sitting in his quarters, when Col.———was announced.

"Sir," said Col.———, "I come to demand the punishment of one of your men, who yesterday entered my premises and committed a great outrage."

"We have five hundred men, and it would be difficult for me to know who it is you mean," said the officer.

The Englishman described him as a long dangling, stuttering, stoop-shouldered devil.

"Ah! I know who you mean," said the officer; "he is always getting into mischief. Orderly, call Tom."

In a few moments Tom entered and stood at attention as straight as his natural build would allow, while not a trace of emotion was visible in his countenance.

"Tom," said the officer, "do you know this gentleman?"

"Ye-ye-yes, sir."

"Where did you ever see him before?"

"I-I-I," said Tom, stuttering awfully, but retaining the grave expression natural to his face;

"I-I-I dined with him yesterday!"

A gentleman doing business on Main street was presented with a beautiful kitten. Yesterday a couple of young ladies, one of them named Julia, happened into the store; and of course kitty, as kittens and babies always do, came in for an immense quantity of endearments and caresses. "Oh, my! What a sweet darling little kitten! What is its name?" "It has not been christened yet." "Oh, the dear thing! Do call it Julia, wont you?" "I should be very happy to do so," said our gallant friend, "but it isn't that kind of a cat." Kitty was deposited on the floor in a twinkling, and a couple of young ladies were looking around for a place to faint.—*Lawrence Sentinel.*

"I'm afraid," said a lady to her husband, "that I'm going to have a stiff neck." "Not at all improbable, my dear," replied her spouse. "I have seen strong symptoms of it ever since we first married."

A young lady of New Orleans, who recently performed a remarkable feat of growing, has been presented with a yawl. A *Smack* would have been more appropriate.



# THE WIZARD.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 18, 1860.

## Agents for The Wizard.

SOUTH DANVERS AND SALEM.—L. Chandler & Co., Epoch  
P.O. J. D. Howard  
DANVERS.—D. P. Clough (also general agent for the county).  
The receipts of the above named Agents will be regarded as payments.

## Book and Job Printing

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,  
Executed with Neatness and Despatch,  
AT

## THE WIZARD OFFICE.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—"Hercules Gilbert's Reform" and "Cotton Mother's Appeal" will appear in our next. "C. H." is accepted, and will appear in a future number. "A. H. H." is accepted, and will appear in a future number. Our anonymous correspondent, who has a dread of the Ghost of John Brown, will see that his advice is favorably received. "Wasp" is thrown under the table. Notwithstanding his name, he is a stinging insect.

## The Calamity at Lawrence.

Our readers are now fully informed of the sad particulars of this great disaster by which more than a hundred human beings have been suddenly called from time to eternity in a manner calculated to call forth the deepest sympathy and commiseration of the whole community. Time enough has elapsed to show that the first accounts, as is usual in such cases, were greatly exaggerated. It is indeed wonderful, in view of the suddenness of the destruction and the added horrors of fire, that so many escaped. Instead of the many hundreds who were at first reported to have fallen victims, the number of deaths seems now, by authentic accounts to be a little more than one hundred. This number to be suddenly, by one calamity is indeed appalling to contemplate, but it is not unparalleled in the history of fatal disasters. On the land and in full view of a horror-stricken community such scenes are rare indeed, and for this reason the present calamity makes a deeper impression on the public mind.

The consideration, too, that it might have been prevented by proper care and attention in the construction of the building, adds to the feeling of ordinary excitement on contemplating such a spectacle. We are not disposed to shield or even palliate any who may be blameworthy in producing this and result of criminal carelessness, if such it should prove to be. Yet we feel that there is danger that indignation may be too freely bestowed even in such a case. We should bear in mind that it was the latest of owners, architects, contractors and builders, to have the erection substantial and safe. There can be no doubt that they intended it to be so, and after its completion so considered it. The very idea is absurd that capitalists would invest their money in a structure which they thought was liable, even to fall. They very well know that there is no insurance against such liabilities to loss. The very fact that it fell is evidence that it was one of those fatal errors of judgment to which the shrewdest are liable. Away then with these wholesale denunciations of capitalists, as heartily as we condemn the destruction of these in their employ. It is the first instance known of such a disaster from such a cause, and was entirely unanticipated. There are always those who are exceedingly well after such a calamity and are always ready to say "I told you so" when such a thought never before entered their minds.

We see that our legislators are awaking to the subject and we expect to see all manner of absurd propositions and restrictions to prevent liability to such accidents. Better leave it to the self-interest and common sense of mankind, aided by the sad experience learned from this calamity to furnish the remedy. The promptings of interest will be an ample guarantee for the safety of all future structures of this kind. All our paths are beset with dangers we know not of. Hawthorne has illustrated this in one of his finest sketches, where he exhibits instances of things in our daily walk of life which almost happen to us. We never sit down to our morning or evening meal but we are before us food which has been procured at the hazard of life on the broad ocean. We are continually reminded of a providential oversight in the apparent slightness of the causes which effect our preservation or destroy us as we go to eternity. There are other considerations, more appropriate to be discussed in the pulpit than in a newspaper, and these have been faithfully presented. We do not counsel such continual dwelling on the uncertainties of life, as through fear of death to be subject to lardage. Yet it is well to be admonished as to number our days as to apply our hearts to wisdom.

## Female Benevolent Society.

We cannot refrain from a remark or two in relation to this Society, whose benevolent labors and contributions, for a long course of years, have done so much to alleviate suffering, and promote the comfort of the poor. From its unsectarian character, being composed of members of all religious denominations among us, it has always had the full confidence of the people. Its members have been entirely devoted to its benevolent objects, and its disbursements have been made with discrimination and good judgment. It has thus established a reputation which gives confidence to all who would make it the almoner of their charities. It does its benevolent work quietly, and seldom makes a public appeal for special aid. Whenever it has done this, there has always been a ready response, and its treasury has been replenished. Recently, by the bequest of a benevolent lady, who was long one of its members, the sum of \$500 became the nucleus of a permanent fund, the income to be forever devoted to its objects of charity. It is desirable that this fund should be increased, and we hope it will be, by annual appeals from the pulpit or rostrum. By this means, the people would become more interested in its movements, and would be better informed of its operations and its wants.

We would suggest, whether on future occasions of appeals to the public, it would not be advisable to reduce the fee of admission, and take a voluntary collection, as is done in Salem, at charity meetings. The thought occurred to us, during the eloquent address of Mr. Murray, that then was a proper time to take in the free-will offerings, while the heart was warmed up to feelings of generous compassion, by the stirring words of the speaker.

Old Haven, taken in exchange for new, at D. F. Stevens, 16 Main street.

THE BASS DRUM.—Why is it that the delectable music of this instrument is so much neglected in these modern days? It used to be an accompaniment of all bands of music, either in street or hall, and we have seen it in the meeting-house on Anniversary days. Talk of the "spirit stirring" life! Its squeaking is not to be compared to the round, full tones of the bass drum. We remember full well in our boyish days when the militia were training, how we admired the music of this huge instrument and envied the performer who pounded on its parchment heads. What a privilege it was to be allowed with another boy to carry the bulky thing while its owner was permitted to rest! It was a most enviable distinction.

In later years and during our own military service we held the same respect for this truly martial instrument. There is something honest and decided in its tones, which commands our respect. It speaks roundly and positively, and says the right thing in the right place, and moreover is an important aid to the soldier in keeping step. We could, without scarcely the effort of imagination, understand its language as Mr. Dickens gives language to the old clock. It says to us plainly as drumsticks can—Boom-tea-ket-th—oom-ton-kit—loom-tea-boom-tea-boom-boom—boom!—Such was its language to our boyish ears. It has aided us since in our marchings and countermarchings, and its decided thumps were no "uncertain sound," but told us just when to put down our left foot—although we confuse with shame that we were full as likely to put down the right one.

The bass drum is as much better, as it is bigger, than all the fife, flute, fiddle, horn and other brass horrors which crack our tympanums at concert and levee. Yet we know that there are many who are willing to endure, and even praise them. We can only pity them for their lack of taste in melody, and wish them a better cultivation of their musical powers.

## Miracles.

It has been generally supposed among protestant nations, that miracles had ceased since the time of the apostles. So far from this being the case, we often hear of modern miracles whose authenticity is unquestioned. We do not refer to such as the holy coat of Treves, and bleeding pictures and winking eyes of the holy Virgin; but of occurrences which happen in the ordinary routine of daily life. Scarcely a week passes that we do not meet with statements of miraculous interpositions. Take the miracles of the olden times, they are generally operative in the cause of benevolence, and the saving of human life. Hardly a shipwreck or rail road accident occurs without the performance of a miracle. Nothing is more common in the journals of the day than records of miraculous preservation. The number of lives annually saved by miracle is constantly increasing. Everything out of the common course of things is miraculous. The commonness of modern miracles suggests the idea that miracles should be classed, that we may be able to distinguish the several kinds of miracles intended. Byron speaks poetically of the leaping of the "live thunder," and of the "young earthquake." Why, then, may we not have the "young miracle," to distinguish these modern ones from the ancient.

Seriously, it is not bad taste, and even worse than bad taste in our writers to speak of full remarkable events as miraculous. It grows out of the habit of intensifying, to which they are too much addicted. There is danger of losing entirely the comparative degree, leaving only the positive and superlative. We may retain our belief in a general and special overruling Providence, without attributing all the extraordinary and unusual events to miraculous intervention. There is also danger, by this fiction of hyperbolic usage, of leading us to undervalue those special interpositions which are cherished by many as evidence of the authenticity of the holy writings.

SKETCHING.—Now is the time for the merry sleigh rides, and this pleasant winter pastime is enjoyed by many a party of young men and women, and matrons, but chiefly by those in the joyous morning of life.

"Over the snow, over the snow,  
Away they go, away they go!  
The earth gleams white  
'Neath the stars at night  
And all is bright  
Above and below."

The Peabody High School, under the care of Mr. Babson, went to Boston on Monday, with two fine teams, and visited the Museum, Aquarial garden, the Athenaeum and State House, and returned home about 7 in the evening.

The Center Grammar School, under Mr. Upton, also took a jaunt in the "Neptune" with a splendid team of six horses, and went to Wenham, to enjoy skating on the pond as well as the ride. While crossing the Square, they gave three cheers, many times repeated, which we appropriated as a compliment to the Wizard Office.

We love to see the merry throngs of school children, as they sing and shout in the excitement and joyousness of the sleighride, and drown the music of the bells in their cries of merriment. Much of their enjoyment lies in the hilarity of social feelings, and it is best to congregate as many as possible in one sleigh, that their united voices may make the welkin ring with a louder shout. They love to go through populous streets where their shoutings can be heard and their waving flags and handkerchiefs seen by the largest number of people. It is best for their enjoyment as well as their health that the route should be short, and it is also less expensive. Their keenest enjoyment is always in the ride, and not in any night-seeing at the termination of it. A pleasant little party of children of a larger growth, about sixty in number, from our village collected together one evening week before last for a *pung ride*, and had a delightful excursion to Lynn and home again, favored by the bright moonlight of a clear winter night. They did not, however, return without first sitting down to a well prepared and bountiful feast, provided by none other than the celebrated "Sagamore," and passing some of the hours in the pleasures and amenities of social and friendly intercourse.

"Gay mirth is here, gay mirth is here,  
As we glide, our hearts to cheer;  
As we glide  
There's one by our side  
To cheer and cheer  
Who is always there."

EAGLE ENGINE COMPANY.—This enterprising company will be seen by its posters, intend giving a course of Assemblies, at Sutton Hall, the first to be on Thursday Evening next, with music by the ever celebrated Wyatt & Parsons' Quadrille Band. This company have long sustained a high reputation, and we wish for their abundant success in this undertaking.

SOUTH DANVERS FIRE CLUB.—This Association, for the mutual benefit of its members, in cases of fire, is a model of its kind. It was organized Oct. 1st, 1849, and all the time since, has been in a prosperous condition. Without the attractive and binding force of annual suppers, or other outside inducements to membership, it is always full, and it now has fifty members. No sooner does a member leave, than another candidate steps into his place. It has no assessments, yet pays all its expenses, and more than this, it often bestows a surplus in charity. We learn from its efficient Secretary, Mr. O. E. Pope, who is the very backbone of the organization, that its gifts to that excellent Institution, the Female Benevolent Society, at different times, have amounted to Eighty-*Five Dollars*. All its income is derived from fines on its members for non-attendance, &c., which are cheerfully paid. The officers of the Club for the present year, elected on the 9th inst. are—

Franklin Osborn, President; Orlando E. Pope, Secretary and Treasurer; John A. Lord, Rufus H. Brown, and Lewis W. Elliot, Directors.

FOOTPAVE ESCAPE.—As it was known here, that our late respected townsman, Mr. Augustus J. Shove, was an employee at the Pemberton Mills, much anxiety was felt for his safety, which was relieved by a telegraphic despatch to his friends in Salem, informing him of his fortunate escape. It appears that he was in the room with the agent, and other gentlemen having charge of the mills, and joined them in their flight, which was hastened by the rush of wind, caused by the falling roof and floors impelling them through the door where they made their exit. They had scarcely passed the threshold, when the mass of ruins filled the room they abandoned. The woman spoken of in the published accounts, as throwing herself from the fifth story, fell at the same moment in their track, a crushed and shapeless mass. Mr. Shove has the warmest congratulations of his friends here on his remarkable escape from a terrible disaster.

"A COWLY COUNTRY."—A newly imported young Irishman, who arrived at New York on New Year's day, and found his way to a cousin at Danversport, not being able to find work, determined to seek it in Boston. He started on foot, thinly clad, wearing shoes and cotton stockings, on Friday morning, and reached Boston, could find no employment, and set out to return. He came as far as Rockville, where, from cold, exhaustion and hunger, having eaten or drunk nothing during the day, he sank down in the snow to perish. Here he was found, almost chilled to death, and taken into Mr. Putnam's store, where by friction and warmth, he was partially restored. He was brought to the watch house by the night watch, where he was furnished by officer Shackley with warm tea and food, and passed a comfortable night. The poor fellow was very grateful to his preservers, but shaking his head, he said, "America is a cowly country for Irishmen." He was furnished with a breakfast, and a pair of woolen socks, and started for Danversport with the avowed intention of returning to his own country as soon as he could find means.

ROCKVILLE.—The John Brown discussion was continued here by the Rockville Lyceum on Thursday evening last, with increased interest. The question was discussed in the affirmative by Messrs. Remond of Salem, and Bluffton of Lynn. Negative, by Messrs. Wiley, Lord and Warner. At the conclusion of the discussion, a vote was taken on the merits of the question, and decided in the affirmative. The committee proposed the following question for discussion, at the next meeting Thursday evening Jan. 19: "Is it just to elect a man speaker of the house of Representatives who has endorsed Helper's book?"

YOUR REMINDER.—Master Smart, bring distinctly to mind, what my grandmother said of him, when he boarded at her tavern, and was accustomed to lead my father to his school in the lane, near the residence of the late Deacon Poor, where all the Osborn boys, also attended, Jonathan, Joseph, Sylvester, John, Daniel and Amos, all of whom were taught by him to write an elegant hand. The account book, in which were entered his glances of today, is still extant. He wrote as handsome as a copyist. I have often admired the writing when a boy; nothing of the kind is now to be found. This same Master Smart was a jolly fellow, and jolly fellows you know have a sympathetic regard for the widows, especially when they have taken a few glasses of good liquor, such as was sold in those days—some of your misty compounds of *strychnine* and *arsenic*, such as Burdham, Gov. Dana's temperance agent, sold. Whether these vile compounds were ever certified by the State Assayer, I am not advised.

This same Master Smart was a spunky fellow in other respects, and often made the boys mind their P's and Q's. I have heard it said, when the boys saw him approaching with his rule in hand, they would escape the collision, by escaping through the wind. Such discipline taught them to be active smart men, none of your milk and water heroes, they saw what their master loved, and learned to love the like. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he gets old he will go it," as it is said.

South Danvers, Jan. 12, 1860.

DANVERS COURIER.—This paper which commenced in 1845, and continued about four years has many items of interest, inasmuch as it was printed at a time when subjects were agitated, which occupied in a large degree the thoughts of the inhabitants, and will furnish an important chapter in our local history. The great controversy with the Eastern Rail Road Company was one of the subjects which enlisted the pens of some of our best citizens and writers. In its columns may be found valuable articles from such men as Putnam, Daniels, Fowler, Lunt and many others whose contributions are worthy of preservation. We know of but one complete file of the paper, and that is in possession of the Essex Institute. We have an incomplete file, and a single Volume comprising the first year. We would be glad to obtain the following numbers, for which we will exchange the present or past numbers of the Wizard.

Of Vol. II. No. 1, 2, 3, 5, 9, 10, 20, 21, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 40.  
Of Vol. III. 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 16, 26, 30, 34, 60, 61, 62.

A few days since a paper printed in the Sandwich Islands called the Honolulu Friend was received at the Post Office directed to the Danvers Courier. It was probably sent by our former townsman, Mr. Jacob Hardy.

## For The Wizard.

### The Rush at the Institute.

Did you ever, kind reader, attempt to ascend  
The great Institute steps with the rush?  
Ever find your poor self unaccountably pained,  
And obliged to go in by a push?

Ever find in your face, the stout came of a friend?  
In your bonnet a horrible dent,  
A foot or above in your all-wool to mend,  
In your cloak a most terrible rent?

Ever find in your hand, a poor neighbor's torn glove,  
In the place of your elegant kid?  
Ever receive from some person a forcible shove,  
That sent you present "sliding, past sid?"

Ever known to your horror, dismay and your fright,  
That your rubber you've lost far below?  
And although your strange loss is exceeding slight,  
You must walk o'er three miles in the snow?

Have you ever unluckily struggled to stand,  
On the steps, 'mid an army of feet,  
And received, for your pains, glances not very bland,  
And addresses more acid than sweet?

And when the dread gauntlet, at last you have passed,  
And you think that all troubles are o'er,  
You find you've considered a little too fast,  
There's not even a seat for one more.

But you, quite indignant, are compelled to stand,  
You murmur and fret at the loss of your seat,  
When up comes the speaker with countenance bland  
To give his dear hearers an erudite treat.

But you, quite fatigued, think the lecturer dry,  
His eloquent words have no beauties for you,  
You start for your home with a deeply drawn sigh,  
That under the sun there is nothing that's new.

## For The Wizard.

THE FALL OF THE PEMBERTON MILLS.—So varied and contradictory are the statements, in relation to this awful calamity; that it is not easy to arrive at any definite opinion of the cause thereof. Notwithstanding the declaration of Mr. J. A. Lowell, one of the proprietors, that he had never known or suspected any defect in the Mill; it is impossible to believe, that it fell from want of firmness in the ground on which it stood. It rested on loose sand, such as of some period had been washed together on the border of the river. At the building of one of the Mills in Lawrence, a uniform excavation to the depth of twenty feet was made to rest the wall upon. Suppose this to be so, and there should from any cause become a run of water near the wall, it would in time weaken the fabric. The pressure from above, in a five story building must be immense, and when they are placed on so sandy a foundation, as are all the Mills at Lawrence, the wonder is, not that one of them should fall; but that any of them should stand. Thus to hazard the lives of innocent laborers, should be made an indictable offence. Strained to the extreme of hunger and suffering, they engage in labor, from early morn to latest eve, day after day, week after week, and month after month, wholly unmindful of any trap set to spring upon them—in a moment least expected, the crash approaches like a roaring lion—the building falls, they are swallowed in the ruins, and where life is not immediately extinguished, it only remains to endure the agony of consuming flames. Such is a literal description of this ever memorable event, in which 300 men and women were killed, or fatally maimed. And for what? To fill the coffers of ravenous millionaires. Such things should not be suffered in this land of freedom and equal rights.

What was the cause of the recent calamity at the Pemberton Mills in Lawrence? This is the inquiry uppermost in every mind. It is therefore a proper subject for investigation. We have read what the newspapers have published respecting it. Our conclusion is, that it arose from defects, in the position and structure of the building. 1st. It was 84 feet wide—this is 34 feet wider than such buildings usually are. The cross timbers were spliced, and therefore not so strong as if they had been entire. 2d. The ground on which it was placed was loose earth, and it does not appear that sufficient excavation was made to give firmness of position. 3d. There was an unusual mass of heavy operating machinery in the building. The walls were thin, and the windows large. Wisdom should be taught by experience. A word to the wise is sufficient.

South Danvers, January 16, 1860.

## For The Wizard.

VAGARY OF GOV. BAKER.—He says it would relieve the people to shift the burden of the costs in criminal prosecutions, (most of which accrue under what is called the liquor law) from the Treasury of the State, to the Treasurers of towns or counties. We cannot understand the soundness of this argument. Do not the people have to supply the funds for both? If the State makes the laws under which they accrue, is it not proper that the State should abide the consequences of these laws?

We do not wonder that the Governor is anxious to shake off these liquor enemies. We have never been quite satisfied about the appointment of this Burdham as agent. A man who had advertised himself to be a rascal—a man who had intentionally taken away the vital principle of his eggs, and then sold them for good. Once a rogue, always suspected.

## For The Wizard.

HARVEST FESTIVALS.—I have just read in the Boston weekly Courier, a leading article of near two columns on this topic, that will do more good in New England, than all the political disquisitions ever published in that magnificent paper. It takes up the subject from the time of Elkanah Watson, of our own Berkshire, and shows, that the two *shorn lambs*, imported and exhibited by him in 1807, under the shade of the great Elm of Pittsfield, have increased and multiplied, until their progeny are to be found in every nook and corner of our extended land. Well done Mr. Editor Lunt; if you never do worse than this, you shall have our confidence.

THE SOCIALIST LEVER.—This old and favorite organization held their first Love of the Season, at Sutton Hall, on Monday evening last, with superior music, by Wyant & Parsons Band, assisted by some of the Germans from Boston, making ten pieces. This Love was given as complimentary to Master Edm. Dale Sutton, the son of the proprietor of the hall, and who was present to witness the performances, which he enjoyed with much zest.

The company was large, and the scene to appearance gay and animated. The second party will be held in the same hall, on Wednesday evening next.

## School House Dedication.

We append from the Dedham Gazette an extract from an address delivered at the dedication of a new school house at Medford, by Rev. Mr. Sewall formerly of the place, who retains in a large degree his feelings of attachment to the place and the people of his former charge. We know also that these sentiments are heartily reciprocated by our townsmen. Mr. Sewall is now an efficient member of the Board of Agriculture, a position to which he is well entitled from his important experience and zealous pursuits in that great interest.

We have the pleasure to gratify our readers, on the first page, with a poetic effusion from his pen, a spontaneous offering, occasioned by a friendly visit of the Board of Agriculture at the house of one of its members, who is devoted to sheep husbandry, market fairs and other agricultural topics, particularly interesting to Essex farmers. We feel, that in thus giving it publicity, we are violating the sanctity of private correspondence, but we must throw ourselves on his indulgence, and beg him to excuse the act, in consideration of the pleasure it will afford his many South Danvers friends.

After alluding to the history of the schools and the marked changes from old to new, and congratulating the citizens of the district upon the benefits arising from the altered condition of things, Mr. Sewall proceeded as follows:

I congratulate you especially, young friends, who are to occupy these seats, upon the happy change you will experience here, and the great benefit which may result to your future progress in learning. Long and dearly have I sympathized with you in the cramped, uncomfortable, painful postures in which many of you were compelled to sit in the old school house. Released from these inconveniences, let us now hope for your more rapid and thorough progress in improvement; your more devoted attention to your studies; your more willing compliance with every regulation of the school-room, with every expressed desire of your teachers and your parents.

Would to Heaven you could see and understand, what we, who are before you in the journey of life, have so painfully known, the realities you must meet, and the absolute wants and claims of the mind, and the earnest longings and hopes, that are cherished by every thoughtful parent for his offspring, while they are passing the perilous season of childhood and youth. But I forbear, and will only entreat you, by all you hope or fear, by all your desire of usefulness and your homes, begin this day a new career. Lay aside all bad habits, all disposition to idleness, procrastination and waste of time. Resolve that with you there shall never enter these doors, over which I would have inscribed in letters of gold, and be every moment visible to your eyes and spirit of Learning.

How shall it be made such to each and every one of you? It can be made so by yourselves; by your individual purposes and efforts. No teacher, man or angel, can make it such to you, without your own solemn, deliberate purpose and unceasing effort. Suppose it were the object of this building to make it a temple of agriculture. How do men obtain the fruits of agriculture? They plow, they sow, they cultivate with diligence and thoroughness the growing crop. No labor, no care, no cultivation, no outlay on the part of the husbandman, then no crop or harvest to him, though all the elements conspire to yield their fruitful influence for his toil.—Poverty, suffering, decay and death, soon come to end a life of lazy, thriftless self-indulgence.

Just so, young friends, is it in the fields of learning. To acquire knowledge, to get wisdom, to become fit to discharge the duties, to accumulate the gains, the honors, and the trust joys of life you must bend all your faculties, upon every subject of learning. Suppose hearts, store up in memory facts, fix principles, and mark the application and use of them. Every hour of every day, during this plastic period of your being, you must have every sense awake, every chord strung. Your whole minds must be active, inquiring, accumulating, storing up for future use. Only thus you overcome every obstacle to the way of learning. Only by seeking will you find knowledge.—Only by using, can you preserve and enjoy what you may have acquired. And believe me, the time is coming, if you live many years, when you will need all that you have accumulated and can enjoy; when books, or the recollections of them, will be next to religious faith, and hope, and trust, your best solace—your truest enjoyment.

The following hymn, also written by Mr. Sewall, was sung as a part of the exercises.

Father of light! Thy presence grant,  
And wisdom, O Father, bestow;  
Touch all our hearts; and thus impart  
Thy sanctifying grace.  
Of knowledge, truth and virtue, Lord,  
May this a temple be;  
And for thy gift, with one accord,  
We'll render thanks to thee.  
On those who teach, let power descend,  
Passion and love to bind;  
Wisdom and love to sweetly blend,  
And guide the youthful mind;  
Children true wealth in learning see;  
The paths of virtue love;  
Their hearts, their lives devote to thee,  
And fix their hopes above.  
Teachers and children, then, we trust,  
Thy favor, Lord, will share;  
And when the parents stand in dust,  
Their offspring be thy care.

DEDICATORY LECTURE.—There was a very numerous and pleasant party assembled at the new Sutton Hall on Thursday night, at its first opening for public use. It was got up under the auspices of the Volunteer Engine Company, who have outgrown their pleasant room over their Engine house, and require more space for their lectures and assemblies which are to be continued at stated intervals at the new hall. A very handsome entertainment was provided through the personal attention of the managers, which would have been quite creditable to a public caterer. It certainly did not require the apology given by the managers at the time the company were invited to partake of it.

The enjoyment of the company in the music, the dance, the promenading and the entertainment, seemed perfect and gave the greatest satisfaction to all the guests, who joined in the pleasures of the evening with a hearty good will.

In addition to the usual attractions of such an occasion, a quartette was sung by Messrs. Hanson, Symonds, Upton and Taggart, which received much and deserved applause.

South Danvers seems now to be well served with regard to public halls. It has one of the best Lecture halls in the vicinity, a Masonic hall hardly surpassed by any other, and now one well adapted for such meetings as occurred on the occasion of which we speak.

BOSTON JOURNAL.—The attention of our readers is invited to the advertisement, in another column, of this sterling paper, the able advocate of Republican principles and men. Its great circulation here is a good evidence of its appreciation by our citizens. The Republican cause needs just such an organ to advocate its principles. As a news journal, it is well up to the wants of the community, its enterprising conductors sparing no pains or expense to obtain the latest intelligence.

PAROXISMS.—The mind of all who read this think it for their interest, Store, 16 Main street. Clocks, Jewellery. You are sure to have the best.

PICTURES.—The of impression made by whose walls are adorned with how splendid the furniture, how the or how splendid the you see that this is a craves. On the other with the most complete paper hangings of the walls, it has a character. In such a house the center table is there in his vision. On the upholstery to attract the attention is not lacking in only the pleasing manner of the.

In our view, those who incurred in the ordinary were saved by the tending furniture of these advertisements. more cheerful, the better gratified and another and important furniture grows to a good picture grows to not affect it. These become our household a holy domestic life, which hang heavily on made endurable, and which hung in his life.

An excellent man who have a spare room, two remains in which Compositors Art. The traits, "Shakespeare" that the subject of the Art Journal, which as well as attractive receive some other publication, which takes One of our citizens a marvellous illustration of five dollars and will pay the present price.

Dr. T. A. Sweetser, at the 26th inst.

TO THE LADIES.—16 Main street, a mourning dress, mourning Pins, ribbons, neckties, worn at a price in free of charge and put for cash. These are your friends with you.

GIVE. Several series of six sessions will be held Tuesday place near the place. Band furnish the music.

Most Pleasant. Arian Supper, held at the Church in Lynn, was a gentleman, dressed in Moll Flanders.

Macready, in an attempt of a dramatic Waterbury, Ct., and her voice, and her management to reach the treatment.

Silver Tea and Stoves, 15 Main street, price and beautiful.

At a meeting of the lent Society, of W. mously.

Resolved, That delivered in their delivery. Resolved, That the ed to the aid of the services of a.

Resolved, That the ed to each and every ed to the exercises of the

The Treasurer of the lent Society, who has of fifteen dollars. This Club has a City, various sums received, and funds

The Association of tional. Messrs. their gratitude to those whose generous and entirely free from

Lynnfield, Jan.

In Danvers, Jan. Austin Parker, A. Small, C. H. In Salem, Jan. P. Ames, C. H. Wood, L. M. Miss Mary A. Margaret Green.

In Danvers, Jan. Hannah Mariah, Maria Barker, James Mearns. In Lynn, Jan. 11th, Mrs. Lucy, and

Draths.

Draths.



lication.  
zette an extract from  
of a new school  
wall formerly of this  
se his feelings of the  
people of his former  
sentiments are heart-  
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friendly visit of the  
of one of its members.  
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fr. Sewall proceeded  
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n improvement; your  
tudies; your more vi-  
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e of your teachers and  
see and understand  
n the journey of life,  
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ends of life.—Would  
ur minds, the anxieties,  
gs and hopes, that are  
scent for his offspring,  
ous season of childhood  
will only extract your  
love of your parents  
sire of usefulness and  
career. Lay aside all  
lness, procrastination,  
it with you that shall  
hich I would have in-  
every moment visible  
ur thoughts, the words,  
each and every one of  
by yourselves; by you  
No teacher, man or  
without your own sol-  
sealing effort. Suppose  
to make it a temple  
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cts, fix principles, and  
f them. Every hour  
eriod of your being, you  
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ive, inquiring, accumu-  
e. Only thus can you  
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ledge.—Only by using  
at you may have acqui-  
is coming, if you live  
ed all that you have ac-  
n books, or the recolle-  
religious faith, and hope  
our truest enjoyment.  
written by Mr. Sewall  
clases.  
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nd there implant  
id virtue, Lord,  
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t power descend,  
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s devote to thee,  
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ll share;  
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ry care.  
ere was a very numer-  
l at the new Sutton Hall  
l opening for public us-  
places of the Volunteer Es-  
grown their pleasant room  
d require more space in  
hich are to be continuing  
hall. A very handsome  
through the personal at-  
hich would have been gain-  
r. It certainly did not  
the managers at the time  
a partake of it.  
mpany in the music, and  
l the entertainment, some-  
not satisfaction to a large  
asures of the evening was

**PATRONIZE YOUR OWN JEWELLER.**—We would re-  
mind all who read the Wizard, and as many more who  
think it for their interest, to go to B. F. Stevens's  
Store, 16 Main Street, South Danvers, to buy Watches,  
Clocks, Jewelry, Silver or plated Spoons, where you  
are sure to have the goods fairly represented.

**PICTURES.**—Did you ever, reader, mark the difference  
of impression made on your mind on entering a house  
where walls are decorated with pictures compared with  
one wholly destitute of these adornments? No matter  
how splendid the mansion, how rich and tasteful the  
furniture, how unique the bijoutry of the center table  
or how splendid the hangings on the walls; unless they  
are hung with the products of the pencil or the graver,  
you see that there is something wanting which the eye  
craves. On the other hand go into the plainest parlor  
with the most simple furniture, with faded carpet and  
paper hangings of ancient date; if pictures adorn its  
walls, it has a cheerful aspect and the eye is satisfied.  
In such a house the visitor is apt to forget the style of  
the chair he sits on, the carpet, the sofa and the side or  
center table in the more attractive objects which arrest  
his vision. Or, if these matters of cabinet work and  
upholstery do attract his attention at the time, their im-  
pression is not lasting, and he carries away in his mind  
only the pleasing memories of the pictures and the sta-  
tionery.

In our view, if one half the expense which is usually  
incurred in the ordinary articles of furnishing a house  
were saved by the use of tasteful, but plain and unpretend-  
ing furniture and the excess applied to the purchase  
of these adornments of the walls, home would be made  
more cheerful, the tastes of ourselves and our visitors  
better gratified and happiness promoted. There is  
another and important consideration. The style of our  
furniture grows antiquated and obsolete, while the  
good picture grows more valuable by time, and fashion  
does not affect it. These embellishments of our homes  
become our household gods and we wrap them with  
a holy domestic devotion. How often has the time  
which hung heavily on the invalid been cheered or  
made endurable by looking on the familiar pictures  
which hung in his chamber?

An excellent opportunity is now afforded to those  
who have a spare space on their walls, to obtain a pic-  
ture of real merit with which to fill it. But a week or  
two remains in which to obtain, by subscription to the  
Cosmopolitan Art Union, that splendid picture of por-  
traits, "The Shakespeare and his Friends." Remember  
that the subscriber not only gets the picture, but also  
the Art Journal, which contains other valuable pictures  
as well as attractive reading. He also may chance to  
receive some other valuable work of Art in the distribu-  
tion, which takes place on the last of this month.  
One of our citizens did, last year, obtain Darley's ad-  
mirable illustrations of "Margaret" worth about twenty  
five dollars and we hope some other will be as fortunate  
the present year.

Dr. T. A. Sweetser receives subscriptions until about  
the 26th inst. when the chance will be over.

**TO THE LADIES.**—Just received at B. F. Stevens's  
16 Main street, a beautiful assortment of Cameo, and  
mourning Pins, suitable for hair or daguerreotype like  
nesses, warrant'd to be good gold, and the hair neatly  
put in free of charge and will be sold at the very lowest  
price for cash. Please call and see them, and bring  
your friends with you.

**GEN. FOSTER ENGINE COMPANY.**—The last of  
the series of six assemblies given by this company, takes  
place next Tuesday evening. Emerson & Faxon's  
Band furnish the music.

**MOLL PITCHER.** At a Social Festival and Antiqua-  
rian Supper, held at the vestry of the First Baptist  
Church, in Lynn, were a number of young ladies and  
gentlemen, dressed in the style of "ye olden time." Moll  
Pitcher carried out her part to perfection.

Mrs. Macready, the reader, was so frightened by the  
attempts of a burglar to break into her apartments at  
Waterbury, Ct., last Thursday evening, that she lost  
her voice, and was consequently obliged to break an en-  
gagement to read in public. She is now under medi-  
cal treatment.

Silver Tea and Table Spoons, just received at B. F.  
Stevens, 16 Main street, and for sale at a very low  
price and beautifully engraved free of charge.

**A Card.**  
At a meeting of the South Danvers Female Benevo-  
lent Society, on Wednesday, Jan. 11th, it was unani-  
mously  
Resolved, That the thanks of this Society be tendered  
to Rev. James O. Murray, for the admirable address  
delivered in their behalf, on Monday Evening, January  
9th.  
Resolved, That the thanks of the Society, be presented  
to the South Danvers Musical Association, under the  
direction of Mr. A. Kreissmann, for its valuable  
services on that occasion.  
Resolved, That the Ladies of this Society are grate-  
ful to each and all, who rendered aid in carrying out  
the exercises of the evening.

**A Card.**  
The Treasurer of the South Danvers Female Benevo-  
lent Society, would gratefully acknowledge the receipt  
of fifteen dollars, from the South Danvers Fire Club.  
This Club has for several years, presented to the Society,  
various sums of money, which have been thankfully  
received, and faithfully appropriated.

**A Card.**  
The Assembly worshipping in the Second Congrega-  
tional Meeting House, in Lynnfield, would express  
their gratitude to the individuals and Societies, through  
whose generous aid it was built, and has now become  
entirely free from debt.  
Lynnfield, Jan. 15, 1860.

**Marriages.**  
In Danvers, Jan. 1, by Rev Mr. Southerland, Mr.  
Austin Perkins to Miss Harriet A. Bixby; Mr. William  
A. Small to Miss Maria J. Root, all of Topsfield.  
In Salem, Jan. 8, by Rev Mr. Dwinell, Capt. William  
P. Ames of Kittery, Me, to Miss Ellen W. Burchstead of  
Salem; 11th, by Mr. Robert Rowley to Miss Charlotte A.  
Wood; 12th, by Mr. Mr. Shahan, Mr. David Wenzell to  
Miss Mary A. Caley; 16th, Mr. Edward Dalton to Miss  
Margaret Goggin.

**Deaths.**  
In Salem, Jan. 12, Mr. Elias Aborn, 65 yrs; 13th,  
Hannah Maria, daughter of Frederick B. and Ann  
Maria Bartlett, 6 mos; 14th, Mrs. Mary, wife of Mr.  
James Mealy, 30 yrs.  
In Lynn, Jan. 7, Mr. Philemon Curtin, 25 yrs 9 mos.  
11th, Mrs. Lucy, widow of the late Mr. Andrew Thissell  
77 yrs.

Silver Thimbles, a good assortment, and new styles  
just received at B. F. Stevens, 16 Main street.

**DANCING ACADEMY**  
—AT—  
**SUTTON'S NEW HALL.**  
SCHOOL for instruction in Dancing on the AP-  
PROPRIATE of WEDNESDAY and SATUR-  
DAY, for Masters and Misses, Young Ladies  
and Gentlemen.  
Mr. Eben Upton Jr. would respectfully announce to  
the Ladies and Gentlemen of So. Danvers and vicinity,  
that he proposes to form a class for juveniles and others  
as above, to commence as soon as a sufficient number  
can be obtained. The course of instruction to include  
Steps and Figures, Lancers, Caledonia, Polka, Redowa,  
and Waltz Quadrilles. Schottische, Varsovienne, &c.  
A subscription paper may be found at the store of  
Mr. T. A. Sweetser, where terms, reference, and particu-  
lars may be ascertained. Jan 11—12

**South Danvers Post Office.**  
MAIL ARRANGEMENT.  
ON and after THURSDAY, December 1st, 1859, Mails will  
arrive daily, (Sundays excepted), at 9:24 A. M., and at 3:30 P. M.  
and will close at 10:34 A. M., and at 4:34 P. M.  
California Mails close the 4th and 10th of each month at 10:34  
A. M. Foreign mails close every Tuesday and Friday at 10:34  
A. M. Post office open, (Sundays excepted) from 7 A. M. till  
8 P. M. South Danvers, Dec. 7, 1859. M. F. FISKE, Post Master

**Advertisements.**  
**Peabody Billiard Hall.**  
BATCHELDER'S BUILDING, MAIN STREET,  
SOUTH DANVERS.  
H. C. LARRABEE—(Proprietors)—A. W. FORTNEY.  
Jan 13  
Y. POOLE,  
INSURANCE AGENT,  
Allen's Building (up stairs),  
Deeds drawn, and other common forms.  
**Para Rubber Mittens.**  
A FEW PAIRS can be found at WALTON'S,  
94 Main Street Jan 18  
**COSMOPOLITAN ASSOCIATION.** Books  
close in New York on every Tuesday and Friday at 10:34  
A. M. The Association of Friends, and  
Shakespeare and his Friends, and  
Cosmopolitan Art Journal for 1 year, and  
Chance in the Distribution of Prizes.  
for \$3. Jan 18  
AMERICAN ALMANAC and Tribune Almanac  
for 1860, for sale by, GEORGE CREAMER,  
213 Essex st., Brown Stone Block.  
DIARIES FOR 1860, selling at reduced  
prices at, CREAMER'S Bookstore,  
Brown Stone Block.  
FOR 1860. The American Almanac and  
Repository of Useful Knowledge, for the year 1860; The  
Church Almanac for the year 1860;  
Diaries of all styles of Boston and New York Manufacture,  
or sold at the lowest prices;  
Boston, Ladies', Farmers', Christian and other Almanacs,  
for sale by, H. P. FIVES & A. A. SMITH,  
Opp Eastern Railroad Station.  
Jan 18  
**GOODS IN STOCK.**—For sale at reduced  
prices until Feb. 1, previous to making up our annual ac-  
count of stock. S. C. & E. A. SIMONDS,  
Jan 18  
**HOUSE PAPERS.** The balance of our stock  
of Paper Hangings selling off at great bargains at  
S. C. & E. A. SIMONDS,  
Jan 18  
**PAINT, OIL, Varnishes, and window Glass,**  
comparably for sale at, S. C. & E. A. SIMONDS,  
Jan 13  
**PATENT CLOTHES HORSES.** A supply  
of Cram's Patent Clothes Horses, just received at  
S. C. & E. A. SIMONDS,  
Jan 13  
**Nothing like the Iceland Moss Candy**  
**to cure Coughs.**  
Sold by T. A. SWEETSER,  
37 Main street.  
**ENCOURAGE THE ARTS.** Only two weeks  
left in which to subscribe to the COSMOPOLITAN ART ASSO-  
CIATION.  
Subscriptions received by T. A. Sweetser 37 Main Street.

**COME TO JESUS.**  
"Now is the Accepted Time."  
3 mos E. F. Roberts, Salem, Mass.

**238**  
Received this Week  
**WOOLEN HOODS;**  
Skating Caps;  
Balmoral Hosiery;  
French Corsets;  
Woolen Sleeves;  
Shawl Veils;  
Black Lace Veils;  
Bonnet Ruches;  
Dress Ruches;  
Infant's Waists;  
Cambric Edgings;  
Insertings;  
Lace Goods;  
Cambric Collars;  
Wrought Hdk's;  
Linen Hdk's;  
Pine Apple Hdk's;  
Spool Cottons;  
Sewing Silks;  
Embroidery Silks;  
Saddler's Silks;  
Crotchet Cottons;  
Knitting Cottons;  
Rubber Combs;  
&c., &c., &c;

**AT THE EMBROIDERY & TRIMMING STORE,**  
238 ESSEX STREET, SALEM,  
JOHN P. PEABODY.

**AUCTION SALE!**  
BY order of Court, will be sold at Public  
Auction, at Danvers, on High street,  
TWO DWELLING HOUSES, each con-  
venient for two tenants, having about four  
acres of land attached thereto, and running back to Waters  
River. The above is part of the estate of the late Joseph  
Porter.  
Sale to take place on the premises on the 10th day of April  
next. For particulars apply to Mrs. Abigail F. Porter, on the  
premises.  
Danversport, Jan 4  
**WYATT & PARSONS'**  
**QUADRILLE BAND,**  
As Brass or String,  
Are prepared to furnish Music for Balls, Parties, Assemblies  
etc., on the most reasonable terms.  
Engagements can be made with J. H. Parsons, No. 3 Pleasant  
Street, H. Pitman, 4 Boston st., or E. H. Stanton, 151 Essex st.  
Salem, Jan 4—17

**SKATES!**  
SKATES! SKATES!  
Having received a fresh supply of Skates, we offer for  
sale an assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's skates, selected  
from the best styles of English, German and American Manu-  
factures, and for quality and style are unsurpassed.  
The Ladies' styles are numerous, and at less prices than last  
season.  
Please call and examine the stock at  
JAMES A. FARLEIGH, 129 Essex st.  
Jan 11  
**B. R. PERKINS,**  
**PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST,**  
241 Essex Street, Salem.  
Patent Ambrotypes, Stereoscopes,  
Photographs, Spherochroms, Melanotypes, and patent leather  
pictures, of various sizes, taken with all the improvements of  
the art. Portraits, Miniatures, Engravings, &c., accurately  
copied. Views taken when desired. Jan 11  
**HOTSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BIT-**  
TERS are for sale by T. A. SWEETSER,  
37 Main Street.  
Jan 11  
**Working Oxen for Sale.**  
THIS subscriber having a large sized pair of WORK-  
ING OXEN, for which he has no use this winter,  
offers them for sale at a low price.  
BRON GOODALE.  
Jan 4—17  
THIS subscriber would inform the public  
that he has a large amount of

**Dry Goods**  
TO BE CONVERTED INTO CASH!  
In order to effect this object, he will sell at greatly  
reduced prices his entire stock of  
Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Doeskins, Dress  
Goods, Thibets, Lyonsese, Alpacaes, Par-  
mettas, Black Silks, all Wool and  
Cotton and Wool Plaid and  
DeLaines, Gingham,  
Prints, Bleached and Unbleached  
Sheeting and Shirtings.

**CARPETINGS**  
AND  
**READY-MADE**  
**CLOTHING.**  
And RUBBER GOODS.  
Also, HOUSEKEEPING GOODS of every de-  
scription; Hosiery, Gloves, Embroideries, Trimming  
Goods, Buttons, Fancy Goods, &c.  
**GEO. P. DANIELS,**  
No. 83 MAIN STREET—MONUMENT SQUARE—  
Jan 11 South Danvers. tf

**STOVES, TIN WARE,**  
—AND—  
**KITCHEN FURNISHING GOODS**  
The subscriber having enlarged and fitted up his store,  
would respectfully call the attention of the public to his large  
and well assorted stock of  
**Cook, Parlor and Office Stoves.**  
Among other Cook Stoves, I would especially call attention to  
the KITCHEN QUEEN, which for economy, ease of manage-  
ment, even and quick baking, has no equal.  
For the Parlor, I have MAZEA'S PATENT VENTILATING  
STOVE, which is too well known to need recommendation.  
Also, a good assortment of Tin, Glass and Wooden Ware,  
Stove Funnel, Groove Grates, and  
Those in want of any of the above articles, are invited to  
call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.  
Particular attention paid to larding and repairing stoves, and  
mending Tin Ware.  
GARDNER WEBSTER,  
135 Boston Street.  
Jan 11—17

**GREAT**  
**CLOSING OFF SALE**  
OF  
**DRY GOODS.**  
**IMMENSE SACRIFICE.**  
Every article in our store must be sold previous to  
February, and in order to dispose of our immense stock  
of DRY GOODS in the shortest possible time, we have  
marked it down to prices never before heard of in  
Essex County.  
Read the prices of this Great Closing Off Sale.  
**Dress Goods.**  
100 pieces of good style perfect Delaines only 8 cts  
150 " Extra " 10 cts  
300 " Fine quality Delaines, worth 20 cts for 12 cts  
100 " Dark brown Delaines 17 and 18 cts  
30 " Fine Cashmeres, worth 33 cts for 18 cts  
100 " Cashmere Delaines, worth 25 cts for 13 cts  
50 " B. at Merrimack and Pacific Prints only 8 cts  
200 " Best English Prints only 10 cts  
100 " Handsome Mourning Prints only 10 cts  
75 " Elegant styles Mourning Delaines 13 and 17 cts  
300 " Black Valence Plaid only 10 cts  
300 " Extra quality 4-4 Plaids only 20 cts  
75 " Fine Lyonsese Cloths, worth 37 1/2 cts  
20 " Thibets to be closed at your own prices  
10 " Black Alpacaes and Alpines, must be sold  
15 " Thibet Dechenes worth 50 cts for 25 cts  
Delaines, fine quality 20 and 25 cts  
**Domestic Goods.**  
12 bales Brown Cottons 6 1/2, 7, 8 and 9 cts  
200 pieces Bleached Cottons, at Agents cash prices 5, 6 1/2 and 8 cts  
100 " Grapes 9 cts  
100 " White Flannel from 12 1/2 cts up 25 cts  
25 " Heavy Grey Twilled Flannels only 25 cts  
1000 yards of yard-wide Cotton Flannels 8 cts  
100 " B. at Merrimack and Pacific Prints only 8 cts  
100 " Best English Cambrics only 10 cts  
100 " Solides only 7 cts  
10,000 yards of Remnants of Solides  
**Bargains from Auctions.**  
5000 pairs Gents heavy half Hose 12 1/2 cts  
1000 " Extra heavy wool half Hose 17 cts  
10,000 dozen Ladies Ribbed Hose, extra quality only 12 1/2 cts  
1000 pairs Childrens Hose only 12 1/2 cts  
6000 " Ladies and Childrens white Mittens 8 cts  
50 dozen extra quality fleece lined Gloves for ladies only 25 cts  
White Brilliants, fine quality 8 cts  
50 dozen of the celebrated Sealrobin Hood, now selling in the  
city at \$1.25, we shall sell them at 75 cents each  
100 dozen Shetland Vails only 25 cts  
100 Drab Embossed Covers, large size 50 cts  
150 Sand Covers, red cambric 17 to 25 cts  
Childrens Victorines, imitation fur 17 to 25 cts  
This is the cheapest sale of Dry Goods ever offered  
in Salem. Ladies are requested to call and see if what  
we state is not so. We have also many other Goods  
that must be sold at low prices will do it.

**PRESBY & FEARING,**  
238 Essex Street, Salem.  
Store open every evening till 8 o'clock.  
Jan 11—17

**HENRY L. WHIDDEN,**  
**PAINTER & GLAZIER,**  
AND PAPERER,  
Central Street, South Danvers, Oppo. South Church.  
All orders promptly and faithfully executed.  
dec 14—17

The Boston Journal for 1860. The Grand  
Presidential Year.  
A NEW FEATURE,  
"Salt Water Bubbles," by Hawser Martingale.  
Circulation Treble that of any paper of its class  
in New England.  
The Proprietors of THE BOSTON JOURNAL, in announc-  
ing their Prospectus for 1860, take pleasure in saying  
that in no year since its establishment has THE JOURNAL  
received more marks of the confidence of the great read-  
ing public of New England, than in the year which is  
now drawing to a close. Every month has witnessed a  
large increase in its circulation, compared with the  
previous year, and at no former time have its columns  
been so crowded with the favors of its advertising pa-  
trons and friends. This expression of confidence and  
bestowal of patronage, has enabled it to maintain the  
position which its contemporaries have assigned to it,  
as the  
**BEST NEWSPAPER IN NEW ENGLAND**  
and has enabled it to compete successfully with all its  
contemporaries, in the fullness, accuracy and prompt-  
ness with which it has published accounts of every mat-  
ter of interest which has transpired during the year.  
That THE JOURNAL has done this, is evident from the  
fact that its  
**Daily Circulation is Treble**  
that of any newspaper of its class in New England.  
Regarding the whole of New England as its field,  
neither labor or money have been spared to furnish the  
earliest intelligence of all matters of importance in the  
different New England States—and the result has been a  
circulation in each of them, with the exception of  
Connecticut, much larger than that of any of their local  
papers.  
The coming year is to be one of the most important  
and exciting which has ever occurred in the history of  
this country. In it the Great Presidential contest is to  
be fought which is not only to decide what men are to  
be our rulers for the next four years, but there is also to  
be a contest, exciting and determined beyond any of its  
predecessors, for the return of the Government of this  
nation to those principles which inspired and governed  
the Fathers of the Republic, and the re-assertion and  
maintenance of which can alone restore that quietness  
and peace and prosperity to the country which it so  
much needs. It will be a year, more than any other,  
in which every thinking, intelligent New England man  
will desire the earliest and fullest information of every  
movement bearing upon the questions which will agitate  
the country. It is the intention of the Proprietors of  
THE JOURNAL, that in its columns that information  
shall be promptly obtained; and that in the coming  
Presidential Campaign, as in the last, by the unrestrict-  
ed use of the Telegraph, by the labors of the best and  
most experienced reporters, and by able and reliable  
Correspondents at all centers of political movements, it  
shall be first in chronicle every movement which can  
be of interest to men of all parties, and of all views. Of  
our ability to do this, we need but refer to our success  
in similar efforts in the campaign of 1856, and to the  
increased facilities, which the experience and increased  
means of the past three years have placed at our com-  
mand.  
While we thus make THE JOURNAL of greater inter-  
est and value to the active, thinking, working men of  
New England, we intend that it shall lose none of its  
popularity as a first class FAMILY NEWSPAPER. New  
features of interest in this respect will be introduced,  
and among them we are happy to announce that our  
old friend "HAWSER MARTINGALE," whose  
"Salt Water Bubbles"  
years ago added so much of interest to the columns of  
THE JOURNAL, and who beyond all question the most  
popular series of newspaper stories ever published, has  
consented to renew them in THE JOURNAL, and that  
he will commence them at the beginning of this year.  
We are sure that all who have read his stories will be  
pleased at their announcement. They will appear in  
the daily, semi-weekly and weekly editions. Other  
improvements, which we cannot now announce, are in  
contemplation, and will render THE JOURNAL second to  
no other in the country as a Family and General News-  
paper.  
**THE BOSTON DAILY JOURNAL,**  
MONDAY AND EVENING.  
Contains the latest news received by the mails and tel-  
graph up to the hour of going to press. It is printed  
on one of HOS'S SIX CYLINDER FAST PRESS which en-  
ables us to hold back the forms until the very latest mo-  
ment, and still work off the edition in season for the  
mails and express. It is published at the low rate of  
**Six Dollars a Year; Single Copies Two Cts.**  
**THE SEMI-WEEKLY JOURNAL.**  
TUESDAY AND FRIDAY MORNING.  
TERMS DOLLARS A YEAR.  
TO CLUBS.  
Five copies, one year . . . . . Twelve Dollars Fifty Cents.  
Ten copies, one year . . . . . Twenty Dollars.  
**THE WEEKLY JOURNAL.**  
PUBLISHED ON THURSDAY MORNING.  
One copy, one year . . . . . Two Dollars.  
Two copies, one year . . . . . Three Dollars.  
Five copies, one year . . . . . Six Dollars.  
Ten copies, one year . . . . . Ten Dollars.  
And one to gether up of club.  
**JOURNALS FOR CALIFORNIA.**  
SIX CENTS A COPY.  
AS AN ADVERTISING MEDIUM  
The Journal has no equal in New England. Its prices  
are uniform, and the Advertisements are set up in a  
clear and unobscured manner, judiciously arranged and  
classified under appropriate heads, and appear in both  
the MORNING and EVENING papers, without extra  
charge.  
**ITS CIRCULATION**  
is more than treble that of any two next or subscrip-  
tion papers in New England. The public are reminded  
that no drummer for advertising are ever employed by  
this establishment.  
**THE CASH PRINCIPLE.**  
In all cases the "cash principle" will be adhered to,  
and no notice will be taken of any orders not paid for  
by the money. All papers are discontinued at the  
expiration of the time paid for.  
The Journal is for sale at all the Newspaper Depots,  
and on all the Railroads throughout New England.  
All orders should be addressed to  
**CHARLES O. ROGERS,**  
JOURNAL BUILDING,  
No. 12 STATE STREET, BOSTON, MASS.  
**BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS,**  
**WILLIAM J. WALTON,**  
94 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS,  
HAS now on hand, and intends to constantly  
keep a full assortment of all desirable kinds  
and styles of Boots, Shoes and Rubbers,  
which he would be happy to dispose of to  
his Friends, and the Public, at satisfactory  
prices.  
Repairing expeditiously and neatly done.  
dec 7  
**WILLIAM J. WALTON, 94 Main Street.**  
**LIGHT!**  
**NEWMAN & SYMONDS**  
SOLE AGENTS FOR  
**Green's Patent Non-Explosive Self-Gen-  
erating Gas Lamps.**  
dec 7  
**WHIPPLE & FRIEND,**  
**PAINTERS,**  
**GLAZIERS AND PAPER HANGERS,**  
Main street, opposite Danvers Bank, S. Danvers.  
All orders promptly attended to; a share of patronage solicited.  
J. A. WHIPPLE.

**HAPPY NEW YEAR!**  
**JOHN HEYLINGER**  
TENDERS to his friends and patrons the compliments of the  
season, and continues his  
**HAIR-DRESSING**  
And Shaving Business,  
At the Old Stand, MAIN ST., South Danvers, where he will al-  
ways be happy to wait upon customers. Jan 4—17

**SOUTH DANVERS**  
**COFFIN AND CASKET WAREHOUSE.**  
THIS subscriber would inform the people of this place that  
he is now prepared to furnish, at the shortest notice,  
**Mahogany, Black Walnut, and Stained Wood**  
**COFFINS.**  
AND CASKETS OF ALL SIZES.  
Also, Silver and Silver Plated Coffin Plates, of the  
latest Patterns.  
Grave Clothes of every description constantly on hand.  
All orders from the neighboring towns, by express or oth-  
erwise, promptly attended to, and delivered personally, if desired  
**CHARLES S. BUTTUM,**  
Central Street, nearly opposite the Lowell Depot.  
On Sundays and evenings can be found at Binnett's Hotel.  
dec 14—17

**CLOTHING STORE!**  
**R. S. D. SYMONDS**  
Has opened a STORE in TRASK'S BUILDING,  
**52 MAIN ST., SOUTH DANVERS,**  
Where he intends to keep a general assortment of  
**MEN'S & BOYS' CLOTHING,**  
Including  
**BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS, HATS, CAPS**  
And all such Goods as are generally found in such  
a store.  
**READY MADE CLOTHING**  
AND  
**FURNISHING GOODS.**  
Particular attention will be given to keeping a constant  
supply of  
**LADIES' BOOTS & SHOES.**  
The above Goods are of the best quality, and will be  
sold as low as similar articles can be had in South  
Danvers or Salem.  
**LADIES**  
Are particularly invited to call and examine before  
purchasing elsewhere.  
dec 21—17  
**A Cheap and Durable Article.**  
**MEN'S KIP BOOTS**—only Two Dollars and a  
Quarter per pair, at  
R. S. D. SYMONDS,  
62 Main st., S. Danvers.  
dec 21—17  
**Mitchell's Patent Men's Boots.**  
THIS new and improved article, with metallic soles,  
protecting the feet from dampness, may be found  
at  
R. S. D. SYMONDS,  
dec 21—17 Trask's Building, No. 52 Main st.  
**B. F. STEVENS,**  
**WATCH & MAKER,**  
—AND DEALER IN—  
Watches, Clocks, Gold & Plated Jewelry,  
SILVER AND PLATED WARE,  
OUTLERY AND FANCY GOODS.  
Old Gold and Silver taken in exchange for New.  
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, neatly Cleaned, Repaired and  
warranted.  
**16 MAIN ST., OPPOSITE WARREN BANK,**  
SOUTH DANVERS, MASS.

**THE CELEBRATED**  
**FRANKLIN COAL.**  
For sale by M. BLACK, JR.  
M. BLACK, JR.,  
**COAL AND WOOD,**  
OFFICE IN SQUARE AT RAILROAD FREIGHT DEPOT.  
Order Box in Foot Office.  
**NEWMAN & SYMONDS,**  
DEALERS IN  
**FAMILY GROCERIES,**  
**FLOUR AND GRAIN,**  
READY-MADE CLOTHING, GENTS' FUR-  
NISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS,  
BOOTS, SHOES, &c.  
South Danvers Square, opposite Congregational Church  
SAM'L NEWMAN. KATH'L SYMONDS.

**Light!**  
HAYING made arrangements with the Boston Kerosene  
Co. Oil Company, for a full supply of Oil for the coming win-  
ter, I shall be prepared to sell  
**"Downer's Pure Kerosene Oil,"**  
as cheap as can be bought at retail in this vicinity.  
**KEROSENE LAMPS,**  
of every description, at a lower price than ever. Also, Glass  
and Paper Shades, Wicks, Burners, Burners, Cans, &c., all of  
which is offered at the lowest Cash Prices,  
at 126 & 128 Main street.  
R. O. SPILLER.  
dec 7  
**GEORGE E. MEACOM,**  
Dealer in  
**DRUGS & MEDICINES,**  
Fancy and Toilet Articles, &c.,  
126 MAIN ST.—126  
Nearly opposite Danvers Bank, . . . . . South Danvers.  
Sweetser's Iceland Moss Candy,  
CURES ABOUT ALL THE COUGHS AND COLDS







# THE WIZARD.

VOL. I.

SOUTH DANVERS, MASS., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 25, 1860.

NO. 8.

## THE WIZARD

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY,

At Allen's Building, 80, Danvers Square,

CHAS. D. HOWARD, Proprietor.

F. POOLE, Editor.

Terms \$2.00 a Year; for Immediate Payment, \$1.50.

### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Half a Square, 3 wks. 1 year.  
One Square, 1.00 2.00 5.00  
Quarter of a column, 1.00 2.00 5.00  
18 lines of Nonpareil type are equal to a square.  
6 cents per line will be charged for notices of meetings for political, civil, or religious purposes, notices of societies, orders of acknowledgments, &c.  
The privilege of Annual Advertisers is limited to their own immediate business, and all advertisements for the benefit of other persons, as well as local advertisements, and advertisements of real estate, or auction sales, sent in by them, must be paid for at the usual rates.

### Original Poetry.

For The Wizard.

### COTTON MATHER'S APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE OF 1860.

Great Christians, friends of every sect,  
Who live in brighter day,  
Then that wherein my lot was cast,  
Come hear me now, I pray.

A hundred years and more have flown,  
The mighty sum to swell,  
Of buried ages, since the day,  
I sought my narrow cell.

Throughout that lengthened track of time,  
My silence was unbroken;  
I choose a humble mouthpiece now,  
For faltering words soon spoken.

Of that delusion dark, I speak,  
The "Witchcraft Mania" styled,  
That crazed our heads in olden time,  
And sadly us beguiled.

I shall not strive to free my skirts,  
From every clinging stain;  
Such essay were presumptuous,  
And more than this, 'twere vain.

My purpose is to deprecate,  
The measure of that scorn  
The world has heaped upon my name,  
To be forever borne.

Remember, friends, that not alone,  
I bear my load of shame,  
I share it with the wise and good,  
With men of deathless fame.

Whose glory like the mid-day sun,  
Illumes the world around,  
Yet like that orb, have speck and spot,  
Amid their radiance found.

I name them not, 'tis fitter far,  
That voice of mine forbore,  
To trumpet forth in playing ears,  
Each one bedimmed of yore.

Not first upon New England soil,  
The witchcraft phantom rose,  
The chronicles of every land,  
Its hideous form disclose.

O'er Europe wide, the vain belief,  
Held universal sway,  
And priest and judge and lettered sage,  
Its truth did not gainsay.

But chiefly to that ancient realm,  
From whence we were transplanted,  
Is due the false and baseless dream,  
That long our hearthstones haunted.

For when old England we forsook,  
And wandered to the New,  
We brought her learning and her laws,  
And superstitions too.

And Nature lent her power and aid,  
And worse, the monster grim;  
Save seaward, all was wilderness,  
Mysterious and dim;

Whose unknown bounds weird Fancy filled,  
With shapes grotesque and rude,  
The offspring of uncultured brain,  
And bred in solitude.

The mournful wailing of the pines,  
We ever in our ears,  
Eugendering sad and solemn thoughts,  
And vague and shadowy fears.

Thus all conspired to fan the spark,  
Long slumbering, never dead,  
That rose to a destroying flame,  
And fearful ruin spread.

I truly thought the Serpent old,  
Who entered Eden's bower,  
Had into new Canaan crept,  
To ravage and devour.

Assisted in his evil work,  
By human hands, imbued  
With his own hatred of all good,  
And with his might endowed.

Believing thus in very truth,  
What marvel I should take,  
Those weapons which the Church prescribes,  
The Tempter's power to break!

Should I, a watchman on the walls  
Of Zion, idly stand,  
With folded arms, in apathy,  
Nor lift resisting hand?

To me and to my brethren then,  
For help the people turned,  
While terror shook the stoutest heart,  
And evil passions burned.

Soon priest and layman, all alike  
Infected, felt the power  
Of blind and fierce delirium,  
And madness ruled the hour.

Grant I was credulous and weak,  
Self righteous if you will,  
Man's nature was imperfect then,  
It is imperfect still.

Say I was vain of mystic lore,  
Of ancient words the spoil,  
That o'er profane and heathenish page,  
I bent in studious toil!

That heedless of the latest Law,  
Its spirit and its letter,  
I leaned on one annulled and dead,  
And thus my soul did fetter.

To just and merited reproach,  
'Tis meet I humbly bow;  
But look around you, friends, and see  
If folly reigns not now.

The scales have fallen from mine eyes,  
For many a rolling year;  
And much of dark and intricate,  
Is daily growing clear;  
And in good time shall burst on man,  
New Light in perfect ray,  
And doubt and mystery and night  
Be lost in endless day.

### An Original Story.

#### HORACE GILBERT'S REFORM.

BY MARTHA H. WALKER.

One beautiful evening just after winter's snowy reign had commenced, when festive halls, lighted parlors and brilliant assemblies ruled the season, a large and highly cultivated circle, composed of Montreal's choicest gems of beauty and of worth, were gathered in the spacious drawing rooms of the wealthy and aristocratic Mr. Singleton, to meet and become acquainted with his niece.

Miss Alice Norton from Massachusetts, with two noble brothers were the only surviving children of Mr. Singleton's favorite sister. Their mother had followed her husband and youngest darling to the grave, all within a few weeks. Two years previous to the time our story commences, since which time, both of her brothers being in college, Alice had been with an uncle in Boston attending school with her cousins, now released from their studies, and were spending a few weeks at Montreal. To Mr. Singleton as the exact image of his darling sister, she was the embodiment of all that was good and lovely; and it was with a proud though somewhat subdued smile that he saw that evening his young, beautiful and accomplished niece, the centre of an admiring circle. "So like her mother," he unconsciously murmured about as he stood for a moment watching her simple yet gracefully dignified manner. "Does she resemble Aunt Mary so much?" asked Harry, Mr. Singleton's only child, a gay lad of fourteen summers, who standing by, had heard his father's words and seen the earnest gaze which rested upon his cousin. "Her very image, my son. I could almost fancy myself a boy again by her side." "How you must have loved her father. I wish Alice was my sister, but, if I am not mistaken," he added with a gay laugh, "there are a few here who would like to claim a somewhat different relationship ere long; I think Cupid's quiver will be empty before the evening closes. I mean to go and see if I can't find a slight wound from his arrows in one or two hearts at least," and the humored child, fearless of his father's detaining words, hastened away.

Gaily, happily, the evening hours sped away, when accepting the arm of the elegant and polished Mr. Gilbert, who had contrived to be of her circle through the evening, Alice passed with others to the refreshment table. With true politeness he obtained for her delicacies most acceptable to her taste; then, taking from the table two glasses of sparkling champagne, while pouring one in his right hand, with a graceful compliment, extended the other to his fair companion; but a shade of surprise passed over his countenance as she gently refused, saying "I never drink wine." But you do not think it wrong?"

"I think it unwise," was the reply. Interested but not convinced, young Gilbert plead, "why just think in what an unpleasant position it places us gentlemen, to have a fair lady refuse a glass of wine with us. Just look at me, Miss Norton," he added with a pleasant smile, "and I am sure you must be touched with pity; here I stand with two tempting glasses of champagne, unwilling to taste one while you refuse the other. 'On the contrary,' said Alice, laughing, 'I think you would be the one to pity, should I lay aside my principles of right, and act contrary to my better judgment, merely to relieve you from an awkward situation, which you yourself may do by placing these glasses on the table, and drinking with me in this,' she said, raising two glasses of water. He complied, saying, 'Seriously, Miss Norton, although excess is to be avoided in everything, especially in drinking, yet wine has always seemed to me a necessary appendage of a social scene like this, and that there was nothing wrong or even unwise in occasionally drinking to each other's health and happiness. It renders more pleasant and social our intercourse with others, and glides the evening hours with a rosy joy. But I see,' he added, smiling, 'my eloquence and poetry are

alike lost on you, for you do not agree with me.' "If such are your candid opinions we do indeed differ," was the pleasant reply. "Touch not, taste not, handle not the wine, would be my motto." She would have added more, but was interrupted by her uncle, who, approaching them, said, "Mr. Gilbert will excuse Alice for a few moments, as Mr. Grey, a dear friend of her mother, wishes to speak with her." Gilbert bowed his assent, saying, "I may come to you again?" "You may," was the ready answer, and, accepting her uncle's arm, she turned away just as Edgar White, an intimate friend of Gilbert's, called him to the other side of the room, and handing him a glass of wine, proposed the health of the fair niece of their host. Gilbert raised the glass so hastily to his lips in acceptance of the toast, as to call forth a teasing remark from his friend. And thus the two young men conversed till joined by others. Now toasts were proposed, and crowned with the brimming goblet. The fourth time Gilbert raised the glass to his lips, he caught the eye of Alice resting upon him. With an almost pleading look, merely tasting the wine, he placed the glass upon the table, and, excusing himself from his companions, hastened to the side of Alice, to justify his action, saying, "believe me, Miss Norton, I am doing nothing so contrary to my own principles, as to call forth that reproving glance; but I have not, I hope, so greatly offended, that you will refuse me your hand in the next dance?" "No, if you will promise not to drink another drop to night," Alice smilingly said. "Let it be so," he said, "but excuse me for a moment, I must speak to Mr. B., but shall return in season to claim your hand in the dance." "Not if you touch the cup," was the gay reply, as the young man left her.

He was soon engaged in busy conversation with Mr. B., when a gay and beautiful young lady, approaching the gentleman, said, "Mr. Gilbert will drink with me, I know," and her jeweled hand held up a sparkling glass. Completely thrown off his guard, Gilbert drained the glass, when suddenly his broken promise flashed upon him. For a moment a flush of shame mounted to his cheek; then he determined to find Alice, and tell her, strong in the belief that she would excuse him and accept him as her partner. In a moment he stood by her side, and frankly told her his story, saying, "but, Miss Norton, do pity me, the force of habit was too strong; you will not be so firm; you will allow me to dance with you?" "I cannot," was the brief reply. "I must not neglect my part of the engagement, because you did not fulfill yours," and, turning from him, she walked away with her cousin. She was grieved and disappointed that he had so easily broken his promise; it would never have been exacted, had she not thought him sufficiently strong in his purpose to resist temptation. But, however unpleasant to both, it was her duty to remain firm. Young Gilbert remained for a few moments fastened to the spot where Alice had left him. Astonished, he certainly was, and not a little vexed, too; but quickly recovering himself, knowing his manner would attract attention, and not caring to dance with any but Alice, he withdrew to a little alcove, which, shaded by rich curtains sweeping the carpet with their ample folds, effectually concealed him from sight; then, resting his head upon his hand, he thought seriously and deeply, as he had never thought before, of the wine glass, with its pleasures and its snares. He recalled many, even among his circle, where a course of dissipation commenced with a single glass at a ball or party; then he recalled others who had gone through life honored and loved, who had not scrupled to raise the sparkling beverage to their lips occasionally, but all could not be temperate in their use of it, or even refrain when they wished. He could not, even to please one whom he had thought he would make any sacrifice to serve. He could not reflect without admiration on the firmness of principle which that young girl had displayed that evening. These conflicting thoughts filled his mind for a long time, when suddenly he remembered his absence might be noticed, and, rising, he left his place of concealment.

Just as the last guests were retiring, young Gilbert approached Alice, who at that moment was standing apart from the others in the recess of a deep window. "I have come," he said, "to bid you good bye," extending his hand. Alice gave him hers with a pleasant remark. Retaining it in his clasp and bending full his earnest gaze upon her, while respect and greater admiration shone in his eye and lingered in the tones of his voice, as he added, "I may not see you again, as I leave town to-morrow; haven't you something more to say, something I may always recall when I think of you?" "Oh yes," said Alice gaily, "you may adopt my motto as yours, and promise me not to drink any more wine." "I should be happy could I make that promise; but, Miss Norton, I dare not. You have seen this evening how easily I can forget; but I will remember your words, and some day I may feel more willing to promise. I cannot soon forget this evening; you have taught me a useful lesson, and enforced it by your example. I thank you truly," and, again bidding her adieu he turned and left the apartment.

Happily and gaily the allotted time of Alice's visit glided away, and she returned to her Massachusetts home, followed by the earnest blessing and strong love of her uncle and aunt; while impulsive cousin Harry declared it a perfect shame, that she should go back to Boston so soon. But Alice soothed his grief and abated somewhat his anger against Massachusetts in general and Boston in particular, by promising

to come again soon; so, amidst smiles and tears she left them. A few weeks after her return, she received a long letter from her aunt, saying that young Gilbert had signed the pledge; but it was evidently not without a great struggle with himself, that he could give up a habit which had gained such influence over him. She said, "He attributes this change all to you, dear Alice. He said, the subject never appeared to his mind as it did that evening, the last you met him here; and he added that not one word or act of yours made such an impression upon his mind, as your refusal to dance with him. Oh, Alice, always thus adhere to your principles, and you may do much good. Horace Gilbert feels that he owes you a debt of gratitude he can never repay." Who shall attempt to describe the feelings of Alice, as she read these words of her aunt? What a joyous privilege had been hers, if, indeed, her influence had had the portrayed effect! We will not endeavor to analyze her emotions, but we would say to all, "go and do thou likewise."

### THE YOUNG MAN'S LEISURE.

Young man! after the duties of the day are over, how do you spend your evenings? When business is dull, and leaves at your disposal many unoccupied hours, what disposition do you make of them? I have known, and now know many young men, who, if they devoted to any scientific or professional pursuits the time they spend in games of chance, and lounging in bed, might rise to any eminence. You have read of the sexton's man who became a fine astronomer by spending a short time every evening in gazing at the stars after ringing the bell for nine o'clock. Sir Wm. Phipps, who at the age of forty-five had attained the order of knighthood, and office of high sheriff of New England, and Governor of Massachusetts, learned to read and write after his eighteenth year, of a ship carpenter in Boston. Wm. Gifford, the great editor of the Quarterly, was an apprentice to a shoe maker, and spent his leisure hours in study.

And because he had neither pen nor paper, slate nor pencil, he wrote out his problems on smooth leather with a blunt awl. David Rittenhouse, the American astronomer, when a plow-boy, was observed to have covered his plough and fences with figures and calculations. James Ferguson, the great Scotch astronomer, learned to read by himself, and mastered the elements of astronomy whilst a shepherd's boy, in the field, by night. And perhaps it is not too much to say that if the hours wasted in idle company, in vain conversation at the tavern, were only spent in the pursuit of useful knowledge, the dulllest apprentice in any of our shops might become an intelligent member of society, and a fit person for most of our civil offices. By such a course the rough coverings of many a youth are laid aside; and their ideas, instead of being confined to legal subjects and professional technicalities might range the wide fields of creation; and other stars from among the young men of this city might be added to the list of worthies that are guiding our country with bright yet mellow light.—Rev. Dr. Murray.

How to GET A SUPPER.—A few nights ago a conjuror entered an inn at Ludlow and asked the company if they would like to see a little of his performances, as he was allowed by all persons who had seen him go through his performances, to do them with more taste and judgment than any other man living. The landlord was the first to give assent, and stated that he knew a few tricks himself, and had seen many wonderful ones. The conjuror then requested the company to place three hats upon the table, which being done, he requested the landlord to bring a loaf of bread, and the conjuror cut three pieces (nearly a half a pound each), and placed one upon each hat. The conjuror then stated that he could do the trick much more comfortably and agreeably to himself if he had three pieces of cheese. The cheese being brought, the conjuror cut three good sized pieces and placed one by each piece of bread. Now was the grand trick. The conjuror turned up the cuffs of his coat, took off his neckerchief and unbuttoned his shirt-collar and stated that he would now eat the three pieces of bread and cheese and afterwards bring all under one hat. The conjuror commenced eating the bread and cheese, and after eating two pieces declared he could not proceed with the third and finish the trick without he had something to drink. The worthy landlord wishing that the wonderful trick should be proceeded with, for the amusement of his customers, immediately gave the conjuror a quart of ale; and the third piece of bread and cheese soon followed the two first pieces. Now the grand trick was to be disclosed, and the landlord and his companions anxiously waited to see it. The conjuror said: "Now gentlemen, which hat shall I bring the bread and cheese under?" The landlord pointed out his own hat, wishing his hat to take a part in the trick as well as his bread and cheese. It being so arranged, the conjuror again said:

"Gentlemen, I have eaten the bread and cheese, and now I will bring it under the landlord's hat," and immediately placed the hat upon his head and said, "Now you perceive it is under the hat without any deception—amidst shouts of laughter from all the company except the landlord, who was minus three pieces of bread and cheese and a quart of ale, which he did not seem much to relish.

The conjuror left the house without making a collection of the company, he being well satisfied with the landlord's generosity.

### PEABODY LIBRARY.

Additions in November 1859.

1497 Everett's, Edw., Orations and speeches V. 3.  
7599 Russia, Empire of J. S. C. Abbot.  
7905 Beulah, A. J. Evans.  
7496 Latin Lexicon. E. A. Andrews.  
7461 Microscope. W. B. Carpenter.  
7587 Handel, Life of. V. Schoelcher.  
7586 Glory of the house of Israel. F. Strauss.  
7908 Harry Lee or Hope for the Poor.  
7902 Hunter's Life for 44 yrs. M. Browning.  
7903 Houdin, Robert, Memoir of.  
7911 Almost a Heroine.  
7581 Political Economy, Logic of. De Quincey.  
7460 Maine, History of. R. K. Sewall.  
7584 Art Recreations.  
7181 Cricket Field. Chas. Read.  
7910 Good Fight.  
7909 Sword and Gown. Mrs. Ellet.  
7588 Women Artists. J. G. Holland.  
7585 Gold Foil. J. G. Saxe.  
7980 Money King, and other P'ms. J. G. Saxe.  
7907 Hoary Head and M'Doland. J. Abbot.  
7906 Corner Cupboard.  
7589 Right Words in the right place.  
7904 Home and Abroad. B. Taylor.  
7900 Arctic Regions, Thirty Years in.  
7582 Physiology of Common Life. G. H. Lewes.  
7701-2 Sea Kings of Norway. S. Laing. 3V.  
6785 Virginians. T. M. Thackeray.  
7856-8 Laconics, from best Authors. 3V.  
7704 Vermont Registration Report.  
7497-8 Field Book of the Revolution. 2V.

A STORY OF MR. WISE. The Wilmington Herald vouches for the correctness of an amusing anecdote which has found a place in its columns. Mr. Wise, the Governor expectant of Virginia, was addressing a large assemblage in one of the towns of that State a short time since, and abused the Know-Nothings in characteristic style. Three several times he implored and commanded them, if there were any in the room, to stand up like men and show their faces.

Not a man arose, however, until at the conclusion of his third exhortation, accompanied by a torrent of abuse and vituperation, when an old gentleman who was quietly sitting at some distance from the speaker, slowly arose and blandly remarked, "Sam, get up." Instantly two-thirds of the audience sprang to their feet, and Mr. Wise was so confounded by the unexpected result that he hesitated, paused, and did not resume his speech.

APPEAL TO YOUNG MEN.—To the educated young men of our nation we would say, Be men! There is more satisfaction of heart in being good and great, than in throwing your friends and society into occasional spasms by your brilliancy and eccentricities. The fast young man is a danger to himself and society. Nervous and unsettled brains are not what the world wants. The present condition of society demands a heavier and firmer character of intellect—self-balanced intellect, that will not be jostled out of place by society, but that will jostle society into place. Be, then, moulders of society. The world looks up to you with a great amount of reverence and trust. It beholds your strength and puts confidence in your manhood. Will you betray that confidence or use amiss the powers placed in your hands?—Home Journal.

THE DESCENDING SCALE. We see in one of the San Francisco papers a curious illustration of the way in which slavery degrades a man, in the public estimation. A negro was arrested by a man who claimed him as his slave. In noticing the fact, the journal in question spoke of the negro as "Mr. Stephen S. Hill, a valuable man." Soon after, the paper stated that the case was brought before the court, and then it spoke of the negro, as "the man Stephen," and when it was announced that he was given up to his master, the editor spoke of him as "the negro Steve!" When he was supposed to be free, he was "Mr. Stephen S. Hill"—when it appeared that he was a slave, he became "the negro Steve!"—State of Maine.

PRACTICAL LOVE.—Still, I should hardly like my lover, at any age, to sit reading a novel half the evening, and spend the other half in the sweet company of his cigar—not that he need be always hankering after me, and "paying me attention." I should hate that. For, what is the good of being fond of one another, if they can't be content simply in one another's company, or without it even, in one another's love? Letting each go on in their several ways, and doing their several work, in the best manner they can.

Good sooth! I should be the most convenient and least troublesome sweetheart that ever a young man was blessed with; for I am sure I should sit all the evening quite happy—he at the one end of the room and I at the other—if only knew he was happy, and caught now and then a look and a smile, provided the look and the smile were my own personal property—nobody else's.—A Life for a Life.

Franklin, on hearing the remark that what was lost on earth goes to the moon, observed that there must be a deal of good advice accumulated there!

Whoever has sixpence is sovereign over all men—to the extent of sixpence; commands cooks to feed him, kings to mount guard over him—to the extent of sixpence.—Curlye.

All children born in a garret are high born, and most of them are born above want. So says Prentice.



# THE WIZARD.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 24, 1860.

## Agents for The Wizard.

SOUTH DAVENPORT AND SALEM—L. Chandler & Co., Bank  
Poor, J. D. Howard.  
DANVER—D. P. Clough, (also general agent for the county.)  
The receipt of the above named Agents will be regarded as  
payments.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—We are obliged to  
omit several articles intended for this paper, some of which are  
in type. Our Lawrence and Lynn correspondents will each  
accept our thanks for their attentions.

"Another Day," and "I am almost there" will appear in a  
future number, but in a somewhat modified form.

"I" will excuse us if we exercise the editorial censorship in  
occasional clipping or rejecting articles which in our judgment  
are not fitted for circulation, with the readers of the Wizard.  
Such censorship is considered the undoubted duty as well as  
privilege of the editorial chair.

## Every Man his own Tailor.

There is no want of dignity in such a subject as  
"clothes." In fact, the philosophic eye sees nothing in  
the universe but clothes. Rightly considered, the material  
universe is the raiment of the immaterial, and, according to a German poet, "Nature is the visible  
garment of God." From holy writ we learn that some  
men are clothed with iniquity as with a garment.  
Ideas clothe themselves in air, and so become intelligible  
to the ear; they clothe themselves in ink, and so  
address the eye; they clothe themselves in steel and  
brass and carry him over the land and sea. Our fore-  
fathers' idea clothed itself in the Revolution. John  
Brown's idea clothed itself in the Harper's Ferry insur-  
rection. Every action is the garment of a conviction,  
and every person ought to be judged by the clothes he  
wears, though not in the sense in which that expres-  
sion is generally understood.

We know not why it is with a feeling of shame that  
we think of wearing second-hand coats, vests and pan-  
taloons, while without hesitation we shape our conduct  
by that of others, and make it a perfect patch-work  
of their whims and prejudices, and instead of weaving  
as the spider weaves her web from her own body, the  
tissue of a fair life from our own highest ideas of what  
is good and noble, we adopt this man's dictum in poli-  
tics, that man's in taste and the other's in religion, and  
so shuffle through existence uncomfortably and unsatis-  
factory enough.

People speak much of the "power of fashion." Fashion prescribes coal-hod bonnets, and straightway  
every female head is lost in a coal-hod. She orders a  
mere handful of lace and straw; straightway every  
head is nine-tenths lace. This year every body (that is,  
every female) wears two legs of mutton at the shoulders  
and we call it the surplice waist, (more correctly, we  
think, *surplus*.) Another year these same two legs of  
mutton may assume their natural position, and stand  
erect upon the shoulders;—the next, they may walk off  
entirely.

But, alas! it is not in the raiment of the body alone  
that we obey the mandates of fashion. We not only  
dress but we are too apt to live after the notions of others.  
We do not insist on ourselves—we imitate. We  
yield our own convictions to the opinions of this man  
and that man. Emerson says, "It is easy in the world  
to live of the world's opinion. It is easy in solitude  
to live after our own. The great mind is that, which, in  
the midst of the world, preserves the sweetness and in-  
dependence of solitude."

Let us, in this garment of life that we are weaving,  
and by which (God is to judge us, reject every pattern  
but the one great master-pattern, which we can never  
hope to equal, but which we may humbly try to imi-  
tate. Let us try to have every thread bright and gold-  
en. Let us wear it so that there shall be no wrong  
side, so that it shall appear to God and our consciences  
as it appears to our fellow men. Then we shall not  
stand spiritually naked, shivering at the gates of Hea-  
ven, but, robed in the glorious uniform of the angels,  
shall take our places with the great and noble souls that  
have gone before us.

## Amusements.

EAGLE ASSEMBLY, No. 1, came off at Sutton Hall last  
evening, and was a decidedly good party. About seventy couples were present. The music was  
by Wyatt & Parsons' Band, and of course was good.  
Among the guests was Chief Engineer Robbins, of  
Gardner, Maine. The second takes place to-morrow  
evening at the same place.

GINNY FOSTER ASSEMBLY, No. 6, (and the last of  
the course) came off last evening at Town Hall, and  
was well attended. We learn that the company have  
been very successful in this course. Emerson & Fax-  
on's band have furnished the music, and musical  
critics say, have made great improvement since last  
year, and are ranked high as a quadrille band.

VOLUNTEER ASSEMBLY, No. 5, will take place next  
Wednesday, Feb. 1, and the SOCIAL and party  
courses of this evening—both at Sutton Hall.

RESIGNATION.—Mr. L. P. Brickett, the popular  
and efficient teacher of the Wallis grammar school in  
this town, has resigned his situation, to take effect ear-  
ly in February, having been elected to take charge of  
the grammar school in Ward Three, Woodland, in  
Lynn, at a salary of \$1000. Mr. Brickett has been a  
successful teacher in this town for several years, and  
has won the approbation of committee, pupils and par-  
ents by his faithfulness to his duties, his genial manners  
and his peculiar tact in the business of discipline and  
instruction. The announcement of his intended de-  
parture was received with great and unaffected sorrow  
by his pupils, in which parents and citizens also partici-  
pate. Their best wishes accompany him to his new  
field of labor.

PAIRS AND LEVERS.—It will be seen by reference to  
notices, that the ladies of both the Universalist Soci-  
eties in South Danvers and that in Danvers are to have  
social gatherings, the former at Sutton Hall, and the  
latter at the spacious rooms under their new church.  
Great attractions are offered, but one of the greatest on  
these occasions, is the kind and friendly greeting of  
friends who would not otherwise be so likely to meet  
in social intercourse.

The salary of Rev. Mr. Wheeler, the pastor  
of the Unitarian Church in this town, has, by vote  
of the society, been increased from one thousand to  
twelve hundred dollars. Mr. Wheeler has had several  
invitations from other societies, with the offer of in-  
creased compensation, all of which he has steadily de-  
clined.

## Destructive Fire!

About quarter to 11 o'clock, on Monday night, fire  
was discovered issuing from the Tannery of Mr. James  
M. Southwick, by which the greater part of this exten-  
sive establishment was destroyed. The tannery was an  
irregular pile of wooden buildings, built at different  
times, and of unequal height. Through the vigorous  
and well directed exertions of the firemen, two build-  
ings were saved, although severely scorched by the  
flames. The principal loss was in the building and  
machinery, the latter consisting of steam engine, mills,  
&c. There was but trifling loss of stock. The entire  
loss by the fire, may be about \$7000. Insured at the  
Ethna office, Hartford.

Of the cause of the fire, nothing is known. It took  
place at a distance from the boilers, where no fire is  
kept, and at 8 o'clock one of the employees of the es-  
tablishment was on the spot and all was right. At 9  
o'clock the private watchman of the place passed near  
it to strike his bell and nothing was then seen of fire or  
smoke. He was first notified of the fire by Mr. Wm.  
Osborn, and Bowens, of the town watch, and the bell  
was immediately rung and the alarm given.

Various are the conjectures as to the real cause of  
the fire. It is well known that in such an establish-  
ment, the fine bark dust is easily ignited by a spark  
and will continue smouldering a long time, unless it  
comes in contact with wood work, when it will burst  
into a flame. The wind at the time was right to carry  
a spark from a passing locomotive or it might come  
from the tall chimney of the boilers. While such  
liability exists, we hardly need to resort to the suspi-  
cions of incendiarism.

Mr. Southwick, who enjoys the confidence and re-  
spect of our whole community, has also their sympathy  
for this new loss and disappointment.

We take this opportunity to acknowledge the im-  
portant aid received by our firemen and those from the  
neighboring cities and towns. We noticed the pres-  
ence of the following companies:

Young America, No. 2, Relief, No. 3, Lafayette, No.  
4, Naumkeag, No. 5, Sutton, No. 7, Active, No. 8, Con-  
stitution, No. 9, Adams, No. 10, Hope House, No. 11,  
of Salem. Gen. Putnam No. 1, of Danvers. Fire King  
No. 4, of Beverly, while going over the new street  
leading from Main to Walnut street was tipped bottom  
upwards without injuring a man, but was righted, and  
did efficient service. August No. 4, of Danvers, of  
Marblehead, and Empire No. 5, of Lynn, were also pre-  
sent, the latter was an hour in coming over, and getting  
a stream on the fire.

T. BARNINGTON MACALESTER.—The late arrivals  
from Europe inform us of the sudden extinguishment of  
this light of literature. It is one of the coincidences which  
may well be called remarkable, that three gifted gen-  
iuses, like IRVING, DE QUINCEY and MACALESTER should  
in a single month, have rested from their labors. In  
some notable respects they were alike. They exhibit  
strong graphic powers as to throw an interest and even  
dignity around minor subjects. They all give pictu-  
resque and vivid sketches of individual character and  
feelings, not attainable by less able writers. It is re-  
markable, too, that while our distinguished countryman  
had his merits proclaimed if not first recognized  
on the other side of the Atlantic, it was in this country  
that the brilliant essays of the two eminent British writ-  
ers, were first collected and published. It is undoubt-  
edly true that it is in this country that all three had  
the largest circle of readers and admirers. Many will  
sincerely regret that the great modern historian has  
been thus cut down with so much of his work unfin-  
ished.

DR. CHAPIN'S LECTURE, at the Peabody Institute,  
last week was largely attended, crowding the house to  
its fullest capacity. A correspondent speaks of it as  
follows:

The immense crowd, and the breathless attention for  
one hour and more, speak unmistakably, the popularity  
of this eminent speaker. It was indeed an eloquent  
performance. It would be presumptuous in us, to  
criticize, what so many admired. We could not but  
think of the admiration of the poet Burns, as he rapidly  
glanced at the follies of the times—particularly the  
folly of attempting to be witty without wit.

It would seem proper, the gentle gig us,  
To see ourselves as others see us,  
It would from many a blunder free us,  
An' foolish notion.

## For The Wizard.

MR. EMERSON.—After having discovered the meaning  
of S. S. placed where you indicated, the community  
would, I think, feel greatly obliged if you would ex-  
plain the two characters placed upon all the bound-  
stones between South Danvers and Danvers. One let-  
ter resembles an old fashioned pot hook, the other is  
out of my power to suggest to what it bears resem-  
blance; then again the quality of the stones is not a  
great recommendation of the superior granite which  
South Danvers affords. Perhaps the town authorities  
felt poor just about the time those stones were placed.  
It is sad that those stones will not be allowed to re-  
main long to disgrace the present generation.

NERVE OF WOMAN. If any one doubts the power of  
woman to overcome emergency, let him but glance for a  
moment at an incident that actually occurred at the  
recent calamity at Lawrence.

As I was passing through the City Hall, I was shown  
the fingers of a young girl, who escaped alive, when the  
flames had nearly reached her, by leaving her fingers in  
machinery, where they had been caught in the first  
crash. These fingers were afterwards found, and actu-  
ally corresponded to her loss.

Look also at the girl who descended from the fourth  
story, hand over hand, and escaped unhurt. No other  
instances of presence of mind are rarely found. Never  
to our knowledge, among men.

ESOTIC.—The following is a puzzle. Will some  
"girl or woman" among our readers solve it?  
I'm the stoutest of voices in orchestra heard,  
And yet in an orchestra never have been;  
I'm a bird of bright plumage, but less like a bird  
Nothing in nature ever was seen—  
Touching earth I expire—in water I die—  
In air I lose breath, yet can swim and can fly;  
Darkness destroys me, and light is my death;  
You can't keep me alive without stopping my breath;  
If my name can't be guessed by a boy or a man,  
By a girl or a woman it certainly can.

CONSUMPTION.—Why is the water of the Salem and  
Danvers Aqueduct Company like Jonah in the whale's  
belly?  
Because a great profit comes out of it.  
Why are seamstresses like apparitions?  
Because they "come like shadows,—sow,—depart."

Some men are so covetous, as if they were to die  
forever, and others so profuse, as if they were to live  
the next moment.—Aristotle.

## Lawrence Tragedy.

The following communication comes from a source so  
reliable, the writer a native of this town having long  
been employed in the Mills (from which he had a nar-  
row escape at the time of the disaster) that we are glad  
to be able to present it to our readers. One of our own  
intelligent master mechanics with whom we conversed  
last week, who has visited Lawrence, came to the same  
conclusion as to the primary cause of the disaster.

Mr. Editor—Is your correspondent "P" entirely  
correct in his suggestions as to what caused the fall of  
the Lamberton mill? Regarding the sandy nature of  
the soil on which the foundation rests, it is not equally  
applicable to the whole valley of the Merrimack, through  
Lowell, Nashua and Manchester? Every expert who  
has viewed the ruins has testified, that the foundations  
are as firm and perfect as when laid. Now does it fol-  
low that because on one night, it was deemed advisable  
to sink to the depth of twenty feet that this site requires  
it. It has been proved that the walls were of insuffi-  
cient thickness. The sustaining power of these walls  
was calculated upon scientific estimates. Our most  
accomplished engineers testify that walls twice as thick  
would not have sustained falling floors, but would also  
have gone down as these did, and for that purpose in-  
creased thickness would have been no advantage. It  
does not prove that as our ancestors built chimneys  
that required four times the quantity of bricks now  
used, those at present built, are not equally as servile.  
"P" considers the extreme width of, and great  
number of windows in, the mill, and that feature of a  
trifling trifling tendency. Yet all testify  
in some of which where there are looms in the  
upper stories, water is spilled from a pair two thirds  
full. Was the cause in the extreme length of beam  
between the pillars? Here again the testimony shows  
that the floors had sagged no more than in other mills,  
and that no more than usual of "leveling up shafting"  
was done, and up to the last moment everything was  
running smoothly, when without warning the floors  
fell and the mill was wrecked.

If you could see the fragments of the hollow pillars  
now at city hall, perhaps you would require no fur-  
ther evidence of the cause than the imperfections  
of the exhibit. You can judge by the ineffectual testimony  
if it is not so. Ought an entire structure to have fal-  
len through the leakage of one supporter? Every  
one if perfect would sustain a given weight, and the  
engineer did not calculate upon the giving away of any  
one or more, in the immediate vicinity perhaps of other  
faulty ones. Then why were such pillars used, or not  
properly tested? Mr. Putnam the treasurer, who  
visited his mill as the engineer, obtained them of a  
party in Boston who had furnished them for some of  
the best stores in that city. He would not be likely  
to spring what I call a "trap" to ruin himself. He  
supposed a responsible party would not injure their rep-  
utation by turning out faulty castings. The question  
is, were they properly tested at the foundry above  
they had been, by hammering, or ringing, or even  
by outside appearances? It is rather enlightening to  
notice what persons at a distance think may have caused  
the disaster. Somebody in N. Y. state suggests  
that uniformity in the loom motion did it. This even  
if it happened in a time it is not applicable. As the  
looms were, where they should be, in the basement.  
Some person in Providence, who was at work putting  
up machinery during the building of the wall as an  
employee of a contractor of that city told Mr. Lawrence  
and others, that a bed of stone supporting a main shaft  
was not firm enough and would eventually cause trouble  
and now gives his opinion publicly that what he had  
foretold has come to pass. He might have been correct  
but he doesn't. The bed now remains as whole as ever.  
I was much struck by an answer given by a witness at  
the inquest. He was asked if he thought the mill  
vibrated much. He replied "that he did not think  
it did, much, that he never knew it to but once."  
When was that? "Was the engine at work." "When  
it fell," was the solemn answer.

Lawrence, Jan. 19, 1860.

"TWO BROWN LAMBS." Why do not our farmers pay  
more attention to the raising of sheep? It has been de-  
monstrated again and again that sheep will pay, when  
properly cared for, and what is there that will pay  
without such care? But when the argument is pressed  
home upon them, they find an apology for their neglect  
of this duty, by saying they are afraid to try to keep  
sheep, because there are so many playboy dogs about;  
and that they have read or heard of sheep being killed  
by dogs. So have we known here to be chased by a  
dog, and sometimes caught, but does any one refuse to  
keep them on this account? It is easy for lazy persons  
to persuade themselves, that what they don't want to do,  
must be done. But this does not, by any means,  
prove that it ought not to be done.

We remember it was shown, a few years since, by an  
observing and practical farmer, who is constant in at-  
tendance at the Orthodox Church on the Sabbath, and  
sometimes spoken of as having raised thirty-six feet of  
boys, that sheep would clean pastures of offensive busi-  
ness and brambles. Are there not sufficient pastures around  
this infested to induce the introduction of sheep? If  
farmers would grow their own wool, and teach their  
girls to spin it, instead of spinning street yarn, and dis-  
playing their criminalities, to the annoyance of all who  
come in their way, they would do a good service.

## For The Wizard.

IMPROVEMENT.—The domestic lamp chimneys, now in  
use, are quite a snug little tax for a poor family. By  
a little care you can get along with burning only one  
an evening. Cniding there are 305 days in a year,  
and the retail price of a chimney is 12 cents—which  
would be \$36.80 a year—we think it is quite a  
saving to buy kerosene lamps, and would recommend  
them to all who have plenty of loose change to spare.  
Families when they lay in their winter's fuel and pro-  
visions, should not neglect to lay in a load or two of  
these glass bubbles, provided they can get them at a  
discount.

SALEM STATE NORMAL SCHOOL. We have received  
the Register and Circular of this Institution for the  
Fall and Winter Term of 1859-60, giving a list of Fac-  
ulty and students and the general regulations for its  
government. We are among the pupils but one name  
from South Danvers. In former terms there have al-  
ways been several of our young ladies receiving the  
benefits of this valuable State Institution. We choose  
to refer this absence of South Danvers pupils, to the  
excellent advantages they receive in attendance at our  
Peabody High School, and not from indifference to  
the importance of securing a good education.

The whole number of students in attendance at the  
Normal School during the term is 131.  
Candidates must be 16 years of age, of good moral  
character, and pass a satisfactory examination in Read-  
ing, Spelling, Declining, Writing, Arithmetic, English  
Grammar, Geography and the History of the United  
States.

WHAT A NAME.—The division of Sons of Temperance  
at Milton, Mass. in the title of "Knapsack and  
Division No. 30." A man could not pronounce that  
name if he was not perfectly sober.  
It is said that at Washington, the test of sobriety  
among members of Congress, is their ability to pro-  
nounce correctly the word "Constitutional." Some  
of them are apt to call it "Con-u-shall."

Thinking is the best exerted privilege of cultivated  
humanity.

## The Broad Church.

Much has been said and written, on both sides of the  
Atlantic, of the Broad Church. We look upon it as  
rather an intangible affair—shadowy and ghostly.  
Still, people talk and write of it, as if it had a veritable  
existence. Perhaps it has. There also may be a nar-  
row church, and this is fully as palpable as the other.  
Every man has the idea of them both in his own  
mind, but it is probably different from every other  
man's idea of them. Dr. Ballows thought he had a  
glimpse of the Broad Church, and proposed a ritual  
It vanished from his vision, and he has not since been  
able to see it. The Professor at the Breakfast-table  
tried his hand upon it, and attempted to describe it in  
his December article in the Atlantic Monthly. We  
sometimes find it difficult to follow the Professor's va-  
garies, but we suppose, if he intended to provide a  
priesthood for the Broad Church, he would do it after  
something like the following receipt:

Receipt to make twelve Members of the Broad Church.  
To two Orthodox and two Unitarian Congregational-  
ists, add, of Baptist, Universalist and Methodist, one  
each. Then put in half a Millerite, two thirds of an  
Episcopalian, three quarters of a Quaker and a third  
of a Swedenborgian. Put the whole into the cauldron of  
charity, and let them simmer until they are completely  
blended. Now stir in an unlimited quantity, (the  
more the better,) of pure Catholicity, leaving the Ro-  
man out. Agitate the compound, and if any scum arises,  
skim it off. When it is of the consistency of jelly,  
set it aside to cool. If you wish to have it cool quick-  
ly, put in a little cold Unitarian. If you wish to delay  
it, immerse a little Baptist. If, after cooling, it is not  
stiff enough, add more Episcopalian. If salt is wanted,  
throw in the heart of a Moravian missionary. If not  
sweet enough, add more Quaker. Hard shell Baptist  
to your taste. Divide the mass into twelve equal parts,  
and mould into form.

## Responsibility.

There is a true and false definition of this word.  
The true defines a man of large and noble heart, a dis-  
position cheerful and genial, a character as far removed  
from affected dignity and upstart pretension, as from  
sordid aims and unworthy pursuits, and one that de-  
mands respect from his real merits, and not from any  
ostentatious claims to it. The false, is a thing of starch  
and buckram, of swelling pride and bloated self impor-  
tance. When we see one of these specimens of a false  
respectability, we always have an irresistible inclina-  
tion to take the sharp point of our penknife and let the  
out of him. We have heard of persons dying of  
respectability, and this is the most virulent kind, and  
most likely to carry off those who may have a severe  
attack of it. It is hypocritical as well as hypocritical,  
and has more of moroseness than geniality. It is cheer-  
less and cold. It frowns at the thought of mirth, and  
turns pale at the sight of enjoyment, however rational.  
It confounds humor with frivolity, and cannot appreciate  
wit. It cannot even see it unless in its coarsest and  
broadest forms. It has grave doubts as to the veracity  
of Mother Goose, and wonders what Washington Ir-  
ving meant by Knickerbocker's history of New York.  
It is too cautious to command respect, and stamps its  
character of apologetic indolence on its possessor.

## For The Wizard.

WHISTLING BOYS AND SMOKING MEN. No one can  
pass through the street, without being annoyed by one  
of these nuisances. We would not object to whistling,  
when done scientifically, as the black chimney sweep  
does it. But when done, as most of the boys in the  
street do it, it becomes an offensive violation of good  
taste and good manners. We would recommend to  
these young gentlemen, (as they probably think them-  
selves to be) to take lessons of Black Frank, before they  
undertake to perform any more in the public street.  
As to smoking men, whether they are long nines, or  
short stives, or pipes with plated covers, a la mode,  
the Irish laborer, they are, and always have been, a nu-  
isance.

We suspect that our correspondent is a smoker of  
Principles and Opera, or other fancy brands, and thus  
has imbibed a prejudice against the plebeian long nines  
and stives, as well as the clay pipe. Has he ever read  
Charles Sprague's address to his cigar? For his recent  
quote from memory, the two first stanzas.

Yes, social friend, I love thee well,  
In learned Ductor's spite,  
I love thy fragrant, misty spell,  
I love thy calm delight.

What though they are so near, with plumes long,  
Our nostrils are sooner past,  
I would not, with thee, reason strong,  
They're smother while they last.

As to whistling, what pleasant sight than to see the  
school boy, unconscious of care, whistling as he goes,  
"for want of thought?" It is the spontaneous out-  
gushing of animal spirits and youthful glee which must  
have vent, and it distinguishes the ingenious youth from  
the care-worn man. We hope he will never learn to  
whistle scientifically. We like his natural music much  
better.

NEW GAS LIGHT! A new discovery in illumina-  
tion of houses and shops has been made, which is likely  
to affect the interests of the Gas Companies. Johnson's  
Gas Light is found to furnish a more brilliant flame  
than is obtained from the coal gas, and at a cheaper  
rate. The cost is less than a cent per hour to each  
burner, and it can be used either through fixtures, or  
in moveable lamps.

We learn that its brilliancy, and the cheapness of its  
cost, has been satisfactorily tested in the Vestry of the  
Universalist Church in Danvers, where it meets with  
great favor. B. F. Stevens, Jeweler, Main street, is the  
sole agent for this article in South Danvers, and will  
be glad to exhibit and explain its qualities to any who  
may call upon him. See Advertisement.

TEACHERS' CONVENTION.—We see by the Andover  
Advertiser that a Convention of Teachers and friends  
of Education in that vicinity, is to be held at Sutton's  
mills this afternoon and evening. Gen. H. K. Oliver  
and others will address the meeting.

The same paper informs us that the following mem-  
bers of the Theo. Seminary have recently received liv-  
ings to preach: Temple Cutler, Norman Seaver,  
Henry D. Woodworth, Charles R. Milliken, A. L.  
Frisbie and Samuel K. Asbury.

Some little excitement was occasioned by the burst-  
ing of a piece of steam pipe in the mill owned by Eben  
Sutton, Esq. Quite a shock was felt in the different  
rooms. Many of the operatives (doubtless thinking  
that the mill was about to fall) rushed from the mill,  
and some even leaped from the windows, and made  
ment the mill still stands.

We learn that Mr. Upton had a fine public exhibition  
by his pupils at his school in Danvers, where tickets  
were in great demand, and the exhibition gave delight  
to a large audience.

## Cherokee Almanac.

We have received from a Missionary friend, whose  
station is in the Indian Territory, among the Cherokee  
Indians, an almanac for 1860, printed at the mission  
press in the Cherokee and English languages on alter-  
nate pages. Besides the calendar pages and usual in-  
formation contained in an almanac, it has a record of  
the principal officers of the Government and Judiciary,  
and accounts of the Cherokee Bible and Temperance  
Societies. JOHN ROSS is the Principal Chief, and  
JOS. VANN, Assistant Chief. There is a list of mem-  
bers of the Legislature, Sheriffs, &c., all showing their  
progress in civilization, while the names of the mem-  
bers and of the Districts are indicative enough of the  
semi-barbarism from which, by the efforts of devoted  
missionaries, they have been rescued.

For instance, we find that the members from the Go-  
ing-Snake District are named Bad-Grits and Cricket  
Six-killer!—a strange combination, suggestive of ven-  
om and revolvers. Crab-grass is the honorable mem-  
ber from Sequoyah District and Bad Puppy is Sheriff of  
the same District, Dah-yu-le-se-ne Foster being Judge.  
Of another District we find Dick Benge, Judge, and  
Kick-up, Solicitor. Among the other jurists we find  
the names of Dushyhead, Rope, Whorl-berry and  
Brush-wood. We see also that Laugh-at-musk is Vice  
President of the Temperance Society.

It contains an account of the Annual meeting at  
Tahlequah of the Cold Water Army on Independence  
day, when, it says 163 soldiers were present and refers  
to other forces of the same organization. The next An-  
nual Review is notified to be held at the same place on  
July 4, 1860.

The characters of the Cherokee Alphabet have a gen-  
eral resemblance to the Greek and Tamil letters. The  
almanac is respectfully printed and has 34 pages.

We learn that the M. E. Society of this town, have  
their meeting house almost ready to re-open, and that  
they expect to dedicate it on Thursday of next week.  
The dedication sermon will be preached by Dr. Haven  
of Boston. The Rev. W. R. Clark, of Lynn, will  
preach in the evening. We expect a further notice in  
our issue of next week.

MATTER OF FACT PEOPLE.—The inability of some  
people to comprehend a jest is well illustrated in the  
case of a man who was seated in his office, which  
was of rather limited dimensions. A visitor remarked  
that it was hardly large enough to swing a cat by the  
tail. With admirable simplicity he replied "Why—  
my dear sir, I don't want to swing a cat by the tail!"

Uninterrupted sunshine would parch our hearts; we  
want shade and rain to cool and refresh them. ANON.

Joseph J. Rider,  
Jewelry, Silver

Plated Ware,  
Advertised in the  
WIZARD.

Read his advertisements. Call and examine his  
Goods, and judge of quality, prices and styles for your-  
selves.

## A Card.

The subscriber tenders his thanks to the Firemen of  
South Danvers, Salem and the neighboring towns, for  
their efforts to save his property from destruction at the  
fire on Monday night.

JAMES M. SOUTHWICK.

South Danvers, January 24, 1860.

## Dancing Academy.

SUBSCRIBERS to MR. UPTON'S CLASS, in  
Dancing, are notified that the first lesson will be  
given this Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 25th, commencing  
at two o'clock.

On the first afternoon, the teacher would be pleased  
to see the parents and those interested, present.

## DANCING ACADEMY

SUTTON'S NEW HALL.

SCHOOL for instruction in Dancing on the AR-  
CADE, for Masters and Misses, Young Ladies  
and Gentlemen.

Mr. Eben Upton Jr. would respectfully announce to  
the Ladies and Gentlemen of So. Danvers and vicinity,  
that he proposes to form a class for juveniles and others  
as above, to commence as soon as a sufficient number  
can be obtained. The course of instruction to include  
Steps and Figures, Lancers, Caledonia, Polka, Redowa,  
and Waltz Quadrilles. Schottische, Valse, &c.  
A subscription paper may be found at the store of  
Mr. T. A. Sweetser, where terms, reference, and particu-  
lars will be ascertained. Jan 18-60

Joseph J. Rider, dealer in Jewelry and Silver Ware,  
will remove to New Store 188 Essex St. (West Block)  
when completed.

## South Danvers Post Office.

MAIL ARRANGEMENT.  
ON and after THURSDAY, December 1st, 1859, Mails will  
arrive daily, (Sundays excepted) at  
9:30 A. M. and at 3 P. M.  
and will close at 10:30 A. M. and at 4:30 P. M.  
California Mails close the 4th and 10th of each month at 10:30  
A. M. Foreign mails close every Tuesday and Friday at 10:30  
A. M. Post office open, (Sundays excepted) from 7 A. M. till  
8 P. M. A. R. FISKE, Post Master  
South Danvers, Dec. 5, 1859.

## Marriages.

In Danversport, Jan. 14, by Rev Mr Putnam, Mr  
Ivory S. Goodwin to Miss Mary Burnsville, both of  
Danvers; 19th, by Rev Mr Chaflin, Mr Chas E Herriek  
to Miss Adeline F Jenkins, both of Beverly.

## Deaths.

In South Danvers, Jan 22, Rebecca, widow of the  
late John Needham, 86 yrs 8 mos.  
In Danvers, Jan 12, Miss Madeline Clifford, 23 yrs.  
In Salem, Jan 21, Mr Ezra W Upton, printer, 29 yrs  
formerly of this town; 22nd, Mr Samuel Noah, 63 yrs;  
23d, Mrs Elizabeth, widow of the late Mr John Bell,  
70 yrs.  
In Ipswich, Jan 20, Miss Desire Dean, of Salem, 69  
yrs 8 mos.

## CONFORM TO THE TIMES.

## BOOTS AND SHOES AT COST FOR THIRTY DAYS.

THE Subscriber offers his entire stock of Boots and Shoes  
at Cost for Thirty Days.  
Consisting of a great variety of Men's, Boys' and Yarn-  
Thick, Kip, Grain and Calf Boots, Women's, Misses and  
Children's Boots and Shoes, of every description usually found  
in a retail store.  
All those in want, will do well to call at his Store on Central  
street, opposite the South Church, as better bargains will be  
given than has ever been offered in this place, for cash.  
J. MORRISON, AGENT.

A new supply  
Goldens, Cups,  
Joseph







Professional Cards.

THOMAS M. STIMPSON,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
191 Essex Street, Salem.

B. C. PERKINS,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
So. Danvers—Office in Allen's Building.

M. O. WILEY,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
Office, Allen's Building, So. Danvers.

IVES & PEABODY,  
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,  
Have removed their Office to  
Rooms formerly occupied by Hon. Otis P. Lord,  
No. 27 Washington Street, Salem,  
STEPHEN B. Ives, Jr. JAMES B. PEABODY.  
December 7, 1899.

ALFRED A. ABBOTT,  
Attorney and Counsellor,  
Office, No. 224 Essex Street, Salem;  
House, Main St., So. Danvers.

SIDNEY C. BANCROFT,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
27 Washington Street, Salem.

Mr. Bancroft may be found mornings and evenings, at his  
home office, at his residence in South Danvers.

A. S. CRAWFORD,  
DENTIST,  
No. 4 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS SQUARE.  
Mechanical Dentistry Neatly Executed.  
Teeth Extracted by Electricity without Extra Charge.  
dec 7

W. L. BOWDOIN,  
SURGEON DENTIST,  
No. 219 Essex Street, Salem, (Opposite the Market).  
Residence—No. 27 Washington Street.  
Jan 11-19

F. POOLE,  
INSURANCE AGENT,  
Allen's Building (up stairs),  
Deeds drawn, and other common forms.

WILLIAM J. LUNT,  
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FRUIT,  
AYER's Building, Central St., So. Danvers.

Oranges, Lemons, Figs, Currants, Citron, Prunes,  
Olives, Carrots, Nuts of all kinds, Dry and Preserved On-  
ions, Sardines, Cigars, Confectionery, Jellies and Jams, To-  
mato, Walnut and Chestnut Ketchup, French and American  
Mustard, Worcestershire and other Sauces.

E. S. FLINT,  
Manufacturer and Dealer in  
INNER SOLES,  
AND SHOE STIFFENINGS OF ALL KINDS,  
2 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS.

JOSEPH J. RIDER,  
(Late of the firm of Bridge, Lummas & Rider, Man-  
ufacturing Jewellers of New York.)  
DEALER IN

FINE JEWELRY,  
WATCHES, AND ALL KINDS OF  
GOLD AND SILVER SPECIMENS.  
No. 111 Essex St., SALEM.

SALEM.

CHEAP CASH STORE  
IN SOUTH DANVERS.  
WEST INDIA GOODS, DRY GOODS, TEAS,  
FLOUR AND GRAIN, HARD WARE,  
CUTLERY, &c., &c.

Teas, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Nutmegs, Mace, Spice,  
Cocoa, Chocolate, Vanilla, Sassafras, Soda, Potash,  
Cream Tartar, Fennel, Corn Starch, Tapioca, Sago,  
Cassia and Fine Salt, Tobacco and Cigars.  
Butter, Cheese, Pork, Lard, Bacon.

Kerosene Oil, Spindle Oil, Lard Oil, Fluid,  
Wooden Ware,  
Pails, Buckets, and Tubs, Baskets, Boxes, Brooms,  
Brushes,  
Clothes lines, Bed Cord, Rope.

Stove, Shovel, Wash, Dust, Floor and Horse,  
Currie Combs, Cattle Cams, Whips,  
Crochets,  
White Granite Tea Sets, and Dining Sets, Pitch-  
ers, Bowls, Chamber Sets, Castors and Bottles,  
Glass Ware, Stone Ware, Earthen Ware.

Plated Ware,  
Silver Plated Spoons, Silver Plated Butter Knives,  
Silver Plated Forks, Silver Plated Salt Spoons.

Cutlery,  
Knives and Forks, Bread Knives, Shoe Knives,  
Pocket Knives, Chopping Knives,  
Hard Ware,  
Shovels, Spades, Garden Trawls, Hoes, Iron Rakes,  
Hay Tools, Saws, Files, Gimblets, Carpet Tacks,  
Screws, Bed Castors, &c., &c., &c.

Dry Goods,  
Broad Cloths, Don Skins, Variety of Pant Goods and  
Vestings, Bleached and Brown Sheetings and Shirtings,  
Ticking, Denims, Factory Check, Hickory, Hosiery  
and Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Dress Brads, White and  
Colored Spool and Skein Cottons, Colored Cambrics  
and Shirts, Dress Goods, Flannels and Brown Linen  
Table Covers, Embossed Table Cloths, Colored Table  
Cloths, Cotton and Silk Valves, Tailors' Trimmings,  
Clothing.

Genl's Furnishing Goods, Silk and Woolen Shirts,  
and Drawers, Collars and Neckties, Neck Ties, Linen  
Buttons, Suspenders, &c.

Medicines,  
A good assortment of Patent Medicines, Russia Salve,  
Goulden's Bitters, Atwood's Bitters, Skinner's Bitters,  
Essences and Extracts, Castor Oil, Salts, Sulphur.

Fruits,  
Dates, Prunes, Raisins, Nuts, &c.

All the above-named Goods can be found in the above  
store, and will be sold at the lowest prices for cash;  
and to which we would call the attention of the citi-  
zens of this place and vicinity, assuring them that we  
have adopted the LOW PRICE SYSTEM, and we are  
happy to say to our friends, our customers, and to all  
that purchasers can rely upon getting better goods, and  
more of them, for their money, than at any other store  
in this place.

R. O. SPILLER,  
Nos. 131 and 133 Main Street, South Danvers.

AMERICAN ALMANAC and Tribune Alma-  
nacs for 1900, for sale by  
J. J. PALMER, 191 Essex St., Salem.

BURNHAM'S

SOUTH DANVERS AND BOSTON  
Railroad and Wagon Express.

Railroad Freight Train leaves for Boston, at 6 p.m.  
Leaves Boston for South Danvers at 10 a.m.  
Wagon Express leaves for Boston at 4 p.m.  
Leaves Boston at 10 a.m.

Railroad Express, for collecting and paying Bills, Notes, Drafts  
and transmission of Orders and Small Packages, &c.,  
Leaves South Danvers at 10 a.m., 4 p.m.  
Leaves Boston at 10 a.m., 4 p.m.

TEAMS FURNISHED FOR EXTRA JOBS AT SHORT NOTICE.  
Orders to be left in South Danvers at the store of W. M.  
Jacobs & Son, on Main Street, and at the office on Central  
Street, opposite the Salem and Lowell Depot.

Office in Boston, No. 3 Washington Street, and No. 7 Black-  
stone Street, and an order box at No. 28 Pearl Street.

E. F. BURNHAM, Proprietor.  
WESTER F. BURNHAM, Agent.  
South Danvers, Jan. 4, 1900.

REED'S

SO. DANVERS & BOSTON RAILROAD  
EXPRESS.

Leave South Danvers at 5:12 p.m.  
Boston, 5:12 p.m.

Orders to be left at R. O. Spiller's store, Main St.,  
and at Freight Depot, South Danvers Square.

OFFICE IN BOSTON, NO. 1 FULTON ST.  
Particular attention paid to removing Furniture,  
collecting Bills, Notes, Drafts, &c.

Express leaves S. Danvers at 10 a.m. Boston, 2:12 p.m.

Goods called for and delivered in Boston and  
South Danvers.

S. F. REED,  
South Danvers, Jan 4-19

PINGREE'S JOB WAGON.

THIS subscriber is still prepared to do all kinds of Job Work  
and Hauling, such as removing Furniture and Merchandise  
of any description about town, or to and from the neigh-  
boring towns.

Orders will be received at the Essex Railroad Station, and at  
E. S. Flint's store, on the Square.

Thankful for past favors, he would solicit a continuance of  
the same.

W. H. PINGREE,  
South Danvers, 1899.

Abbott's South Danvers and Salem  
EXPRESS.

Leave South Danvers, 7 a.m., 1 p.m.  
Leave Salem, 7 a.m., 1 p.m.

Orders left at Teal & Moulton's, and principal stores on Main  
Street, South Danvers; and at 7 Washington Street, and at  
Reed's in the Market, Salem.

UPTON'S STEAM REFINED  
LIQUID GLUE.

Save the Pieces!  
In every family, articles of Furniture, the children's Toys,  
Ornaments, &c., are being continually broken, and the  
fragments are thrown aside as useless, from the want of some  
convenient substance with which to unite them. This want is  
completely supplied by Upton's Liquid Glue.

It is always ready, and up to the sticking point.  
Apply the glue to the fractured parts, secure the pieces to-  
gether until dry, and the article is as good as new.

It is a perfect substitute for common glue, for all purposes.  
Price 25 cents. For sale by Druggists and Stationers gen-  
erally.

T. A. Sweetser, Apothecary,  
No. 37 South  
Main St., Danvers.

J. PERLEY, JR. & CO.,  
BOOK-BINDERS

Blank Book Manufacturers,  
191 Essex Street, Salem.

Blank Account Books of every pattern, ruled and bound to  
order. Periodicals and Magazines of every description, bound  
in every variety of style, on reasonable terms. Particular at-  
tention given to binding Music. All orders promptly  
attended to.

Jan 11-19

Gas Heating and Cooking Stoves.

(Wm. F. Shaw's Patent, Boston, Mass.)  
E. H. STATEN,  
SOLE AGENT FOR SOUTH DANVERS, SALEM,  
BEVERLY AND MARBLEHEAD.

STATEN'S method of Cooking by Gas. The toughest heat  
ever made, which is rendered as tender as a feather.  
This method of Cooking is the result of a long and  
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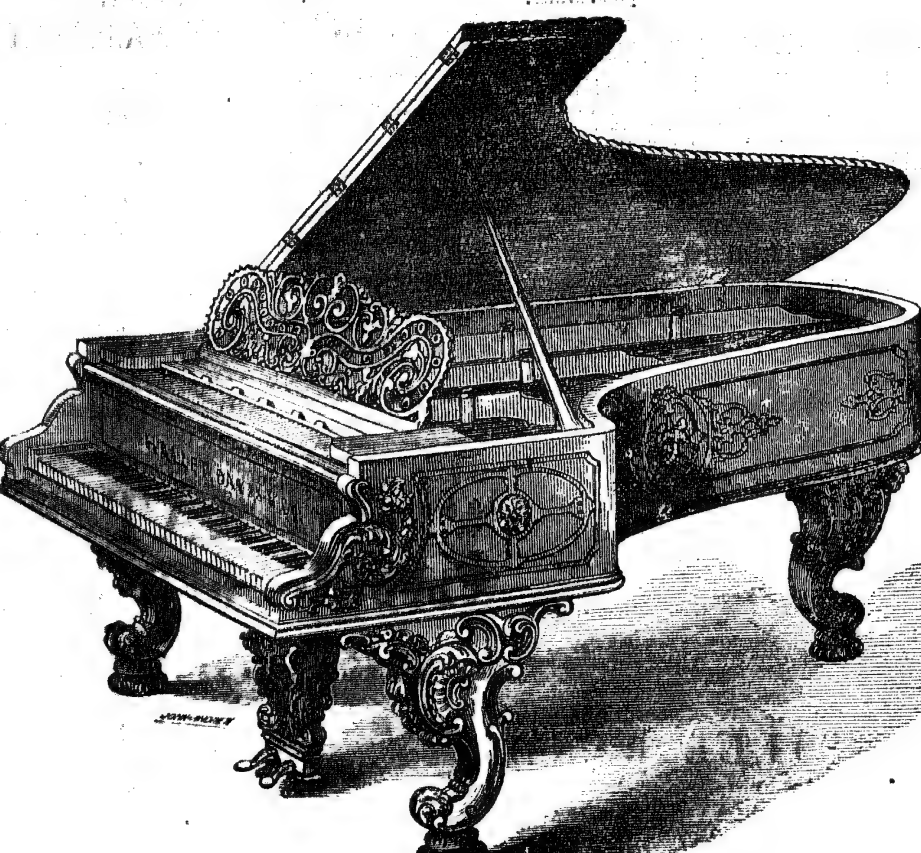
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D. B. BROOKS & BROTHER,  
201 Essex St., and 6 Central St.,  
Agents for SALEM, SOUTH DANVERS and Vicinity, for

HALLET, DAVIS & CO.'S  
CELEBRATED PIANOS.

They would refer to these Instruments now used in the Bowditch School, and Peabody High  
School, South Danvers.

These Pianos are considered by the best musicians to be equal, if not superior, to any other  
instrument before the public. The most favorable terms given to purchasers.

Illustrated Catalogues furnished gratis. Inspection is invited to their assortment of Pianos.

MASON & HAMLIN'S CELEBRATED MODEL MELODEONS AND HARMONIUMS  
now on exhibition at their Elegant Music Rooms.

SO. DANVERS PERIODICAL STORE.

L. CHANDLER & CO.,  
191 Essex Street, Salem.

WOULD respectfully announce to the citizens of  
South Danvers that they have taken part of the  
store occupied by D. B. Brooks & Bro., in Allen's  
Building, where they intend to keep a good supply of

Periodicals, Newspapers, Toys, &c.

The Boston Daily Herald, Journal, and Traveller,  
and all the principal Weekly Papers and Periodicals,  
can always be found on their counter.

dec 21-19

Gas and Steam Pipes and Gas Fixtures.

E. H. STATEN,  
GAS, STEAM AND WATER FITTER,  
101 Essex St., Lynde Block, Salem, Mass.

GAS FIXTURES  
Every description for lighting, Stoves, Furnaces, Public  
Buildings, Churches, &c.

Old Gas Fixtures and Lamps refurnished to look as well as  
new. Gas Ventilated Wrought Iron Pipes for Water, Rubber  
Hose Man head Gas Pipes. Sheet and Ring Packings for steam  
work constantly on hand.

Agents for G. B. BURBANK'S CARBIDE GAS BURNER, (Wood's  
Patent), the best and most economical gas burner in existence.  
Sole Agent for G. B. BURBANK'S CARBIDE GAS BURNER, (Wood's  
Patent), the best and most economical gas burner in existence.

E. H. STATEN, 101 Essex St., Lynde Block,  
Salem, Mass.

WILLIAM H. BURBECK,  
TAILOR AND DRAPER,  
249 ESSEX STREET. 249

(CHOCOLATE BLOCK)...SALEM.

WOULD inform his customers and the public, that he has  
on hand and is daily receiving for Fall and Winter trade,  
BROADCLOTH,  
DOESKINS,  
FANCY PANTS GOODS,  
VESTINGS, &c., &c.

which he will make to order, in the latest styles, and the most  
workmanlike manner.

TO PURCHASERS of New Custom Ready Made Clothing he  
would call their attention to the stock which is his own, and  
New York manufacture, made and cut in the best styles, and  
sold at the LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Also a General Assortment of Gent's Furnishing Goods,  
Fine Shirts made to order.

Mr. BURBECK'S will be found at this establishment,  
where he would be happy to receive the calls of his friends.

dec 7

CURRIER & MILLETT,  
Dealers in  
FURNITURE, CHAIRS,  
MATTRESSES, FEATHERS, &c.

259 & 261 ESSEX ST.

H. & H. G. HUBON,  
WASHINGTON STREET, SALEM,  
Manufacturers of  
Rose Wood, Mahogany, Black Walnut and  
Stained Wood

COFFINS AND CASKETS.

MAKING this our exclusive business, we are ready at all  
times and at the shortest notice to furnish Grave Cloths of  
various styles, as well as Coffins and Caskets of the finest  
quality. Personal attention given, and delivered without extra  
charge to any of the neighboring towns. All orders by ex-  
press or otherwise will receive prompt attention.

Black Walnut and White Wood  
Boards, Plank and Joists  
for sale.

dec 14-19

Cosmopolitan Art Association.

T. A. Sweetser, No. 37 Main Street, South Danvers,  
receives subscriptions to this Institution, where can be  
seen the fine engraving of Shakespeare and his Friends.  
Also a specimen of the Art Journal.

T. A. Sweetser, Hon. Sec. C. A. A.

Sweetser's Tooth-Ache Drops.

FOR the immediate relief and cure of all pains in the teeth  
and gums. The proprietor is willing to warrant this arti-  
cle as above recommended, having felt and seen its efficacy in  
numerous instances; and has received repeated assurance  
from those who have used it, that it is really not only a  
soothing, but a perfect remedy of the most distressing affliction.

Prepared only by  
THOMAS A. SWEETSER, APOTHECARY,  
Main Street, South Danvers.

dec 7

DE LAINE'S 15 CENTS. We have just  
received the price of many of our 50 cts. M. de Laines at the  
low figure of 15 cts. a yard.

W. W. PALMER,  
191 Essex Street.

dec 19

Eastern Railroad.

STATION IN BOSTON ON CAUSEWAY ST.

FALL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after Monday, Nov. 5, 1899, Trains will leave  
the EASTERN RAILROAD STATION, Washington  
Street, Salem, daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

SALEM for LYNN and BOSTON, 6:15, 7:15, 8:15, 9:  
10, 11, a. m., 2:30, 4:34, 6:45, p. m.

Salem for Lynn Common, East Saugus, Saugus Cen-  
tre, Chittenden, East Malden, Maplewood, and Malden  
Centre, 6:15, 7:15, 10 a. m., 2:30, 4:40, p. m.

Salem for Beverly, 8:15, a. m., 1, 3:15, 5, 6:45, 6:30,  
7:15, 19:45, p. m.

Salem for West Beach, Manchester, and Gloucester  
8:15, a. m., 1, 5, p. m.

Salem for Wenham and Ipswich, 8:15 a. m., 1, 3:15,  
6:45, p. m.

Salem for Newburyport, 8:15, a. m., 1, 3:15, 6:45, p. m.

Salem for Amesbury, 8:15, a. m., 3:15, 6:45, p. m.

Salem for Portsmouth, 8:15, a. m., 3:15, 6:45, p. m.

Salem for Portland, 8:15, a. m., 3:15, p. m.

And for SALEM as follows:

Portland for Salem, 8:45 a. m., 2:30, p. m.



# THE WIZARD.

VOL. I.

SOUTH DANVERS, MASS., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1860.

NO. 9.

## THE WIZARD

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

At Allen's Building, So. Danvers Square,

CHAS. D. HOWARD, Proprietor.

F. POOLE, Editor.

Terms \$2.00 a Year; for Immediate Payment, \$1.50.

### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Half a Square, 3 or 4 Lines, 1 Year, \$1.00  
One Square, 5 or 6 Lines, 1 Year, \$2.00  
Quarter of a Column, 1 Year, \$3.00  
10 Lines of Nonparell type are equal to a square.  
50 cents per line will be charged for notices of meetings for political, civic, or religious purposes, notices of societies, cards of acknowledgments, &c.  
The privilege of Annual Advertisements is limited to their own immediate business, and all advertisements for the benefit of other persons, as well as legal advertisements, and advertisements of real estate, or auction sales, sent in by them, must be paid for at the usual rates.

S. M. PETERSON & Co., No. 10 State Street, Boston, are authorized to receive Advertisements for this paper.  
S. H. MILLS, Successor to Y. B. Palmer, is also authorized to receive advertisements for this paper.

**Book and Job Printing**  
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,  
Executed with Neatness and Despatch,  
AT THIS OFFICE.

### Cards.

THOMAS M. STIMPSON,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
194 Essex Street, SALEM.

B. O. PERKINS,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
So. Danvers—Office in Allen's Building.

H. O. WILEY,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
Office, Allen's Building, So. Danvers.

IVES & PEABODY,  
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,  
Have removed their Office to  
Rooms formerly occupied by Hon. Otis P. Lord,  
No. 27 WASHINGTON STREET, SALEM.  
STEPHEN B. IVES, JR. JOHN B. PEABODY.  
December 7, 1859.

ALFRED A. ABBOTT,  
Attorney and Counsellor,  
Office, No. 224 Essex Street, Salem;  
House, Main St., So. Danvers.

SIDNEY C. BANCROFT,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
27 Washington Street, Salem.

Mr. Bancroft may be found mornings and evenings, at his home office, near his residence in South Danvers.  
December 7, 1859.

A. S. CRAWFORD,  
DENTIST,  
No. 4 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS SQUARE.  
Mechanical Dentistry Neatly Executed.  
Teeth Extracted by Electricity without Extra Charge.  
dec 7

W. L. BOWDOIN,  
SURGEON DENTIST,  
No. 238 Essex Street, Salem, (Opposite the Market).  
Residence—No. 57 Washington street.  
Jan 11-ly

F. POOLE,  
INSURANCE AGENT,  
Allen's Building (up stairs).  
Deeds drawn, and other common forms.

SAMUEL DAVIS,  
HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING ROOM,  
7 MAIN ST., SOUTH DANVERS.

E. S. FLINT,  
DEALER IN  
WEST INDIA GOODS, COUNTRY PRODUCE,  
No. 2 Main Street, South Danvers.

EDWARD C. WEBSTER,  
ONE PRICE  
HAT, CAP AND FUR STORE,  
231 ESSEX, and 34 WASHINGTON ST.

Peabody Billiard Hall.  
BATCHELDER'S BUILDING, MAIN STREET,  
SOUTH DANVERS.

H. C. LAMAR—(Proprietors)—A. W. FORTNA,  
Jan 10

Heylingberg's  
Fashionable Hair-Cutting, Curling, Shaving and  
SHAMPOOING SALOON,  
No. 24 Main Street, - - South Danvers,  
N. B.—Particular attention paid to Children's Hair-Cutting  
and Hair Dressing. Jan 25

WHIPPLE & FRIEND,  
PAINTERS,  
GLAZIERS AND PAPER HANGERS,  
Main street, opposite Danvers Bank, S. Danvers.  
All orders promptly attended to; a share of patronage solicited.  
J. A. WHIPPLE. A. FRIEND.

HENRY L. WHIDDEN,  
PAINTER, GLAZIER,  
AND PAPER HANGER,  
Central Street, South Danvers, Oppo. South Church.  
All orders promptly and faithfully executed.  
dec 14-ly

## Original Poetry.

For The Wizard.

FAREWELL!

BY MRS. J. H. HANAFORD.

Farewell! kind friends! we meet and part  
On life's tempestuous sea,  
As ships upon the briny deep  
Of "speak" and "fill away,"  
Yet Memory shall thy form retain,  
Till thou and I shall meet again.

Farewell! how oft that word we speak!  
How oft its sound we hear,  
Borne on the air like funeral dirge  
To listening mourner's ear!  
Bless God! there is no parting sound,  
Where life eternal shall be found.

We may not meet till o'er Death's sea,  
Our bark has swiftly passed,  
Till in the safe "broad bay of heaven,"  
Our souls are moored at last;  
And by Life's sparkling, flowing stream,  
Is realized our fairest dream.

There may we meet, though here below,  
Our paths around lie,  
As pilgrims bow at different shrines,  
Beneath the same broad sky;  
There may we meet "Our Father" dwell,  
And speak no more that word, "Farewell!"  
Beverly, January 18, 1860.

For The Wizard.

ANOTHER DAY.

BY ORLANDO CHAMBER.

Slowly, slowly, down the horizon,  
Fades the light of another day,  
Earth is locked in a somber prison,  
Lit by stars, in their gentle way.

Down the horizon, another day  
Has passed on the pinions of Time,  
Who rules the world with a mighty sway—  
Hoary-headed, relentless Time!

From our lives a day has passed away,  
A day we're nearer the tyrant Death,  
Who likewise reigns with a mighty sway,  
Garnering in our short-lived breath.

Another day! O never dying soul!  
Another day thou ne'er mayst reach:  
Then spread thy wings and reach the goal,  
For Lo! it comes, Eternity!

## An Original Story.

### THE CHILD SPRITE.

It is within the experience of many, that as if by some singular freak of destiny, children sometimes enter this world who seem hardly in harmony with its laws, or possessed of natures capable of a due share of happiness herein. The sight of one of these unearthly beings excites in the mind the idea of an intelligence of another and a higher world than ours, a spirit inspired with powers and presentments of a more extended range, than characterize the normal development of our common humanity. Nor in these cases does the anomaly consist alone in the higher key to which the spirit's strains are attuned, but in the presence of one of these *Undines*, we are more potently touched with a quality of its life, unique in itself, which more than anything else distinguished its nature from the human type of our world. We are painfully impressed with a sense of disparity between the embodied life and this theater of the world for its performance of the drama and the development and perfecting of its possibilities and foreshadowings. Does it not hint at a world of a higher and more finished organization, in its "scenery and circumstance" the fit abode of a more advanced order of beings, as if these restless souls by some mistake had been cast within our un congenial atmosphere, to struggle as best they may with its untoward influences, and early pine and die from privation of the air of their proper Eden!

Such is a degree was the mystery of UNA. Child, we called and as such we petted her, if she could be a pet to us who in the "heaven about her in her infancy" rebuked our world-worn by her soul's unpremeditated love, and made us even proud to own our inferiority in wondering admiration of the rapt little maid. Child, was she, or rather some say vision, pure and beautiful, the creation of a fevered brain that with a weird enchantment mocked the sense? Who can tell? Since the point of time when our paths diverged and we could not follow her into the unknown, whether her starry spirit winged its ambitious flight, as to the empyrean, how often has that query "Child or Vision?" been flashed across our minds as by some invisible intelligence in our presence, as an enigma meet to tax our minds' keenest powers in its solution! But dismissing for the purposes of our slight sketch all morbid or other misgivings of the personality of what to us was UNA, we must seek if we would be intelligible, to curb our desire to portray the eminent idiosyncrasies of her nature, and confine ourselves to experiences which if less characteristic, are in greater measure within the power of verbal expression and elucidation.

Of the mother of UNA—the idolized Astarte, with heart inspired and overflowing with all womanly sympathies, in the pure effulgence of her soul, so seraphic and serene, it seems almost profanation to speak. She moved the center of a charmed circle, which imbued with a sublime and indefinable awe all who crossed its bound. Were those wondrous gifts in her, supernatural endowments from heaven or only the develop-

ment of germs native in the human soul, but only susceptible of full flower and fruition, when warmed by the pure flame and fanned by the life-inspiring zephyr of a heart refined and beautified as hers? Had she partaken of the food of the angels with whom she conversed in visions, until her nature partook more of the quality of beings of that sphere than of earth? But we cannot undertake the solution of these problems or the yet greater one of the mysterious sympathy between mother and daughter which seemed the blending and weaving of the threads of their lives in one woof.

UNA from her birth was worthy of her origin. In her early existence a strange maturity which allured and impressed all by the beauty of its manifestation, was visible in her countenance, which glowed with the light of intelligence, like a halo around it. To her attendants she seemed not a mortal child, but was ever to them a mystery and a marvel—a life whose depths they could not fathom, and whose bounds they strove in vain to measure. Early was it revealed to them that in judging of her ways and needs, their common criterion was at fault, and furnished no safe rule of action in ministering to the spirit needs of the inexplicable child.

For hours would UNA sit in her mother's lap, with a rapt and dreamy expression of countenance, as if her thoughts were far from the scene about her, the play of thought over her features, impressing the beholder with the idea that her mind was busied with speculations too obtrusive for an infant's tiny brain.

Her soul's passion, as in the case of her mother, was for music, and when the latter with no skillful hand, awoke the slumbering spirit of her harp, the child's countenance sloughed its dreariness, a brilliant radiance lit up her face and sparkled in her magnificent eyes, as with impassioned gaze, she followed the slightest motions of her mother's hands upon the instrument, seeming to drink in at every pore the gushing melody that poured forth beneath the enchantress' touch. As the strain grew upon her hearing, her face would glow with unwonted animation, and her frame bound as if its every nerve thrilled to the magic power of the music. The harp seemed to lift her to a lofty plane, where even her baby-heart recognized something of a congenial atmosphere, and bathed in a flood of light and joy.

For flowers, the child early manifested an uncommon admiration, as if they too possessed a language of prophecy, which as her mind interpreted, cheered and blessed her heart. Impossible was it to mark the beaming smile and the peculiar expression of her countenance as she intently surveyed flower after flower, and avoid the belief, that to her soul each specimen in its characteristic beauty of shape, or hue, or fragrance, breathed to UNA its own inspiring lesson of wisdom and love. She slighted the common toys and baubles with which her attendants at first sought to amuse her, though she soon exhibited a marked fondness for pictures of merit, the beauties of which the bright soul that flashed in her eyes, was quick to discern. It was as if Beauty alone was counted worthy of her worship, and she scorned to be the thrall of the trivial and the mean. The angels were keeping watch and ward over the favored novice, to erect and to inspire its young heart with longings and aims that take hold on infinity.

As speech and other gifts came to her aid, the growth of her intellect was remarkable in its strange prematurity. Most touching was her affection for her mother, and her appreciation of the superiority of Astarte's nature over that of other friends, anxious as she was in her instinct of behavior, to avoid in their presence any invidious exhibitions of an overweening partiality. Intense and unquenchable was her mind's thirst for knowledge, in which pursuit she found a worthy tutor in her mother, whose mind was not only accomplished in all the higher departments of science, but seemed gifted as by special dispensation from heaven with wonderful insight into spiritual and mystical lore, if indeed her knowledge was not the direct instruction of those angelic visitants with whom she believed herself to hold lofty converse. However initiated into these mysteries may have been the mind of Astarte, certain it is that this knowledge of the unknown and infinite but answers to a deeply-rooted craving in her heart of hearts as face answers to face in a glass. To this spiritual science, the child UNA showed a devotion quickened day by day under the maternal care and tuition of Astarte. There dawned upon UNA too, the possession of a wonderful gift, whereby she found herself without conscious effort, aware as through sympathy, of the knowledge, the thoughts, and feelings of her mother's heart, as if the spark of this new life, struck from the spirit-flame of Astarte, one in essence with that, and glowing and burning with a more celestial splendor, had made itself the mistress and secret of the parent-soul. No longer needed she to question that mother for a solution of these problems of destiny that crowded upon her thought like waves of ocean toward the moon. So far as the domain of knowledge owned her mother's sway, it was already UNA's possession by virtue of her mysterious gift; but progress was the law of her being, and from the highest pinnacle of attainment, she ever longed to essay a loftier flight.

From this time it was evident to those around her that Astarte's hold upon life was growing weaker, day by day. Thinner and weaker grew the graceful form, paler and more spiritual that face and more unearthly the light of those eyes which had ever glowed with heavenly flame. Alike upon UNA, seemed laid the hand of the Destroyer—no, to the minds of mother and daughter it was not Death with his fatal shafts

who was hovering about them—it was the Birth-Angel who, clothed in the brightness of his triumph over mortality, was coming a welcome messenger to open the portals of this earthly tomb, and usher their spirits into the life immortal. The highest professional skill availed not to discover any definite disease which was wasting away the mortal vestments of Astarte and UNA; it seemed only as if their souls, impatient of their prisons, were struggling for the mastery that should set them free, and that their gradual attenuation of their frames, to end finally in their dissolution, was to mother and daughter but the measure of the spirit's happy victory over its earth-born associate.

As their mortal frames wasted, the higher and more perfect became the happiness and peace of their souls. As the moments arrived, calmly ebbed away in parent and child the pulse and breath of mortal life, and exulting smile of triumph cast its light over their countenances, and their victorious spirits together winged their flight to the fountain of light and blessedness.

Such at last appeared to those gathered around the couch of Astarte and UNA, to be the termination of their earthly career—a simultaneous departure of their spirits to a higher sphere, as in their development they had burst asunder their mortal bonds, and risen to assume the guise of immortals. Their rejected tenements had been laid in sepulchral garb, to await the consignment under fitting solemnities, of "dust to dust," and there was nothing in those changed and marble countenances to remind one of life, save the exultant expression of the spirit's joy in the moment of victory, which still lingered as if mocking the power of earth to efface it.

But later, when the mournful throng had gathered to perform the last sad offices of affection, there appeared in the face of UNA, a faint ruddy hue, the sign of returning animation. By close attention it was ascertained that her heart was throbbing, though so languidly as to be only perceptible to the practised touch, but its motion slowly increased until the spirit of life had recovered the frame of UNA from the thrall of earth. In the child, the return of the vital spark, and her renewal of consciousness as a being of earth, excited only the most poignant grief and lamentation. The frantic exhibitions of her mind's distress and disappointment were hardly endurable to mortal eye and ear. It was absolute despair, that like the heart of Rachel was deaf to the voice of consolation, and would not be comforted. Why had she been torn from the arms of her mother, after she had been permitted with her to enter the celestial paradise of the soul, to behold with purged vision its splendors inconceivable—to feast with faculties etherealized and transformed upon its bliss unutterable.

"It cannot be!" exclaimed UNA in the madness of grief: "It cannot be! I heard a spiritual call from beyond the tomb. An angel rolled away the stone from this sepulchre—the baptism of death was on my brow of dust, as the seal of initiation into the company of the immortals;—the ocean-spray of the eternal flood beat damp against my seraph-wings in crossing; and sayest thou, that I am still a child of clay?"

Gradually by almost inappreciable degrees of convalescence, UNA recovered from her bodily debility, and bloomed again in the brightness of her soul, as she yearned unceasingly for the realization of that celestial dream from which she had waked to find herself motherless and alone. Dream did we say? Call it rather a glorious reality, from the blissful enjoyment of which she had fallen and drowsed into a benumbing and troubled sleep. Willingly would she have died a thousand deaths, to have passed forever to the presence of her mother in that realm of light. But her time was not yet come.

In the grief of UNA, intenser grew her love of solitude, in which as she mused upon the treasured memories of her mother, her excited imagination would often picture the form of Astarte so vividly that the airy phantom would assume shape and existence, and so delude her with the appearance of reality, that the child doubted not for the time she saw and conversed with her departed parent. Whither but to herself and to solitude could she look for fit society. An uncongeniality of spirit-nature seemed to use as a separating wall between her and other beings.

At times, indeed, UNA could mingle with children familiar and acceptably, though they never ceased to regard with a curious wonder, her, whom the neighbors had christened variously as sprite, witch, or fairy, in their vain attempts to give a name to that striking peculiarity or mystery which differentiated the child UNA from their own darlings, and which was of the essence of that impression which individuality first struck indelibly upon the mind of the stranger.

With superiors in age, UNA's satisfaction in intercourse was according to their congeniality of soul with her own, and their ability by instruction, example or provocation, to aid in the unfolding of her nature. But, as her mind ripened, little was the advantage she could derive to her accomplishment, even from persons most remarkable for genius and wisdom.

The privation of any material aid from this source taught UNA to regard her powers of thought as applied to the workings of her own spirit, and the observation of the phenomena of nature as her only reliable teacher in assisting to solve the dark problem of her existence. Such was the state of mind that intensified for her the attractions of solitude, until the mountains, the woods, and the ocean, in their wildness and majesty, became to her the most favorite resorts, and at times almost her only earthly home.

It happened during one of UNA's rambles in the forest, at a moment when she had stopped to listen to the song of a bird of a singular but unusually graceful form, and brilliant plumage, perched upon the high branch of an alianthus tree, that she discovered that the strange songster whose language her mind had the key to interpret, was actually addressing her in its bird-melody, not in words but in a graceful succession and carolling of most musical notes, which in the integrity of their arrangement and harmony, conveyed to the child more powerfully than spoken language could have done, the intimation that some one was approaching to speak to her. As UNA almost involuntarily turned her head to look around, she discovered a strange and grotesque form slowly approaching her with tottering step. The curious bird, in a charmingly modulated air, signified to the child to whose welfare it seemed thrillingly alive, to attend to what the crone should propound, and then ceased its utterance, and appeared to be awaiting in an attentive mood the spectacle of the coming interview between Age and Youth. As the stranger reached the spot where UNA awaited her, the child was wonder-struck at the phenomenon.

Behold a woman of thin and bony frame, clad in a soiled and tattered garb, and almost bowed to the earth with the burden of her many years. Her eyes are deep and sunken beneath her grizzled brows, and a few white locks yet spared by time, fall about her scarred and withered face, quivering like shades in the incessant motion of her palsy-stricken form. Age and the toothlessness of her jaws have so contracted her face, as to have almost obliterated from it the last vestiges of human expression. Gaunt and shapeless feet press bare upon the sod, and her hands remind of nothing but the claws of a wild beast. As she darts forth a hand to seize the child's, UNA recoils, and steps aside. The unintelligible jibberings of the fiend fall upon the child's ear like the accents of cursings, and she would fly in disgust, but a spell roots her to the ground.

No wonder that UNA, to whom the Beautiful was one of her chief needs, should look agast at this embodiment of terror and ugliness. Singular was the contrast between the two figures in that sylvan scene: on the one hand the monstrous incarnation of decrepitude and physical deformity; and on the other the blooming impersonation of tender youth and an exalted spiritual beauty of form and character. Impossible was it for the beholder of UNA to convey to the mind of one who had not been favored with the vision of her individuality, any commensurate idea of the radical idiosyncrasy of her nature, from the want of all fitting symbols in human type or speech to serve as the measure of comparison with her identity. Her personality, that indefinable quality by which the spiritual essence we termed UNA was itself and "shone apart like a star," made itself manifest in every feature, look or gesture. Any description of her countenance or her grace of movement would be utterly abortive, beyond the simple statement that "her soul was form, and did her body make," so that her countenance and air varied in appearance with every wave of emotion that tossed and sparkled its sheen of pearls over the crystal deep of her soul. Less is the wonder, then, that that artist, world-famed for the spiritual and life-likeness of his delineations, should, after repeated and vain attempts to depict upon canvass the "counterfeit presentment" of UNA, declare her more than human face defied the utmost cunning of his art, and throw down his pencil in despair.

UNA could understand little of the words of the hag, which seemed to the child to consist only senseless ravings. But either because of the more successful efforts of the stranger to make herself intelligible to the child, or that the latter was becoming used to the woman's manner of speech, it was not long before UNA was able in a measure to arrive at the meaning of her words. Seizing her tiny hand in her own, she explained that she was a prophetess who could reveal to her all the events, past and future, of her life, and that she craved her attendance at her home near by, where she would speak to her of events of importance which she would do well not to miss the hearing.

UNA had heard before this time, of the gypsy or fortune-teller, to whom the young girls in the vicinity were in the habit of resorting, either from a belief in her vaunted powers, or in a frolic merely, but in the presence of the gypsy woman, she was skeptical of her second-sight, and little in the mood to accompany her to her home. UNA stood speechless for a time with a perplexed air, as if querying with herself what course she should pursue and then replied in substance: "Madam, I need no prophesies to reveal to me the events of the past, and time only can unveil the mysteries of the future: why should I intrude upon you? You have my hands, but I would prefer to continue my rambles."

Here the strange bird gave voice to an ominous croak of disapprobation of UNA's answer which sent a thrill to the heart of the child, and the gypsy addressed her in a more earnest tone: "Child—if child thou art! wilt thou still wander in thy loneliness? Thy mother was scarcely of this world, and with reason is her daughter a solitary in it. I know thee for that spirit who passed the outermost bounds of earthly space, into the angel-realm, and came safe back again. I am little fit in my decrepitude to be the companion of childhood, but I would do you a service. Follow me."

As the witch ceased her speech, and showed no sign of relaxing her clasp of the child's hand, UNA, remembering the croak of the bird, and touched by the allusion to her mother, yielded to the entreaty of the woman, and accompanied



her through a pathway among the trees that led to her home. The fortune-teller like the sibyl had made a cave her habitation, and to this she brought her prisoner. Una could but faintly discern objects around her, until the woman had replenished with fuel the expiring embers in a rude fireplace of stone in a corner of the cave, when a fire kindled into flame, and the woman lighted a torch therefrom, she found herself in a small room of irregular shape, in which, in one corner was a pile of straw which served the occupant as a bed, blocks of wood used in lieu of chairs, in different places, sundry articles of apparel, and some cooking utensils. However devoid of the usual conveniences and comforts the abode might be, it seemed to Una in its gloom and loneliness to be strongly in accordance with the character of its occupant. Her speculations upon the subject were soon brought to an end by the gypsy, who, seating Una upon a block near her, and performing various ceremonies with charms, thus addressed her:

"Rightly was bestowed upon you, my daughter, the name Una—One, or Alone. By a strange destiny have the lines of your life been cast upon this low earth, which was never created to be the abode of beings possessed of faculties like yours. Thus it is that you wander here with a mind feverishly insatiate for knowledge, and with questionings to the world-genius that are never answered. Be not discouraged that your spirit's wings are clipped, and that what should be in you, exalted powers, are not only depressing influences beneath the blight cast upon you by the atmosphere of an alien world. The chain of electric fire that bound mother to daughter, has been rudely severed, but the old attraction still exists. Be true to yourself, and the powers of all the worlds, cannot thwart your early union as decreed by fate. Attend, my child, to what I foretell of events preparatory to your spirit-emancipation, and trivial though they may seem, learn not to despise the day of small things."

In Music, shall your soul distinguish the first from a higher world.

In a Sea-shell, shall you discover a clue to the pathway by which you shall attain to that sphere.

A power terrible and destructive to many, shall be to you the servant to hasten the realization of your dream.

The heavens shall celebrate your course of triumph.

You shall attain to the desire of your soul, the companionship of Astarte.

As the gypsy ended her rhapsody with its accompanying string of conceits, and marked the incredulous expression mirrored in the countenance of Una, she continued in a solemn tone that awed the child, and in speech to which toward the close, she gave utterance but with difficulty:

"Child, do you doubt the fulfilment of my predictions—the inspiration of my auguries? This day of our meeting, and a moment fast approaching, completes the century of years which have blasted and howled me with their burden, and 'tis the sunset of life' that unveils to me the mysteries of the future. A plainer revelation is not permitted me to make, and this is the last event the Scribe records in the book of my life. The flame of my existence, like that consuming torch is fast expiring, and night and darkness gather about me. I hear the waves upon which my weary soul launches forth; I go—farewell!" And as the gypsy gave a hardly intelligible enunciation to the final word, and the last curling wreath of flame died away from the ruined torch, she fell upon the earth which was the floor of the cave, and with a gasp, expired.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

A man may be a heretic in the truth; and if he believe things only because his pastor says so, or the assembly so determines, without knowing other reasons, though because his belief be true; yet the very truth he holds because his heresy.—*Milton.*

Prayer is the only privilege I take to bedward, and I need no other laudanum than this to make me sleep after which I close mine eyes in security, content to take my leave of the sun, and sleep into the resurrection.—*Sir T. Brown.*

It is better that evil men should be left in undisturbed possession of their reputations, low as they may have acquired it, than that the exchange and credit of mankind should be universally shaken, where in the best too will suffer and be involved.—*Marcell.*

It is a fruitless undertaking to write for men of a wise and foolish gusto, whom after all it is impossible to please; and it is still more chimerical to write for posterity, of whose taste we cannot make any judgment, and whose applause we can never enjoy.—*Swift.*

FEELING AND REASON.—The heart of man is older than his head; the first born is sensitive but blind; a younger brother has a cold but all-comprehensive glance. The blind must consent to be led by the clear-sighted, if he would walk aright.—*Emerson.*

It is not impossible, that a man by evil arts may have crept into the church, through the belly, or at the windows; and 'tis not improbable, that having so got in, he should foul the pulpit, and afterwards the press, with opinions destructive to human society, and the Christian religion.—*Marcell.*

It is no disgrace not to be able to do everything but to undertake, or pretend to do, what you are not made for, is not only shameful, but extremely troublesome and vexatious.—*Pittaker.*

Good manners is the art of making the people easy with whom you converse. Whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy, is the best bred in the company.—*Swift.*

There is their nature, who will not have their branches lopped till their bodies are felled; and will let go none of their goods, as if it presaged their speedy death, whereas it does not follow, that he that puts off his cloak, must presently go to bed.—*Fowler.*

It is with the Babes, or sinking in poetry, as with small beer, which is indeed rapid and insipid, if left at large and let abroad; but being by rules confined and well stop, nothing grows so frothy, pure and bounding.—*Swift.*

CALUMNY.—To persevere in one's duty and be silent, is the best answer to calumny.

PROSE.—There is a paradox in pride-it makes some men ridiculous, but prevents others from becoming so.

PUTTER.—Observed duties maintain our credit, but secret duties maintain our life.

We may be a good as we please, if we please to be good.—*B. Ford.*

A MISTAKE.—It was the Great Scott, and not the Great Putnam engine, of Danvers, that was present at the fire in this town last week.

# THE WIZARD.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1866.

Agents for The Wizard.  
SOUTH DAVENPORT AND BARN—L. Chandler & Co., 200 South Street, Boston.  
DANVERS—D. P. Clough, (also general agent for the county.)  
The receipts of the above named Agents will be regarded as payments.

We have many poetical and other articles from correspondents, from which we shall make selections. We have not room for half of those which we regard as of sufficient merit to publish.  
The letter of our Lawrence correspondent, "Brevity," arrived too late for insertion.

## Saving the Union.

We have just arisen from a perusal of the speech of Mr. Wilson before the U. S. Senate, and find it an able and manly exposure of the disunion sentiments of the Southern Democrats. The first thought suggested by the reading of this speech, is the propriety and expediency of more Union Meetings. If ever there is a time when such meetings should be held, it is now. No time should be lost in calling them, and they should be attended by all patriotic patriots as well as by all well disposed citizens within travelling distance of the places of meeting. There can be no question, after reading the speech referred to, where these meetings should be held. Richmond, Charleston, S. C. Mobile, Memphis, and New Orleans should each have its monster gatherings. They should hunt up all their old Ex-Governors to act as Presidents and Vice Presidents. They should call out all their retired and all their active politicians. They should write out a long list of "Resolutions" laudatory of the Union and deprecating its dissolution. These should be advocated by such pure patriots and Union-lovers as Toombs, Wise, Paulkner, Leake, Iverson, Keitt, and a host of others who prove their love of the Union by daily uttering threats of its overthrow.

If this mode of preserving the Union is not effectual, suppose we adopt the Southern plan. Let the Republican Representatives avow their determination, in the event of the election of Speaker, of Boocock, Boteler or any other obnoxious member, to regard it as the duty of the House to declare a rupture of the Union of the States. Let them also declare that if the nominee of the Charleston Convention should be chosen President, it will be a virtual dissolution. Let Massachusetts, New York and other free states establish armies of their own, threaten to seize that of the United States at Springfield and the West Point military school, if an attempt should be made to inaugurate a legally elected Southern President. If Southern travelers and business men come to Boston and utter obnoxious sentiments on slavery, let there be a Vigilance Committee to give them twelve hours notice to leave the city. If they refuse, point them to a kettle of liquid tar and a bag of feathers, or a hempen rope, with a curious slip knot at the end of it. Let the United States mails be ransacked, under the supervision of the same Vigilance Committee for the suppression of incendiary Southern newspapers and documents agreeably to the instruction of the Post Master General.

Having presented these two modes of saving the Union, the northern Democratic mode applied to the South, and the southern Democratic mode applied to the North, we are prepared to present in contrast, the Republican mode, which is of universal application and under which the Republicans propose to act in the next canvass for the Presidency.

The Republicans propose to preserve the Union by adhering to the political doctrines of its founders, and by placing men in power who will sustain those doctrines and rebuke all attempts of disunion. They intend to adopt none but constitutional measures, and if their candidate is found to be constitutionally elected, they intend to place him in the presidential chair. If their opponent shall be chosen, they intend to offer no impediments to his inauguration. If the Republicans should obtain the control of the government they intend to use it with moderation. With Slavery as it exists in the States they will have no concern, but in the national domain they will use all constitutional means to prevent its spread. In this way they will differ widely from their opponents who claim that Slavery exists in the Territories at any rate, while the Republicans contend that it can only be placed there by the will of the people of each Territory, legally and constitutionally expressed. It is by this moderation and this adherence to constitutional measures that the Republicans propose to preserve the integrity of this Union.

SOUTH DAVENPORTS.—Will those of our exchanges who copy articles from our columns please have the kindness (if they give credit at all) to credit them to the SOUTH DAVENPORTS WIZARD? It seems next to impossible to learn people out of town that we have a separate corporate existence. Letters are continually misdirected and make a journey over to Danvers only to be re-mailed back again with loss of time and temper to the receivers. It would seem as if time enough had elapsed since the separation, to cure what was at first thought to be a minor and temporary evil. We now give notice to all the town, and "the rest of mankind," that there is such a town as SOUTH DAVENPORTS, that the WIZARD is printed there and that its citizens want their correspondents to direct their letters to them to its Post Office, and nowhere else.

PRABOOT INSTITUTE LECTURES.—Another large audience assembled at the hall on Monday evening to listen to a lecture from Henry F. Durant Esq., of Boston, who gave his admirable eulogy on JAMES OTIS, whose powerful oratory and brilliant pen did so much to prepare the people of colonial times for the separation from England. Mr. Durant reminds us, more than any other man we have ever heard of, of the fervid eloquence of Choate, divested indeed of those peculiarities which renders the departed advocate different from all other men, but retaining all his gracefulness of oratory and elegance of language. Many passages of the discourse were surpassingly beautiful and would have elicited the warmest plaudits of the audience if the customs of our lecture room did not forbid it. Such was his description of the scene at the trial in the Council Chamber, the description of Crawford's ideal statue of Otis at Mount Auburn and the splendid peroration of the address.

Prof. Huntington, of Cambridge, was announced to lecture next week.

## Religious Exercises.

On Sunday Evening Rev. Mr. Fletcher, of Danvers, suggested his Address to Young Men at the Old South Church, before the Young Men's Christian Association. His texts were "The glory of your young men is their strength," and "Because you are strong &c."

From these words he drew the enquiry "What constitutes the strength of a young man?" which was the subject of the discourse. After showing that it was not to be found in his superior physical or intellectual gifts or acquisitions, his social position or his self-confidence, he maintained that the true strength of a young man consisted in character founded on deep religious principles, the interior, and not the exterior life.

To obtain this decision and strength of character he recommended:

A close observation of the peculiar time of life and circumstances in which the young man is placed.

To be careful of his associations.

To be always on his guard against the first wrong step.

Cherish love of parents and home.

The Address was eminently practical and the several points were discussed with ability, and with the eloquence of deep and earnest feeling. We have seldom listened to a discourse so well calculated, by the judicious treatment of its subject and impressiveness of delivery, to meet a response from the minds and hearts of the young.

CONGREGATION.—Rev. Mr. Kimball of Beverly supplied the pulpit of the Unitarian Society last Sunday and Rev. Mr. Thayer of Salem that of the old South Society. Both of these young men were ordained on the same day and at the same hour, and both Rev. Mr. Wheeler and Rev. Mr. Murray had parts at their several ordinations.

TOWN EXPENSES.—As the time of the Annual Town Meeting approaches it becomes interesting to mark the increase in the cost of supporting the municipal government. We have before us the Annual Reports of Receipts and Expenditures of the Town of (old) Danvers, for the year 1859, as presented by the Auditors of that year, Messrs. Daniel P. King, John W. Proctor and John Page. It appears that the ordinary expenses of that year were \$11,355.46, for what was then both towns. We have also the report of the Auditors for the year 1859-60 of South Danvers, Wm. Walcott, D. Taylor and N. H. Poor, Selectmen, from which it appears that the expenses of that year for our own town were \$22,858.74, or more than double that of both towns thirty years ago! This looks formidable, unless we take into view the increased density of the population, the largely increased valuation and the greater conveniences demanded by the public voice now, compared with the former period. The most that can be accomplished now will be to prevent further increase; and if this can be done, the increase of valuation will tend to decrease the rate of taxation. A large part of the annual expenditure is for schools, at both periods; and these will always have the support of every enlightened community.

AGRICULTURE.—We have received a programme of a course of lectures on Agriculture to be delivered next month in New Haven, Connecticut, by eminent Agriculturalists, among them Judge French on Drainage, Professor Johnson on Agricultural Chemistry, Cassius M. Clay on Cattle breeding, C. L. Flint on the Dairy, M. P. Wilder on Pear culture, Dr. Grant on Grapes, Lewis F. Allen on Stock breeding and Fruits, and T. P. Gold on Sheep.

Mr. Marvel is to be there to lecture on Rural Economy, George B. Emerson on Forest, Shade and Ornamental trees, Sanford Howard on Horses, and John C. Comstock on Flashes.

Various other subjects connected with the culture of the earth, such as Insects, Berries, Grasses, English and German Agriculture, Root crops and a variety of other matters will be treated upon by those most distinguished in these several departments, and the course will extend to sixty-six lectures. Discussions will follow each lecture, the most affording means of instruction in this great interest which must be exceedingly valuable to those who have the privilege of attending them.

FIRE.—The alarm of fire on Saturday evening, at about 6 o'clock was occasioned by the burning of a barn belonging to Charles Crenay, Superintendent of Harmony Grove Cemetery, Salem, was consumed by fire in Upper Beverly. The barn contained five or six tons of hay, farming tools, etc., and was set on fire. The alarm reached South Danvers, and the firemen responded to it.

FIRE IN MARRIAGE.—At about 12-1-4 o'clock, on Sunday morning, fire was discovered in the lower story of Bassett's new building. The alarm was immediately given, and the firemen were promptly on the spot, and used their most strenuous efforts to arrest the progress of the fire, which succeeded in doing, though the buildings in the immediate vicinity, were in imminent danger. The fire was confined to the inside of the building, and it was not until sometime after the engines were at work that the fire broke out in front, forming a most beautiful sight. The engine house in which was kept Gen. Glover No. 3, was also burnt, it being in close proximity to Bassett's hall. The latter building is situated in the upper part of the town, and was occupied as a Restaurant, and Billiard Hall in the lower story, and a lecture and dance hall in the two upper stories. The cause of the fire is unknown, though there are several rumors about respecting it, but nothing definite has as yet been arrived at. The building we learn, was fully insured. Engine companies No. 1, 3, 4 and 5 of Salem, were present, and rendered assistance in subduing the fire, after which a collation was served them at the Town Hall, and they left for home in a special train at about 6 o'clock.

ON SUNDAY EVENING, about 9 o'clock, an alarm of fire was raised, by the burning of a chimney in the old house on the plain belonging to Mr. Caller. Volunteers were promptly on hand, but their services were not required.

LYNN.—Barn Burned.—A barn at West Lynn, belonging to Mark Hensley, Esq., and occupied by Mr. Flint, butcher, was set on fire and totally destroyed, situated near the site of the Catholic Church, which was destroyed by fire about a year ago. The Universalist Church and a large building occupied by William Fitch, shoe dealer, were at one time in imminent peril. The occupants of the barn saved the contents, including a number of horses, cattle and swine. Loss about \$6000 probably insured.—*Boston Journal.*

The bells were distinctly heard in this place, and General Foster, 2, and Eagle, 5, went to the fire.

EAGLE ASSEMBLY No. 3, will take place to-morrow (Thursday) evening, and next week as announced on the cards.

## A Letter from Lynn.

Mrs. ENRON.—I claim that Lynn should be occasionally heard from through the WIZARD, and as I have seen nothing in its columns from any other of your numerous friends here, please excuse me for dropping a line into the "poodle." I need not say business is dull, very dull, for there are no people in the country—excepting our own—so early made aware of a change in its condition, as those of South Danvers. In good times, your made and muttons and their husbands, streets, going to and from our shoe manufacturing establishments, with carpet bags, bales, boxes, etc., filled with finished or unfinished work; but now, all is changed. It is rare to see one of those pleasant countenances, so significant of "good will towards men," (and I think, peace with heaven) as the citizens of your town generally, seem to wear. But better times are coming. Without much doubt a few weeks will show a great improvement in business affairs. Such at least, are the signs. There is not much news. The whole talk has been in reference to the Lawrence tragedy. Some of our clergymen preached sermons last Sabbath having reference to that calamity, and others design doing so to-morrow. A number of contributions have been sent from here, but I am not advised of names of donors or amount. There have been and still are, quite a number of cases of small pox in Lynn, although the reports which have gone out of town in regard to its prevalence, have been greatly exaggerated. The cases are almost all of a very mild kind, and there have been but two fatal cases.

Your old friend, John Alley 3d Esq., who has been suffering for nearly a year with a bad fistula, is about well, having called to his aid, after having had a surgical operation performed, Dr. James Clark, of this city. Mr. Alley is the twenty-sixth person Dr. Clark has cured of fistulas, within a few years.

Alonzo Lewis Esq., the poet, historian, and philanthropist, is in the enjoyment of good health, a young and pretty wife, and two pretty children, the youngest about two years of age. Pretty good, for almost three score years and ten. He will publish during the present year new editions of his history of Lynn and his poems.

Lynn, January 21st, 1866.

Notes from Lawrence.

Mr. EDITOR.—Perhaps a few "notes" from this city would not prove objectionable to your readers, so we will not to keep them posted concerning the "goings on" in Lawrence.

The most conspicuous topic of conversation still continues to be the Emberton Calamity, and no wonder, for another such catastrophe never befell this country. A gloom that will not soon wear off hangs over our city, and the hearts of our citizens are filled with grief and sorrow. It is not in vain ways than one. As a proof of the sympathy felt for the sufferers, not only by our own citizens, but those of other places, near and remote, we would state that contributions have flowed in so freely that public notice has been given by the Relief Committee that no more is required, or if required, that Lawrence itself will take care of the suffering.

It gives us pain to state that our former fellow citizen, William H. Parsons Esq., is no more. You have probably seen in the papers the recital of his sad end by a suicidal act while in a fit of insanity. A large number of friends will mourn his death.

We are pleased to state that a new manufacturing company is to be established in this place, in the building formerly used as a machine shop; the company will be known as the "Everett Manufacturing Company," and will be devoted to manufacturing cotton goods. This will add much to the industry of Lawrence. The stock capital of the new company is about \$200,000.

The business prospects are quite flattering. The weather is melting—so is the walking. LAWRENCE, Lawrence, January 20th, 1866.

For The Wizard.

The following is from the Herald's report of the doings of the Massachusetts anti-slavery convention at Boston:

Mr. Buffum of Lynn, rose to endorse the gentleman's idea of the benefits of local discussions. He gave a glowing account of the brilliant manner in which he defended John Brown in a rural lyceum against the combined attack of an M.D., and a brace of lawyers. It seems Buffum "whipped 'em out of their boots."

"Cook-a-doodle-do." Very good for a young one. Do it again, James: you know where it is that any cock-a-doodle-do is to crow, of course you do. "Cook-a-doodle-do!" there that's better, practice makes perfect, as Milton says, but you should have remembered your brother Charles and Holden, and Mr. McKensie, vander uiter Cesar etc, but no matter they don't amount to much. And then there was only one lawyer James, only one, but Falstaff made the same mistake. Things grow in the mind, "I tell thee what, Hal, I have peppered two of them: two, I am sure I have paid two rogues in buckram suits. What a pity James, that the Herald did not report your speech in full. With what a gusto you must have debated upon the blows given and received. The account Falstaff above mentioned, gives of his contest with the men in buckram, was nothing to yours. "I'm a rogue if I were not at half sword with a dozen of them for two hours together. I have scamped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose, my huckler cut through and through, my sword hacked like a hand saw." And how must the old arches of the Temple have resounded when you concluded, as I have no doubt you did, with that swelling burst of eloquence, alluding to the Doctor and Lawyers, "but a plague upon all cowards; let them speak; if they speak more than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness." Oh! James, would that you knew a few more commonplaces of good names to be put in your pocket.

For The Wizard.

We do not like to record accidents, especially if severe or fatal. We have either heard, or dreamed of two, which happened quite recently, where the consequences were not so bad as at first supposed.

A young man while engaged in skating the other day, unluckily fell through the ice and was very near being carried under and drowned when through a remarkable presence of mind, he thought of a bottle of "Barnard's Liquid Glue," which he had in his pocket. He immediately removed it, and placing it on the ice, the bottle broke and he was held fast. No wave or tide could carry him under. He was thus rescued from a cold, watery grave. It was found necessary to remove the piece of ice in order to draw him out. We have not heard yet whether the ice has melted and released him from his confinement.

But still more and to relate, a young lady, skating at the time, and interested in the rescue, tipped by accident the end of her gloves in the glue, and soon after holding her hand to her face a drop touched one of her lips. After this she could not speak, and returned home with sealed lips. It is feared that surgical operation will have to be performed to free her from the trouble. Undoubtedly the glue will wear out without, but it is hard to be so long kept speechless. She takes only liquid food through the corners of her mouth.

But these circumstances speak strongly in favor of this newly prepared article by Barnard, as a stickler. Success to the young men of this town engaged in the preparation of these articles.

## A Surprise Party!

Last Tuesday evening, about fifty ladies and gentlemen from the Baptist Society, made a surprise call upon Mr. John Barnard (organist at the Baptist Church), at the residence of his father on Franklin Street. After the usual friendly greetings, a purse of fifty dollars was presented by the pastor, Rev. T. E. Keely, as a demonstration of the high esteem which is felt both for the organist and his services. The presentation was responded to by a neat and appropriate speech from Mr. Barnard.

The remainder of the evening was spent in a most agreeable manner, in listening to music and in the interchange of pleasant words. Before separating, a return surprise was made by the assiduous members of the household whose dwelling was thus abruptly entered, by a call upon the party to partake of a liberal and tasteful furnished supper, the tempting appearance of which soon gave place to the marks of the spoiler.

At a seasonable hour this very agreeable occasion closed, when all joined in singing Old Hundred, and expressing a regret that these gatherings for social intercourse could not be enjoyed more frequently.

PLEASURE AND PROFIT OF FARMING.—At the meeting of farmers in Boston, on Monday evening last, among other remarks on this subject, were the following:

I know not how it may be in other sections of the country, but in that in which I was born and have resided for more than sixty years, the old country of Essex, I say without fear of contradiction, there is no class of men more respectable, or more reliable, than the farmers. Not that they handle the largest parcels of money, or have the largest amount of stocks (so called;) but they have enough to live comfortably, and with reasonable industry, to make both ends meet at the close of the year. What more than this is necessary to secure the pleasure of the farmer?

A contented mind is the surest hope of pleasure. In whom is this often found, than in the farmer, with his cheerful family around him? Often has it been my lot to visit such farmers, and I always find them cheerful, independent, and happy. What they need to live upon their raise, and are always sure of the quality. What they want to complete the necessary variety for living, they exchange some of their surplus products for. The farmer with one hundred acres of land can do this. This we know, because there are hundreds who do it. In my own humble town, I know more than thirty individuals, who have lived for the last twenty years, by the culture of their own soil, possessing on an average not more than twenty acres each. Many of these men have comfortable habitations, and respectable families around them. Some of them, by the industry of themselves and their families, have managed to lay up annually, from three to five hundred dollars, and to sustain a character for responsibility and integrity, never questioned. We have those in other occupations who make more, and hazard more; but look at them when they arrive at the age of fifty years, and you will find three out of four of the farmers to be in the best condition. I say therefore, that farming when rightly managed, with a well tutored ambition, is the surest path to pleasure, and happiness; and such is the testimony of all the farming towns in free Massachusetts.

Mr. Editor.—The following, picked up here a few days since, is supposed to have been lost by an editor of some periodical. We did not know to whom to return it, and perhaps through your columns it may meet the eye of the owner.

"Answers to correspondents."

"P. c. s." accepted.

"R. o. n." we sent you twelve full grown elephants per Adams express.

5th inst. Could not obtain a Camelopard, can get you either separate.

n. r. r. does not give us his p. o. address. We again request persons subscribing to give the p. o. address in full—and give a description of the Postmaster—stating height, complexion, color of hair, &c., and general health of the family.

P. M. No, you are wrong and have lost your wager—John Brown never had "a little Indian boy."

a. g. We are sorry about the slippers—we could only obtain one (which we forward), otherwise should have sent the pair as ordered.

"Topsy"—You are correct—the earth is round—There is no truth in the report you allude to, that it is square, and supported by four turtles.

"M." Sent the Paper Lozenges 42d ult.

"RETR."—Mr. Lowe is not an Indian—Your mistake arose probably from reading of "Lo! the poor Indian."

W. o. p. We have the impression that Mrs. Stowe was not the author of "Sinbad the Sailor."

SENT.—Your remittance contained a pewter quarter—send another (Post paid).

Our charge for coloring metaphors (if depends on the size—get up a club—See our prospectus.)

RE.—Certainly—if he has offered himself, you can accept him—go in and get squared.

R. A. Shakespeare never wrote, "Bang out your Hannahs"—"Bang out your banners." You must be more careful in your communications. In your last note you made a most awful transposition in the same way of the words "bell hanger."

Lawrence Jan. 25d.

ACORN.

STREET SALUTATIONS.—Every body has felt the awkwardness and embarrassment caused by meeting a friend in the street, and all this just from the want of a respectful and unbacked mode of salutation. Our everlasting "How d'ye do?" is the common form, to which no answer is expected, because you know how he does almost as well as himself. The only answer you usually get is another "How d'ye do?" and he passes on. A salutation which implies a good wish as "Good morning" and "Good evening" is very well. The greeting of an Irishman when he meets a friend as he goes to his work is perfection of its kind.—"The top of the morning to you, Michael!"—especially if said in the tone of heartiness so peculiar to his race.

The trouble in our usual form of greeting is, that if an answer is returned we feel obliged to go immediately into the state of the weather and if it is a cold morning, although you know it, you are told of it over and over again to mention friends, and inquire after their welfare. The following dialogue which actually took place at the corner of Central and Main streets the other day, the thermometer at zero, will illustrate our statement.

Tom. How d'ye do? Frank?

Frank. Very well thank ye, Tom how do you do? Quite well I thank ye. [a pause] Rather pleasant to day.

Yes—only it's cloudy—and—rather cold this morning. Well, its the time to have cold weather.

[After a pause] Is your family well?

Quite well I thank you. How's your Wife?

Very well, thank ye.

Seen George lately?

Yes—no—can't say I have—but I've seen Sam.

Ah! how is he?

First rate I thank ye.

Good of it—well—Good morning!

So they parted, looking foolishly, and after going ten steps they simultaneously turned and looked ten times more foolishly as each met the eyes of the other, and they were observed to hurry on with great speed as if desirous of lengthening the space between them as rapidly as possible.

Advertisements and notices on the right margin, including mentions of "The Wizard", "South Danvers", and various local events.







**BELLS.**  
Collins Stevens, George F. Walker, agt. Moses G.

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SECRET

**VOL. I**  
**THE**  
At Allen's Bu  
CHAS. D

Book  
Executed

**THOM.**  
**Attorney at Law**  
Jan 4-17  
B.  
**Attorney at Law**  
So. Danvers  
H.  
**Attorney at Law**  
Office, Allen  
**IVES**  
**Attorneys at Law**  
Hart  
Rooms formerly  
No. 27 Wash  
STEVENS & Ives, 2  
December 7, 1872  
**ALFRED**  
**Attorney at Law**  
Office, No. 22  
House, M  
**SIDNEY**  
**Attorney and**  
27 Wash.  
Mr. Barrett may be at  
home office, near his res.  
December 7, 1872.

**DEB**  
No. 4 MAIN STREET  
Mechanics' Bldg.  
Teeth Extr. daily by K  
See 7  
**W. L.**  
STREET  
ALL DENTISTS

**HAIR CUTTING**  
7 MAIN ST.  
E. S. 1  
**WEST INDIA GOODS.**  
No. 2 Main Street  
**EDWARD**  
**ONE**  
**HAT, CAP AND**  
231 ESSEX, and  
**Peabody B**  
**BATCHELLER'S BUILD**  
H. C. LARRABEE - Prop  
Jan 13  
**Heylin**  
Fashionable Hair-Cut  
**SHAMPOON**  
No. 24 Main Street  
H. C. - Particular attention  
**WHIPPLE**  
**PAIN**  
**GLAZIERS and P**  
Main Street, opposite  
All orders promptly atten  
J. L. WHIPPLE.  
**HENRY L.**  
**PAINTERS**  
AND PA  
Central Street, South D  
All orders promptly re  
de 14-17







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Hair, 1  
feb 8







Jan 13

low figure of 15 cts a yard.  
Jan 12

W. W. PALMER,  
121 Essex Street.

**A** MEMORIAL ALMANAC and Tribune Almanac for 1860, for sale by  
Jan 18 GEORGE CREAMER,  
245 Essex st., Brown Stone Block.

wings.

from Portland, or at 11.30 p. m.  
J. PRESCOTT, Superintendent.  
South Danvers, Dec. 7, 1869.

HENRY L. W.  
PAINTER;  
AND  
Central Street.











[illegible]

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1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 277: 1033-1036.

1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem. This involves gathering information about the situation and understanding the needs of the stakeholders involved.

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# THE WIZARD.

VOL. I.

SOUTH DANVERS, MASS., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1860.

NO. 12.

## THE WIZARD

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY,  
At Allen's Building, So. Danvers Square,

CHAS. D. HOWARD, Proprietor.

F. POOLE, Editor.

Terms \$3.00 a Year; for Immediate Payment, \$1.50.

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Rooms formerly occupied by Hon. Otis P. Lord,  
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Attorney and Counsellor,  
Office, No. 224 Essex Street, Salem;  
House, Main St., So. Danvers.

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27 Washington Street, Salem.

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dec 7

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Jan 11—ly

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AND PAPER HANGER,  
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All orders promptly and faithfully executed.  
dec 14—ly

## Selected Poetry.

A Philadelphia correspondent of the *South Reading Gazette*, in remarking on our "baked beans" article, has discovered more verses in their praise, and they are so good that we copy them below.

We notice that our article has been extensively copied by the press, which we regard, not so much as evidence of its merit, as the popularity of the beans. We are sorry to see that some of our exchanges copy without credit. We do not like to have them steal our "beans."

### POT OF BAKED BEANS.

O, how my heart sighs for my own native land,  
Where potatoes, and squashes, and cucumbers grow;  
Where cheer and good welcome are always at hand,  
And curried and pumpkin pies smoke in a row;  
Where pudding, the visage of hunger serene,  
And what is far better, the Pot of Baked Beans.

Let Maryland boast of her dainty profuse,  
Her large water-melons and cantaloupes fine,  
Her turtles, and oysters, and terrapin stew;  
And of crabs, high reared with brandy and wine;  
Ah, neither my heart from my native land wane,  
Where smokes on the table the Pot of Baked Beans.

The Pot of Baked Beans, with what joy I view it,  
Well seasoned, well porked, by some royal faced dame,  
As when from the glowing hot oven she drew it,  
Well crisped, and well browned to the table it came!  
O give me my country, the land of my teens,  
The plump Indian Pudding, and Pot of Baked Beans.

The Pot of Baked Beans, ah, my muse is too frail  
To taste to desert, or its virtue to tell,  
But look to the sons of New England so hale,  
And her daughters so rosy, it will teach thee full well:  
Like me, it will teach thee, to wish for the means  
Of health and of capture, the Pot of Baked Beans.

## An Original Story.

Written expressly for the Wizard.

### STORY OF A RESURRECTIONIST.

The necessity of providing subjects for dissection is now so generally conceded that much of the dread which formerly was felt in relation to this matter is removed. Not that there is less respect and reverence for the sanctuaries of the dead, but the enlightenment of public opinion has led to wise laws for a legal attainment of subjects for dissection which render the violation of the grave unnecessary. It is our intention now to relate an incident somewhat remarkable in its character, which was told to us many years ago by a young practitioner, and which happened before facilities were afforded for the legal acquisition of bodies for the dissecting room. Before proceeding to our story we will preface the narration with some account of the process of obtaining subjects and the manner of using them. At some former period it would have been inexpedient and even unsafe to enlighten the public mind on what then were the secrets of the dissecting room. For a long time, physicians continued in the practice of concealing from the public a knowledge of the wants of science in this department and every discovery of a violated grave raised a storm of popular indignation against the profession and particularly the Medical College. This led to the enactment of severe penalties which threatened to deprive medical students of that knowledge of the human frame which is essential to a successful practice of the duties of the profession.

At length the most eminent practitioners of the healing art, among them Dr. Warren and Dr. A. L. Peirson, came boldly forward and presented the claims of medical science for the possession of subjects for dissection. They did this by pamphlets, newspaper articles and by public lectures, in which they showed that it was not for themselves, but for the people who called upon them for the cure of their maladies, that they wanted these facilities. They opened the doors of the Medical College to the legislators, laid the dead subject on the table and dissected it before their eyes, thus offering them knowledge of the benefits to be imparted by such means, as well as relieving them of any morbid dread they may have had of the dissecting knife. The consequence of this bold intrusion into the domains of ignorance and squeamishness was, that such enactments were made as rendered subjects attainable without the violation of grave yards. Since that time popular indignation against the Medical College has ceased and the government have liberally allowed access to its rooms by those who were not of the profession. After the trial of Dr. Webster they opened its apartments to the general public and thus wisely offered an excellent opportunity to the people to divest themselves of their former rude ideas of such an institution.

It must not be understood that before this period all but students in medicine were excluded from visits to the college. It was our own good fortune several times, by the invitation of a young student to visit its Museum, Lecture room and Dissecting room, before the removal of the College from Mason Street. Perhaps some little description of these several places will have the effect which publicity has had already to disabuse the minds of some who seem to have an instinctive dread of the work of the dissection.

The rooms devoted to the anatomical museum are filled with skeletons, wax models and parts of the human frame preserved in spirits or by other preparations. Glass cases protect many of the more delicate specimens such as will not bear handling, and here the student may find many of the sad results of disease and casualty from which to derive instruction in the anatomy of his own frame. It is the charnel house of

Death. You see the forms of the grim messenger all around you. The skeleton of Big Dick is there. He was a gigantic negro, who was a victim of his race when they occupied that disreputable part of Boston called Negro Hill. This dark blot on the map of Boston has long since been washed out. Here are the frames of earliest infancy and most advanced age. The deformed spine, the unsightly tumour and disease in more revolting form, faithfully represented, or rather perpetuated, for the instruction of the student in medical art.

The anatomical Lecture room is constructed after the manner of the Salem Lyceum Hall. On the table lay the body of the subject, a cloth thrown over it. Dr. Warren entered and announced the subject of the lecture, which on that occasion was Hernia. He uncovered the body, which was that of a negro whose death was caused by the disease which his body was now to illustrate to the audience of medical students. The learned Professor commenced by a historical account of the successive discoveries by which this disease has been mastered by the medical faculty. He told how beneficial such and such an addition to the means of cure had been to our race. He told of the number of hundreds who were annually saved from a more or less lingering death by the discovery of a particular method of treatment which would otherwise have found premature graves. As he lectured, in a conversational way, he would go on with the different modes of treatment in supposed conditions of the patients malady. This explanation was made with a simplicity of language and clearness of illustration from the lifeless subject before him, that would fix the attention and make an indelible impression on the mind of every student. No one after hearing such a lecture could for a moment doubt the absolute necessity of actual dissection of the human body to gain proper knowledge, by a medical man, of the human frame.

The dissecting room is not the most pleasant place in the world to visit for the first time. There are several tables with their subjects or parts of subjects upon them. One is the body of a young man just brought from the State Prison at Charlestown, the others had been received from one of the reformatory institutions at New York. At the different tables young men in aprons and calico frocks were so busily engaged at their tasks that they take no notice of your entrance. We learned from our young friend that the market value of a subject was then twenty to twenty-five dollars. Five of the students would club together and purchase one. It was then divided into quarters and the head reserved for the fifth part. They then drew lots for their parts. If, as happened to our friend, one should draw a part which he had before dissected, he will exchange with another who is similarly situated or he will sell out and try his chance with another subject. Being provided they go to work with a zest according to their zeal for the acquisition of knowledge.

Such was the Dissecting room. But we have unwarily made so long a preface that we have but little room for our narration. The person from whom we have the account, informs us that at the time of its occurrence it was exceedingly difficult to obtain subjects. The recent robbery of places of the dead, which had been discovered and made public, led to the severe laws of which we have spoken. The minds of the people were excited and the friends of the recently departed, suspicious and watchful. The price of bodies was unreasonably high for the purses of the poor students. These circumstances, with a romantic love of adventure, tempted our informant and a brother student to plan an expedition in search of a subject for their unused dissecting knives. They learned the *modus operandi* from experienced resurrectionists. They repaired to a livery stable and engaged a horse and buggy-chaise, inventing a plausible excuse for their nocturnal excursion. Their foray was to be made in a country village burying ground, where they knew from the resident physician a subject had that day been buried. The ground was retired from observation except from the windows of a single house which stood near. The night was favorable. It was a cold, drizzly, or rather misty atmosphere enough to obstruct the starlight.

They were impatient to start on their adventurous expedition. Time did not move quick enough and they started at an early hour. They arrived too soon. They dared not show themselves at the tavern or at the house of the physician. They rode away and rode back again, but were still too early. Country people watch a strange vehicle with curious interest. The students became fidgety, and feared their plans would be disclosed. They rode away again and remained a longer time, and lost their way! They dared not ask of any body, lest they should be recognized in case of discovery or suspicion. They wandered for before they again found the spot. It was then late, but a light gleamed from the upper windows of the house. At last it was extinguished. Their next care was to dispose of their vehicle where it would not attract the notice of a passing traveller. They took down some bushes and put it into an adjoining field under a clump of trees. They took their shawls and repaired to the grave. They were just ready to strike their tools into the ground, when they heard the sound of a human voice! It was unmistakably a voice, but it was at a distance. They listened again and heard the sound of wheels, but they moved heavily. They retreated to their carriage and waited the approach of the intruder. It seemed to them an age before he came along by the burial ground. It was a load of hay driven by a person to reach the market in

Boston by daylight. They waited anxiously and impatiently for his departure on the road to Boston and then repaired to the grave.

They now went diligently to work to exhumate the body, carefully throwing the earth on the same ground where it was thrown at the first opening of the grave. Their tools soon struck upon the lid of the coffin. It was only necessary to uncover the head of it that the lid might be opened. Several times during their work they fancied they heard approaching footsteps, but it was only the cattle in an adjoining field. The crowing of a cock at the neighboring house alarmed them, as it indicated approaching day and might disturb the inmates. At last the lid of the coffin was opened, the rope attached to the neck of the corpse, and by the united strength of the two students it was drawn to the top of the ground. They next deprived it of its robe lest it might lead to detection, which they threw, together with the rope, into the coffin and then shut down the lid. They now very carefully and expeditiously filled the grave and shaped the mound, leaving it as if it had been untouched.

Their next object was to carry their booty to the carriage, which they easily effected. They also took thither their tools, having previously scrutinized the ground around the grave, lest surviving friends might find some neglected trace of their work. At this moment they made an unwelcome discovery. They had procured the wrong kind of vehicle. It had never occurred to them that a wagon would better accommodate their new passenger than a buggy. What should they do? How could they dispose of him? They were chagrined and puzzled. They heartily wished their subject back into the grave again, but how could they put him there? They certainly could not leave him above ground and how could they carry him away? If they left him, a hue and cry would be made that would endanger the reputation of every physician, and perhaps knock down the walls of the College. Finally they concluded to give him a seat between them in the chaise. He was accordingly so installed, and they hastened on to the city, first carefully putting up the bars by which the carriage entered the field.

The heavy mist of the preceding evening was now clearing away, and the old moon was rising just as they were about to enter the city. Here they were about to encounter belated travellers and early risers, as well as watchmen on their rounds. It was growing fearfully light, and their fellow passenger looked more ghastly than ever. His eyes were half opened and his chin had dropped and exhibited grinning rows of teeth elevated, as if in desperate anger at his false imprisonment. His naked skin was exposed in terrible paleness as he sat between the dark objects on either side. They tried every means to hide him, to conceal his presence in the buggy, but in vain. At last one of them took off his overcoat and with difficulty the corpse was made to wear it. It was buttoned closely over his chest, but still he was hatless. A handkerchief was tied around his head in humble imitation of a German cap, and they pursued their journey towards the city.

As they entered the streets of the city, they trembled at the noise of the wheels on the pavements, which disturbed the stillness of the morning hour. It grated harshly on their highly wrought nervous systems and they quaked with fear. Superstitious terrors came over them. All at once as the vehicle jostled over a rough crossing, their ghastly companion uttered an unearthly sound! It was a human voice, but our informant describes it as unearthly, and such as he never before or since has ever heard. He says no mortal man ever heard such a voice. It was horrible! It indicated reproach, malediction and distress, but yet it was neither of these. No written words or human speech could describe it. It was more like a hysterical exclamation of *Gaah!* expressed in a tone of supernatural horror, than anything else to which he could liken it. No wonder they were prostrated with new terrors. Both were struck with faintness, and the reins dropped on the horse's back. He, too, had heard the sound, and quickening his pace, rattled through the streets with his three unconscious passengers. A sudden stop of the carriage awakened him, who had denoted the reins, back to consciousness. The horse had taken his load to his wonted stable, and the drowsy ostler was approaching with his lantern. This new danger restored presence of mind to the driver, and he recovered the reins and instantly turned the carriage and drove off for the College, leaving the stupid ostler to wonder at such a sudden freak.

His progress towards the College was not without feelings of apprehension, as his fellow student still lay back in the carriage almost as insensible as the corpse. The head of the latter which had hitherto been supported by the cold rigidity of the neck, now dropped down and rested on the shoulder of his companion. The first dawning of day began to appear, and now and then a person would be seen in the streets. More than once an individual would stop short, and look inquisitively at the strange spectacle. Once he was stopped by a watchman, but before time was allowed for excuse or explanation, the latter sleepily remarked: "Tight? hey! drive on." Finally all dangers were escaped, and it was with a most welcome relief that he drove in at the College gate, which was immediately closed by the janitor.

Such is the story as related by one of the resurrectionists, and he further informed us that no earthly consideration would induce him or his companion to dissect that body. They would not look at it, they avoided it as if it had been a ghost. It was indeed so to them.

continually before their eyes, pale, ghastly and stark! That unearthly sound was always in their ears. The medical professors, reasoned with them, and they were jested by their fellow students, but they would have nothing to do with the body and abandoned it to the College. In vain they were told that the noise they heard and which their nervous terrors had exaggerated, was the natural effect of the jolting by which gaseous air was expelled through the vocal organs and the sound produced. They knew that very well, but the effects of the fright remained. This was the first and last time that either of them performed the part of Resurrectionist men.

### CORRESPONDENCE OF THE WIZARD. A LETTER FROM MISSOURI.

CLARK COUNTY, MISSOURI, January, 1860.  
MR. EDITOR.—I received a few days since a copy of the Wizard, (what a name?) published in my own native town, and I find much, very much, that, after an absence of twenty-five years, calls to my mind scenes of my boyhood. I find many strange names, and others that are quite familiar. Who does not recognize your "fat man"—the master. How well do I remember of his standing me in his old spit-box (none of your modern spittoons, but an old fashioned pine box, two feet square) for punishment. I was barefoot, and I can see at this time, the tobacco quills as they squelched up between my toes. I well recollect the little chapel standing back of Aunt Hooper's, overlooking the mill-pond, and my offense too which was laughing at two women gathering flagroot with their coats, no sleeves rolled up to their knees. Alas! what changes—all have gone. The master sleeps quietly, as only fat men know how to sleep, just where we boys used to hide when the Alcivive men came along. The chapel has gone long ago, pond, flagroot and all; but still I see them just as they were forty years ago. I read of your merry sleighride, as in days of yore. That is an institution. That we know, but little of here. We are seldom prepared for it, but if we are, horseflesh suffers some for the time. My children want to know how whole schools can ride in one sleigh, so I have to explain all to their enquiries. Don't I remember something about those merry rides? How fast we used to rush down the old burying ground hill, past that meek-looking lamb, (wonder if it is standing yet,) and into the chuckholes. "Somehow we always got mixed up then with shawls, cloaks, buffalo robes, gaiter boots, &c., promiscuously. Such things are not enjoyed here, for want of snow. I see you hold discussions up to Rockville, (it used to be up in the Rocks.) We used to hold them when I was a boy. Blind Sam was chairman (but I think he always sat on a chest) and presided with dignity. Don't you remember something about it? This individual was right "thar." Don't I remember the Old Torrent? Why, I see now Ben Stevens and the Old Skipper working at the brakes. Go it Whizzie Boy, down on her. We'll throw it up to the "Black Windows yet," a great feat in those days. Those are the lean men you speak about. Twenty-five years' absence does not efface from my recollection those scenes of fire and blood, and although a "border ruffian" according to your vocabulary, I am still proud of being a New Englander.

If the Wizard is open to agricultural matter, I will give you a sketch of farming in Missouri.  
P. S. S.

### Personal History of Authors

What Poetesses have been remarkable for personal beauty?  
What French Novelist is colored?  
What English Poets have been noted for mental precocity?  
What Authors have been intemperate?  
What distinguished writers have been infidels?  
What Poet was famous for his laziness?  
What Poets have been unfortunate in love, or unhappy in wedded life?  
What Poetesses have been unhappy in wedded life?  
Name three American Theological Professors whose wives have written works of fiction?  
What female authors have been married to authors?  
Name some living female authors, who are unmarried.  
What facts concern the poverty of distinguished writers?  
What great poem was sold to a publisher for £5?  
What poet in modern times was paid \$2000 for a single copy of one of his poems? how much was that a line?  
What authors have been insane?  
What American Poet died young?  
What two Poets, who flourished in Yale College about the same time, were teachers in that institution and one of them afterwards president?  
What American actress has some reputation as a poetical writer?  
What English Poetess has been an actress?  
What American Poet was a Printers Apprentice, and made the tour of Europe on foot?  
What great poet became blind?  
What American historian was nearly blind?  
What works have been written wholly or in part, while the authors have been in prison, or captivity?  
What English Poet was a shoemaker? what poem did he write in a garret to avoid the noise of half a dozen hammers?  
What American authors have been, or are Editors of Periodicals?











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ADVICE TO YOUTHFUL CRITICS.—The English  
ladder always looks up—never down, for in doing  
the latter a fall is imminent. So in life, it is  
to keep company with those above you, rather  
than those beneath you, in intellectual capacity  
and requirement. Emulate your superiors. If  
you can't find them you are blind; if you won't  
find them, you are not fitted for their society  
and had better at once turn your attention to  
the reduction of the dimensions of your ears,  
and immerse your muddy faculties in the mys-  
teries of poudrette or putty making.



WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1860.

In some remarks in a late paper on this subject, we referred to some of the annoyances suffered by those who depend upon hired domestics to do the work of their families, and recommended as the best remedy for these annoyances, that all who could, should do their own household labor. We think that in all cases where the situation of the head of the family is such that this can be done, even at the expense of some privation, that a more satisfactory state of things will exist in the household.

We are aware that the situation of many families is such, that this kind of independence cannot be enjoyed. We now propose to make some remarks in relation to the treatment of domestics, in those families where their services cannot be dispensed with. In considering this subject, we must look at things as they are, and not as we would like to have them. It is no longer as formerly, that we can obtain native domestics, but we must depend upon such servants of foreign birth or origin as we can best obtain. Twenty or thirty years ago we could find American girls, and they were treated with a degree of consideration, and held in position almost of equality with the members of the family. Some of these are now the wives of some of our best citizens, and among our best housewives. It is worthy of consideration, whether, if our present domestics were treated with something of that kind of respect, in cases where it is deserved, we should find so many cases of conduct. We think it will be acknowledged by every attentive observer, that to treat such a class, in a moderate enough to have proper respect for the feelings of her faithful domestics, is her duty, and it is hardly likely we should find frequent changes of help, when one who is accustomed to look upon her servant as a mere drudge, who "has rights" which her mistress is "bound to respect."

It is undoubtedly true, that there are many fond and condescending domestic in our families, as well as some of the gipsy class, and that they have a deal of intolerance too, which enables them to discover character and disposition of their subjects. They have a heart in the country large enough to let their spiteful discontent and disdain for the improvement of their condition, which we consider so won of praise in the native born. These are the best of fifty servants, and retain their situations longest with a kind and considerate employer. When a treat is overbearing and exacting, they do not seem to take their leave, and seek a better place. They will be found that it is generally the case with the families who are continually changing their help, the fault is less with the latter than with themselves.

There are some things, indifferent to us, upon which Bridget sets a high value, and in which there is harm that she should be indulged. Among these the customs of her race, and the observance of the requirements of her church. It is very little for a family to grant, who choose to have a fish dinner one week, to have it on Friday, but it is a great boon for her, and she will show her gratitude for the favor. I ought to be granted all the more cheerfully, as you cannot doubt her sincerity. You cannot but respect her for her abstinence, although you may think it supererogation. You even feel a sense of shame as you compare her observance of fast days, in contrast with the mode in which our Protestant fast day is observed.

The same causes which have deprived us of our native servants, are in operation to make it still more difficult to obtain the right kind of domestic help of a kind. These causes lie deep in the constitution of improving society. One of them is the increasing expulsion of the dignity of labor. Our foreign as well as domestic population, as it becomes more intelligent by education, will claim a more equal position in society. It will become more and more difficult to expect persons to take places only of mere drudgery. We do not believe that in consequence of this elevation, we shall be obliged to resort to the Coolie or the Nigger whether bond or free, to do our work. We hold rather that the work is to be done by ourselves. We think the time is coming when a man may black his own boots, without being in danger of expulsion from good society, and that a lady will be none the less a lady if she chooses to use the broom or the flat-iron as well as the crochet needle and piano.

REPORTS OF THE CITY OF SALEM FOR 1859.—has been favored by the gentlemanly clerk of city, Joseph Cloutman, Esq., with a pamphlet of 10 pages, containing the Reports of the several departments intelligently arranged and neatly printed. Everything appears to have been done systematically and in order. When citizens are called upon to pay annually, many thousands, for the support of the government of the city, it must be gratifying to find those in power, prompt in rendering a satisfactory account of their stewardship. With such an efficient city marshal as T. B. Perkins, Esq., there can be no danger of a continued violation of law, even in those most common violations gambling and drinking. We are rejoiced to detect in this, as too many of our own townsmen, too frequently pass their evenings in the city and we fear not always with the best examples before them. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound cured."

THE MARBOLLEIAN LINGERER.—This excellent paper comes to us finely illustrated, the Washington Big Day number being a showy Fictorial. The embellishments begin with a "Goddish" and end with a "Trotchake." The publisher brings out his big "little 'Guns" and exhibits the "Elephant." He gives portraits of the "First Settlers" who inhabited Marbled head, before the time Gov. Endicott, or the Mayflower. The Rhences of Washington and Franklin, are evidently truthful so far as we have a recollection of originals. It has also a fishing schooner, however bound from George's Banks, which suggested to frequent at our elbow the enquiry—"how they catch so fish?" He is on the anxious seat to know "how th bite," as he has never been able to see that they have any mouths.

**FALSE REPORT.**—We are authorized to say, that a report in circulation that the South Danvers Police who went to Lynn, arrested the whole crowd of strikers, and kept them confined in the street while they kept guard over them from the windows of a shop, wholly without foundation. No such occurrence took place.

This anticipated event came off on Washington's Birthday day. It was successful so far as numbers, music, banners and speeches could make it so. Since that day some accidents have been committed which have had a tendency to turn public sentiment from sympathy with to depreciation of the shoe movement. We confess that our strongest wish is for the success of the measure. It is always better for the community at large, as well as for those most immediately concerned, that labor should have its sure and sufficient reward. We wish it may succeed and if it does, it will result to the benefit of the employer as much as to the workman. It can only succeed so far as its effects are favorable to the shoe business itself. The present state of the business is easily accounted for. Its depressed state is owing to a disturbance in the great regulator, "supply and demand." It is with labor as with commodities, an excess will produce cheapness and scarcity an advance in price. We buy oranges to day at a low price because they are abundant in the market. When they are scarce, we shall be compelled to pay six, eight or ten cents, just according to the shortness of the supply. There is now in the market for cordwainer's labor, excessive supply and consequently it sells at a low price. It is only by taking a portion of it out of the market that it will find a higher price. Here is all the hope we have that the present movement will succeed. So long as the strike holds out, so much labor will be taken from the supply. This is the reason why the shrewdest manufacturers are openly or secretly desiring its continuance. They see its effects will be favorable to render him, if he advance the price of their stock of shoes. Another beneficial effect will follow the strike, it will hold out a reasonable time. Many of the workmen will seek other employments and thus still further relieve the labor market. It is on these effects of the strike that we found our hopes of its resulting favorably to the workman, or to the trade itself, which is the same thing. It is upon this principle that our large woolen and cotton manufacturers act, when the market is overstocked with goods. They work their mills and their laborers on short time. The production is then the old stock is sold and the wheels go on prospering again as before. We think the same effect will fall in the shoe business if the strike holds out long enough and becomes general in the shoe towns. Although strikers aim to effect their object in another way, coercing employers, mobbing schools and attacking pressmen, they will obtain it only as they reduce the supply of labor to conform to the actual demand.

Mr. Sutton was, in many respects, one of the most marked men in the history of our town, from the beginning of the present century until his decease, which happened in 1828. He originated at Ipswich, his father was a leather dresser, having served at the battle of Bunker Hill. Gen. William Sutton, the eldest son of the subject of this sketch, has in his possession a veritable cocked hat and musket, used by his grandfather in that battle, which he keeps suspended in his office as an heir-loom and relic of those golden days.

Mr. Sutton's origin was humble, and he was, in respects, a self-made man. He worked a year at his majesty for twelve dollars per month. He learnt the business of wool pulling with Pearce & Wain, Salem, and came to this town and went into partnership in the same business, with Mr. Ward Pond. They pursued this business and tanning successfully several years, when the partnership was dissolved, and Mr. Sutton turned his attention to the purchase and sale of hides. His good judgment in the quality of the hides, and his practiced foresight in making shrewd bargains, soon enabled him to command sufficient means to enter into large operations for that period. It is related of him that he attended an auction sale at Portsmouth, N. H., which had been partially hidden at, and abandoned to the usual writers. He had the presumption to send a man, who was a relative, to examine their condition, and on his report being favorable, he made arrangements for an extensive purchase. At the time of sale, the young stranger attended, and the usual offer was made of 100 hides at a bid, with the option of taking the whole deer. It was the policy of the buyers to let small dealers take a few lots, expecting to get bulk at a low price, all of these were supplied. The first lot was bid off by a young purchaser, and he was asked how many he would take. To the surprise of the company and the auctioneer, he said he would take the whole! Heavily asked for the fulfillment of the contract, and it was given by an offer to pay the cash on the presentment of the bill. The operation was a lucrative one, and the foundation of a great fortune.

Mr. Sun continued in the same business during his life, and, at the establishment of the Drovers Bank, he was its President, and so continued to his death. He was a man of few words, but had great influence. His political opinions were those of the Republican party of that day, that is to say, Jeffersonian Democracy as opposed to Federalism. He was an influential opponent of the Essex Junto, and his political associations were such men as Judge Story, Benj. Crowninshield, David Cummings, Nathaniel Silsbee and others. His extensive acquaintance with eminent men of his party gave him great influence in legislative measures, more than one law of the Commonwealth has had its origin in and enactment through his quiet influence. After the emancipation of the old political parties, was elected one of the Representatives from the town of Drovers. Although not acknowledged himself to be a politician, he could always command from his old political friends, able advocates of such measures as he desired to carry through the house.

In his personal appearance, Mr. Sutton bore the marks of great power of intellect and energy of character. In stature he was of medium height, and stout build. He was upward of thirty years of age, and would sometimes pass an intimate friend without recognition. His frown was severe, though his smile was pleasant, and he was very affable. In his address making an agreeable impression on an introduction to his acquaintances. The portrait on the bill of the Farmers Bank, which was taken from a painting in Danvers, is a good likeness, but in our view, fails to give striking representation of his countenance in its best estate.

Mr. Sutton's career was the most successful, as a business man, of any of our citizens up to his time, and his death he left the largest fortune that had ever been administered upon in this town. He died after a brief illness, of disease of the intestines, Feb. 26, 1832, aged 39 years. It will be a matter of surprise to many who knew him, that he was no older, as he was familiarly known as "old Mr. Sutton."



In reading accounts of the Lynn Strike, we were puzzled to know the meaning of the word "Scab," which figured so largely in these narratives. We went to our unbridled Webster, and found its definition to be "A low, mean, dirty fellow." Very complimentary, thought we. We then began to compare the thing itself with its definition. We first despatched our best artist to Lynn and obtained a portrait of "a scab" which we have the pleasure to present to our patrons. We next looked into the character of the thing itself and can describe it as it appears to us, and not as it was defined by Dr. Webster.—"A Scab" is the sense understood by us, is a substantive man, masculine gender, singular number, hard case, and belongs to himself. He is obstinate and uncooperative. He utterly refuses to be led by the nose by one man or by a mob of a thousand. He persists in laboring to support his family, for no better reason

Richmond, Virginia, Feb. 8. 1860.

I like this city very well, what I have seen of it, but it is decidedly Southern, and the negroes are very plenty, and are bought and sold like horses and cattle—so I understand. I intend going to an auction to-morrow if possible, for there is one almost every day, and shall not finish this letter until I have been to one.

Well, I have been to a slave auction, and, thank for time I live in a country where they have not seen every day it is here. The first place where the auction is held is a place like a large loafing room in a stable; rough seats, dirty floor, full of tobacco smoke, etc. The slaves that were sold to day were women, and were arranged on seats in one end of the room. Most of the time they were with their young children and one or two other auctioneer stands on a platform brought \$1140, and the second, being rather old, only a \$450 was obtained for her. But the third was remarkably good looking, with long, almost straight and curly, black hair, very light complexion (for a negro). She was dressed very nicely, and, as the auctioneer said, she was a good sower. She said she was told to open her mouth, and in fact treated like a brute, and \$1710 was obtained for her. Then a sweet looking girl, "black as the ace of spades," about 15 years of age, and after being asked her accomplishments, and ordered to run over her head, and to show her arms, legs, and to suppose whether she had the spavin or ring halt, or lame (a horse joke) \$1340 was b.d. Another about the same age brought \$1210, and one which followed her mother, with two little girls and one little boy and a baby in arms, ages ranging about 8, 6, 4, 1, the boy being oldest, and two little girls, brought \$1185. The next was a girl with dull looks, said she had been whipped a good deal, and the scars could be seen about her person. She said she was about 48 years of age, and had 14 children, all living, but these were all she knew where they were. After trotting around the room like the others, she only was worth \$975. The next, being younger and only two babies, brought \$1185. The next was a handsome one, but was accompanied by two babies, one about 2 years and the other about 6 months. If without these incumbrances I should have been worth more than the first. \$1740 was got for her. The baby was almost white, and the oldest was a surprise at the appearance of some of them on the auction stand. They were looking as interested, and laughing at the jokes of the audience, and questions asked them and others. As I said before, thank fortune I don't have to see it again. After the first sold, they are turned out to roam about, and then up they come, and are sold as was asked by the poor girls if I knew who bought them I see, but enough of this for time, this time.

correspondent, but he must excuse us for omitting his remarks on the Editorial vocation, as far too complimentary for our modest appreciation. He has a right to speak plainly and feelingly of the medical craft, being himself a "medicine man."

Concerning the professions, I have but little choice in the selection. My impression is, however, that our white cravat and black coat gentlemen are more respected, better paid, and less exempt from personal malice and public annihilation, than those of any other class. They spread the Gospel before their flock once a week for from one to six thousand per annum, and have the rest of the time to themselves. They get the laudations of the male parishioners, if they preach a rousing discourse and share the good graces of the other sex, especially our granddams, if they uniformly preserve the

But the poor, unthankful, Pedagogue, is sometimes appreciated, but in many instances shamefully de-  
nounced, because he may be a little one sided at times.  
He cuffs master Burke's auditory appendages, ver-  
gently for some slight offence, but he is too big a  
man to be so easily provoked. Doughty whippersnaps and hound-  
dogs in his ears, because her noble father sports a  
gold chain, unpaid for may be, and perannu-  
ally, but he is not a beggar, and he is not a  
Broadway "on tie," and ten chances to one, if he is not  
expunged from office, as totally unqualified for his  
position. Mrs. Doughty is a very agreeable  
conversant with the rule of reduction according to his  
mood. And the himb of the law is a cheat and a  
hoodwinker, if he don't succeed in getting a favorable  
verdict for her client, and is lauponned without mercy.  
He is too stupid to him with the tenacity of those  
underlings who are too stupid to know that they  
gets your shin plasters and for them renders you no  
equivalent. I can see but little hope for comfort and  
consolation and respect in pettingfogging. Ben Butler  
is a good deal of the same kind, and George Washington  
Foster Mellen will surely be the same. But  
knights of the linnet and the scinplee fairs no better. If  
Mr. Bulldog had his way, and Mrs. Dumbass the power,  
poor *Margate* would fare awfully hard, I think. I  
am a *Margate* patient, and is, "secundum artem,"  
the method of the doctor, is to kill it, and it is to  
die, and did not know his disease, and he never shall  
be paid for his service. Sit up night after night, watch  
the patient with unceasing assiduity, out all times  
day and fair, in storm and sunshine, in hideous dark-  
ness, and in brilliant light, is a waste of time, ready to go at  
the beck and call of every body white or black, and  
gaseyptions or fud medicine yearly, follow up  
closely your profession at the sacrifice of health and  
welfare, your valued life, break down your constitution,  
and, if you are not careful, wear out your very soul and  
body, reduce yourself to a mere shadow, and then  
when unfit to do further duty, sicken, and drag out a  
miserable existence, all for humanities sake; and what  
a sound of curses, a paucity of hollow compliments, and  
a few dollars, make up the grand if ale. No class of  
people are so ungrateful and stigmatized and  
unthankful, than Physicians.  
The present, for my next a few remarks upon the  
"Wicard,"

PLUNKET.

**REMOVAL.**—Mr. J. K. Root, the teacher of the Grammar School at Danversport, has accepted an invitation to take charge of the pupils at the State Reform School at Westboro.

**Rufus Choate.**

The following letter from this distinguished advocate has been presented to us for publication. It is addressed to an intimate friend of the writer, while the latter was at Washington, and is a good specimen of his off-hand, unstudied expression of his thoughts to one with whom he was on intimate terms of companionship. It will be seen that it was written in the midst of the political Anti-Masonic excitement.

Washington, 28th Jan'y, 1832.

Dear S.,—I received your favors of the press and pen duly, and am greatly obliged to you for all of them, and solicit a continuance of the same tokens of your friendship, and the same proofs of your interest, in the various matters of local and general concern which excite the public attention. 'Tisresh those \*\*\* interests of the dust. Yes, I trample upon them in some displeasure, but I do not harbor a thought of fear that they will be longer dangerous. It is fast melting away before the warm and living excitement of truth. "Who care for hubble bubbles and this is one of them." "Who care about \*\*\* when the banners of Free Trade, and the American System are being on the world, and Clay's silver elation is being on you, and such as you from the lake, the mountain, and the sea," to the rescue." Nevertheless, to this day I can't see, or think of such a proscription, ferocious, bloody, selfish, hypocritical set as \*\*\* and his regiment, without longing to be at them. Therefore smite them hip and thigh, as you like, and let not thine eye pity.

Why says any longer that Van Buren is minister to England? No boys play that. I hear that Webster says it was the hardest day's work of his life. Clamorous upon the subject of proscription, spake as man never spake—and the Jackson men, instead of sending back upon our troops such thunders as were poured in upon them, flew at each other's throats, like the Jews at the siege of Jerusalem. I guess that other topics than the proscription and his instructions to McLane were advertised to. \* \* \* \* \*

I think much of this rejection of Van Buren. It is something to rally round and swear by, and there is great danger—without it—that our whole party would

have meddled with it. I never knew a certain Ex-President of the Senate, stand so high and indignant, at the desperate and suicidal course. John Davis, as sensible man as any in Congress, (though not so quick upon topics as that Clay, and Webster), told me that J. Adams lately said that the power of Masons and of the Society in Massachusetts was so great that every day a new member was made, and that every day a new member was made, and that every day a new member was made. "Hayne is an excellent man, with something more than the talents for speaking." These are Webster's words—and I think they are true—but Webster might think a pretty clever fellow ordinary. Clay might think and close to Webster, and just as Hayne starting off in his impassioned-tragedy manner, I distinctly saw Webster, who was taking off his sword, glance a look of half sneer and laugh at the poor boy, who returned it, as much as to say "Poor boy—"

Come, and see Clay towering in his pride of intellect  
 and services and character, and then look upon Jackson  
 great, gaunt, gray, decrepid, exhausted, weak dot-  
 aged, and you'll be amazed at the blindness and infatua-  
 tion of a majority of the American People.

J. cannot be ousted—but we must keep our rank  
 and against every other man, do your best for the  
 Clay. Come and see him and hear him. Nobody  
 attracts half the attention—not even Daniel Webster

ANNUAL REGISTER OF THE GOVERNMENT OF MASSACHUSETTS, FOR 1860.—We have been favored with an instructive pamphlet of 20 pages. It contains much useful information. All classes of occupation are represented—beginning with the lawyers in the executive and so on to the boot-black and tin pedler—in the legislative department.

It is curious to note how they are intermingled—that no more idea can be procured of the character of a man, by the occupation attached to his name, than can of the size of a star by the class in which it is numbered, without any knowledge of its distance.

on	We note, Lawyers,	24,
d,	Farmers,	56,
ns	Merchants,	31,
r-	Manufacturers,	40,
d,	Doctors,	8,
re	Clergymen,	3,
I	Gentleman.	1.

with a host of others too various to be classed. The best of the lot appears to have been born in 1732—following the Scripture rule “not fit to be used after the age of seventy years.”

The above tells a sad story for the social standing of the members of the State government. "Between two and three hundred members, and only one gentleman among them! What are we coming to? We should like to see this solitary specimen of a gentleman, who adorns our Legislative halls. Why does not Governor Banks resign, and let him take his chair? As, by the above statement, all the rest of the Government are gentlemen," we ought to make the most of this singular specimen. Who is he?

REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.—This body met at Worcester, March 7th. We hope an early day will be appointed to select our delegates. South Danvers has usually been among the last to move on such occasions. We hope at this time she will exhibit promptness demanded of a town of her importance in the Republican cause.

**TOBACCO.**—We have seen it stated in public print that a committee of our legislature have discovered on investigation, that seven hundred forty one dollars have been paid by the State, under the sanction of Governor and Council, for the tobacco, to be used by inmates of one of our State Alms Houses. We were quite surprised when we saw this statement, knowing we do, that any use of this poisonous weed is a and "only evil continually."

Being favored by our attentive representative the public documents relating to the alms house at Tewksbury, Bridgewater and Monson, we have less carefully through them, to find under what head each article is registered. "Lo, and behold it is not there. No one would ever suspect the use of tobacco, or alcoholic liquors, from their reports. It is clear they do not contain the whole truth. They are made *thin* and concise; their principal object being to secure a continuation in place by those who made them. We have seen like things in other institutions, where the managers profess to be models of honesty and purity. In fact, it is those who are in office and want to continue in office, that do not always tell the truth.

THE HOUSE OF CORRECTION AT E. CAMBRIDGE.  
have read the testimony given by the witness as to the diet furnished the inmates of this Institution and we are free to say that we should be ashamed to place such diet before decent hogs. We know who is to blame for this, but there must be a *down* somewhere.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.—A lesson was delivered at the Old South Church, last Sunday evening, by Rev. Dr. Swain of Providence, R. I. In the text, "The Lord's arm is not shortened," he cannot hear—nor his ear heavy; that he cannot hear

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Year	Percentage
1950	7
1955	8
1960	9
1965	10
1970	11
1975	12
1980	12.5
1985	13
1990	13



# THE WIZARD.

VOL. I.

SOUTH DANVERS, MASS., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14, 1860.

NO. 15.

## THE WIZARD

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

At Allen's Building, So. Danvers Square,

CHAS. D. HOWARD, Proprietor.

F. POOLE, Editor.

Terms \$2.00 a Year; for Immediate Payment, \$1.50.

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Central Street, South Danvers, Oppo. South Church.  
All orders promptly and faithfully executed.  
dec 14 1859

## Original Poetry.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

BY MISS CAROLINE A. GOLDTHWAIT.

Calm shone the moon o'er Alma's towering heights,  
And the soft stars shone forth in brilliancy  
That rivalled India's choicest gold and gems,  
No sound was heard among the leafy boughs,  
But soft and low along its pebbly bed,  
The winding river rolled its murmuring way  
To the deep sea.

All nature seemed at peace,  
As if her wild heart-throbs were hushed to rest.  
But, as the calm preceded the earthquake shock,  
So Alma's quietude and sweet repose,  
Was soon to be disturbed with sounds of war.  
Where now the verdant gardens bloom beneath,  
Contenting armies meet in hostile strife,  
And shrieks and groans ring out upon the air.  
The soil of Alma drenched with human blood,  
Was but the prelude to a bitter strife,  
Where misery and want walk hand in hand  
With foul disease, and cruel wounds and death.  
Millions of victims Death has claimed in war,  
And many millions more will yet be his,  
E'er yet the reign of peace upon the earth begins.

But Alma! Balaklava! Inkerman!  
Would that the sufferings on thy bloody fields  
Had gained thy cause without more misery.

But speedily death was kindness to the woe  
Of wounds unhealed for or to famine dread.  
Brave souls have soldiers; but the sympathy  
And care of kindly hearts and hands, needful  
To sweeten pain and rob death of its gloom,  
Was wanting in their bitter loneliness.

But love and goodness hold a place amid  
The selfishness and folly of the day:  
The Good Samaritan with pitying eye,  
Still pours in oil and wine to human wounds.—

When Crimer's sad distressful cry was heard,  
One gentle heart was ready to respond,  
Not only with her arms, but gladly left  
Home, friends and kindred, all that talent, wealth  
Or station could command, to lead the sick  
And wounded soldiers on a foreign shore.

"Most blessed things come silently," so came  
Sweet Florence Nightingale amid the roar  
And din of war. Her name a synonyme  
Of nobleness and sweetness blent. Florence!  
Beneath thy calm clear skies, whose golden sun  
Pours its soft beams upon the mellow earth,  
Thy peerless being first drew breath, and winds  
Of heavenly fragrance fanned her brow.

As her own bird, when daylight songsters trill  
Their careless, merry notes of joy and love,  
The nightingale in darkness and alone,  
Sings sweetly through the dull and dreary night,  
So she amid the first dark trial hours,  
With few supporters started on her way.  
The way of love and mercy to the poor,  
Half-mangled, wounded soldiers, where the breath  
Of pestilence was wafted through the air,  
And patiently, with her fair hand did bind  
The bleeding wounds of many a sufferer.—

Softly she moves among the stricken throng,  
Seattering with kindly hand each healing balm,  
And sweeter far the sympathetic eye,  
And soft glad voice, so dear to every ear,  
Giving an air of home, to the rough walls  
And hard beds of a soldier's hospital.

How many think you would have dared to tread  
Within these walls of pestilence and death,  
Even to have gained a name to fame renowned?  
Much less exposed to calumny's full shaft.

But her brave spirit feared not pestilence,  
Nor slanderous words, but with a faith undimmed,  
Pursued the hard and thorny path marked out  
By her own hand. Duty to her was pleasure;  
And think ye not the grateful smile of men  
So sad and suffering, was a sweet reward  
To one who counts not gain in worldly gold?

How lovingly the sufferers' wistful glance  
Followed sweet Florence in her work of love,  
And fondly kissed her shadow as it fell.—  
But with her soft, true heart and pitying eye  
Her nerves were firm, and strong as tempered steel.  
And though her cheek might blanch with sympathy  
For one who suffered, yet the steady hand  
Maintained its even poise and shrank not back  
From present pain for future useful good.—

How calm and steady by the bed of death,  
Shone forth religion's ray, to guide the soul  
On its dark journey to that bourne from whence  
No traveller returns. The fading eye  
Was turned unto the cross,—that star of hope  
To weary heavy laden souls,—and as  
It illumed the pallid lip and pallid brow.—

Thus through long weary months she labored on,  
Forgetful of herself so long as cause  
For action still remained. Then, her worn frame  
O'er-taxed and wearied, sank beneath the weight  
Of her continued cares. And she who ruled  
With judgment clear and quick discerning eye  
Was feeble as a child. Then from the scene  
Of all her toil, in th' arms of stalwart men  
They bore her reverently, to seek the pure  
Invigorating air of the deep sea.

A nation's heart was ready to bestow  
The honors she so richly merited,  
And royalty stretched forth its hand  
To welcome her. The friendship of her queen,  
Was all the favor that she did not shun.—

True merit seeks not for publicity  
But ever shuns the gaze of gazing crowds.—

So quiet was the Nightingale's return  
None knew her coming, till her foot  
Pressed the soft turf of her own English home.—

Although she would accept no offerings,  
Yet from united hearts in many a home,  
Will monuments of prayer and praise arise,  
And tears of gratitude and love will flow,  
As from the lips of many a veteran old  
The story of their sufferings is told,  
And of the angel vision that appeared,  
And soothed their sufferings with kindly hand.—

Then leave her to the quiet she demands,  
Leave her in stillness to her own sweet thoughts,  
In calm complacency of good achieved  
And duty done. In Heaven a crown awaits  
The faithful one with brighter stars and gems  
Than ever worn by conquering kings.

## An Original Sketch.

Written expressly for the Wizard.

### NOSES.

What is the use of a nose? This is a question which may seem strange to those who make no use of the organ but to snuff at flowers and smelling bottles, and who, at the same time, are offended at nauseous smells ten times where they are gratified once by sweet perfume. We are aware that some will answer for its utility merely because nature made it. The question we propose is whether we cannot do as well without it, and that without loss to our convenience and comfort. We aver that in the matter of enjoyment from smelling, the nose is not a failure. We have an intimate friend for whom, we are afraid, we have more than ordinary respect, who many years since, lost the faculty or power of smelling, and he never has experienced the least inconvenience from his loss. On the contrary, his enjoyments have been increased. In the great preponderance of offensive odor, which exist in every civilized community, he is exempt from many trials which afflict the possessor of a sensitive nose. He does not, it is true, positively enjoy this exemption except in the consciousness that he is free from the ills and troubles of those who are already complaining of disagreeable perfumes. He is constantly hearing those complaints, and calls himself a lucky dog that he is rid of the cause of them. We cannot but congratulate him in his freedom from olfactory annoyances. He does not give offense to his less fortunate friends by boasting of his good fortune. One would think he would be exultant and proclaim it. On the other hand he modestly conceals it. His friends often thrust a fragrant bouquet to his nose—a saffron would smell the same to him—but he professes admiration of the perfume. We hope our readers will excuse in him this innocent deception. He would not detract from their enjoyment, nor would he excite their envy, when at other times they often feel bound to hold their own noses. Dame Nature has been quite too prodigal in giving man five senses, when four will answer quite as well.

Perhaps it will be urged that the external nose is an ornament to the human countenance, and that the loss of it would be missed when we look at each other or at ourselves in the looking glass. Nonsense! It is nothing but custom that reconciles us now to this unseemly excrescence. Fashion will reconcile us to almost any absurdity, even to the wearing of noses; as in the old ballad;

"Said Aaron to Moses  
Let's cut off our noses;  
Said Moses to Aaron,  
'Tis the fashion to wear 'em."

This subserviency to the customs of mankind must be regarded as the weakest part of the character of the law giver of the Israelitish nation. May you not see in the great prominence of the noses of the modern Jews a sad result of his adherence to the usages of his contemporaries?

Thus we see it only requires the aid of this tyrant, fashion, to reconcile us all to any change it may adopt. Had we been born without noses, who, suppose ye, would ever think it ornamental to erect such a protuberance on a man's face? It would be too great an absurdity even for fashion herself, powerful as she is. Innumerable sonnets have been written by lovers in praise of the eyes of their mistresses, their cheeks, necks, foreheads, eyebrows, hair, waists and arms, but who ever saw a sonnet addressed to a lady's nose, except in burlesque or satire?

In ancient times the Greeks and Romans held opposite opinions in regard to the shape of their noses. The Romans were enamored of a large nose, aquiline, like the beak of a parrot. The Greeks preferred a small nose. In all their famous statues of the goddess of beauty, she is represented with a small nose. This was their idea of comeliness in the female face. By their personification of Venus it is evident that they thought, in reference to beauty, that the less nose the better. The lax goddess herself seemed to be of the same opinion, or why should she do so much to deprive mankind of their noses?

We have said the sages of ancient Rome preferred a long nose and a crooked one. Strange perversity of taste! We think the modern Romans have more discernment. If we may rely on the portraits of the present Pontiff, Pío No. No's nose knows no approach to the ancient Roman nose.

It may be urged that such a protuberance is convenient as a protection to the rest of the face. It is true that in groping in the dark we are apt to strike the nose first against an unexpected obstacle. But is there no sensation in the end of the nose? Why should this organ be put forth to receive all the hard knocks unless it be where it has no business? We know

of no convenience about it except to the barber. He may handle a man's nose with impunity, but no one else can. There is one other convenience we had overlooked. It may be convenient and desirable for the prize fighter to draw "claret" from.

A great inconvenience to the possessor of a nose, especially a long one, is the liability of having it pulled. To pull the nose of another is a mark of more than disrespect to the man whose nose is pulled. It implies absolute disgrace to the owner of the pulled nose. A most melancholy case of this kind we must refer to and the wide spread shame and ignominy it occasioned. The illustrious Gen. Jackson, the hero of New Orleans, had his nose pulled by a discharged subaltern, and that too while he was President of these United States! I t were only the presidential nose which felt the ignominy it might have been borne, but it was reflected through him to all the people of the Union. All the inhabitants of the country, men, women and children, white, black and yellow, were bound to consider their own noses pulled in sympathy with the presidential proboscis! Every pocket handkerchief in the country was immediately applied to its respective nose to wipe out this stain and vile dishonor. What a sad commentary is here on the institution of noses!

It has been thought by some that the nose may be useful as a guide to our ways. We are sometimes directed "to follow our noses" and we will go right. There is a fallacy in this. With both eyes open we do not see our noses. Hence they are no guide to us. We depend for guidance on our eyes and if our noses were as long as the elephant's they would not aid us in the least. Others think the nose essential to support the spectacles and that it was made for this especial purpose. This seems reasonable, but we think that the ingenuity of man would be effectual without it.

We hope the advocates of the proboscis will not contend for its usefulness in the matter of taking snuff. We look upon this nauseous habit as the abuse of a bad thing, and bad as we regard the nose, we consider it too good for such uses.

Finally, lastly and to conclude; considering the use of the nasal organ for smelling is productive of more annoyance than gratification, that it is an incumbrance and deformity to the countenance, that it is very apt to poke itself into other peoples business, that it is a consumer of a great amount of snuff and pocket handkerchiefs, that many weak minded people suffer themselves to be led by it, and, moreover, that as it is clearly unconstitutional we go for its entire abolition and say with Mr. Shakespeare's *Timon of Athens*:

"Down with the nose, down with it flat."  
We hear however, one instance of poetical praises of the nose. It is a Sonnet addressed by a Sandwich Islander to his mistress, commencing—

Thy nose is the nose of all noses,  
Fromondous Miss Fiddledeedee,  
And the spot that's once blessed by thy toes, is  
Made sacred forever to me.

For The Wizard.

### SOME THOUGHTS ON POETRY.

No one who has had access of late years, to many of the newspapers and other periodicals of the present day, can scarcely fail to have been struck with surprise at the vast increase of poetical aspirants who avail themselves of these mediums to attract the public attention. And his wonder will be still further augmented, when he reflects, in connection with this fact, on the immense number of publications that flood our country from border to border, and from sea to sea, he will have noticed the uncommon rarity of his taking up any miscellaneous sheet, no matter in what state, town or county it is published, that does not contain one or more original effusions in verse.

And if he be a person at all given to philosophical investigation, an idea will arise in his mind, and shape itself naturally in the form of the following question: "what is the cause of all this? What prompts so many in this matter of fact age, as scientific gentlemen love to call it, to rush to the stationers, invest a dime in pen, ink and paper, and then rush out with such haste as would suggest to an observer, that they had stolen the articles, repairing to their abodes with what speed they may, burying themselves in the seclusion of their chamber, and then there essaying in the language of Milton, to "build the lofty rhyme."

There are those and many of them, who, in answer to this query, would unhesitatingly and sneeringly reply thus, "Vanity my friend, personal vanity is the cause of this phase of the times; they want to see themselves in print, they love notoriety and distinction; and are bound to obtain them by fair means or foul, by hook or by crook. This is only one of the ways in which the weakness of human nature manifests itself; men have been known, you know, to commit murder merely for the sake of attracting the eye of the public to the ample details of their crimes which are given in the daily papers. This is so, my friend, and many respectable newspapers being aware of the fact, withhold all particulars in consideration of the moral damage which is likely to ensue from diffuse and wide spread publication of the same."

Without pausing to ask this wisecrack how much fame and distinction the inditer of a few verses signed with a letter or two, or a star or a dash, the authorship of which, is not, and perhaps never will be known to any one save himself and the Editor, and frequently not even to the latter, is likely to acquire therefrom, I would

humbly submit to him that his elucidation is not fully and entirely the true one.

That there is vanity in the human heart we all know; that mortal men and women love applause is also conceded, and we have yet to learn that the desire of it, or its search by all fair and worthy means, though failure should result, is in any manner a fit subject of ridicule.

That pure unalloyed vanity, then, and fondness of praise is not the moving principle, what has been said above, and, in addition, the obscurity in which these efforts generally end, ought to be sufficient to convince every candid mind. I apprehend then, that the true philosophical explanation of the matter may be discovered from the two following propositions; First, that the essential spirit of poetry, which is the parent of the visible printed page, pervades all mind and matter, that it exists in the larger part of the human race, or in enough of them at all events to constitute this theory a rule. And secondly, in the increased facilities which are now afforded to those who feel a strong impulse to express their struggling thoughts in numbers.

It does not necessarily follow, nor does the fact invalidate my proposition, that because one feels this impulse he is therefore designed by nature for a poet, or ever can become one; there are other qualities required in his composition besides the mere desire, to constitute him a bard ordained of Heaven.

Another thing which is worth noticing, is the fact that the greater part of the verse which finds its way into the newspapers and magazines of our day, is written by people in the morning of life, and is generally illustrative of the domestic affections, or of the beauties of nature, treated in a serious and tender manner, and is seldom of a comic or humorous cast.

This is no marvel; youth is poetry, old age is prose; fancy reigns in life's dawning if ever, and paints all things in its own brilliant hues. The stripling beholds the bright crystal streamlet flowing on with pleasant ripple over its pebbly bed, between flower besprinkled banks, down mimic cascades, dancing and foaming, and he knows that this is true poetry and he first longs and then strives to translate this psalm of nature into the language of mortals. The rising sun, also awakens his admiration and delight. It is not enough that prose tells him, flatly and briefly "young man it is morning." Poetry comes and sings thus in his ear.

"The meek eyed morn appears, mother of dews,  
At first faint gleaming in the dimpled East,  
'Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow."

Spurred on then, as I have said, by this indefinable and mysterious craving in his soul, he endeavors to embody in rhyme, those vague and shadowy images of beauty which flit before his vision like phantoms in a dream. He may grasp and fix them on paper, or he may not; frequently he fails to reproduce them in suitable form for publication, but his intention is good and therefore praiseworthy. He may make many unsuccessful attempts, in consequence of inexperience and other causes, and yet be victorious at last. Such has been the case with many distinguished poets at different periods, who have given us the records of their experience. But no poet, I imagine, can pen to his entire satisfaction, all those feelings and emotions to which he would fain give utterance; they spring suddenly to his brain, and ere he can seize them vanish forever.

One, therefore, who feels impelled to write, should not be discouraged because his first Parnassian journeys are abortive and never receive the immortality of type. All these rude and uncouth attempts are but the necessary preparation which he must submit to before he can hope to become, if he ever can become an acceptable bard.

No doubt the larger part of unsuccessful poems contain here and there some good thought or line, although on a whole they may be imperfect. It is recorded of Sir Richard Blackman, who wrote verse by the acre, and epics by the dozen, that there were found occasionally, scattered over the dreary waste of his virbeage, like oases in the desert, some ideas beautifully and poetical expression.

To the young aspirant, then, whom the spirit moves to scribble, I would say, go in. It is a free fight, persist until you are satisfied whether you are one of the elect or not. If you succeed well, and if not, well; there will be no harm done or bones broken.

There are various orders of poets, one star differs from another in glory; you may never become a Shakespeare or a Milton, but you may perhaps, become one of the minor prophets. As the genius of the vision said to Burns:

"Thou canst not learn, nor can I show,  
To paint with Thompson's landscape glow,  
Or wake the bosom melting throe,  
With Shenstone's art,  
Or pour with Gray the moving flow,  
Warm on the heart."  
"Yet all beneath th' unrivalled rose,  
The lovely daisy sweetly blows,  
Though large the forest's monarch throws  
His army shade;  
Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows  
A lowly glade."

NAOMI, the daughter of ENOCH was five hundred and eighty years old when she was married. Courage, ladies!

"There never was a goose so gray,  
But some day soon of us-a.  
An honest gender came that way  
And took her for his mate."

The heat of an oven applied to a dead human body, for 12 days, reduces it from 120 to 12 lbs.















# THE WIZARD.

VOL. I.

SOUTH DANVERS, MASS., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21, 1860.

NO. 16.

## THE WIZARD

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY,  
At Allen's Building, So. Danvers Square.

CHAS. D. HOWARD, Proprietor.

F. POOLE, Editor.

Terms \$3.00 a Year; for Immediate Payment, \$1.50.

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J. J. WHIPPLE.

Dear Mr. Wizard,—I think you were rather hard upon us, your willing servants, but I found this bit of poetry in my mistress's room, on the floor, which I think she wrote when she thought of you. I think she may print it if you like. KATE.

### The Housekeeper's Soliloquy.

BY MRS. F. D. GAGE.

I wish I had a dozen pairs  
Of hands, this very minute;  
I'd soon put all the things to rights—  
The very dance is in it.

Here's a big washing to be done—  
One pair of hands to do it—  
Sheets, shirts and stockings, coats and pants,  
How will I ever get through it?

Dinner to get for six or more—  
No loaf let's for Sunday;  
And baby cross as he can live—  
He's always so on Monday.

And there's the cream 'tis getting sour,  
And must forthwith be churning;  
And here's Bob, wants a button on—  
Which way shall I be turning?

'Tis time the meat was in the pot,  
The bread was worked for baking,  
The clothes were taken from the boil—  
O dear! the baby's waking!

Hush, baby, dear! there, hush—sh—sh!  
I wish he'd sleep a little,  
Till I could run and get some wood,  
To hurry up that kettle.

Oh dear! oh dear! if P— comes home,  
And finds things in this bother,  
He'll just begin and tell me all  
About his tidy mother!

How nice her kitchen used to be—  
Her dinner always ready  
Exactly when the noon bell rang—  
Hush, hush! dear little Freddy!

And then will come some hasty word,  
Light on before I'm thinking—  
They say that hasty words from wives,  
Set sober men to drinking.

Now isn't that a great idea,  
That man should take to drinking,  
Because a weary, half sick wife,  
Can't always smile so winning!

When I was young I used to earn  
My living without trouble—  
Had clothes, and pocket money, too,  
And hours of leisure double.

I never dreamed of such a fate,  
When I was—was—was—  
Wife, mother, seamstress, cook, house-keeper,  
chamber-maid, laundress, dairy woman, and  
scrub generally, doing the work of six,  
For the sake of being supported!

### Selected Story.

#### THE HAUNTED STEEPLE.

There existed many years ago in the quiet little village of South Danvers, an old meeting-house, to which was attached a tower and steeple. It happened that this old house was built not many years after the Witchcraft delusion, and the minds of the simple-hearted villagers were strongly tinged with both the love and fear of the marvellous. There were some strange circumstances attending the erection of the house and steeple,—for they were not built at the same time,—which were calculated to awaken superstitious fears among such a population. At the time appointed for raising the tower a sudden tempest arose, and so powerful was it, that it scattered about the lighter materials of the building, and sent the men of the village back to their homes. Another day was appointed, and their work was hardly begun before a tremendous thunder-storm, attended by hail and rain, again interrupted their labors—and again they were forced to abandon the work. It was on this afternoon too, that the minister's cow was found dead in the field, having been struck by lightning while under a tree for shelter. But at length the steeple was raised. It however, was still unfinished, when one of the carpenters fell from its top to the ground, a ghastly and mangled corpse! A deep gloom for a long time hung over the village in consequence of this event, but still the work went on, and at last it was finished.

As years passed on, these events appeared to occupy the minds of the people, and as they dwelt constantly on each and particular, they always connected it with the raising of the steeple, which was in this manner fast gaining a bad reputation wholly aside from any fault of its own. Strange noises had also been heard, and flashes of red light had been seen in the tower.

Subsequent events served to awaken further suspicions against this unfortunate structure, as will be seen by attending to a conversation which took place many years after in the cottage of Joseph Stacy.

But before the conversation is related, we must first inform the reader who Jo. Stacy was and where he resided, with such other particulars as will serve to elucidate our story.

The meeting-house we have been speaking of was situated on a plot of land bounded on two sides by two roads, and a small stream of water running on the other two sides, marked the remaining boundary. On this spot of land, which seemed to belong to nobody in particular, there also stood a small school house—a gun house containing two brass sixpounders belonging to an artillery company, a blacksmith's shop, and lastly, the little cottage and barn of Joseph Stacy. The land where the cottage stood, as we have before intimated, did not belong to him or to any body else, but he seemed to belong to the land and had the care of every thing upon it. It was his duty to take care of the meeting-house and ring the bell, as he was the sexton of the parish. He also swept the school room and made the fires in the winter, and twice a year, at May trainings and fall muster, scoured the

brass pieces of cannon in the gun house. It was in the blacksmith's shop that he performed his daily labor and he lived in the cottage.

It was on a dark and cloudy evening in November that Stacy entered his house and took his accustomed chair by the fire. The supper things were on the table; and the tea kettle was singing merrily in the fire place, while Dame Stacy was busily employed in placing the best cakes and chocolate before her husband. Stacy was evidently in a melancholy mood and his wife would have found it out if she had not been too busily employed in providing for his comfort, to spend time to look into his face. As it was, the first intimation she had of it was when she handed him his chocolate he waved it away with his hand, and said "he did not want anything."

"Why, Joseph!—not want any chocolate?"

"No, don't want anything," said he with a melancholy shake of the head.

"Not want anything after working hard in the shop all the forenoon, and then going up almost three miles to bury old Strakes that weighed 230 pounds, when he was alive and died sudden too—what ails ye, Jo?"

"Nothing."

"I don't believe that—don't you feel well?" or has old Denham dun'd you again for the iron?"

"It aint that."

"What is it then? wont Gorcham pay you for shoeing his oxen? or what is it?"

"Nothing,"—and he compressed his lips, as much as to say "that's all you'll get out of me."

Dame Stacy had now made up her mind to be obstinate, too, and let him wait his own time to be communicative. She now set herself at work to clear the things from the table, which she did with more haste and much more clattering than usual. Having done this she took a half knit stocking and sat down in a chair by the fire, knitting away most vigorously. A long silence now ensued which was first broken by the husband.

"I wont be sexton any longer!"

The wife dropped her knitting work in an instant, and exclaimed in rather a soothing tone, "you dont say so, Joseph."

"Yes I do, and I'll let the committee know it to-morrow."

"Now dont be rash, Joseph,"—says the relenting wife—"you don't always have to go so far and bury such great corpses as old Strakes, and besides, business may be better by and by, and then you'll be sorry for it. You remember that year when the typhus was about and how fast the money came in then. It wont always be so healthy as it is now, and you may have good times again if you hold on."

"It aint the burying," I like that part well enough, it's the meetin' us."

The wife's countenance fell at this announcement. The worthy couple had often talked over the various legends connected with the haunted steeple, and at each rehearsal, with sadder hearts and more fearful forebodings.

"I dont blame you Jo for not wanting to have anything to do with the steeple, or the house either, for I don't believe it's all right about the pulpit. Last Sabbath day I was looking at the sounding board and if it didn't shake and tremble right over the minister's head I couldn't see—that's all. All this comes of having Socinians and Armenians in the pulpit. If Parson Morrill goes into our desk again I expect to see that sounding board come right down on his head,—and it would be just upon him."

Having been delivered of this charitable sentiment, she continued—"And there was the tongue of the bell you know that was missed when you went to toll for the funeral of Widow Stakely,—it was that very night that the flesh and the gray hair was found in the box floating in the pond. Then there was the old iron vane that blew down just two and fifty years after the man was killed by falling from the steeple. I remember it, for I heard the minister tell of it when he preached the sermon about Peter's denying his master, the Sabbath after the new weather-cock was put up, and he said this was an emblem of St. Peter's old rooster to remind us!"

The loquacious dame was here interrupted by her partner, who was evidently troubled and uneasy at the revival of these melancholy incidents and he desired her to hand him a stiff dose of gin toddy from the cupboard; we must here remind the reader that Stacy did not belong to any Temperance society, such aids to good resolutions not having been then in existence. He took a liberal draught from the pewter can, and set it on the table. It was the allusion to the missing clapper of the bell that had most troubled the sexton, Against the earnest entreaties of his wife he had consented to supply a new tongue, and he had secured it in the strongest manner, from danger of removal by mere mortal hands. Notwithstanding this precaution, he had that afternoon received the appalling intelligence that this too was missing and that the bell of the haunted tower was again dumb! It was this that caused his melancholy. He felt now fully assured that it had been spirited away by supernatural means, strange fears crept over him and he at once resolved not to hold his office another day. He at first dreaded to make the disclosure to his wife, but his courage gradually rose as the contents of the can continued to fall. He not only gave up his first purpose of resigning his office, but after repeated liberations from the can he began to boast of his future deeds of daring.

"What," says he, "shall Joseph Stacy, a member of the Artillery, with a good sword and belt, a good red coat and buff leather breeches and gaiters, having charge of two brass six pound field pieces, be afraid to meet a cowardly ghost that steals away bell clappers in the night?"

Not he. As sexton of the parish I have faced death too many times for that." With this eloquent speech he drank off the remaining contents of the vessel and avowed his intention to put on his regimentals and watch in the tower that very night.

Let us follow as he finds his way to the door of the tower. He enters with a bold yet careful step, and ascends the well known flight of stairs. He arrives on a level with the gallery. He hears a sighing noise in the great open church; it is the wind, and an occasional gust shakes the windows with doleful clattering. He ascends another flight, he is on a level with the ceiling. Something strikes him with violence on his head; it is a bat, one of the ten thousand with which the roof is inhabited. He goes on, up—up—the narrow stairway, now this way and now that, among timbers and braces, until he arrives almost to the deck of the tower and finds the trap door wide open. He looks up and sees a strange waving light, like a luminous cloud hanging over the bell deck. He watches it attentively through the opening and sees it assume various colors and shapes, now a ball, now a spade, then a coffin and again a brass cannon with its muzzle pointed directly at him! No wonder that terror seized the poor sexton to see his own implements turned towards him. He now had seen enough and wished to make his escape, but he could not withdraw his eyes from the aperture above him.

At length those appearances passed away and the cloud assumed a shadowy, waving form as when he first saw it. Stacy now felt much relieved, and watched the cloud for new formations. It soon became more luminous, and then a dark line appeared to form, then another and spread themselves out into the shape of well formed legs and arms, then a body partly human was affixed and lastly a head, if that may be called a head which was only a glowing ball of fire.

Our hero, (albeit a hero no longer) witnessed this last change with greater terror than the former, but when he saw the figure take up the tongueless bell and quietly place it on his head for a covering, the red light streaming down from under it, and two flaming holes burning through it, his knees knote together with terror, and his hair stood erect. He turned from it, and commenced a rapid descent over the narrow flights of stairs, and to his extreme horror, he heard the bell-fend following after him!

Stacy was well acquainted with the stairways and devious passages and arrived in good time at the head of the flight, leaving his pursuer behind. A thought here struck him that he could elude his tormentor. He therefore turned into the gallery of the house, and ran behind the singer's seats to the women's gallery, and just as he descended the stairway in the corner, a sudden flash of light filled the house, and to his utmost dismay he saw that the fiend had entered the gallery door! A rapid glance at the figure served to show him that in size and proportions, its body and limbs were the exact counterpart of those of the man he had buried that very afternoon three miles off! In each hand the spectre held an iron tongue which Stacy recognized as the very ones which had been stolen. These he would occasionally strike on the bell which covered his head, and which emitted unearthly sounds.

Our fugitive did not tarry to make these observations, but they passed through his mind in an instant while the fiend was tramping through the gallery, crushing the old bass viol under his heavy tread, and he himself was escaping to the door whose double bolts were soon withdrawn and he found himself in the open air. It was a night of Egyptian darkness—near and heavy thunders and vivid lightnings were heard and seen, but those were only common occurrences. The sexton was guided by the latter, but he knew not whither.

He had taken a direction different, from that which led to his own house, whose portals were protected from supernatural beings by the horse shoe talisman. He saw his error, and turning to remedy it, witnessed the bell demon emerging from the church door his two eyes flaming through the side of the bell with more intensity than ever. Stacy found that it was now too late to retrace his steps. He ran as if for life, and in order to facilitate his speed he threw off his sword, belt and breast-plate.

He knew these trappings were of no use to oppose spectral beings, and he discarded them. He had just passed a small bridge when he heard two successive splashes in the water behind him, by which he knew that his pursuer was also lightening himself for the race. He had thrown the iron clappers into the water and was now in full pursuit. For some time the race was doubtful. They both ran with almost lightning speed, passing the old pine tree and on—they went until the fugitive turned again suddenly to the left and ran up a long hill then called Hog hill, but by modern refinement known as "Swine Eminence." Still the demon followed him, but Stacy kept him a good distance behind, and hoped to reach his home and his wife in safety. They had now reached the main road and their course was turned toward the cottage.

Hope was now added to the impulse of fear, and the sexton exerted himself with all his might. But his limbs were now weary from exhaustion, and his breath grew shorter. Dreadful were his feelings as the spectre approached him, and he heard a stifled demoniac laugh behind! He renewed his efforts to escape, but the light grew more intense, and the laughter more loud. He even thought he felt the hot breath of the demon on the back of his neck! He was now in sight of his quiet cottage, from

which he reproached himself that he had strayed. He strained to reach it, for he saw by the demon light that the protecting horse shoe was still over the door which was wide open for his admission. But alas! for poor Stacy—his limbs failed him—faintness seized him—he felt the scalding breath—the laugh became a yell—and, horror of horrors—he felt a hand grasp him by his shoulder—he shuddered—he awoke!

The hand that had grasped him was his wife's! She, kind woman, had witnessed the troubled sleep of her husband, who had not let his chair since draining the pewter can, and thus shaking him gently by the shoulder, awoke him from his slumber.

It was some time before Joseph could comprehend how he came into his cottage. The events of the dream seemed real, and his present condition a happy vision. By the assistance of his good dame he at length understood the whole matter, and resolved in future to discard all superstition and gin toddy. A new and larger bell soon swung on the old steeple, and Joseph Stacy continued for many years the sexton of the parish, and when he was gathered to his fathers the newspapers of that day said of him, "he lived respected and died lamented."

THE FIRESIDE.—The fireside is a seminary of infinite importance. It is important because it is universal, and because the education it bestows, being woven in the woof of childhood, gives form and color to the texture of life. There are few who can receive the honors of college, but all are graduates of the hearth.—The learning of the university may fade from recollection, its classic lore may moulder in the halls of memory; but the simple lessons of home, cammelled upon the heart of childhood, defy the rust of years, and outlive the more mature but less vivid pictures of after days.

So deep, so lasting, indeed, are the impressions of early life, that you often see a man in the imbecility of age holding fresh in his recollection the events of childhood, while all the wide space between that and the present hour is a blasted and forgotten waste. You have perchance, seen an old and half-obliterated portrait, and in attempting to have it cleaned and restored, you may have seen it fade away, while a brighter and more perfect picture, painted beneath, is revealed to view. This portrait, first drawn upon the canvas, is no faint illustration of youth; and though it may be come a veil by some after design, still the original traits will shine through the outward picture, giving it tone while fresh, and surviving it in decay.—Such is the fireside—the great institution furnished by Providence for the education of men.

A great many democrats in the South make a terrible ado about the Union, but at the same time swear that they will dissolve it, if the Republicans happen to get possession of the government. They love the Union, but if they have to resign the spoils of office in order to preserve it, they prefer to let it slide.

These lovers of the Union are a little like the chap who asking the best cure for the palpitation of the heart, was told to leave off kissing and hugging the girls. If that is not the only remedy which can be produced, he cried, "I for one, say let her pal'tat!"—Louisville Journal.

PEABODY LIBRARY.  
Additions in January, 1860.

8071. Hearts and Faces Trowbridge.  
8072. Father Brightshopes  
8073. Battle Ground  
8074. Richard I. History of Abbott.  
8075. Richard II. "  
8076. Henry IV. "  
8077. Hernando Cortez, History of "  
8078. Peter the Great, "  
8082. Crusades and Crusaders J. G. Edgar.  
8083. Will Weatherhelm W. H. G. Kingston.  
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8085. Boy Tar Mayne Reid.  
8086. Island Home Roman.  
7919. Prenticeana, or Wit and Humor.  
7920. Onno H. Melville.  
7921. Type "  
7922. Moby Dick "  
7923. How could he help it? A. S. Roe.  
7924. Sir Rohan's Ghost. "  
7925-6. Tale of Two Cities, 2 V. "  
7463-4. Warren, Dr. J. C., Life of 2V. "  
7468. Sidney, Sir Philip, Works  
7469. Chemical Manipulations M. Faraday.  
7601. Microscopic, Evenings at P. H. Gosse.  
7602. Self Education E. P. Peabody.  
7603. Gotthold's Emblems C. Scriber.  
7604. So. Carolina, History of W. G. Simms.  
7605. Sermons, Select E. H. Chapin.  
7606. Self Help Sam'l Smiles.  
7607. Concord of Ages Edward Beecher.  
7608-9. Schimmelpenninck Mary Ann, Life.  
7610. Great Facts F. C. Bakewell.  
7611. Simplicity of Christ's Teachings.  
7612. Christian Believing and Living F. D. Huntington.

7613. Jesus, Interpreter of Nations T. Hill.  
7614. Kingsley's Charles New Miscellanies.  
8773. Philosophical Transactions, A. D. 1705.  
8774. Index, Vol. 1 to 70.  
7700. Sea Side Studies G. H. Lewes.

LESSING says:—"The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness—one who loves life, and understands the use of it; obliging alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such a one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker."







**READ! READ!**  
SPECIAL SALE  
OF  
READY - MADE CLOTHING.

And Gent's Furnishing Goods,  
Together with all other Goods in store.

SEPTEMBER last I advertised that I should  
make South Danvers a permanent place of business, and at  
that time I had no idea of having so many friends.

fast of March, or just as soon as I can dispose of my stock, which is one of the best selected stock of goods that can be found in New York or any city in Massachusetts, outside of Boston; and I will take this method to inform my friends, and the public, that in view of my removal, I shall sell Ready made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Caps, and Gaiters. Furnishing Goods, &c., together with all other Goods in store, too numerous to mention, at a great deal cheaper than can be bought at any store in South Danvers or Salem.

It is no advertisement to run off an old stock of goods, for this stock is new, having nearly all been purchased since the 1st of January, and I have no intention of devoting it to the people, but a bonafide fact; and I would cordially invite all in want of any article in my line of business to give me an early

	my price.	regular prices
Gents. Wool Undershirts and Drawers, 50 to 75 cts.	87	\$1.25
" Silk Undershirts and Drawers, per pair	3.00	5.00
Large lot of Portsmouth Undershirts & Drawers	95	1.25
Gents. Wool Socks,	1	.30
Large lot of Ivory Cotton and Wool Socks,	30	.30
Large lot of VERY nice thick gloves.	1.00	1.37

Some very fine Boots, Calif. Boots,	3 25	3 25	3 25
Boys fine klap Boots	1 to 5	1 75	2 25 & 2 50
Youth's extra klap Boots,		1 37	1 75

Men's, Boys' and Youths' Shoes, of all kinds, will be sold low and made to close off. All my Winter Garments have been cut and made to close the first of October. Please look at the prices.

	my prices.	reg. prices
One lot of Men's ex heavy Beaver Overcoats,	\$10 00	\$11 & \$15 00

One lot of Men's heavy Cash	6 00	9 00
One lot of Boys' very nice	7 00	10 00
One lot of Boys' very nice	3 50	5 50 & 8 00
Men's very nice Black Frock Coats,	5 25	7 50 & 8 00
	2 50	11 00
	7 00	9 50

Business Coats, Pants and Vests, will be sold very low to close off the entire stock.

and Rubbers, at a great discount from the ruling prices.  
You can have a good Trunk or a good Umbrella for a little money.  
A large lot of Boys' Jackets and Pants—now is the time to buy them low for cash.  
**HATS AND CAPS**  
At a low mark, to close off stock. White and fancy Shirts; Collars and Bosoms at a low figure.  
**The Hayward Rubber Company Boots and Shoes.**

Boys' Rubber Boots,	-	-	\$2 10
Girls' Rubber Boots,	-	-	1 70
Ladies' Rubber Shoes and Sandals	-	-	67
Misses' " " "	-	-	50
Children's " " "	-	-	50

A lot of nice Enamelled Bags I will sell for 60 cents each. A large lot of Custom Made BLACK PANTS, a very superior article, will be offered at a grant bargain. Robins

**Why do I sell so low?** Because I wish to show you the difference between the cheap and the good. I will sell off the largest and best assortment of HATS that were ever offered in South Davao for less than the manufacturers' prices.

**S. R. BOTT,**  
13 Warren Bank Building — South Danvers Square  
Feb 8

---

**FRIENDS IN SALEM & SO. DANVERS**  
WILL PLEASE TO NOTIFY

Beautiful styles of bright figured Tulle, at \$1;  
The very best styles of All-wood M de Laines, 50 c;  
Rich styles do, former price 75c, at 62 1/2 c;  
French Prints, former price 25c, at 18;  
Domestic Goodsew every description.  
The above Goods at Cost for thirty days.  
One and all are invited to call. U Jan 25

**NEW BOOKS.** For sale by H. P. IVES & A. A. SMITH.  
A. A. SMITH.  
The Student and Schoolmaster for March, Merry's Museum  
and Youth's Cabinet for March, Hunt's Monthly Magazine  
for March, The London Landmark, Historical Magazine for

**LINSEED OIL.** English Linseed Oil and Pure White Lead, constantly for sale at S C & E ASSMONGERS, 32 Front street.

T  
 T. A. SWEETSEE,  
 37 Main street.  
 S  
 SMITH'S CURATIVE AND CLEANSING  
 COMPOUND, sale by

**Dr. Ham's Spirit.**

**NATH'L HAWTHORNE.** Fresh supplies of the Marble Faun ; or, the romance of Monte

McClintock's Fate of Sir John Franklin Discovered;  
Hood's Whims and Waifs. South and north, by J S  
C Abbott. Habits of Good Society; &c Rec'd by  
H P IVES & A A SMITH.  
mck 14 — opposite Eastern Railroad.


mch 14      S C & E A SIMONDS', 32 Front st  
**GOLD BAND CHINA.** Rich and Fancy  
 China Tea Sets, from New York, opened at  
 S C & E A SIMONDS',  
 mch 14      32 Front street.

W Sets on new patteans, with a full assortment of  
Colored Tea Ware, at S C & E A SIMONDS',  
mch 14 House Furnishing store, 32 Front st.

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**D. R. JAYNES' MEDICINES,**  
Jaynes' Expectorant, Jaynes' Alternative, Jaynes' Car-

Feb 29  
T. A. SWEETSER, 37 Main street.  
**RICH AND NOVEL.** The Opera Performer,  
each bottle 45 accompanied with a photograph of Adina  
viti. Sold by T. A. SWEETSER,  
Feb 29 37 Main street.

 THE SUBSCRIBER offers for Sale One Hundred House Lots, situated in the rear, (southerly) of Washington street, about 5 minutes walk from the Blechnery, and 15 minutes walk from the depot, Post Office &c. They are pleasantly located, chiefly upon Balentine street, which has been recently laid out and graded, over land sufficiently elevated to give a full view of the village, and the neighboring city of Salisbury. The price and terms of payment are such as to suit the landholder.

of good moral character need apply, as it will be my endeavor to limit, as far as possible, the sale to such persons. Any one wishing to bargain for a lot, will find it best to make an early application, as the best lots are being taken up—nearly 20 having already been sold. S. DEXEY C. BANCROFT.  
South Danvers, Dec. 7, 1859. -1-3m

275



Hold by T. A. SWEETEN,  
37 Main street.

1279

32 Front street.

March 14

T. A. SWELLER,  
57 Main street.

IMONDS' PAIN CURER, sold by  
T. A. SWEETSER, 37 Main street,  
March 14

**Sweetser's Iceland Moss Candy**  
CURES ABOUT ALL THE COUGHS AND COLDS

**GLAZIERS AND**  
88 Main street, oppos  
All orders promptly attende  
J. J. WHIPPLE



# THE WIZARD.

VOL. I.

SOUTH DANVERS, MASS., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28, 1860.

NO. 17.

## THE WIZARD

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

At Allen's Building, So. Danvers Square.

CHAS. D. HOWARD, Proprietor.

F. POOLE, Editor.

Terms \$2.00 a Year; for Immediate Payment, \$1.50.

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Half a Square, 3 wks. 3 mos. 1 year.  
One Square, 1.50 3.50 6.00  
Quarter of a column, 1.00 2.50 4.00  
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The privilege of Annual Advertisers is limited to their own immediate business, and all advertisements for the benefit of other persons, as well as legal advertisements, and advertisements of real estate, or auction sales, sent in by them, must be paid for at the usual rates.

S. M. PITTSFORD & Co., No. 10 State Street, Boston, and 119 Nassau Street, New York, are authorized to receive Advertisements for this paper.  
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Book and Job Printing  
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,  
Executed with Neatness and Despatch,  
AT THIS OFFICE.

### Cards.

THOMAS M. STIMPSON,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
104 ESSEX STREET, SALEM.  
Residence Lowell street, South Danvers.  
Jan 4-ly

B. C. PERKINS,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
So. Danvers—Office in Allen's Building.

H. O. WILBY,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
Office, Allen's Building, So. Danvers.

IVES & PEABODY,  
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,  
Have removed their Office to  
Rooms formerly occupied by Hon. Otis P. Lord,  
NO. 27 WASHINGTON STREET, SALEM.  
STEPHEN B. IVES, JR. JOHN B. PEABODY.  
December 7, 1859.

ALFRED A. ABBOTT,  
Attorney and Counsellor,  
Office, No. 224 Essex Street, Salem;  
House, Main St., So. Danvers.

SIDNEY C. BANCROFT,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
27 Washington Street, Salem.

Mr. Bancroft may be found mornings and evenings, at his home office, near his residence in South Danvers.  
December 7, 1859.

A. S. CRAWFORD,  
DENTIST,  
No. 4 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS SQUARE.  
Mechanical Dentistry Neatly Executed.  
Teeth Extracted by Electricity without Extra Charge.  
dec 7

W. L. BOWDOIN,  
SURGEON DENTIST,  
No. 208 Essex Street, Salem, (Opposite the Market).  
Residence—No. 57 Washington street.  
Jan 11-ly

F. POOLE,  
INSURANCE AGENT,  
Allen's Building (up stairs),  
Deeds drawn, and other common forms.

SAMUEL DAVIS,  
HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING ROOM,  
7-MAIN ST., SOUTH DANVERS.

B. S. FLINT,  
DEALER IN  
WEST INDIA GOODS, COUNTRY PRODUCE,  
No. 2 Main Street, South Danvers.

EDWARD C. WEBSTER,  
ONE PRICE  
HAT, CAP and FUR STORE,  
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BATCHELDER'S BUILDING, MAIN STREET,  
SOUTH DANVERS.

H. C. LARRABEE—(Proprietor)—A. W. FURNISS,  
Jan 13

Heylingberg's  
Fashionable Hair - Cutting, Curling, Shaving and  
SHAMPOOING SALOON,  
No. 24 Main Street, - - South Danvers,  
N. B.—Particular attention paid to Dying Whiskers and Hair.  
Jan 23

HENRY L. WHIDDEN,  
PAINTER, GLAZIER,  
AND PAPERER,  
Central Street, South Danvers, Oppo. South Church.  
All orders promptly and faithfully executed.  
dec 14

WHIPPLE & FRIEND,  
PAINTERS,  
GLAZIERS AND PAPER HANGERS,  
88 Main street, opposite Monument, S. Danvers.  
All orders promptly attended to; a share of patronage solicited.  
J. J. WHIPPLE. A. FRIEND.

For the Wizard.  
Every line in the following poem is a quotation, and no two lines are any where else found in the same connection.

I had a vision in the night,  
A dream that was not all a dream,  
Through which, like rays of opening light,  
My waking life would faintly gleam.

I dreamed I dwelt within a hall,  
And maidens with me; distant hills  
Cast their grim shadows sharp and tall  
Across a meadow seamed with rills.

We revelled mid exotic flowers,  
The hall with harp and carroll rung,  
And chanted were the fleet winged hours  
With the soft melodies they sung.

Thus far into the hours of night,  
Tired pleasure bade her guests be gay,  
Till Phosphors car of rosy light,  
Proclaimed the approach of day.

The songs of beauty and of love,  
Awoke no answering strain from me,  
Until at length flew in a dove,  
And brought a summons from the sea.

And when they learned that I must go,  
The maidens wept, but led the way;  
To where upon the floods below  
A little shallop waiting lay.

There all was calm as stillest night,  
Nor did the fretful winds perplex,  
And the glad beams of morning light,  
Were glistening on the dewy decks.

And on we sailed, by flowery banks,  
And on through many a lowly mead,  
We glided winding under ranks  
Of iris and the golden reed.

And day and night and day went by,  
And years came creeping over me;  
They came and went with sound nor sigh,  
And as we sailed far out to sea,

The maidens waxed in strength and grace,  
And statures fierrier than before,  
Then rolled the waves in grander space,  
And broader, vaster grew the shore.

And I, myself who sat apart  
And watched them, waxed in every limb,  
The pulses of a Titan's heart  
Were mine, the thence of Anakim.

We as children by the sea,  
O mother nature! thus it is,  
Watch thee very earnestly,  
Dream of all thy mysteries.

We see more plainly day by day  
That nothing is or base or small,  
And life expands as we draw near  
To the Dear God who loveth all.

### Selected Story.

#### THE OLD MAN'S STORY.

A TERRIBLE SKETCH.

I shall never forget the commencement of the temperance reform. I was a child at the time, some ten years of age. Our home had every comfort, and my parents idolized me. My father was often on the table, and both my father and my mother frequently gave it to me in the bottom of the glass.

One Sunday, at church, a startling announcement was made to our people. I knew nothing of its purport; but there was much whispering among the men. The pastor said that there would be a meeting, and an address upon the evils of intemperance in the use of alcoholic drinks. He expressed himself ignorant of the object of the meeting, and could not say what course it would be best to pursue in this matter.

The subject of the meeting came up at our table after the service, and I questioned my father about it with all the curious eagerness of a child. The whispers and words which had been dropped in my hearing, clothed the whole affair with a great mystery to learn the strange thing.

My father merely said it was some scheme to unite church and state.

The night came and groups of people gathered on the tavern steps, and I heard the jest and the laugh, and saw drunken men reeling out of the bar-room. I urged my father to let me go, but he first refused. Finally thinking that it would be an innocent gratification of my curiosity, he put on his hat and we passed across the green to the church. I remember how well the people appeared as they came in, seeming to wonder what kind of an exhibition was to come off.

In the corner was the tavern keeper, and around him a number of friends.

For an hour the people of the place continued to come in, until there was a fair house full. All were curiously watching at the door, wondering what would appear next. The pastor stole in and took a seat behind a pillar under the gallery, as if doubtful of the propriety of being in church at all.

Two men finally came in and went to the altar and took their seats. All eyes were fixed upon them, and a general stillness pervaded the house.

The men were unlike in appearance, one being short, thick-set in build, the other tall and well formed. The younger had the manner and dress of a clergyman, a full, round face, and a quiet, good-natured look, as he leisurely looked around the audience.

But my childish interest was all in the old man. His broad deep chest, and unusual height

looked giant-like as he strode up the aisle. His hair was white, his brow deeply seamed with furrows, and around his handsome mouth, lines of calm and touching sadness. His eye was black and restless, and kindled as the tavern keeper uttered a low jest aloud. His lips were compressed, and a crimson flush went and came over his pale cheek. One arm was off above the elbow, and there was a wide scar over the right eye.

The younger finally arose and stated the object of the meeting, and asked if there was a clergyman present to open with prayer.

Our pastor kept his seat, and the speaker himself made a short prayer, and then made a short address, at the conclusion calling upon any one present to make remarks.

The pastor rose under the gallery, and attacked the position of the speaker, using the arguments which I have often heard since, and concluded by denouncing those engaged in the movements as meddling fanatics, who wished to break up the time-honored usages of good society, and injure the business of respectable men.

At the conclusion of his remarks, the tavern-keeper and his friends got up a cheer, and the current of feeling was evidently against the stranger and their plan.

While the pastor was speaking, the old man had fixed his dark eye upon him, and leaned forward as if to catch every word.

As the pastor took his seat the old man arose, his tall form towering in its symmetry, and his chest swelling as he inhaled his breath through his thin dilated nostrils. To me, at that time, there was something awe-inspiring and grand in the appearance of the old man as he stood with his full eye upon the audience, his teeth shut hard, and a silence like that of death throughout the church.

He bent his gaze upon the tavern-keeper, and that peculiar eye lingered and kindled for a half moment.

The scar grew red upon his forehead, and beneath the heavy eyebrows his eyes glittered and glowed like those of a serpent. The tavern-keeper quailed before that searching glance, and I felt a relief when the old man withdrew his gaze. For a moment he seemed lost in thought and then in a low and tremulous tone commenced.

There was a depth in that voice, a thrilling pathos and sweetness, which riveted every heart in the house before the first period had become fixed on the speaker with an interest which I had never before seen him exhibit. I can but briefly remember the substance of what the old man said, though the scene is as vivid before me as any that I ever witnessed.

"My friends?—I am a stranger in your village, and I trust I may call you friends—a new star has arisen, and there is hope in the dark night which hangs like a pall of gloom over our country."

With a thrilling depth of voice the speaker continued: "Oh God, thou who lookest with compassion upon the most erring of earth's children, I thank thee that a brazen serpent had been lifted, upon which the drunkard can look and be healed; that a beacon had burst out upon the darkness that surrounds him, which shall guide back to honor and heaven, the bruised and weary wanderer."

It is strange what power there is in some voices. The speaker was slow and measured, but a tear trembled in every tone, and before I knew why, a tear dropped upon my hand, followed by others like rain drops. The old man brushed one from his own eyes, and continued:

"Men and Christians." You have just heard that I am a vagrant and fanatic. I am not. As God knows my own sad heart, I came here to do good. Hear me, and be just.

"I am an old man, standing alone at the end of life's journey. There is a deep sorrow in my heart and tears in my eyes. I have journeyed over a dark and beaconness ocean, and all life's hopes have been wrecked. I am without friends home or kindred upon earth, and look with longing to the rest of the night of earth. Without friends kindred or home! It was not so once."

No one could withstand the touching pathos of the old man. I noticed a tear trembling on the lid of my father's eye, and I no more felt ashamed of my own.

"No, my friends, it was not so once. Away over the dark waves which have wrecked my hopes, there is the blessed light of happiness, and home. I reach again convulsively for the shrines of the household idols that once were, now mine no more."

"I once had a mother. With her old heart crushed with sorrows, she went down to her grave. I once had a wife—a fair, angel hearted creature as ever smiled in an earthly home. Her eyes as mild as a summer sky, and her heart as faithful and true as ever guarded and cherished a husband's lover. Her blue eyes grew dim as the floods of sorrow washed away its brightness, and the living heart. I once had a noble, a brave and beautiful boy, but he was driven out from the ruins of his home, and my old heart yearns to know if he yet lives. I once had a babe, a sweet tender blossom—but my hand destroyed it, and it liveth with one who loves children."

"Do not be startled, friends; I am not a murderer, in the common acceptance of this term. Yet there is a light in my evening sky. A spirit mother rejoices over the turn of her prodigal son. The wife smiles upon him who again turns back to virtue and honor. The child-angel visits me at night fall and I feel the hallowing touch of a tiny palm upon my feverish cheek. My brave boy, if he yet lives, would

forgive the sorrowing old man for the treatment which drove him into the world and the blow that maimed him for life. God forgive me, for the ruin I have brought upon me and mine."

He again wiped a tear from his eye. My father watched him with a strange interest, and a countenance unusually pale and excited by some strong emotion.

"I was a fanatic and madly followed the malign light which led me to ruin. I was a fanatic when I sacrificed my wife, children, happiness and home to the accursed demon of the bowl. I once adored the gentle being whom I injured so deeply."

"I was a drunkard. From respectability and affluence I plunged into degradation and poverty. I dragged my family down with me. For years I saw her cheek pale, and her step grew weary. I left her alone amid the wreck of her home idols, and riotous at the tavern. She never complained, yet she and the children were hungry for bread."

"One New Year's night, I returned late to the hut where charity had given us roof. She was yet up and shivering over the coals. I demanded food, but she burst into tears and told me there was none. I fiercely ordered her to get some. She turned her eyes sadly upon me, the tears falling fast on her pale cheek. At this moment the child in the cradle awoke and sent up a famishing wail, starting the despairing mother like a serpent's sting."

"We have no food, James—have had none for several days. I have nothing for the babe. My one kind husband we must starve?"

"That sad pleading face and those streaming eyes, and the feeble wail of the child maddened me, and I—yes I struck her a fierce blow in the face and she fell forward upon the hearth. The furies of hell boiled in my bosom, and with deeper intensity as I felt I had committed a wrong. I had never struck Mary before, but now some terrible impulse bore me on, and I stopped as well as I could in my drunken state and clenched both hands in her hair."

"God of mercy, James! exclaimed my wife as she looked up in my fiendish countenance, 'you will not kill us—you will not harm Willie,' and she sprang to the cradle and grasped him in her embrace. I caught her again by the hair and dragged her to the door, and as I lifted the latch, the wind burst in with a cloud of snow. With the yell of a fiend, I still dragged her on and hurled her out into the darkness and storm. With a wild ha! ha! I closed the door and turned the button, her pleading moans mingling with the blast and the sharp cry of her babe. But my work was not complete."

"I turned to the little bed where lay my elder son and snatched him from his slumbers, and against his half awakened struggles, opened the door and thrust him out. In the agony of fear, he called to me by the name I was no longer fit to bear, and locked his fingers in my side pocket. I could not wrench that frenzied grasp away, and with the coolness of a devil as I was, shut the door upon his arm, and with my knife severed it at the wrist."

The speaker ceased a moment and buried his face in his hands, as if to shut out some fearful dream, and his deep chest heaved like a storm-swept sea. My father had arisen from his seat, and was leaning forward, his countenance bloodless, and the large drops standing out upon his brow. Chills crept back to my young heart, and I wished I was at home. The old man looked up, and I never have since beheld such mortal agony pictured upon a human face as there was on his.

"It was morning when I awoke, and the storm had ceased, but the cold was intense. I looked to the accustomed place for Mary. As I missed her, for the first time a shadowy sense of some horrible nightmare began to dawn upon my wondering mind. I thought I had a fearful dream, but I involuntarily opened the outside door with a shuddering dread. As the door opened the snow burst in, followed by the fall of some thing across the threshold, scattering the snow and striking the floor with a sharp, bad sound. My blood shot like red-hot arrows through my veins, and I rubbed my eyes to shut out the sight. It was—it—O! God how horrible! it was my own injured Mary and her babe frozen to ice! The ever true mother had bowed herself over the child to shield it, her own person stark and bare to the storm. She had placed her hair over the face of the child, and the sleet had frozen it to the white cheek. The frost was white in its half opened eyes and upon its tiny fingers. I know not what became of my brave boy."

Again the old man bowed his head and wept and all that were in the house wept with him. My father sobbed like a child. In tones of low and heart-broken pathos, the old man concluded.

"I was arrested, and for long months, raved in delirium. I awoke, was sentenced to prison for ten years, but no tortures could have been like those I endured within my own bosom. Oh God, no—I am not a fanatic. I wish to injure no one. But while I live, let me strive to warn others not to enter the path which has been so dark and fearful one to come, I would see my wife and children beyond the vale of tears."

The old man sat down, but a spell as deep and strong as that wrought by some wizard's breath, rested upon the audience. Hearts could have been heard in their beating and tears to fall. The old man then asked the people to sign the pledge. My father leaped from his seat and snatched at it eagerly. I had followed him, and as he hesitated a moment with the pen in the ink, a tear fell from the old man's eye on the paper.

"Sign it, sign it, young man. Angels would sign it. I would write my name there ten thousand times in blood if it would bring back my loved and lost ones."

My father wrote "MORTIMER HUDSON." The old man looked, wiped his tearful eyes, and looked again, his countenance alternately flushed with a red and deathlike paleness.

"It is—no, it cannot be—yet how strange," muttered the old man. "Pardon me sir but that was the name of my brave boy."

My father trembled and held up the left arm from which the hand had been severed. They looked for a moment in each other's eyes, both reeled and gasped—

"My own injured son."

"They fell upon each other's necks and wept until it seemed that their souls would grow and mingle into one. There was weeping in that church and sad faces around me."

"Let me thank God for this great blessing which has gladdened my guilt, burdened soul, exclaimed the old man, and kneeling down he poured out his heart in one of the most melting prayers I have ever heard. The spell was then broken, and all eagerly signed the pledge, slowly going to their homes as if loth to leave the spot."

The old man is dead, but the lesson he taught his grandchild on the knce, as his evening sun went down without a cloud, will never be forgotten. His fanaticism has lost none of its fire in my manhood's heart."

### PEABODY LIBRARY.

Additions in February, 1860.

7927 Wife's Trials and Triumphs. W. Collins.  
7928 Queen of Hearts. Miss Kavanagh.  
7929 Frank Wildman's Adventures. Belisle.  
7930 Seven Years. J. T. Trowbridge.  
7931 Independence Hall, Hist. of. Belisle.  
7932 Martin Merrivale. J. T. Trowbridge.  
7933 Bulwer, E. L. Dramas and Poems.  
7934 Piazza Tales. Herman Melville.  
7935 Border War. J. B. Jones.  
7936 Overland Journey to California H. Greely.  
7937 Pills and Powders, Forty years among. W. A. Allcott.

7937 Brown John, Public Life of. J. Redpath.  
7938 Young Men of America S. Batchelder, jr.  
8087 Russians of the South. S. Brooks.  
8088 Rochester Towers. A. Trollope.  
7616 Life Without and Within. M. Fuller.  
7325 Cellini Beavrnuto, Life of.  
6921 Sermons by F. W. Robertson. Vol. 4.  
7939 Franklin, Sir John, Fate of. M. C. C. C.  
7940 Annual of Scientific Discovery. 1860.  
8089 Inventors and Discoverers.  
7615 Perspective, Elements of. J. Ruskin.  
3775 Life Insurance Company Report, N. York  
4400 Wilkie Gallery

4317 United States Coast Survey 1858  
7691-5 Royal Geog. Soc'y Journal. Vol 26-28.  
7941-2 Marble Faun. N. Hawthorne. 2 V.  
7621-2 Methodism, History of Stevens. 2 V.  
7625-6 Reed T. B. Poems. 2 V.  
7623 Nursing, Notes on. F. Nightingale.  
7705 English Language, Lectures G. P. Marsh.  
7624 Italy, Travel and Study in. C. E. Norton.  
7706 English History. Vaughan 2 V.  
7617-18 Austria, Revelations of. Koubrakiewicz. 2 V.  
7619-20 Europe, Northern, Hist. and Romance of. Howitt.

PRETTY GOOD.—A friend of ours who doesn't keep school in a New England city, relates the following incident in her experience where she does keep school. The class in history was called up for a recitation. "What are the Middle Ages?" inquired the teacher. "There was an ominous pause. The teacher, to press the matter, made the personal application: "What are the Middle Ages, Lizzie?"

Lizzie hesitated, but finally thought it was about twenty-five—another thought it about thirty—and still another applied the rule of arithmetic to the question, and thought it was thirty-five, because the natural age of man is three score and ten years, and thirty-five being the middle of that, the middle age must be about there. These young ladies were loaded down with jewelry, and bedecked and belidened with all the gew-gaws of fashion.—Nashua Telegraph.

THE BRIDE AND THE WIFE.—Weddings seem to be "as plenty as blackberries" in these days—and the custom of having the ceremony performed in a church is becoming more frequent every year. Irving, whose writings abound in pictures, which for delicacy, truth and taste, have never been surpassed, thus describes the appearance of the bride on one of these interesting occasions:—"I know of no sight more charming and touching than that of a young and timid bride, in her robe of virgin white, led up trembling to the altar. When I thus behold a lovely girl, in the tenderness of her years, forsaking the house of her fathers, and the home of her childhood—and, with the implicit confidence and the sweet self abandonment which belongs to woman, giving up all the world for the man of her choice—when I hear her in the good old language of the ritual, yielding herself to him, 'for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love, honor, and obey, till death us do part'—it brings to mind the beautiful and affecting devotion of Ruth:—"Whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

The way of the world is, to make laws, but follow customs.—Montaigne.







# Sketches, No. 8.

H. UPTON.

brought intelligence to the  
"rattlebone" Vermont, of one  
bstantial of the business men  
Bligh Upton has been an in-  
long since had retired from  
ness affairs. The nature of  
m affection of the lungs, com-  
m the influence of the eastern  
and bracing mountain air  
as passed several of his life  
sional and brief visits to the

was a native of Reading, and  
with Danvers, where he served  
tanner with Capt. Denison.  
lways accustomed to speak of  
his. He afterward came to  
a company with the late W.  
hen dissolved the partnership  
by himself. Later in life he  
continued but a short time in  
in this town to commence  
ed by his sagacity and suc-  
cessful business in the article of  
lity, and made many and suc-  
cessful, and was a constant im-  
provement of the machinery  
also possession of the machinery

holder and operator in Bal-  
more indebted to him for  
ing dwellings for our people  
and avenues and leveling the  
ake eligible sites for building  
enabled him to take advantage  
th of the village, a sure guar-  
rantee for the foresight of others  
that Mr. Upton was equal  
He was subject to asthma  
in his somber moods was  
these seasons were always  
eased energy. He was a man  
which commended themselves  
ch were the Temperance re-  
denominational enterprises  
an attempt to form a new  
ce, which he failed at the  
may be mentioned as some  
which he failed to effect what  
o perform.

on was 76 years.

dence of The Wizard.

from Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, February 18.  
e adopted city of Gen-  
I improved my first paper  
e Institute, which like ours, we  
knowledge and morality. It  
of the fifth avenue of Bal-  
monument street and oppo-  
nt, which by the way is a  
her Hill. It stands on an  
the river. The architecton-  
est and rich, and the material  
white marble, two stories  
the hall, which, when finished  
2000 persons. The upper story  
ery, Reading Rooms and a  
allery, lighted wholly by gas,  
the building has only the wall  
he roof, and the work seemed  
wily. Through the kindness  
s Lind and Murdoch, I was shown  
sent to Mr. Peabody. One  
he original plan is to be built  
aining portion of the lot, and  
rick dwelling house and as the  
e requires to be enlarged, it  
and the plan carried out. The  
Monument street into which  
ther side are two circular  
second story into the Library  
Gallery of Paintings and Stat-

n with the utmost atten-  
as known that I came from  
are of the founder of this  
are with Baltimore, so much  
ne is not yet fixed for the  
of the building, but when  
the Baltimorean would be  
South Danvers and Danvers  
received with attention and

there seems as proud of our  
as and grateful for his  
I may say that I have  
city know him personally and  
still have a feeling that his  
e bounds of his country  
over the city and present  
e Second Library Institute.  
e service to a noble cause  
to address them at the  
the best service to the  
the best talent their state  
marked era in the history of

ROCHESTER RAIL ROAD.—We  
are Corporations have got by  
e charges the Worcester, and  
their money. The Worcester  
tealing \$15,000 out of this  
recovery between them to the

e to be said truly of the  
s—we think the limits of  
ave to be extended, more  
has been under this most

John Joshua Heylingberg has  
is short work in repairing his  
s. He does more hard work  
I men put together. Just  
comfortable arm chairs, and he  
ur hair is short. His sign  
ed miniature representation  
ment. Call there and you  
he "beats the Dutch."

day last week, as Mr. Cleme  
shington street in an open  
a lady, the actress I take  
to be thrown out. She  
through the street and  
tact with a tree nearly over-  
showing the lady out of the  
ly bruised, but consider  
escaped without more serious

THIS "OLD SOUTH."—We propose in some future  
papers, to give some historical facts and reminiscences  
of this old structure, which dates back to about twenty  
years after the Witchcraft delusion. The facts are  
scanty but interesting and may gratify some of the  
present generation. There are but few relics of that  
edifice remaining. We only know of its weather-cock  
which now roosts on one of the buildings at the Alms  
house—the old iron vane which was presented to the  
Essex Institute by Mr. Orlando E. Pope and is now in  
its antiquarian cabinet—a part of the pulpit, in pos-  
session of Mr. W. M. Jacobs and the date of its erec-  
tion "1711" as inscribed on the front gallery, by the  
late Mr. Jonathan W. Osborn, and is now in possession  
of his family. These relics grow in value and interest  
as time passes over them.

NEW ENGLAND BUSINESS DIRECTORY.—This is a  
stout octavo volume of more than 1100 pages, and all  
in a fine, clear type. It is crammed full of information  
valuable to a business man, who has customers or who  
desires to have them. By this book a business or pro-  
fessional man may know almost every other man in  
New England of his own calling. It has tables of  
populations and statistics, Post Offices, Banks and In-  
surance Offices. It requires to have ten pages of In-  
dex in double columns, in fine type, to name the head-  
ings of the different kinds of business followed by the  
persons named in its pages. The great wonder of the  
book is, how it can be afforded so cheap as three dol-  
lars.

CATTLE DISEASE.—We have seen a letter from the  
Secretary of the Board of Agriculture, in which he  
says: "There can no longer be any doubt, (I think)  
that the disease in No. Brookfield is genuine Pleuro  
pneumonia, nor that it was brought in the cattle from  
Holland."

He regards "the disease as a great misfortune, and  
regrets that the Legislature does not move faster in the  
matter."

Probably when they have fully disposed of "Burn-  
ham's best extended," as induced by the State Assen-  
sary, they will be ready to look after the animals—if  
they should not all be dead.

INANIMOUS.—On our first page will be found some  
lines of poetry, each line being a quotation from a dif-  
ferent author, yet presenting as a whole a connected  
and harmonious poem, complete in measure and senti-  
ment, and superior to many original pieces of poetry  
which find a place in newspaper columns. Many of  
the lines are familiar, and their origin will be readily  
recollected by the well informed reader.

GRAND BALL BY THE YOUNG MEN'S LITERARY ASSO-  
CIATION.—The Young Men's Literary Association of  
this town have made arrangements to give a grand  
ball at Ashland Hall, on Easter Monday Night, April  
9, 1860. Music by Emerson & Fox's Band. The  
tickets will be \$1.00 (which will include supper for  
ladies.) John O'Shea, Timothy Lyons, Michael Cas-  
sady, Patrick Hicks, Eugene Sanders are the Com-  
mittee of Arrangements.

THE ADJUTANT GENERAL.—We cannot refrain from  
expressing our surprise that Gov. Banks should, against  
the advice of all the highest military officers of the  
State, and with the proofs always before him of the ef-  
ficiency of Gen. Stone, remove him from office to give  
place to a partisan. We have long been accustomed  
to regard the late Adj. Gen. as the very corner stone  
of our military organization.

JOHN P. PEABODY advertises his Spring stock of  
Kid Gloves, of Alexanders and Aubury manufacture,  
these are the best gloves in the market. He has also  
opened Lisle Thread Gloves—Gauvilliers, Hosiery—  
Collars and Lace. Goods suitable for Spring wear.  
Ladies who do their shopping in Salem should read  
his advertisement and then visit his store, 238 Essex  
street, Salem. His customers have the benefit of a  
new stock to select from and the "One Price" system.

BYRRPHERIA REMEDY.—Dr. Ham's Aromatic Invigorating  
Spirits is one of the most effective medicines of  
the age, having been used for the past six years with  
increasing favor. It is recommended to cure Bad  
Sprits, Dyspepsia, Nervousness, Heartburn, Colic,  
Pain, Wind in the Stomach, or Pain in the Bowels  
Tenderness, Kidney Complaints, Melancholy,  
Delirium Tremens, Intemperance, Female Com-  
plaints, and kindred diseases.

The proprietor invites the attention of the trade to  
this article, and merely asks a trial to test its merits.  
It will be glad to have Druggists and others call at  
his office, and examine the medicine for themselves,  
and also see the testimonials in its favor. Mer-  
chants in the South American Trade, and others, can have it  
with Spanish labels, certificates, &c.

It is now being extensively advertised through the  
Eastern and Middle States, and persons in these who  
have not been supplied, may procure it by calling or  
writing to the General Depot, 48 Water Street, New  
York.

It is put up in pint bottles at 50 cts. and in quarts  
at \$1. A liberal discount to Wholesale and Retail  
Druggists for cash.  
Weeks & Potter, 154 Washington St., Wholesale  
Agent, Boston.  
J. Baulch & Son, Wholesale Agent, Providence.

Joseph J. Rider,  
dealer in  
Jewelry, Silver  
and  
Plated Ware,  
Advances in the  
Worcester.

Read his advertisements. Call and examine his  
Goods, and judge of quality, prices and styles for your-  
selves.

South Danvers Post Office.  
MAIL ARRANGEMENT.  
ON and after THURSDAY, December 1st, 1859, Mails will  
arrive daily, (Sundays excepted), at  
9:30 A. M. and at 4:30 P. M.  
and will close at 10:30 A. M. and at 10:30 P. M.  
California Mails close the 4th and 19th of each month at 10:30  
A. M. Foreign mails close every Tuesday and Friday at 10:30  
A. M. Post office open, (Sundays excepted) from 7 A. M. till  
8 P. M.  
A. L. FISKE, Post Master  
South Danvers, Dec. 7, 1859.

Marriages.

In Beverly, Feb. 23, by Rev Mr. Rich, Mr. George A. Woodbury,  
to Miss Abbie E. Dyer.

In Wrentham, by Rev Mr. Bevil, Mr. George H. Tilton, of Bos-  
ton, to Miss Elizabeth Winslow Parker.

Deaths.

In South Danvers, Feb. 23, Albert, son of Alfred and Sarah A.  
Friend, aged 20 days.

Sleep, loved one, sleep,  
Thy rest shall angle sleep,  
White on the lawn shall feed,  
And never suffer want or need.

March 3, John McArthur, 72 years.  
In Danvers Centre, Feb. 23, Emily F., daughter of Alex. and  
Emily Upton, 15 years 2 months.

In Bradford, Feb. 23, Mr. Elijah Upton, of this town,  
75 years 7 months. (Funeral this afternoon (Wednesday) at 2 o'clock,  
from the house of his son—E. W. Upton—Hollen Street.

## Advertisements.

### Houses for Sale.

Twenty House Lots, of good size, are  
offered for sale, on a new street, on land  
of the subscriber, leading from Alms street, being  
a continuation of Pleasant street. The elevation  
is pleasant, the ground and view of scenery  
land in its vicinity is rapidly advancing in value  
and a good opportunity is now offered to obtain a good house  
lot at a cheap price and on easy terms.  
Application may be made to the Subscriber,  
South Danvers, March 26th, 1860.  
WILLIAM SUTTON.

### Real Estate at Auction at Danversport.

WILL be sold by order of Probate Court,  
at Public Auction, April 10th, at 2 o'clock,  
P. M., 4 acres 15 rods of Land, with two  
Dwelling Houses thereon, situated on  
the River, and the estate of the late Joseph Purser. The  
houses are in good repair, and convenient for two families each.  
The estate will be sold altogether, or the houses separately, as  
purchasers may desire.  
Apply to Mrs. A. P. Porter, on the premises, where the  
terms, which are very liberal, may be made known; or to  
D. P. CLOUGH,  
South Danvers, March 28—2t M Auctioneer.

### Wanted

IN the store of the subscriber, a Boy from 15 to 17 years of  
age.  
mar 18  
AMOS McGUIRE.

### 238

#### Received this Week

SPRING GAUNTLETS and Gloves—nice stock.  
Paris Kid Gloves—a full line—the best;  
Black Kid Gloves—Aubury's—warranted;  
White Kids—the best for 75 cts—Alexanders';  
Merino and Cotton Hosiery for Spring;  
Cotton and Wool Ribbed Hose—nice—25 cts;  
Children's Hosiery and Gloves—full stock;  
Wrought Cambric Collars—all prices—cheap;  
"Muslin Collars—bargains;  
"Cambric Bands—for Skirts;  
"Edgings & Insertings—new styles;  
Muslin Sleeves—new styles—30 cts;  
Lace Sleeves—puffed and plain—new;  
Black Crape Collars and Cuffs to match;  
Black Lace Collars and Sleeves to match;  
Mourning Veils—in Crape and Silk;  
Black Lace Demi Veils—full stock;  
New Styles German Veils—25 cts—pretty;  
Toilet Socks and Perfumery—a full line;  
Jockey Club and Patchouly—nice—25 cts;  
Black Velvet Buttons—all sizes;  
Dress Buttons and Trimmings—new styles;  
Bonnet Ribbons—every style and price;  
Dress Ribbons and Quillings—full stock.

### AT THE EMBROIDERY & TRIMMING STORE,

238 ESSEX STREET, SALEM,  
JOHN P. PEABODY.

### CARPET PAPER, of the best quality, containing

the usual amount of tar, for the preservation of the  
Carpet from the ravages of moths, &c., for sale by  
H. P. IVES & A. A. SMITH, mar 28

### REMANENTS OF PAPER HANGINGS, still sell-

ing at the very low prices, at the Paper Hanging  
Store of H. P. IVES & A. A. SMITH, mar 28  
opposite Eastern Railroad.

### ROOM PAPERS, 700 Rolls pretty styles Cheap

Store, 22 Front street, mar 28

### WINDOW CURTAINS. A fine assortment of

Curtains just opened at the Cheap Paper Hang-  
ing Store, 22 Front street, mar 28

### WOODEN WARE. Tubs and Pails; Clothes

Sticks; Boxes; Forks, and every description of  
Wooden Ware, at  
S. C. & E. A. SIMONDS' 32 Front st.

### SPRING CLEANING. Edwards' Improved Paint

Restorer, and Polish for Glass, &c. This compound  
will remove Grease, Stains, and all kinds of dirt from  
the Paint, and restore it to its former beauty, with very  
little labor. For sale by  
GEORGE CREAMER,  
Dealer in Books and Fancy Goods  
mar 28  
233 Essex street

### CHINA PAPER HANGINGS: 16 8 10 12 15 17

20 25 30 35 40 45 50 55 60 65 70 75 80 85 90 100 125 150  
175 200 225 250—a full assortment now in, and  
selling low, at  
CREAMER'S Music Store,  
mar 28  
233 Essex street

### NEW PUBLICATIONS, Read and for sale by H. P.

IVES & A. A. SMITH.  
Narrative of the Expedition of the U. S. S. Albatross to  
Japan, in the year 1857-'58, by Lawrence Oliphant,  
Esq.; Our Bible Class, and the good that came of it, by  
Miss Caroline E. Fairfield; Life before him, a novel;  
The Stranger's Stratagem or the Double Deceit, and;  
other stories, by Sarah J. G. Whitteless; Julian Home,  
a tale of College Life, by Frederick W. Farrar, M. A.  
Letters from Switzerland, by Samuel Lucas Prime,  
author of "Travels in Europe and the East."  
mar 28 at 232 Essex, and 36 Washington streets.

### USE EDWARDS' IMPROVED Paint Restorer—a

great improvement on our Hoffman's Cleaning  
Powder, which we have made years before.  
Edwards' Improved Paint Restorer is put up  
in much larger packages at the same cost.  
Price per Package, sufficient to clean a whole house,  
put up in a strong box to use from—25 cts.  
Call for "Edwards' Improved Paint Restorer."  
Sold in South Danvers by T. A. SWEETSER,  
mar 28  
37 Main street

### DRY GOODS, AT ANN R. BRAY'S, NO 76

FEDERAL STREET.  
We have a large stock of NEW SPRING GOODS,  
which we invite the public generally to call and exam-  
ine. We have all the choice styles that are in the  
market.  
Black Silks, in every width, selling very low;  
Foulard Ribbons—various patterns;  
India Plaids; Silks; Rich all-wool De Laines;  
Gothair and Poplins, of every description;  
Gingham, large and small plaids, for children;  
French Prints, the best assortment in the city;  
English Prints, very best assortment, 15-1-2 cts;  
Small Plaids—for children especially—very neat;  
A good assortment of Mous de Laines, at 12-1-2 cts;  
and many other goods too numerous to mention,  
and Ladies coming into the city are invited to call,  
as they will generally find it greatly to their advan-  
tage. Goods sent to any part of the city.

### GENUINE COLOGNES. Francis Maria and Jo-

seph Furina. Also, a fresh supply of Cienver's  
Honey Soap, at  
GEORGE CREAMER'S Bookstore,  
mar 28  
243 Essex street, Brown Stone Block.

### EDWARDS' IMPROVED Paint Restorer on the Hoffman

Paint Restorer, for cleaning paint and glass.  
For sale by  
GEORGE CREAMER,  
mar 28  
243 Essex street, Brown Stone Block.

### SHAKER SANSAPARILLA, a celebrated Humor

Medicine, for sale by the dozen, or single bottle,  
mar 28  
by T. A. SWEETSER.

### CHOICE MANILLA CIGARS, by the thousand, hun-

dred, or at retail. Also a fine assortment of Su-  
perior Havana for sale by  
T. A. SWEETSER,  
mar 28  
37 Main street

### DR. JAYNES' MEDICINES,

Jaynes' Expecterant, Jaynes' Attributive, Jaynes' Car-  
minative Balsam, Jaynes' Hair Tonic, Jaynes' Sore Throat  
Tonic, Jaynes' Tonic Vermifuge, Jaynes' Hair Dye, for sale by  
T. A. SWEETSER, mar 28  
37 Main street

## NO MORE HARD WORK!

### HOUSE - CLEANING MERELY PLAY.

### EDWARDS' PAINT RESTORER,

FOR SPRING CLEANING.

THIS article does not injure the paint as the old  
Soap and Sand process, but with pure water and  
little labor paint can be restored to its original purity.  
Price per package sufficient to clean a moderate-  
sized house,  
25 CENTS.

Sold by all the principal Druggists and Grocers.

The proprietors having purchased of J. G. Tilton  
& Co. the patent right of

### Hoffman's Cleaning Powders,

and also of Edwards' Improvement on the same, now  
offer it for sale as EDWARDS' IMPROVED PAINT  
RESTORER.

### FISHER, DAY & CO.,

No. 188 Essex St., Salem, Proprietors.

## PAPER HANGINGS

### OF SPRING STYLES,

AND AT THE MOST REASONABLE PRICES.

### FOR Parlor;

For Hall and Entries;  
For Drawing Rooms;  
For Sitting Rooms;  
For Dining Rooms;  
For Kitchens;  
For Bed Rooms;  
For Chambers;  
For Attics;  
For Cellars;  
For Offices;  
For Stores;  
For Counting Rooms;  
For Churches;  
For Saloons; at  
H. P. IVES & A. A. SMITH'S,  
232 Essex and 38 Washington streets,  
mar 21 6w opp. Eastern Railroad Station.

### 32,000 ROLLS!!

### SPRING STYLES OF ROOM PAPER,

### GEORGE CREAMER

RESPECTFULLY informs the public, that he has  
made unusual preparations for the present year,  
Having the largest, newest, and best selected stock of  
FRENCH,  
ENGLISH,  
AND AMERICAN  
PAPER HANGINGS,  
Borders, Fireboard Prints, Curtains, &c.  
All of which were purchased direct from the Manu-  
facturers, and are for sale at from  
20 to 30 per cent less  
than the same can be bought for in Boston.

The latest and most Unique Styles, suitable for  
Halls; Parlor; Drawing Rooms; Sitting Rooms;  
Dining Rooms; Libraries; Chambers; Kitchens;  
Attics; Stores; Offices; Cellars; and in fact for  
every purpose for which Room Paper is used.

The newest and best patterns received as soon as  
manufactured.

Builders, Contractors, and all Buyers, are invited to  
examine my stock before purchasing.

### GEORGE CREAMER,

Brown Stone Block, 243 Essex street,  
Sign of Golden Book and Stack of Paper.  
mar 21 6w

### Oliver St., Mission, New York.

### ALL THOSE BENEVOLENT PERSONS who

are so liberally contributing their old clothing for  
the benefit of those under the charge of Rev. Mr. Van  
Meter, of Oliver St. Mission, New York, will find a  
fresh supply, at extremely low prices, for the CASIL,  
at the Dry Goods store of  
GEO. P. DANIELS,  
near the Monument.  
mar 14

### Spring Goods.

THOMAS W. DOWNING & CO., are now open-  
ing a large and choice selection of  
Silks; FRENCH CAMBRICS;  
POPLINS; ITALIES; FRENCH PRINTS;  
GUITY; HAINES; GINGHAMS;  
"POULE DE CHREVRES"; M. DE LAINES;  
and various other fabrics adapted to the coming season,  
and which they invite the attention of purchasers.  
mar 14  
179 Essex street, Salem.

### Thomas W. Downing & Co.,

INVITE attention to their large and well selected  
stock of CLOTHS for Gentlemen and Boys' Wear,  
which constant additions will be made of the most  
desirable styles in the market.  
mar 14 4t 179 Essex street, Salem.

### A NOTHER SUPPLY of those FINEST LAVA

A Series—Pin and Bar Rings. Gold Armlets, Fin-  
ger Rings, and Lockets. Also a full assortment of Fine  
Silver, Tea, Table, Salt and Mustard Spoons, &c., re-  
ceived by  
mar 21 JOSEPH J. RIDER, 188 Essex st.

### GARDNER WEBSTER,

Manufacturer of and Dealer in  
PARLOR, OFFICE, AND COOKING  
STOVES, STOVE FUNNEL, GRATES,  
LININGS, TIN AND IRON WARE.  
135 Boston Street, Salem.  
Stores stored and well cared for. Also special attention  
given to fitting and repairing Stoves.

### KEROSENE LAMPS,

CANS, WICKS, and DOWTER'S PURE  
KEROSENE OIL, for sale by  
GARDNER WEBSTER,  
mar 14-1f 135 Boston Street.

### ANN R. BRAY, 76 Federal Street, will

open this morning, new styles of Spring and Sum-  
mer goods; our assortment comprises all the desirable  
styles in the market. Having for so long given my at-  
tention to the selection of dress goods; I am confident  
we can suit the tastes of all our customers.  
Ladies will please call before making their selec-  
tions.  
mar 14

### MUSICAL NOTICE.

### CHICKERING & SONS' PIANO-FORTES.

ANN R. BRAY, No. 76 Federal Street, would  
inform her friends in South Danvers, and the  
public generally, that she has for sale and to let  
Chickering & Sons' Piano Fortes. They are se-  
lected with great care, and need only to be tried to prove their  
superiority over every other in the market. The very best  
tones given.  
MANNING & NICHOLS' SERAPHINES  
For sale and to let. For power and quality of tone none can  
surpass them.  
A. R. BRAY, 76 Federal street.

### SUPERIOR KID GLOVES. Ann R. Bray

76 Federal street, has received a complete as-  
sortment of Kid Gloves, Spring Colors, in all the different  
sizes; no Gloves will compare with ours, for durability  
and elasticity. Ladies will please call and make  
their selections.  
mar 14

## GROVER & BAKER'S

### CELEBRATED

### Sewing Machines.

Sales Room Cor. Market & Summer St., over  
the Post Office, Lynn Mass.

THIS Machine excels all others in its simplicity of construc-  
tion, ease of Management and Strength, Elasticity and  
heaviness of Stitch. It sews Cotton, Thread, or silk, from com-  
mon spools, without rethreading—it is the most reliable Machine  
in the market for all kinds of manufacturing purposes, while  
the Family Machine possesses advantages over all others, for  
every kind of house sewing.

The new improved Grover and Baker Shuttle Machine, at the  
reduced price of \$50.00, is peculiarly adapted to Sew Work,  
as well as all other purposes where the Shuttle-stitch is preferred.  
It is superior for Sewing Binding. Every Machine and warranted.  
The public are invited to call and examine the Machines at the  
Rooms over the Post Office, Frazee's building Lynn Mass.  
mar 7 E. BAKER, Agent.

### FRUIT TREES FOR SALE.

TWO THOUSAND PEAR TREES  
of various kinds, Standard and Dwarf, some of  
them in bearing condition.  
Apply at 70 Boston street,  
Salem, March 7, 1860.  
AVERILL & LOW.

### JOHN W. PROCTOR,

has taken rooms, in the  
2d, Story of the Union Building,  
nearly opposite the Monument,  
Where he will be found from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., ready to at-  
tend to any business that may be entrusted to his care.  
South Danvers, Feb. 29th, 1860.

### WELCH & FAIRFIELD,

DEALERS IN  
FLOUR, GRAIN,  
And Family Groceries.  
Feb 22 13 and 15 LOWELL ST. 3m

### For Sale.

THE HOMER EAD of the late MATTHEW HON-  
OR, of Danvers, consisting of an elegant, well-  
finished Brick House, with a stone barn and out-  
buildings, and about 16 acres of choice land. It is  
situated in Danversport, on the Main street  
leading from Danvers to Salem, and about one  
mile from the Railroad Station in South Danvers, from which  
there are four daily trains to and from Boston. The buildings  
are located on high ground, overlooking all the land and the  
several villages in the vicinity. The garden in front of the  
house, of about one acre, is well stocked with fruit trees in a  
bearing state. The buildings with the garden will be sold sepa-  
rately from the other land, if desired.  
For further particulars and terms, which will be liberal, in-  
quire of LEWIS ALLEN, South Danvers. Feb 23

### GEORGE P. DANIELS

Is NOW SELLING, REGARDLESS OF COST  
HATS & CAPS,  
MEN'S & BOYS' OVERCOATS,  
Furnishing Goods and Umbrellas!  
Also  
DRY GOODS  
As cheap for Cash as can be found in Essex County  
83 Main St.,—Three doors east of Monument.  
Feb 15-1f

### Newman & Symonds,

HAVE on hand and for Sale, a supply of New Back Wheat  
Also, best quality of New York Syrup.  
dec 14

### BARNARD'S

### REFINED LIQUID GLUE.

USEFUL IN EVERY HOUSE  
FOR mending Furniture of all kinds, Toys, Crockery, Glass  
Ware, &c. of every description, and for all purposes  
where a strong bond of any kind is needed. This preparation is  
free from sediment or any UNPLEAS







# THE WIZARD.

VOL. I.

SOUTH DANVERS, MASS., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4, 1860.

NO. 18.

## THE WIZARD

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY,

At Allen's Building, So. Danvers Square,

CHAS. D. HOWARD, Proprietor.

F. POOLE, Editor.

Terms \$3.00 a Year; for Immediate Payment, \$1.50.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Half a Square, 3 wks. 3 mos. 1 year.  
One Square, 1.50 3.50 6.00  
Quarter of a Column, 1.00 2.50 4.00  
16 lines of Nonpareil type are equal to a square  
for the first week. Subsequent weeks at half price.  
The privilege of Annual Advertisements is limited to their own  
immediate business, and all advertisements for the benefit of  
other persons, as well as legal advertisements, and advertisements  
of real estate, or auction sales, sent in by them, must be  
paid for at the usual rates.

S. M. PETERSON & Co., No. 10 State Street, Boston, and  
119 Nassau Street, New York, are authorized to receive ad-  
vertisements for this paper.  
S. R. NILES, successor to V. B. Palmer, is also authorized to  
receive advertisements for this paper.

Book and Job Printing

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

Executed with Neatness and Dispatch,

AT THIS OFFICE.

THOMAS M. STIMPSON,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

104 Essex Street, Salem.

Residence Lowell Street, South Danvers.

Jan 4-ly

B. C. PERKINS,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

So. Danvers—Office in Allen's Building.

H. O. WILBY,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Office, Allen's Building, So. Danvers.

IVES & PRABODY,

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,

Have removed their Office to

Rooms formerly occupied by Hon. O. P. Lord,

No. 27 WASHINGTON STREET, SALEM.

STEPHEN B. IVES, JR. JOHN B. PRABODY.

December 7, 1859.

ALFRED A. ABBOTT,

Attorney and Counsellor,

Office, No. 231 Essex Street, Salem;

House, Main St., So. Danvers.

SIDNEY C. BANCROFT,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

27 Washington Street, Salem.

Mr. Bancroft may be found evenings and evenings, at his

home office, near his residence in South Danvers.

December 7, 1859.

A. S. CRAWFORD,

DENTIST,

No. 4 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS.

Mechanical Dentistry Neatly Executed.

Teeth Extracted by Electricity without Extra Charge.

dec 7

W. L. BOWDOIN,

SURGEON DENTIST,

No. 208 Essex Street, Salem, (Opposite the Market).

Residence—No. 57 Washington Street.

Jan 11-ly

F. POOLE,

INSURANCE AGENT,

Allen's Building (up stairs),

Deeds drawn, and other common forms.

SAMUEL DAVIS,

HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING ROOM,

7 MAIN ST., SOUTH DANVERS.

E. S. FLINT,

DEALER IN

WEST INDIA GOODS, COUNTRY PRODUCE,

No. 2 Main Street, South Danvers.

EDWARD C. WEBSTER,

ONE PRICE

HAT, CAP and FUR STORE,

231 ESSEX, and 34 WASHINGTON ST.,

Peabody Billiard Hall.

BATCHELDER'S BUILDING, MAIN STREET,

SOUTH DANVERS.

H. C. LARRABEE—(Proprietors)—A. W. FORTNA.

Jan 13

Heylingberg's

Fashionable Hair—Cutting, Curling, Shaving and

SHAMPOOING SALOON,

No. 24 Main Street, - - South Danvers.

N. B. Particular attention paid to Dying Whiskers and

Hair.

Jan 23

HENRY L. WHIDDEN,

PAINTER, GLAZIER,

AND PAPERER,

Central Street, South Danvers, Oppo. South Church.

All orders promptly and faithfully executed.

dec 14

WHIPPLE & FRIEND,

PAINTERS,

GLAZIERS AND PAPER HANGERS,

88 Main street, opposite Monument, S. Danvers.

All orders promptly attended to; a share of patronage solicited.

J. J. WHIPPLE.

A. FRIEND.

## Original Poetry.

For the Wizard.

THE LIBRARIAN'S EPITAPH.

Here lie the bones of one who lived

In converse with the Sages,

His books he ranged in goodly rows,

And con'd their title pages,

As in his life with dusty tomes,

His days with book-worms passed,

So now in death by other worms,

He is consumed at last.

The book of Nature he had scanned,

And then pronounced it "Good";

His loving heart rejoiced to meet

His human brother—"Hood";

He often sought the Hawthorne bower,

Twined there "Young" life began,

Though still a "Child," he found the "More"

His glowing love for "Mann."

With "Raisins" he oft was hand and glove,

Yet never felt a stain,

And when he roamed would always take

His "Taylor" and his "Kane,"

And often he in merry mood,

Amidst his pond'rous tomes,

His "Saxe"—horn blew that he might cheer

Our residents and our "Holmes."

O'er history's varied page he pored

With mingled hopes and fears,

And "Motel" scenes of peace and war,

Of moved his eyes to "Theirs,"

While vivid "Sparks" of modern days

Before his vision flared—

Of earlier times of Ancient Greece

He did not care a "Grote."

He never felt inclined to "Crozes,"

But had a cheerful hope,

No Romanist—but much revered

Both "Abbot," "Church" and "Pope."

Like other men he dreaded "Paine,"

Nor groped he in the dark,

But used to "Hunt" the truth to find

In "Bush" and "Hedge" and "Park."

Though "Sterns" and "Savage" in his moods,

He yet was often "Gay,"

And kept his pets in "Moore" and "Hall,"

His "Fox" and "Drake" and "Jay,"

He'd knowledge from a "Mason" gain

And delve in a "Cooper's" chips,

But prudent man, he always kept

A "Locke" upon his lips.

He kept a "Black-stone," on his shelf,

But had no love for "Law,"

And if one told a "Story" well,

He only answered—"Shaw!"

He ground his leg in a "Mill,"

Hard by a sandstone grove,

His "Miller" was a Scottish bairn

Who always paid his "Scott."

Of all the "Smiths" who "Bellows" blow,

With scarcely time to rest,

From "Hudson's" banks to wand'ring "Poe,"

He loved his "Goldsmith" best.

His "Baird" was cut in comely trim,

His "Head" was turned for its age,

His "Combe" he valued for its age,

And used it every "Day."

His "Chambers" where he kept his books,

Were cleaned with nicest care,

And why the "Dickens" should they not?

He kept two "Trolopes" there.

And there he kept a mighty "Brougham"

To sweep away the dust,

That he might Stowe his precious Ware,

And keep it bright from rust.

He kept his "Baker" and his "Coke,"

He loved to taste for "Lamb,"

He loved to Frye his Pollok brown,

His "Pike" with "Hook" was taken,

He kept his "Hogg" in Attie salt,

But could not save his "Bacon!"

His life was passing "Swift" away

His pulse was like the wave,

No doctor's skill could now delay,

His drumbeat to the grave.

His "Quincy" had the nursing care,

Which kindly friends provide,

Alas! no friends could cure his "Burns,"

Or help his "Akenaide!"

Beneath this stone the "Sleeper" lies,

Himself now bound in boards,

This narrow "Trench" is all the space,

His dwelling now affords.

Ye men of Science! cease to mourn,

(His better part endures)

Dut, up and doing, strive to learn

That greater work of "Ure's!"

## Selected Tale.

"SHE HAS OUTLIVED HER USEFUL-  
NESS."

Not long since, a good-looking man in middle

life, came to our door asking for "the min-  
ister."

"When informed that he was out of town he

seemed disappointed and anxious. On be-  
ing questioned as to his business, he replied:

"I have lost my mother, and as this place used

to be her home, and my father lies here, we

have come to lay her beside him."

Our heart rose in sympathy, and we said,

"You have met with a great loss."

"Well—yes," replied the strong man, with

hesitancy, "a mother is a great loss in general;

but our mother has outlived her usefulness; she

was in her second childhood, and her mind was

grown as weak as her body, so that she was no

comfort to herself, and was a burden to every-

body. There were seven of us, sons and daugh-

ters; and as we could not find anybody who

was willing to board her, we agreed to keep her

among us a year about. But I have had more

than my share of her, for she was too feeble to

be moved when my time was out; and that was

more than three months before her death. But

then she was a good mother in her day, and

toiled very hard to bring us all up.

Without looking at the face of the heartless

man we directed him to the house of a neigh-  
boring pastor, and returned to our nursery.—

We gazed on the merry little faces which smiled

or grew sad in imitation of ours—those little

ones to whose ear no word in our language is

half so sweet as "Mother;" and we wondered

if that day would ever come when they would

say of us, "She has outlived her usefulness—

she is no comfort to herself and a burden to ev-  
ery body else!" and we hoped that before such

a day would dawn, we might be taken to our

rest. God forbid that we should outlive the

love of our children! Rather let us die while

our hearts are a part of their own, that our

grave may be watered with their tears, and our

love linked with their hopes of heaven.

When the bell tolled for the mother's burial,

we went to the sanctuary to pay our only token

of respect for the aged stranger; for we felt

that we could give her memory a tear even

though her own children had none to shed.

"She was a good mother in her day, and

toiled hard to bring us all up—she was no com-  
fort to herself, and a burden to everybody else."

The cruel, heartless words rang in our ears as

we saw the coffin borne up the aisle. The bell

tolled long and loud, until its iron tongue had

chronicled the year of the toll-worm mother.—

One—two—three—four—five. How clearly

and almost merrily each stroke told of her once

peaceful slumber in her mother's bosom, and of

her seat at nightfall on her weary father's knee.

Six—seven—eight—nine—ten rang out the tale

of her sports upon the greenward in the mead-

ow, and by the brook. Eleven—twelve—thir-

teen—fourteen—fifteen spoke more gravely of

school days, and little household joys and cares.

Sixteen—seventeen—eighteen sounded out the

empathetic visions of maidenhood and the dream

of early love. Nineteen brought before us the

happy bride. Twenty spoke of the young moth-

er whose heart was full of bursting with the new

strong love which God had awakened in her bos-

om. And then stroke after stroke told of her

early womanhood—of the love and cares, and

hopes and fears and toils through which she

passed during these long years, till fifty rung

out harsh and loud. From that to sixty each

stroke told of the warm-hearted mother and

grandmother, living over again her joys and

sorrows in those of her children and children's

children. Every family of all the group wanted

grandmother then, and the only strife was who

should secure the prize; but hark! the bell

tolls on! Seventy—seventy-one—two—three—

four. She begins to grow feeble, requires some

care, is not always patient or satisfied; she

goes from one child's house to another, so that

no one place seems like home. She murmurs

in plaintive tones, that after all her toil and

weariness, it is hard she cannot be allowed a

home to die in; that she must be sent, rather

than invited, from house to house. Eighty—

eighty-one—two—three—four—ah, she is now

a second child—now "she has outlived her use-

fulness; she has now ceased to be a comfort to

herself or anybody;" that is, she has ceased to

be profitable to her earth-craving and money-

grasping children.

Now sounds out, reverberating through our

lovely forest, and echoing back from our "hill



The ex High Sch dates from for exam is a larged to the will not i the stand year. At branches I direct, t of the app parison of will show the standa spects then selves, all the schola the rough pect we tl with that

We che as a favor done in th applicants mission, s with a vie idea of the say that it another ye them to p School.

The sch clock, and L. Thomp Lynn, an until Mis-

Mr. The timonials, and skill a kind consi gentleman will be to youth. I precipitation

Perma tion of the Weston w ary of Ma treasury o

No regu Tenney w be upalit x a, long public oth

MADE charged w The note p to have b written th

This wa F. Allen h for this o he tried to vigilance

John V. T. take place T. P. on's Q clock.

Liquid " Clarified ger of Sout ous size v boy Liquid

John Mr Peabody 1 New York Hamburg.

Our Pa have est 8 of suppied b lary, espe taining, or bers of Dar our own k outter a o rman, x of the add board of a nue skilli

CONNECT yet full of a tough bat an honor to took not to

DANVER town took The town s

DISPOS rating Spir theage, has increasing Spirits, By Peas, Win Headache, elc, &c, Delicately, and The prop ths arlety, He will be his old, an also se in the Sou with Spani If it, mov last year and have 2, t he writing to t York.

It is put at \$1. A Druggists f Weeks & Agent, Bos J. Bauld

Read his Goods, and



### Peabody School.

The examination of candidates for admission to the High School took place on Monday. Fifty-four candidates from the Grammar Schools presented themselves for examination, and thirty-four were admitted. This is a larger number than has ever before been admitted to this school. We trust that this circumstance will not lead friends of the school to infer hastily that the standard has been reduced from that adopted last year. Although some of the questions in particular branches were easier of solution than in the same branches last year, others in other branches were more difficult, and afforded different tests of the scholarship of the applicants. We think a fair and candid comparison of the two sets of questions in all the branches will show that there has been no real depreciation of the standard of admission from last year. In some respects there may be an elevation. The questions themselves, afford no sure evidence of the requirements of the scholar, unless in connection with the accuracy and thoroughness demanded in the answers. In this aspect we think the examination will compare favorably with that of last year.

We choose to regard the result of this examination as a favorable indication of the excellence of the work done in the grammar schools the past year. To those applicants who failed of obtaining the certificate of admission, some of whom, we know, made the trial only with a view of testing their scholarship, and with no idea of leaving the grammar school, to those we would say that it should be no cause of discouragement, as another year in the grammar department will better fit them to pursue with advantage the studies of the High School.

The school will commence on Monday next, at 9 o'clock, under the care and instruction of Mr. William L. Thompson as principal, and Miss P. A. Breed, of Lynn, an accomplished teacher, as temporary assistant, until Miss Hale is enabled to resume her situation. Mr. Thompson comes among us with the highest testimonials, oral and written, of character, attainments, and skill as a teacher. We bespeak in his behalf the kind consideration and attention due to a stranger, a gentleman of cultivated mind, whose chief business it will be to impart mental and moral instruction to our youth. Let his labors be encouraged by cheerful appreciation and ready sympathy.

**PEABODY PRELATORS.** It seems from a communication of Gov. Banks to the Senate of Mass., that Mr. Weston who had a hand in the Peck-ing of the treasury of Maine, is desirous of flinging a little in the treasury of Massachusetts.

No request could be more impudent; we think Maj. Tenney will have an eye to this. We believe him to be upright and honest. We knew him well as a citizen, long resident here, as an efficient and faithful public officer of the Commonwealth.

**FRANCIS F. SHEPARD ACQUITTED.**—Mr. Shepard was charged with forging the name of Henry Taylor & Co. The note produced, on which the forgery was alleged to have been made, had the name Henry Taylor Co. written thereon, with the word and left out, or omitted. This was claimed to be a fatal variance, and so Chas. J. Allen held it to be. Thus Mr. Shepard goes untried for this offense—because by the rule of law, we cannot be tried twice for the same offense. So much for the vigilance of his counsel, Gen. Butler.

**Volunteer Ball to-morrow (East) night.** The third and last of the Polka Parties will take place next Tuesday evening, April 10. Music by T. J. Quinn's Quadrille Band. Dancing to commence at 8 o'clock. Tickets to be had at the door.

**LIQUID GLUE.**—We have received a specimen of "Clarified Liquid Glue" manufactured by A. H. Sanger of South Danvers. It is put up in bottles of various sizes with explicit directions for use. Let all who buy Liquid Glue give the "Clarified" a trial.

**Mr. Robert E. Dabson, the late Principal of the Peabody High School, sailed on Saturday last from New York as passenger on board steamer Teutonia, for Hamburg.**

**OUR PAUPER ESTABLISHMENT.**—This is estimated to have cost \$25,000, consequently in computing the cost of supporting the poor, the interest of this sum should be added to the amount actually drawn from the Treasury; especially as the town is paying interest on this sum. For the convenience of our neighbors, the Peabody paupers have been boarded at our own house, since the division of the town. We notice a credit of \$800 for this board. Supporting the number of boarders to be 13, as stated in the Report, this would give about seven shillings a week, for the board of each. Is this enough? It should be at least nine shillings. EXAMINER.

**CONSTITUTION STILL UPRIGHT!** This Little State is yet full of the spirit of Republicanism. She has fought a tough battle and triumphed. It is now considered an honor to live in the "Nutmeg" State. We seek not for a "grater".

**DANVERS.** The adjourned annual meeting in that town took place Monday. The business was completed. The town voted to put an assistant in the High School.

**For the Wizard.** ar High School.

established, with convenient locations, and liberal salaries, for both male and female, we have a school, in which the average scholar would not be encouraged to neglect his studies. Its board has been in existence for twenty years. This is a long time, and it is a good sign. It is a sign that the school is a success. It is a sign that the school is a success. It is a sign that the school is a success.

It is now being extensively advertised through the Eastern and Middle States, and persons in these who have not been supplied, may procure it by calling or writing to the General Depot, 48 Water Street, New York.

It is put up in pint bottles at 50 cts, and in quarts at \$1. A liberal discount to Wholesale and Retail Druggists for cash.

Weeks & Potter, 144 Washington St., Wholesale Agent, Boston.

Joseph J. Rider, dealer in Jewellery, Silver, and Plated Ware, Advertiser in the WIZARD.

Read his advertisements, call and examine his Goods, and judge of quality, prices and styles for yourselves.

### South Danvers Post Office.

ON and after THURSDAY, December 1st, 1893, Mails will arrive daily, (Sundays excepted) at 9:34 A. M., and at 3 P. M. and will close at 10:34 A. M., and at 4:34 P. M. California Mails close the 4th and 19th of each month at 10:34 A. M. Foreign mails close every Tuesday and Friday at 10:34 A. M. Post office open, (Sundays excepted) from 7 A. M. till 6 P. M. GEO. M. FISKE, Post Master South Danvers, Dec. 7, 1893.

### Marriages.

In Danversport, March 20th, by Rev. Mr. Putnam, Mr. William Elliott, to Miss Eliza Whitcomb, both of Danvers. In Danversport, March 31st, by Rev. Mr. Putnam, Mr. John H. Fisher, to Miss Eliza Whitcomb, both of Danvers. In Danversport, March 31st, by Rev. Mr. Putnam, Mr. John H. Fisher, to Miss Eliza Whitcomb, both of Danvers.

### Deaths.

In this town April 1st, Laura Ella, child of John and Maria Perkins, Danvers.

### Advertisements.

#### LET YOUR BOOTS SHINE!

BROWN & BROS. UNRIVALLED BLACKING, warranted to be superior to any other in the market, can be had at the following store of GEO. M. FISKE, South Danvers.

**NEW LIVERY STABLE IN S. O. DANVERS.** The Subscriber would inform the public that he has leased a part of the Stable of Geo. M. Fiske, on Central street, where he intends to keep good horses and carriages to let, on the most reasonable terms. A share of public patronage is solicited. JOHN MOUTON, Proprietor. South Danvers, April 4th, 1893.



#### Household for Sale.

TWENTY FIVE Lots of good size, are offered for sale, on a new street, on land of the subscriber, leading from Abner street, being a continuation of Pleasant street. The situation is pleasant, on high ground and easy of access. Land in this vicinity is rapidly advancing in value and a good opportunity is now offered to obtain a good home at a cheap price and on easy terms. Application may be made to the Subscriber. WILLIAM SUTTO, South Danvers, March 20th, 1893.

**Real Estate at Auction at Danversport.** WILL be sold by order of Trustees, at Public Auction, April 10th, at 2 o'clock, P. M., 4 acres 12 rods of Land, with two buildings, DWELLING HOUSE thereon, situated on the estate of the late Joseph Porter. The house is in good repair, and convenient for two families each. The estate will be sold altogether, or the houses separately, as purchasers may desire. Apply to Mrs. A. P. Porter, on the premises, where the terms, which are very liberal, and on easy terms. D. P. CLOUGH, Auctioneer. South Danvers, March 28th, 1893.

**Wanted** IN the store of the subscriber, a boy from 15 to 17 years of age. WILLIAM J. LUNT, 232 Essex Street, Salem.

**Foreign and Domestic Fruit.** ATEN'S BUILDING, Central St., So. Danvers.

Oranges, Lemons, Figs, Dates, Currants, Citron, Prunes, Apples, Peaches, Nuts of all kinds, Dry and Preserved Ginger, Sardines, Cigars, Confectionery, Jellies and Jams, Tomatoes, Walnuts and Shrimps, French and American Mustard, Worcestershire and other Sauces.

### 238

#### Received this Week

**WROUGHT** Muslin Collars—new patterns—nice; Wrought Collars and Sleeves to match—new styles; Wrought Cambric and Muslin Collars—low prices; Wrought Cambric Blouse—For Skirts—bargains; Wrought Cambric Edgings and Insertings; Wrought Cambric Infants' waists—new; Wrought Dimity Bands and Ruffles; Wrought Lace and Demi Vols—French; Wrought Linen Cambric Hdkes—very nice; Pure Kid Gloves—the best in the market; Silk and Lisle Thread Gloves—all sizes; Spring Gauntlets—Silk, Lisle and Cotton; Silk, Lisle Thread and Cotton Hosiery—all sizes; Fancy Combs and Hair Pins—new styles; Perfumery—Jockey Club, Patchouly, etc. Honey and Brown Windsor Toilet Soap; Tooth, Nail, Hair and Infants' brushes; Money bags and Reticules—new styles—cheap; Indelible Pencils, for marking clothing; Silver Soap, for cleaning Silver and Plated Ware.

**AT THE EMBROIDERY & TRIMMING STORE,** 238 ESSEX STREET, SALEM, JOHN P. PEABODY.

**OAK AND MARBLE PAPERS,** for Kitchens and Entries. The largest assortment ever exhibited in this City. Oak Mouldings, for Paneling, in great variety, for sale by

GEORGE CREAMER, 243 Essex St., Brown Stone Block.

**SAV AND SEAL,** by the Author of "Wide World" and the Author of "Dollars and Cents," in two volumes. Just published and for sale at GEORGE CREAMER'S Bookstore, 243 Essex St., Brown Stone Block.

**SLOP JARS,** Gilt, Marble and Panel Slop Jars, just opened at S C & E A SIMONDS', 49 Front St.

**JAPANESE Chamber and Water Tails** at S C & E A SIMONDS', 92 Front St.

**BLACK SILKS,** the very best qualities. We will make a large discount where several dresses are taken together. Camel's Hair Mantles—medium sizes. ANN R. BRAY, 76 Federal Street.

**TOMORROW, APRIL 5, ANN R. BRAY, 76 Federal Street,** will open an entire new assortment of DRESS GOODS.

**LONDON NEWS and Punch,** for March 17th. Received at CREAMER'S Music Store, 238 Essex Street.

**DRY GOODS, AT ANN R. BRAY'S, No. 76 FEDERAL STREET.** We have a large stock of NEW SPRING GOODS, which we invite the public generally to call and examine. We have all the choice styles that are in the market.

Black Silks, in every width, selling very low; Rouleau Robes—various patterns; India Plaids; Silks; Rich all-wool De Laines; Gingham and Poplins, of every description; Gingham, large and small plaids, for children; French Prints, the best assortment in the city; English Prints, very best assortment, 15 1/2 cts; Small Plaids—for children especially—very neat; A good assortment of Mous de Laines, at 12 1/2 cts; and many other goods too numerous to mention, Ladies coming into the city are invited to call, as they will generally find it greatly to their advantage. Goods sent to any part of the city.

### NO MORE HARD WORK!

#### HOUSE - CLEANING MERE PLAY.

**EDWARDS' PAINT RESTORER, FOR SPRING CLEANING.** THIS article does not injure the paint as the old Soap and Sand process, but with pure water and little labor paint can be restored to its original purity. Price per package sufficient to clean a moderate-sized house.

**25 CENTS.** Sold by all the principal Druggists and Grocers. The proprietors having purchased of J. G. Tilton & Co. the patent right of

**Hoffman's Cleaning Powders,** and also of Edwards' Improvement on the same, now offer for sale as EDWARDS' IMPROVED PAINT RESTORER.

**FISHER, DAY & CO.,** No. 188 Essex St., Salem, Proprietors. me 21-1f

**List of Letters** REMAINING in Post Office at South Danvers, March 28, 1893:

**GENTLEMEN'S LIST.** Andrews Wm, Brown James, Buxton Mr, Bushby Eli, Conn Matthew, Cudde John 2, Connors John, Connell James, Dale Wm H & Co, Donahue Michael, Daley James, Foster J B, Gilman Patrick, Graves W W, Griffin Michael, Gordon Wm F, Hillingworth Wm, Head Luther E, Hood John G, Kennedy Martin, Kent John, Kelly Edmund.

**LADIES' LIST.** Jackson Nancy, Lamont Mrs, Mangan Mrs, Milligan John Mrs, Nolan Ann 2, Page Jennie C, Raby John Mrs, Roach Mrs, Summers Almira, Skinner Martha J, Upton L Maria.

N. B. These letters are subject to an additional postage of one cent each. A. R. FISKE, P. M.

**George P. Daniels** IS NOW SELLING, REGARDLESS OF COST, HATS & BOYS' OVERCOATS, Furnishing Goods and Umbrellas! Also— DRY GOODS

As cheap for Cash as can be found in Essex County 83 Main St.—Three doors east of Monument. feb 22

**BARNARD'S REFINED LIQUID GLUE** FOR mending Furniture of all kinds, Toys, Crochery, Glass Ware, Ornaments, etc. Prepared by Willis Barnard, Jr., So. Danvers. PRICE 25 CENTS.

For sale by T. A. Sweetser, Geo. E. Mescon, South Danvers, and by druggists, stationers, hardware dealers generally. Fisher, Day & Co., and D. B. Brooks & Brother, Wholesale Agents for Salem, Feb. 22.

**Bargains! Bargains!** AUGUSTUS J. ARCHER, (Of the late firm of Archer, Downing & Co.)

Wishing to reduce the stock of DRY GOODS Which he has just purchased of W. W. Palmer & Co., at a discount, will offer the same for a short time only, at prices which will

Ensure a Speedy Sale. Purchasers will find it for their interest to call at Store, 181 Essex Street, Salem. (Recently occupied by W. W. Palmer & Co.) feb 15-1f

**REMOVAL.** JOSEPH J. RIDER, would inform his friends and the public, that he has removed from 242 Essex Street, to the new and splendid Store, NO. 2 WEST BLOCK, 188 ESSEX STREET, SALEM, which has been fitted up expressly for his business, and where he will be constantly found a full and extensive assortment of

Jewelry, and Silver Plated Ware in the newest and most desirable styles, and at prices as low as such goods can be purchased in the entire New York. Graciously to the subscribers of this city, and vicinity for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed, and in return, he desires to acknowledge the same, by a special discount, and to endeavor to merit a continuance thereof.

**JOSEPH J. RIDER,** 2 WEST BLOCK, 188 ESSEX STREET. feb 8

**WYATT & PARSONS' QUADRILLE BAND,** As Brass or String. Are prepared to furnish Music for Balls, Parties, Assemblies, etc., on the most reasonable terms.

Engagements can be made with J. H. Parsons, No. 3 Pleasant Street, St. Paul, 4 Boston St., or E. H. Eaton's, 161 Essex St. feb 15-1f

**WILLIAM J. WALTON,** 91 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS, HAS on hand, and intends to constantly keep a full assortment of all desirable kinds and styles of Boots, Shoes, and Rubbers, which he would be happy to place at the service of his friends, and the Public, at satisfactory prices.

Repairing expeditiously and neatly done. WILLIAM J. WALTON, 91 Main Street. feb 7

**LOCKS, Watches, and Accordeons—Jewelry, Silver Ware, Spectacles, &c.,** neatly and expeditiously repaired; also Letter Engraving done to order by CHARLES DERRY, at

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### GROVER & BAKER'S CELEBRATED

#### Sewing Machines.

Sales Room Cor. Market & Summer St., over the Post Office, Lynn, Mass.

THIS Machine excels all others in its simplicity of construction, Ease of Management and Strength, Reliability and Beauty of Stitch. It sews Cotton, Thread, and Silk, from common spools, without rethreading—it is the most reliable Machine in the market for all kinds of manufacturing purposes, while the Family Machine presents advantages to all classes, for every kind of domestic sewing.

The new improved Grover and Baker Shuttle Machine, at the present price of 50 dollars, is peculiarly adapted to Sew Work, as well as all other purposes where the Shuttle stitch is preferred. It is superior for fine finishing. Every Machine sold is warranted. The public are invited to call and examine the Machines at the Rooms over the Post Office, Franklin Building, Lynn, Mass. E. BAKER, Agent me 7

**FRUIT TREES FOR SALE.** TWO THOUSAND PEAR TREES of various kinds, Standard and Dwarf, some of them in bearing condition. Apply at 76 Boston Street, AVERILL & LOW. feb 22

**JOHN W. PROCTOR,** has taken rooms, in the 2d, Story of the Union Building, nearly opposite the Monument, Where he will be found from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., ready to attend to any business that may be entrusted to his care. South Danvers, Feb. 22nd, 1893.

**WELCH & FAIRFIELD,** DEALERS IN FLOUR, GRAIN, And Family Groceries. feb 22 13 and 15 LOWELL ST. 3m

**For Sale.** The HOMESTEAD of the late MATTHEW HOPKINS, of Danvers, consisting of an elegant, well-finished Brick House, a stone barn and out-buildings, and about 16 acres of choice land. It is situated in Danversport, on the Main Street, leading from Danvers to Salem, and about one mile from the Railroad Station in South Danvers, from which there are four daily trains to and from the city. The house is of four stories, and has a full basement. The buildings with the garden will be sold separately from the other land, if desired. For further particulars and terms, which will be liberal, inquire of LEWIS ALLEN, South Danvers. feb 22

**GEORGE P. DANIELS** IS NOW SELLING, REGARDLESS OF COST, HATS & BOYS' OVERCOATS, Furnishing Goods and Umbrellas! Also— DRY GOODS

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### CLOTHING STORE!

R. S. D. SYMONDS

Has opened a STORE in THASK'S BUILDING, 52 MAIN ST., SOUTH DANVERS, Where he intends to keep a general assortment of

**MEN'S & BOYS' CLOTHING,** Including

**BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS, HATS, CAPS** And all such Goods as are generally found in such a store.

**READY MADE CLOTHING** AND

**FURNISHING GOODS.** Particular attention will be given to keeping a constant supply of

**LADIES' BOOTS & SHOES.** The above Goods are of the best quality, and will be sold as low as similar articles can be had in South Danvers or Salem.

**LADIES** Are particularly invited to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere. feb 21-1f

**Para Rubber Mittens.** A FEW PAIRS can be found at WALTON'S, 91 Main Street. feb 18

**Rich** VELVET VESTINGS, at BURBECK'S, 249 Essex St. feb 23

**Furnishing Goods.** THE latest styles in the market, at BURBECK'S, 249 Essex St. feb 23

**B. F. STEVENS,** WATCH & JEWELRY MAKER, AND REPAIRER

Watches, Clocks, Gold & Plated Jewelry, SILVER AND PLATED WARE, CUTLERY and FANCY GOODS.

Old Gold and Silver taken in exchange for new. Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, neatly cleaned, repaired and warranted. 16 MAIN ST., OPPOSITE WARREN BANK, SOUTH DANVERS, MASS. feb 22

**Cheap and Durable Article.** MEN'S KIP BOOTS—only Two Dollars and a Quarter per pair, at R. S. D. SYMONDS, 52 Main St., S. Danvers. feb 21-1f

**Mitchell's Patent Men's Boots.** A NOTICE SUPPLY of these EXCELSIOR LEATHER Boots—Pin and Ring Boots, Gold Armlets, Finger Rings, and lockets. Also a full assortment of fine Silver, Tea, Table, Salt and Mustard Spoons, &c., received by me 21

**JOSEPH J. RIDER,** 188 Essex St. feb 22

**GARDNER WEBSTER,** Manufacturer of and Dealer in

**PARLOR, OFFICE, AND COOKING** STOVES, STOVE FUNNELS, GRATES, LININGS, TIN AND IRON WARE.

135 Boston Street, Salem. Stoves stored and well cared for. Also special attention given to fitting and repairing stoves.

**KEROSENE LAMPS,** CANS, WICKS, and DOWNER'S PURE KEROSENE OIL, for sale by GARDNER WEBSTER, 135 Boston Street. me 11-1f

**ANN R. BRAY, 76 FEDERAL STREET,** will open this morning, new styles of Spring and Summer goods; our assortment comprises all the desirable styles in the market. Having for so long given my attention to the selection of dress goods, I am confident we can suit the tastes of all our customers. Ladies will please call before making their selections.

**MUSICAL NOTICE.** CHICKERING & SONS' PIANO-FORTES. ANN R. BRAY, No. 76 Federal Street, would announce for the month of March, in South Danvers, and the public generally, the following for sale and for hire: Chickering's new Piano Fortes. They are selected with great care, and need only to be tried to prove their superiority over every other in the market. The very best terms given.

**MANNING & NICHOLS' SERAPHINES** For sale and to let. For more a full quality of new tone, can surpass them. ANN R. BRAY, No. 76 Federal Street. feb 22

**Have You Seen** THOSE 15 dollar suits, at BURBECK'S, 249 Essex St. feb 23

**Rich Silk** CASHMERE Vestings, at BURBECK'S, 249 Essex St. feb 23

**Heavy** OVERCOATS, at BURBECK'S, 249 Essex St. feb 23

**NEW PUBLICATIONS,** Reed and for sale by H. P. NILES & A. SMITH.

Narrative of the Earl of Elgin's Mission to China and Japan, in the year 1857, 68, 69, by Lawrence Oliphant, Esq.; Our Bible Class, and the good that came of it, by Miss Caroline E. Fairfield; like before him, a novel; The Stranger's Strategem or the Double Deceit, and; other stories, by Sarah J. C. Whittlesley; Julian Home, a tale of College Life, by Frederick W. Farrar, M. A. Letters from Switzerland, by Samuel Innes Prime, author of "Travels in Europe and the East."

me 28 at 23 Essex St, and 36 Washington Street. feb 22

**CHEAP PAPER HANGINGS!** 68 10 12 15 17 20 25 30 35 40 50 60 65 75 80 92 100 125 150 175 200 225 & 250—a full assortment now in, and selling low, at CREAMER'S Music Store, 238 Essex Street. me 28

**FLOWER SEEDS IN GREAT VARIETY** for sale by T. A. SWEETSER, 87 Main Street. mar 21







# THE WIZARD.

VOL. I.

SOUTH DANVERS, MASS., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 11, 1860.

NO. 19.

## THE WIZARD

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY,  
At Allen's Building, So. Danvers Square,  
—BY—  
CHAS. D. HOWARD, Proprietor.  
F. POOLE, Editor.

Terms \$2.00 a Year; for Immediate Payment, \$1.50.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.  
Half a Square, 3 wks. 3 mos. 1 year  
One Square, 1.50 3.00 6.00  
Quarter of a Column, 1.00 2.00 4.00  
Six lines of Nonpareil type are equal to one square.  
All extra per line will be charged for notices of meetings for political, civil, or religious purposes, notices of societies, cards of acknowledgments, &c.  
The privilege of Annual Advertisers is limited to their own immediate business; and all advertisements for the benefit of other persons, as well as legal advertisements, and advertisements of real estate, or auction sales, sent in by them, must be paid for at the usual rates.

S. M. PRYOR & CO., No. 10 State Street, Boston, and 119 Nassau Street, New York, are authorized to receive Advertisements for this paper.  
S. R. NICHOL, successor to V. B. Palmer, is also authorized to receive advertisements for this paper.

Book and Job Printing  
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,  
Executed with Neatness and Despatch,  
AT THIS OFFICE.

## CARDS.

THOMAS M. STIMPSON,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
104 ESSEX STREET, SALEM.  
Residence Lowell street, South Danvers.

B. C. PERKINS,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
So. Danvers—Office in Allen's Building.

H. O. WILEY,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
Office, Allen's Building, So. Danvers.

IVES & PEABODY,  
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,  
Have removed their Office to  
Rooms formerly occupied by Hon. Otis P. Lord,  
NO. 27 WASHINGTON STREET, SALEM.  
STEPHEN B. IVES, JR. JOHN B. PEABODY.  
December 7, 1859.

ALFRED A. ABBOTT,  
Attorney and Counsellor,  
Office, No. 224 Essex Street, Salem;  
House, Main St., So. Danvers.

SIDNEY C. DANCROFT,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
27 Washington Street, Salem.  
Mr. Dancroft may be found mornings and evenings, at his home office, near his residence in South Danvers.  
December 7, 1859.

A. S. CRAWFORD,  
DENTIST,  
No. 4 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS SQUARE.  
Mechanical Dentistry Neatly Executed.  
Teeth Extracted by Electricity without Extra Charge.  
dec 7

W. L. BOWDOIN,  
SURGEON DENTIST,  
No. 228 Essex Street, Salem, (Opposite the Market).  
Residence—No. 57 Washington street.  
Jan 11—ly

F. POOLE,  
INSURANCE AGENT,  
Allen's Building (up stairs),  
Deaths drawn, and other common forms.

SAMUEL DAVIS,  
HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING ROOM,  
7 MAIN ST., SOUTH DANVERS.

E. S. FLINT,  
DEALER IN  
WEST INDIA GOODS, COUNTRY PRODUCE,  
No. 2 Main Street, South Danvers.

EDWARD C. WEBSTER,  
ONE PRICE  
HAT, CAP AND FUR STORE,  
231 ESSEX, and 34 WASHINGTON ST.

Peabody Billiard Hall.  
BATCHELDER'S BUILDING, MAIN STREET,  
SOUTH DANVERS.  
H. C. LARABEE—(Proprietors)—A. W. FORNISE.  
Jan 13

Heylingberg's  
Fashonable Hair—Cutting, Curling, Shaving and  
SHAMPOOING SALOON,  
No. 24 Main Street, - - South Danvers,  
N. B.—Particular attention paid to Dying Whiskers and Hair.  
Jan 25

HENRY L. WHIDDEN,  
PAINTER, GLAZIER,  
AND PAPER,  
Central Street, South Danvers, Oppo. South Church.  
All orders promptly and faithfully executed.  
dec 14

WHIPPLE & FRIEND,  
PAINTERS,  
GLAZIERS AND PAPER HANGERS,  
88 Main street, opposite Monument, So. Danvers.  
All orders promptly attended to; a share of patronage solicited.  
J. J. WHIPPLE. A. FRIEND.

## Original Poetry.

### For The Wizard.

#### TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

'Tis no trifling thing that brightly  
Glistens in the noonday sun,  
That at evening shades will lightly  
Leave us for some happier one.  
'Tis no bird of passage, ranging  
Thro' the woods in summer time,  
That ere autumn leaves are changing,  
Seeks some more congenial clime.  
'Tis no wild and fitful gleaming,  
Of the passing meteor's flight,  
That across our vision streaming,  
Leaves us in the darker night!  
But unchanging 'twill ne'er alter;  
Still the same mild smiles and tears;  
Still unwavering—twill not falter,  
Thro' the lapse of coming years.

Like that star whose beams are stealing  
Far across the ocean's foam,  
To the wanderer's eye revealing  
Trackless paths that guide him home.  
Clouds may gather thickly o'er it,  
Day's bright orb may quench its light,  
Yet will brighter skies restore it,  
Still the day return to night.

There 'tis fixed! Aye fixed forever,  
In yon 'bright realms of space afar,  
Still to guide—and leave us never;  
Still the same true faithful star.  
Manchester N. H., April, 1860.

## Selected Story.

### A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

One cool afternoon in the early fall, I—Chester F. LeRoy, gentleman—stood on the platform of the Albany depot, watching the procession of passengers just arrived in the Hudson River boat, who defiled past me on their way to the cars. The Boston train, by which I had come, waited patiently as steam and fire might, for their leisure, with only occasional faint snorts of remonstrance at the delay; yet still the jostling crowd hurried past into the cars, and flitted through them in search of seats, till their increasing number at last warned me that I might find it difficult to regain my own, and I followed.

'I beg your pardon, sir.'  
I turned, in obedience to a touch on my arm and saw a respectable-looking negro man before me, who bore the travelling bag and shawl, and stylish girl behind him.

'Do I speak, he said, bowing respectfully, and glancing at the portmanteau I carried, on which my surname was quite legible, 'do I address, sir, Mr. LeRoy?'

'That is my name, at your service; what can I do for you?'

'The young lady, Miss Florence Dundard, who was to join you at Albany, at six o'clock this evening—I have charge of her.' He turned to the young lady behind him.

'This is Mr. LeRoy, Miss.'

The young lady, whose dark blue eyes had been scanning me, as I could perceive, through her blue silk veil, now lifted it with an exquisitely gloved left hand, and extended the other to me, with a charming mixture of frankness and timidity.

'I am very glad to meet you, Mr. LeRoy,' said she. 'I thought I should know you in a moment—Jenny described you accurately. How kind it was of you to offer to take charge of me. I hope I shan't trouble you.'

In the midst of my bewilderment at thus being addressed by the sweetest voice in the world I managed to see that I must make a proper reply, and proceeded to stammer out what I thought an appropriate speech, when the servant who had left us for a moment, returned, and I abandoned it unfinished.

'Did you see my baggage, Edward?' asked his mistress.

'Yes, Miss; it is all on.'

'Then you had better hurry to reach the seven o'clock boat. Good-bye, and tell them you saw me off.'

I stood like one in a dream, while the man handed me two checks for the trunks, and indeed me with the light baggage he had carried; but I was aroused by the young lady's asking me if we had not better secure our seats in the cars, and answered by offering her my arm. In ten minutes we were seated side by side, and trundling out of Albany at a rate that grew faster and faster.

I had no time to reflect, with that lovely face opposite me, but what was the use. Some strange mistake had undoubtedly happened, and I had evidently been taken for another person of the same name; but how to remedy this now, without alarming the innocent young lady in my charge—how to find the right man, with the right name, among several hundred people, and how to transfer her, without an unpleasant scene and explanation, to the care of some one whose person was no less strange to her than mine?—While these thoughts whirled through my head, I happened to encounter those smiling eyes fixed upon me. 'I will not trouble or distress her by any knowledge of her position,' I concluded, 'but will just do my best to fill the place of the individual she took me for, and conduct her wherever she wishes to go, if I can only find where it is.' I turned to her with an affectionate gaze, which I was very far from feeling, and said, 'It is quite a long journey.'

'Do you think so? But it is very pleasant,

isn't it? Cousin Jenny enjoyed it so much.'

'Ah, indeed!'

'Why, what a queer man!' she said, with a light laugh. 'Doesn't she ever tell you, as she does me, in all her letters, how happy she is, and that St. Louis is the sweetest place in the world to live in! Dear me! that I should have to tell her own husband first. How we shall laugh about it when we get there.'

So it was St. Louis where we were going to, and I was her cousin's husband. I never was so thankful for two pieces of information in my life.

'And how does dear Jenny look? and what is she doing? and how is dear Aunt Beman?—Do tell me the news?'

'Jenny,' said I, mustering courage and words, 'is the dearest little wife in the world, you must know, only far too fond of her scamp of a husband. As to her looks, you can't expect me to say anything, for she always looks lovely to me.'

'Bravo,' said the pretty girl, with a malicious smile; 'but about aunt's rheumatism.'

'Miss, I mean, of course, Mrs. Beman, is very well.'

'Well?' said my fair questioner, regarding me with a surprise, 'I thought she had not been well for a number of years!'

'I mean well for her,' said I, in some trepidation; 'the air of St. Louis (which I have since learned is of a misty, moisty order) has done her a world of good. She is quite a different woman.'

'I am very glad,' said her niece.

She remained silent for a few moments, and then a gleam of amusement began to dance in her bright eyes.

'To think,' she said, suddenly turning to me with a musical laugh, 'that in all this time you have not once mentioned the baby!'

I knew I gave a violent start, and I think I turned pale. After I had run the gauntlet of all these questions triumphantly, as I thought, this new danger stared me in the face. How was I ever to describe a baby, who had never noticed one? My courage sunk below zero, but in the same proportion the blood rose to my face, and I think my teeth fairly chattered in my head.

'Don't be afraid that I shall not sympathize in your raptures,' continued my tormentor, as I almost considered her; 'I am quite prepared to believe anything after Jenny's letter—you should see how she loves him.'

'Him! Blessed goodness, then it must be a boy!'

'Of course,' said I, blushing and stammering, but feeling it imperative to say something, 'we consider him the finest fellow in the world; but you might not agree with us, and in order to leave your judgment unbiased, I shall not describe him to you.'

'Ah! but I know just how he looks, for Jenny had no such scruple—so you may spare yourself the trouble or happiness, which ever it is; but tell me what you mean to call him.'

'We have not decided upon a name,' I replied.

'Indeed! I thought she intended to give him yours.'

The deuce she did! thought I. 'No, one of a name is enough in a family,' I answered.

The demon of inquisitiveness, that, to my thinking, had instigated my companion heretofore, now ceased to possess her, for we talked of various indifferent things, and I had relied on not being compelled to draw on my imagination at the expense of my conscience, when I gave the particulars of my recent journey from Boston.

'Yet, I was far from feeling at ease, for every sound of her voice startled me with a dread of fresh questions, necessary, but impossible to be answered, and I felt a guilty flush streaming upon my temples every time I met the look of those innocent eyes.'

It was late when we stopped for supper, and soon after I saw the dark fringes of my companion's eyes droop long and often, and began to realize that she ought to be asleep. I knew perfectly well that it was my duty to offer her a resting place on my shoulder, but I hardly had courage enough to ask that innocent face to lie on my arm, which was not, as she thought, that of a cousin and a married man. Recollecting, however, that it was my duty to make her comfortable, and that I could scarcely receive her more than I had already done, I proffered the usual civility. She slightly blushed, but thanked me, and excepted it by leaning her head lightly against my shoulder, and looking up into my eyes with a smile, said—'As you are my cousin.' Soon after her eyes closed, and she slept sweetly and calmly, as if resting in security and peace.

I looked down at the beautiful face, slightly pale with fatigue, that rested against mine, and felt like a villain. I dared not touch her with my arm, although the rebounding of the cars jostled her very much. I sat remorseless until the sleeper settled the matter by slipping forward and awakening. She opened her eyes instantly and smiled.

'It's no use for me to try to sleep with my bonnet on,' she said, 'for it is very much in the way, and I am sure it troubles you.' So she removed it, giving me the pretty little toy, with its graceful ribbons and flowers, to put on the rack above us. I preferred to hold it, telling her that it would be safer with me, and after a few objections she resigned it, being in truth too sleepy to contest the point; then tying the blue silk veil over her glossy hair, she leaned against my shoulder and slept again.

This time, when the motion began to shake and annoy her, I stifled the reproaches of my conscience, and passing my arm lightly around her slender waist drew her head upon my breast

where it lay all night. She slept the sleep of innocence, serene and peaceful, and it is needless to say that I could not close my eyes or ease my conscience. I could only gaze down into the beautiful, still face, and imagine how it would confront me, if she knew what I was and how I had deceived her; or dreaming more wildly still, reproduced it in a hundred scenes, which I had never before paused to imagine, as the face of my wife. I had never loved, unless the butterfly loves of Saratoga and Newport might be so dignified, and still less had I ever thought or dreamed of marrying, even as a possibility or far contingency. Never before, I solemnly aver, had I seen the woman whom I wished to make my wife—never before had I so longed to call anything my own, as I did that lovely face lying on my heart. No, it was impossible for me to sleep.

In the morning we reached Buffalo, and spent the day at Niagara. If I had thought her lovely while sleeping what was she when the light of feeling and expression played over her face, as she eloquently admired the scene before us, or was even more eloquent still. I don't think I looked at the cataract as much as I looked at her, or thought the one creation more beautiful than the other.

She was now quite familiar with me in her innocent way, calling me 'Cousin Frank,' and seemed to take a certain pleasure in my society and protection. I was delighted to be greeted so gladly by her, when I entered the hotel parlor, to have her come forward from the lonely seat where she had been waiting, not unobserved or unnoticed, to receive me—to have her hang on my arm—look up into my face—tell me all her little adventures alone (how long it seemed to me,) while every word, look, and smile seemed doubly dear to me because I knew the precarious tenure by which I held my right to them. She busied herself, too while I was gone out, with our joint baggage, and rummaging all over her trunks to find a box which I had expressed a desire to see. She mended my gloves, sewed the band on my travelling cap, and found my cigar case whenever I had lost it, which was about twenty times a day, while she scolded me for the carelessness which she declared almost equaled her own.

Long ago she had given over into my possession her elegant little port-monsie, 'with all the money in it, which she was sure she would lose, as she could never keep anything,' and as she had ordered me to take out what she wanted for her travelling expenses, I opened it with trembling hands when I was alone, and examined the contents. There were, beside all the bank bills with which she had probably been furnished for her journey, and which, with pious care, she had packed into the smallest possible compass, as much gold as her pretty toy could carry, a tiny pearl ring, too small to fit my finger, but not hers—which I am afraid I kissed—a card with her name on it, and a memorandum in a pretty hand—No. — Olive street, St. Louis; which I rightly conjectured was the residence of her cousin Jennie, whose husband I was; a very fortunate discovery for me. Indeed, thus far, I had not found the way of the transgressor hard, in external circumstances at least, and when with her, I forgot everything but her grace and beauty, and my firm resolution to be no more to her than her cousin should be; but out of that charmed presence made me miserable.

I am afraid I must sometimes have betrayed the conflicts of feeling I had had, by my manner; but when I was reserved and ceremonious with her, she always resented it, and begged me so bewitchingly not to treat her so, and to call her by her sweet name, 'Florence,' that had I dreamed as much as I longed to do, I could not have refused her. But the consciousness that I was not what she thought me, but an impostor, of whom, after our connection had ceased, and she had discovered the deception practiced upon her, she could think or remember nothing that would not cause unmarred self-reproach and mortification, all innocent and trusting as she was, this reflection more than any other, I confess, and the knowledge of the estimation in which she would forever hold me, after my imposition was discovered, agonized me, and I would have given all I possessed to own it to her, and leave her sight at once, though the thought of never seeing her more was dreadful. But that could not be.

At last we reached St. Louis. Do I say at last? When the sight of those spires and gables warned me that my brief dream of happiness was over, and that the remorseful reflections I had been starving off so long, were now to commence in earnest, the thought of the coming banishment from Florence, was dreadful to me, and the time seemed to fly on lightning wings as it drew near.

She was all gayety, and was astonished at my sadness and absence of mind when so near home and Jennie, and when we entered the carriage that was to convey us to our destination, I had half a mind to take a cowardly flight, rather than encounter the scorn and disappointment of those blue eyes; but I mustered courage, and followed her in giving the address I found in the port-monsie, which fortunately, was the right one, to the driver.

'Almost home!' said she, turning her bright face toward me—we were rattling up the street, and my time was short—how can you be so quiet?'

'Because, Miss Florence,' I answered, 'the time has come in which I must confess to you that I have no more right in the house to which we are now hastening, than to the name by which you address me, and that my only claim to either, is that of an impostor and deceiver.'

She turned her lovely face, wondering and puzzled, towards me.

'Thank heaven! I did not read fear and aversion in it.'

'No right! no claim!' she repeated; 'what can you mean?'

I confessed the whole truth, as nearly as I have set it down here, denying nothing and concealing nothing, not even the useless secret of my love for her. When the brief recital was ended, we both remained silent; but she had hidden her face, I could see she trembled violently with shame and repulsion. The sight of her distress was agony to me, and I tried to say a few words of apology.

'You cannot blame or hate me, Miss Dundard more than I blame or hate myself,' I said, 'for the distress I have unwillingly caused you.—Heaven knows that if I accepted the charge of so much innocence and beauty too lightly, I have heavily atoned since, in having occasioned this suffering to you, and my own punishment is more than I can bear.'

The coach stopped as I spoke; she turned towards me eagerly, her face bearing traces of tears, and said in a low voice—'Do not misunderstand me if I was so silent.'

The coachman threw open the door, and stood waiting. I was obliged to descend and assist her out. I hardly dared to touch that little hand, though it was for the last time, but I watched her graceful figure with sad distress. She was already recognized, for the door was thrown open, and a pretty woman, followed by a fine looking, black whiskered gentleman, whom I supposed to be my namesake, rushed down the steps. There were loud exclamations of astonishment and pleasure, to which Florence returned very low and quiet answers, and quickly extricating herself from the confusion, presented me as 'Mr. Le Roy, your husband's namesake, and the gentleman who kindly took charge of me.'

I glanced at her face to see if she was mocking me, but it was pale and grave. Mrs. Le Roy opened her eyes widely, but was too well bred to express surprise, and after introducing me to her husband in the same terms, invited me into the house. Hardly conscious what I did, or of anything except that I was still in the presence of Florence, from which I could not endure to banish myself, I followed them into a handsome parlor, where sat an old lady whom my conscience told me was the rheumatic aunt I had so cruelly belied. Florence herself presented me to this lady, who was a fixture, and unable to rise from her chair, and before I could stammer out an apology and retire, related in her own way, (how different from mine) the mistake by which she had been placed in my care, and the history of our journey, in which our host, Mr. Le Roy, had been a fellow-passenger. When she had ended, they all crowded about me, warmly expressing their thanks for my kindness and consideration, 'to my utter bewilderment and surprise, and cordially inviting me to remain with them, and make the acquaintance of my namesake and family.'

I detached myself from all this unexpected kindness as soon as I could, for I fancied I read aversion in the flushing and paling face, and drooping eyes of Florence, and with one last look at her left the room. A moment after, and I felt the touch of a light hand on my arm, and turning, saw with mute surprise, that she had followed me into the vestibule.

'Mr. Le Roy,' she said, hurriedly, 'I cannot let you go away misunderstanding me, as I see you do. If I was silent while you so humbly apologized for your noble, generous and honorable conduct, I was not angered, believe me, but because I was too much astonished, afterwards too much moved and grateful to speak. I owe you more than I can say, and should be miserable, indeed, if a false shame, which you see has not prevented my telling you this, should prevent you from continuing an acquaintance so strangely begun. Trust me, sir, I speak the truth.'

I don't know what answer I made, for the revulsion of feeling was almost too great for words and the rapture of knowing, as looked down into that lovely face, that it was not for the last time, quite took away the little sense I had remaining.

If you want to know how I felt, ask a man who is going to be hung, how he would feel to be reprieved.

Well, how time flies. It certainly does not seem five years since all this happened, yet cousin Jenny (my cousin Jenny now) so bitterly reproaches us in her last letter, for not visiting her in all that time, we have again undertaken the journey, but under different auspices, since Florence is Florence Dundard no more, and sleeps upon my arm in the cars no more blushing, but with the confidence of a wife of nearly five years standing, and I registered our names in the hotel book as 'Mr. and Mrs. Le Roy,' and blessed my lucky stars as I read it over. Even while I write, Florence, lovelier than ever, as I think, makes a grand pretence of arranging our baggage at the hotel where we stop, (and which has reminded me by past transaction to write down this story,) or comes leaning over me to call me 'dear Chester,' instead of 'dear Cousin Frank,' as five years before, and to scold me for being so stupid as to sit and write instead of talking with her. Was ever man so happy in a slight mistake!

GRATITUDE is the fairest blossom which springs from the soul; and the heart of man knoweth none more fragrant;—while its opponent, ingratitude, is a deadly weed; not only poisonous in itself, but impregnating the very atmosphere in which it grows with fetid vapors.



# THE WIZARD.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 11, 1860.

## PARTICULAR NOTICE.

We would inform the subscribers and advertisers to this paper that our only authorized Agents are—  
(L. Chandler & Co.) South Danvers  
John D. Howard, and Salem.  
D. P. Clough, Danvers.  
John Barker.

The receipt of the above will be regarded as payment.  
Subscribers will confer a favor by giving us immediate notice when they fail to receive the paper.

We beg our correspondents' pardon for the typographical errors in his last communication. We do not take refuge under the wing of Mrs. Ann Royal nor do we abate our faith in the skill and success of the long and lank drab-coated Master Southwick in making good writers. The typography of the article was more than respectable and bore no resemblance to Rufus Choate's pot books. Even good writers will sometimes commit errors, and it becomes a duty to omit to cross the letter and it remains an I. They will leave a gap open at the top of an A and it passes for a and so again vice versa.

Is may strike some people as strange that so dry a location as the vicinity of Washington Square should be selected for this purpose. But the fact is, that was then a damp locality and the late John Howard, so long the patriarchal Father of the Salem Mechanic Association, once told us that he remembered *free ponds* on that square! It was afterwards leveled and the ponds filled up through the efforts of Gen. Derby and others.

Mr. Editor.—Mrs. Ann Royal once told the writer, that she must pay him the compliment of writing, the most illegible hand she had ever met with. He would have suspected the old lady of hyperbole if she had ever seen that of Rufus Choate, but as it was, he pleaded guilty to the so impetuous and offered in extenuation, the opinion of Jack Cade, "that reading and writing came by nature," and that the old dame gave him a most villainous one, which the same tingling knocks over the knuckles by old master Southwick, did not mend. To his last chirp, therefore, and not to the carelessness of your compositor, he imputes some errors in his communication published in your last, and which he prays you to correct.

In the fifth line from the commencement, instead of know read knew. It was Edmund Batter, (not Butler) who was the tanner in 1734 and previously. He was the son of Daniel Batter and was the son of Edmund, one of the earliest emigrants, having taken the free-man oath in 1636. Edmund, (tanner) died November 1766, aged 84. His first wife was Martha Pickman, and his second was the widow of Nathaniel Higginson, who was son of Col. John Higginson, grandson of Rev. John H. and great grandson of Rev. Francis H., the first minister of Salem. She was daughter of Benjamin Gerrish, who was deacon of the first church, and collector of the Port of Salem. His residence which was also the Custom house, still remains in the eastern end of Essex street, and is now occupied by his descendant, Mr. Benjamin Browne. The agreement referred to, was between Edmund and Mrs. H. in view of the contemplated marriage in which Edmund relinquishes all claim to the property of Hannah and her daughters, and agrees to provide sufficient meat and drink for the daughters till they are twenty one or are married, that is, to give them land in his family, frank and free as his family faces.

William and Benjamin Browne's tannery was at the head of Andrew (not Andrew) street. The wooden house built by Hon. Nathl. Sibley, and now owned by Charles H. Miller, Esq., occupies part of the site of the old tannery. In my early days Andrew street was not laid out. It runs through the centre of what was a field of about four acres. This field was surveyed, and the street and lots set off by Gen. Gideon Foster, about 1802. Col. Perley Putnam erected one of the first houses in the street, and he yet owns and occupies it. This field was owned by Capt. Joseph Gardner, who was slain in the Narragansett war in 1675. It was bequeathed by him to his widow, who was Ann, daughter of Emanuel Downing. She afterwards married Gov. Bradstreet, and she sold the land in 1711 to Joseph Andrew.

## Franklin Street.

This street is one of the most commanding locations for residences in this town. It is almost filled up with commodious dwellings, and there are now three more in process of building and completion. Mr. John P. McKering has a neat cottage house almost completed. Mr. Charles Haven has a fine two story square house, with flat roof, in an elevated situation, and Mr. Nathaniel Woodbury has put up a unique and handsome Octagon house, with an observatory which commands a very extensive prospect, not only of South Danvers, which it quite looks down upon, but of the neighboring towns, Danvers, Salem, Beverly and Marblehead.

Mr. Charles Story is laying the foundation for a new cottage house, which is to be erected immediately. Messrs. Clark & Giddings are the builders of all the above, except that of Mr. Woodbury, who builds his own.

We are pleased to see so much going on in the way of building on this pleasant street, and hope others will be started up to make more room for our people. South Danvers wants more such men as Elijah Upton, and Jonathan Dustin to hasten its growth.

ESSEX INSTITUTE HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS.—We have received the April number of this valuable periodical. It has 56 pages of excellent matter, the leading article being the trial of Geo. Jacobs, for Witchcraft, by L. R. Stone, Esq. It has also a continuation of Mr. Chey's article on the prosecution of Philip English, for the same crime.

Samuel P. Fowler contributes Records of Overseers in '67 and '68, with notes. Dr. B. F. Browne contributes Rev. John Higginson's Dying Testimony. Mr. Leavitt gives an account of Salem Privateers, and Messrs. Patch, Ward, Stickney and Brooks contribute their quota of Antiquities and Numismatics. We may again refer to some of the contents of this number.

We acknowledge the receipt of public documents from A. Byron Reed, and Hon. Daniel W. Clough, who will please accept our thanks.

## The Past.

A few remarks to-day, Mr. Editor, (with your permission,) upon the subject of the past, and the long line of vicissitudes and changes, which has taken place in our world, during the life-time of those who to-day make up the active portion of society, form a theme well worthy the reflection of all thinking beings.

The great expansion of our national territory, the progress of the arts and sciences, public improvements, and advancement of the general well being of society, all combined, form a subject, capable of exciting the wonder of the great world in which we live.

It is not our purpose, or intent, to enquire whether all this vast progress has resulted in unalloyed and universal good; but only to reflect that it is, and that the Great God, has not checked, (if He has not countenanced,) this onward march of Empire.

Our fathers have allotted to us a constitution and a government which has encouraged and aided this course of expansion and population and we now present, as it were, a world of ourselves, fully capable to protect and to transmit unimpaired to our posterity, all the blessed privileges received by us as legatees of that glorious band of men who gave to us our liberties, and our great organic law, to preserve them through all time.

We are not bound, as a people to decide at this date, what race, or whether any one, shall dominate among us; but to take the question as our fathers settled it; nor are we bound to decide that those of our citizens of Anglo-saxon, Celtic, German, French, or other extraction or birth, are not on a perfect level, before the constitution and the laws of our common country; but to take this also from where our Fathers left it, reflecting that they were laying out a great system for a great nation for many ages, which must necessarily be based on a narrow or circumscribed foundation, and must naturally mark out an expansive and honorable course, in order to build up the grand fabric of American liberty and justice.

The present prosperity, greatness, and power of this nation prove incontrovertibly, that the Past has not proved recant or remorse to the present, and has given earnest of continued good to the millions that are to come after us. Let us as a nation, as States, and as individuals, learn wisdom from the past, and so conduct in the future, as to prove ourselves worthy children of a most worthy ancestry. Let us remember that "corruption wins not more than honesty," and "let all the ends we aim at, be our country, our Gods and truths," retaining to ourselves inviolate through all circumstances and changes, "our integrity to Heaven."

HORATIO.

## For The Wizard.

Mr. Editor.—If The Wizard does no other useful service, it will never be charged with the want of good fidelity to our schools. After the hints in your columns of last week, I think it will be a long time, before we shall meet such namby-pamby, wish-a-washy stuff, in our Reports of Schools, as have sometimes been met.

It strikes me a new era is dawning in regard to these Institutions, in which our children are to be moulded and guided. I care not where these suggestions originate, whether on the hills of an obscure town of a border State, or in the ante-chamber of our own magnificent Capital—if they be but practical and to the point. Such for instance as the suggestions, about punctuation and reading in the Wearer Report. How many of those who have graduated at our best schools, will take up a paragraph and read it off distinctly and intelligibly; I have always thought instruction in reading of the highest importance in school. To secure this, committees and teachers should themselves know how to read, and not only know, but show what they know. Better that a scholar should learn to read one page with distinctness and propriety, than to run over a hundred with little or no regard to what is said. A child is never fit to go on with a lesson in reading, until it has made the language and sentiments of the author its own.

## For The Wizard.

Dennison Wallis, the founder of the Wallis School, in District No. 1, in which he then lived, has laid the foundation for respectful remembrance in all coming time. Illiterate himself, he felt more strongly the need of such instruction as our common schools afford. Born at Ipswich, he came to Danvers when a young man, and engaged in business as a blacksmith, which he pursued for years, until Southwick, Shove and others learned to earn money by tanning, and he did the same. Industrious and shrewd, in the management of business, he soon became a man of means, and of course honored and respected. He too was one of the boys that went to Lexington on the 19th of April, 1775. We have often heard him relate his adventure on that eventful day. Less fortunate than some of his companions in their retreat, being wounded, he fell; and as a British soldier pointed his gun at his head, he lay still. The soldier passed on, saying "the poor devil is dead enough—let him go."

Capt. Wallis in his day and generation, did good service as a legislator. He was a true blue Federalist, when Federalist and Jacobin were the only parties known. We have often heard him tell of his intimacy with Otis, (meaning Harrison G. Otis, of Boston, a gentleman as accomplished as any other), and he would say, "I and Otis did so and so." He was a man of strong prejudices, who loved to be flattered, as do many others, who do not show this love so distinctly. The above additional particulars of the life of the late Dennison Wallis came to hand too late to incorporate into our Biographical Sketch, but not too late to interest our readers.—En.

NEW LIVERY STABLE.—We advise all our readers to look at the advertisement of Mr. John Montilton, who has opened a New Stable at Mr. Geo. M. Teal's on Central street, where they can obtain the very best of teams at fair prices. His carriages are in prime order, clean and bright, and he can furnish you at short notice with a handsome turn-out. His horses too are kind and fleet. John takes the best care of his horses. It is said that he is more fond of them than of his wife. We do not say as much as this, but they have excellent keeping and go over the ground like a bird.

The Ball of the Young Men's Literary Association, given on Easter Monday Night, at Ashland Hall, was a perfect success. The attendance was large, and the music, by Emerson & Faxon's Band, excellent. The hall was tastefully decorated with evergreens, and the word "WELCOME" in large letters, stood out in bold relief on the wall. The whole thing was highly creditable to the good taste of the managers, and the enjoyment of the company seemed complete.

## Biographical Sketches, No. 11.

THOMAS BODEN.

"A man's a man for 'a' that."

We make no apology for introducing among these biographical sketches, the name of Thomas Boden, an individual in humble circumstances, and in no other sense a public man, than as he held the office of Sexton in a country parish. As such, he remained long in the memory of his contemporaries, and enough to bury a generation of his contemporaries, then passed away amidst the regrets of his whole population to be buried by his successor in office. This humble individual, whose daily occupation was a butcher, a killer of swine, honored his calling by a life of singular rectitude, and felt no degradation in his employment, so long as he was conscious of faithfully performing the duties of life in the sphere in which he was placed.

Mr. Boden was a model sexton. Reverent and solemn in the house of worship, kindly attentive to strangers as well as to constant worshippers, he performed the honorable functions of his office, with a fidelity and interest which won the gratitude and respect of all. In the house of mourning to which he was so often called, his parish extending over a territory and population now occupied by five different religious societies, he was always sympathizing and respectful. We cannot better give one of his excellencies in his office, than by quoting from the *Christian Witness and Church Advocate*, the following requisite of a good sexton.

Men in honorable positions should always have courtesy to their honor. A sexton should be a model of politeness; he should move with alacrity, accommodate everybody, and when he cannot accommodate them, showing that he feels the privation more than they do. Next in importance to a good preacher in the pulpit, is a good sexton at the parlor; his smile lightens up the multitude; his whisper of courtesy opens the ears of the people for the trumpet of truth. A rude sexton is out of his place; he is beneath his graceful honor; as much as a bear would be guarding the palace-gate of a king.

Mr. Boden was a model of this true politeness of manner and attentiveness to the duties of his office. He was the special friend and pet of the Pastor, Rev. Mr. Walker, who was the recipient of many unthought kindnesses at his hands, and who often employed him in his agricultural labors on the "minister's land," which he cultivated with the zeal of a common farmer. The following anecdote illustrates their amicable relations, and the zeal with which Mr. Boden performed his duties. One day they had worked together all the forenoon in the field, and as was customary, rode home together in the cart, leaving the field in season to enable Mr. Boden to ring the noon bell of the church. When they arrived at the corner where now stands the Monument, Mr. Walker consulted his watch, and finding the hour rather later than he expected, exclaimed, "Just one minute to twelve o'clock! run, man, run!" Mr. Boden ran with all his might all the way to the meeting house, and pulled away at the bell rope, but was surprised to find that an alarm of fire was raised, and the whole town in commotion! The fact was, the ministerial watch had run down the past night, and in setting it in the morning, its owner had set it just one hour too fast, and twelve o'clock arrived at eleven. It was long before Mr. Boden heard the last of "run, man, run!" but he bore the banter with his accustomed equanimity.

It is rare that we see a nature so unselfish as that of Mr. Boden. It seemed his delight to minister to others forgetful of himself. His words were cheerful, and his countenance a benediction. He had not only the esteem, but in despite of his humble station, he had the respect of all his acquaintances of whatever position in life. Broadcloth paid willing obedience to true manhood, covered by the blood stained frock, and aversion itself yielded before the example of his benignant virtues.

There are many now living, who knew Mr. Boden well, who will confirm the truth of our eulogy of his humble but benignant career. They will speak of him as a gentleman although clothed in flannel, as a member of no church and yet a Christian, as lowly in position in life, but yet an example of faithfulness to be copied by those in exalted station.

Mr. Boden lies buried in the Monumental Cemetery, where a head stone, by the contribution of his surviving friends, has been erected bearing this inscription:

IN MEMORY OF

MR. THOMAS BODEN,

who died

Nov. 8, 1837, aged 60 years.

Erected by his friends of the South Society.

## Sketches by Octavius Augustus Podgers.

NUMBER FIVE.

My last sketch left me at the farm house, the residence of my far-off cousin Agnes. It was just at the moment that the whole company present were smiling at my simplicity. I tried to convince them that it was by no verandry of mine, but by an imperfect hearing of a single word, that the mistake happened which at first so shocked and afterwards amused them. They acknowledged the soundness of my apology by a sympathizing look and bend of the head, meaning to imply that they believed it,—a specimen of lying which ought to be added to the illustrations of Mrs. Opie in the very next edition.

As may be supposed, I felt rather uncomfortable, and heartily wished I had gone trotting with my friend Rogers. I was, however, soon put at ease by the genuine farmer's hospitality extended to me by the friends of Agnes. I joined the family at the supper table, which was well spread with all the edible viands of a happy farmer, and cooked with all the skill which appertains to good housewifery. It would be out of place here particularly to describe the luscious entertainment, which had no drawback, but that it was partaken with two-pronged steel forks. Notwithstanding this offense against my dignity, I did full justice to the griddle cakes, reduced the attitude of pyramids of doughnuts, and devoured at least ninety degrees of apple-pie. The conversation was lively and genial, and nothing of importance occurred at the table, only that in my eagerness to wait upon Agnes, I tipped over the ewer, and in attempting to replace it, I upset my cup of tea into my neighbor's plate. I forgot to say that in shaking the bottle of cayenne, the cover came off, and I spilled the contents into my own plate. A sudden fit of sneezing was the worst effect of this mishap.

It was in the evening that the company gave themselves up to almost unrestrained enjoyment. It accounted as if all the ancient as well as modern parlor diversions were tried in their turn, and we remained to a late hour. The later part of the evening was devoted to story-telling, while we regaled ourselves upon the farmer's apples, nuts, cider and some excellent home-brewed beer. I was particularly fond of the latter beverage, and warmly praised its quality, to the evident delight of Mrs. Hatherton. Our conversation late at night was principally upon robberies, and especially upon highway robberies. Marvellous stories were told of travellers waylaid at night, robbed and murdered. A feeling of gloom pervaded the company at these recitals, probably increased by re-action from their former merriment. For my own part, I felt unusually nervous and depressed. Not that I am a coward; by no means. No man is more courageous than Octavius Augustus Podgers—when he is assured that there is no danger.

The time came for separating, and I parted from Agnes with regret, with which she seemed to share. The farmer and his wife kindly invited me to pay them frequent visits, and the latter, taking me aside, presented me with a small bottle of her home-brewed beer, which I had so much admired. I accepted it thankfully, intending to share it with my friend Rogers. I deposited it carefully in the breast pocket of my coat, and took my leave of these good friends, and began my lonesome walk to the home of Rogers. How I wished I was with him! Clouds had overspread the heavens, and the darkness was Egyptian. I recalled all the stories I had heard of robberies and murders on such nights as this. I armed myself with a stout stick, and pursued my walk in the middle of the road, avoiding every bush or tree where a midnight robber could lurk. Once I heard footsteps and a rustling noise behind a wall, but it was only a cow, startled by my approach. I was once myself startled by the dim figure of a man, who appeared crouching by a fence by the way-side. I saw the object move—and sprang into the air! It was only a horse, who raised his head at my approach. I began to feel courageous, the nearer I approached my destination. I now walked boldly forward, striking down tall weeds with my stick in token of the manner I should deal with robbers. I no longer showed wide to avoid a barberry bush, but stalked on in the middle of the road. Just as I was passing one of these bushes, I heard a report as of a pistol, and at the same time felt a blow on my chin, my face was bathed in blood and I fell to the earth! There I lay, screaming "Murder!—Robbers!—I'm killed!—I'm dead!—help!—help!—help!"

How long I lay there I cannot tell, as I must have fainted for I slowly came to a consciousness that the shooting was from Mrs. Hatherton's beer bottle, which the warmth of my body and the agitation caused by my valorous attacks upon the weeds, caused to cast its cork, followed by the shower of colorless blood which bathed the visage of Octavius Augustus Podgers.

## Personal.

Sitting quietly in our sanctum the other day, a gentleman came in, and, as he approached, called us familiarly by name. His appearance was venerable, having a profusion of silvery white hair and beard, and seemed patriarchal as Prof. Stowe. Who can this be, thought we, who has so greatly the advantage of us? We immediately recognized him as a brother of the "mystic tie," but who was the individual? A further conference assured us that he was an old acquaintance and resident of South Danvers, whom we had not seen for more than thirty years. Of course we were soon deep in the reminiscences of past times, and comparing notes of mutual recollections. What a space is this third of a century in the life of a man,—even of an old man! This accidental meeting was an oasis in life's desert, green with memories of scenes which had not only seemingly faded, but been blotted out. How many were the incidents, which, by a persistent racking of our several store-houses, we brought to light, which had lain quietly stored away as if forever! How many lie there still, piled up in forgotten corners, covered up with later events, but which other circumstances or a more thorough search may not bring forth. May it not be that a more vivid light at some day will illuminate those darkened corners, and reveal them all?

Such were some of the thoughts suggested by our interview with Mr. Edwin Grimston, who was formerly our fellow citizen, and pursued the business of a tailor in the shop over which Mr. Cloutie had his office in 1833-5. Many of our readers remember him, and some may have been school mates with his son Charles, who was a secretary in Gen. Perry's Japan Expedition, and is now Dr. Charles Grimston, of the state of Michigan.

## The Logan Society.

Sometime about the year 1812, a small two story brick building, about fourteen feet square, was erected on the spot where the Peabody Institute now stands, which was afterwards occupied as a Reading Room, by the scholars of the village. These were the original members. Gideon Foster, Dennison Wallis, Edward Southwick, Joseph Osborn, Major Sylvester Osborn, William Sutton, John Upton, Dr. Andrew Nichols, Nathan Pool, Sylvester Brewster, Ward Pool, William Little and Benjamin Goodridge. The latter is the only survivor of these elder Schemers of the Logan Society. This association continued until the decease of Dennison Wallis, when the building was vacated, and the society broken up. It was more of a conversation, than reading room, and the principal discussions were the prices and quality of hides and leather, and complaints of town taxes. It very soon received the nickname from outsiders, of the "hide-mill."

We have before us the record of the proceedings of this society, under date of Jan. 5, 1816, and a list of members at that time. The following are the new names in addition to the original subscribers. John Wallis, Esq. C. Upton, Oliver Saunders, Wm. Pool, Robert Hooper, Jr., Fitch Poole, Sen., Henry Cook, Jos. Torrey, Henj. Cook, R. W. Merrill, Daniel Preston, Jos. Frothingham, Jos. G. Sprague, Elijah Upton, R. S. Daniels, A. Sargent, Eben Osborn, Sylvester Osborn, Jr., Jonathan Barrett, C. L. Frost, J. S. Felton, Ralph H. French, Eben Stillabur, Eben Sprague, Squidre Shaw, Levi Preston, Jr., Eben S. Upton, Francis Howes, Jonathan Shaw, Henry Winchester, Ward Blackley, Isaac Elliot, J. Shaw, Jr., Daniel Osborn, Banerett Winchester, Jos. Tufts, John Pierce, Wm. Jones, Benj. Wheeler, Jonathan Dustin, James Brown, Clark Smith, Daniel Nutting, and Archelaus Putnam.

Of the above forty-four members, only twelve, those designated by italics, are now living, and they were then young men.

PARADES, SUNSHADES &c.—John P. Peabody at 238 Essex street, Salem, has now open a very large stock of the above named goods of every desirable style and color. As he does a very large business in this class of goods it will be for the interest of all ladies to examine his stock before buying.

## Fire Matters.

DANVERS, April 8th, 1860.

Engine companies Nos. 1 and 3, of this town, were exactly agreeable to the recommendation of the Fire Board, observed Fast day by a grand trial of the power of their respective engines. The first feat performed was what in fireman's parlance is called "washing the tub." No. 1 played into the tub of No. 3, five minutes, and then No. 3 played into the tub of No. 1, five minutes. No. 3 got washed in one minute and ten seconds, and No. 1 came off unwashed. The next thing in the programme was to see which could fill a tank the quickest. No. 1 did it. The finale was to throw a stream horizontally and then perpendicular. No. 1 sent her horizontal stream about 180 feet, No. 3 about 145 feet. No. 1 fed the clouds with her perpendicular stream, and then No. 3. No. 1 having proved herself No. one in all things, shouted vociferously, and retired to Capt. Eben's Hall, where Mr. Cate, P. Clough, had served up about two hundred boxes of most delectable clam chowder. It is questionable at which performance the Gen. Puts were most voracious and formidable. Certain it is, that in working their brakes and working their jaws, they acted in entire obedience to the precept, "whatsoever your hands find to do &c." The chowder exhausted, various speeches were made, and toasts given. Among other sentiments was the following:

Eagle Engine company No. 5, of the South and Gen. Putnam Engine company No. 1, of the North, the union of feeling existing between them is such that a dissolution of the Union is out of the question.

Altogether it was a fast day. Query, are not our fast days getting to be days of fastness rather than of fasting?

The Ball of Volunteer Engine Company No. 5, of South Danvers, was perfectly successful in every particular, there being about one hundred and twenty couple present. The dancing was kept up quite briskly through the night. The Music by Emerson & Faxon's Band, of eight pieces, was No. 1, and gave universal satisfaction.

Among others present were representatives of Nos. 7, 8, 9, 10 and Rapid Hose of Salem; Liberty Hose of Lynn; Northern Liberty Hose of Philadelphia, Niagara 3, of Dedham, 1, of Somerville, 2, of Watertown, Webster Associates, Ex. 1, of East Boston, Gen. Foster 2, of South Danvers; Ebenezer Sanborn, of Salem, Engineer Osborn, and Wm. Sutton, of this town, and E. A. Norris, Esq., the Fireman's Advocate.

Everything passed off pleasantly, and all appeared to enjoy themselves, and go in for a good time generally.

EAGLE ENGINE COMPANY, No. 5, held their Annual Ball night before last, at Nonantum Hall. We believe it was not so well attended as some of their previous parties; but the defect in numbers was made up in enjoyment, and a right good time all around.

## The Lynn Strike.

We commence below an account of the Lynn Strike, written in an original and forcible style by an old friend of the strikers, whose origin is from South Danvers, and who bears a name made distinguished by being worn by the President who preceded the strikers Frank Buchanan in the chair at Washington. Our Frank Peirce may never rise so high in office as his illustrious name-sake, but we think he will quite as much native talent as that eminent candor, and only needs education and fortunate circumstances to be able to prepare as able state-papers:

Truth travels by stage, and the four in hand Brighton pelters of the most antique and concave form. Grainless, hayless and speedless, knee sprang, unspurred and unwhipped, whose ribs are out morning and night, on dress parade unrelieved. Every travels by steam and lightning, striking its deaf war-whop at truth and the old guard integrity, cocked hat, knee breeches and old foggy coat, can into fire infernal, for with such material are its wheels fed. The engine Magnifier, covered with tinzel, gaudy decorations and flimsy show of solid substance, and old scoundrel the furnace stowing, and false and false, bolts over the road like a rocket, affixes it not for the fact that the money that should have been expended on the road, was wasted on engine and appointments, leaving rotten bridges, sleepers and unrelieved hills, and unfilled valleys, were it not for the fact that no train ever reaches its destination, piles its passengers and baggage in some lonely place down dark dismal precipices, or against tremendous ledges of solid fact, never hurting the engine as always travels behind the train, and backs it up ruin then hastens back for another load. Were it not for this fact, no one would ever travel by the old, excepting pelters and dusty pike, but still with all this, the turnpike is little travelled, it has too many heavy teams travelling it, carrying rough and clumsy loads of iron mauls and rugged mauls, that such rude ruts thwart the way of efficiency, efficiency, the Brotherhood of white fire, in the words of the entire relatives, aunts and cousins, to the utmost counting of the ancient gent and respectable first class family, deception older than the flood, and as numerous as the clouds, these rude ruts, so justly, and toss their family that no member can be certain of the idea of venturing over their surface, and least of the old coach, with its plain, set, staid trimmings, and clumsy springs, for so under framed are the roads of this ancient race, that never so little a jar completely annihilates and destroys them, what to truth and merely good wholesome Exercise to deception, death, hence its favor for the rail. In my little life of the Lynn strike, I will endeavor to give you would be of interest to your readers, a ride on the old turnpike. We ask help only of rugged truth, and take his council and ticket in starting, truth is such a rough old fashioned plain spoken and out chap, blunt and pointed, as Patrick would that public severity and plausible misconstruction, President and ticket master, those genteel, bow-dawdles, generally contrive to get nine-tenths of passengers aboard their gaudy train, in spite of the remonstrances of those dapper gentlemen. Let us see the stage door, let down the steps, just as the fiction rolls in snorting, puffing and blowing, and see which will make most progress in the end, on coach.

Missions.—The dissatisfaction existing with the action of the A. B. C. F. M. has led to a new movement in many minds to render aid to missions through more acceptable medium. The American Mission Association, a society free from all complicity with sin of Slavery, free also from debt and rendering aid by a public statement of the manner in which they contributed thereto have been disposed of—We are to be such a medium. In accordance with a feeling in this community it was voted at the meeting of Rev. Mr. Murray's church held on the 2nd inst. to receive aid for this society and persons engaged to contribute to the missionary enterprise and to designate whether their contributions should be forwarded to one or the other of these societies divided between them.

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# THE WIZARD.

VOL. I.

SOUTH DANVERS, MASS., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18, 1860.

NO. 20.

## THE WIZARD

At Allen's Building, So. Danvers Square,

CHAS. D. HOWARD, Proprietor.

F. POOLE, Editor.

Terms \$3.00 a Year; for Immediate Payment, \$1.60.

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# THE WIZARD.

VOL. I.

SOUTH DANVERS, MASS. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 25, 1860.

NO. 21.

## THE WIZARD

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

At Allen's Building, So. Danvers Square,

CHAS. D. HOWARD, Proprietor.

F. POOLE, Editor.

Terms \$2.00 a Year; for Immediate Payment, \$1.50.

### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Half a Square, 3 wks. 3 mos. 1 year.  
One Square, 1.00 2.50 5.00  
Quarter of a Square, .50 1.25 2.50  
10 lines of Nonpareil type are equal to a square.  
60 cents per line will be charged for notices of meetings for political, civic, or religious purposes, notices of societies, cards of acknowledgments, &c.  
The privilege of Annual Advertisers is limited to their own immediate interests; and all advertisements for the benefit of others, as well as legal advertisements, and advertisements of real estate, or auction sales, sent in by them, must be paid for at the usual rates.

S. M. POTTENGER & CO., No. 10 State Street, Boston, and 119 Nassau Street, New York, are authorized to receive Advertisements for this paper.  
S. H. NILES, successor to T. B. Palmer, is also authorized to receive advertisements for this paper.

**Book and Job Printing**  
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,  
Executed with Neatness and Despatch,  
AT THIS OFFICE.

### Cards.

THOMAS M. STIMPSON,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
194 Essex Street, Salem.  
Residence Lowell street, South Danvers.  
Jan 4-ly

B. O. PERKINS, #  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
So. Danvers—Office in Allen's Building.

H. O. WILBY,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
Office, Allen's Building, So. Danvers.

IVES & PRABODY,  
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,  
Have removed their Office to  
Rooms formerly occupied by Hon. Otis P. Lord,  
NO. 27 WASHINGTON STREET, SALEM.  
STEPHEN B. IVEY, JR. JOHN B. PRABODY.  
December 7, 1859.

ALFRED A. ABBOTT,  
Attorney and Counsellor,  
Office, No. 224 Essex Street, Salem;  
House, Main St., So. Danvers.

SIDNEY C. BANCROFT,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
27 Washington Street, Salem.  
Mr. Bancroft may be found mornings and evenings, at his home office, near his residence in South Danvers.  
December 7, 1859.

A. S. CRAWFORD,  
DENTIST,  
No. 4 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS SQUARE.  
Mechanical Dentistry Neatly Executed.  
Tooth Extracted by Electricity without Extra Charge.  
Dec 7

W. L. BOWDOIN,  
SURGEON DENTIST,  
No. 208 Essex Street, Salem, (Opposite the Market).  
Residence—No 37 Washington street.  
Jan 11-ly

F. POOLE,  
INSURANCE AGENT,  
Allen's Building (up stairs),  
Deeds drawn, and other common forms.

SAMUEL DAVIS,  
HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING ROOM,  
7 MAIN ST., SOUTH DANVERS.

E. S. FLINT,  
DEALER IN  
WEST INDIA GOODS, COUNTRY PRODUCE,  
No. 2 Main Street, South Danvers.

EDWARD C. WEBSTER,  
ONE PRICE  
HAT, CAP AND FUR STORE,  
281 Essex, and 34 WASHINGTON ST.,

Peabody Billiard Hall,  
BATCHELDER'S BUILDING, MAIN STREET,  
SOUTH DANVERS.

H. C. LARRABEE—(Proprietors)—A. W. FORTNESS  
Jan 13

Heylingberg's  
Famously Hair-Cutting, Curling, Shaving and  
SHAMPOOING SALOON,  
No. 24 Main Street, - - South Danvers,  
N. B.—Particular attention paid to Dying Whiskers and Hair.  
Jan 23

HENRY L. WHIDDEN,  
PAINTER, GLAZIER,  
AND PAPERER,  
Central Street, South Danvers, Opp. South Church.  
All orders promptly and faithfully executed.  
Dec 14 19

WHIPPLE & FRIEND,  
PAINTERS,  
GLAZIERS AND PAPER HANGERS,  
88 Main street, opposite Monument, S. Danvers.  
All orders promptly attended to; a share of patronage solicited.  
J. J. WHIPPLE. A. FRIEND.

## Original Poetry.

For The Wizard.

### SIR PRYOR AND SIR POTTER.

AN IDYL OF KING JAMES.

Sir Pryor was a valiant knight  
Of comely form and face,  
In pistol shooting he could cope  
With any of his race.

For he had spent full many a day  
In Old Virginia clime,  
In popping at the target ring,  
And hit it every time.

So to and fro Sir Pryor strides,  
Resolved on gallant deeds,  
While fancy wreaths his victor brow  
And prostrate foemen bleed.

But not alone on battleplain,  
Or in the lists alone he;  
In halls of council he was great  
And wrangled mightily.

Sir Potter was another knight,  
Of courage and of truth,  
In far Wisconsin was his home,  
Where wandered he in youth.

And he was strong in stern debate  
And bravely spoke and well,  
His wholesome truths, to tingling ears,  
Made Pryor's bosom swell.

Sir Pryor rose in mighty wrath,  
And raved of mortal strife,  
Sir Potter bore him calmly then,  
Nor trembled he for life.

A message came to Potter's house,  
(The hearer was blind man),  
The fœman in this work of death  
Was Pryor's trusty kinsman.

"Sir Potter, thou base, catlike knight,  
Why dost provoke me so?  
I challenge thee to mortal fight—  
The crimson flood must flow."

"That is to fight thou hast plucked enough  
My carol to accept—  
Which I do hope—no blasted rage  
Will burst if longer kept."

Sir Hindman bore Wisconsin knight  
The challenge of his friend,  
Which having read, this answer he,  
Did by Sir Lander send:

"Sir Pryor thou may'st count me no in;  
I shun the fight of death,  
And stand prepared, in doors or out,  
To meet thee day or night."

"Tis thus thou art a marksman true.  
As any in Kentucky,  
Whilst I could not a barn door hit,  
Unless by chance most lucky."

"And as the laws of chivalry  
Allow me choice of tel,  
To fix on p'nt, I should be  
A most confounded fool."

"Therefore the thing to equalize,  
Although 'tis not so heavy,  
I shall select for this small job—  
The handy knife called scowle."

Sir Pryor read Sir Potter's scowle,  
And high upwent his nose  
In strong disgust at thoughts of fight  
With weapons such as those.

"No gods of war!" Sir Pryor cried,  
"Whoever, in his life,  
Did know a gentleman to fight  
With vulgar bowie knife!"

"This knight's effrontery is vast—  
His impudence prodigious,  
In choosing such unchristian tools—  
'Tis devilish impious!"

"Shall I expose my pretty face,  
To their vile barbarous gashing?  
No hair have I thereon to hide  
Or cheek their cursed slashing!"

"No, by my pay!" the knight did say,  
"I'll not risk such disaster,  
As I should meet in using steel,  
Of which I am no master!"

Out spake Sir Lander, then and cried,  
"I'll fight thee in his stead,  
Will use the pistol orught else—  
I have a taste for lead."

But this Sir Pryor declined, for now  
His heart was turned to mercy.  
"I'll fight thee not," he said, "with thee  
I have no controversy."

Here stood the case, what furthermore  
Did chance in this affair,  
The present bard cannot unfold—  
The records don't declare.

Selected Story.

### THE TWO MERCHANTS.

—32—

#### LIVING IN STYLE.

Newville was a small village on the banks of the Hudson, little known in fame. No distinguished orator or preacher ever originated there, nor any Fulton nor Field. The principal man in the village, engaged in secular concerns, was a merchant. For some years he had been employed diligently and faithfully in his business, and had gradually become possessed of a competency. But his success was owing, in as great measure, to his economy, as to his diligence and fidelity. His family was large, and fond of display; but their fondness had never been freely gratified, for they were under too rigid a control to admit of this.

Mr. Benton, the merchant in question, was an honest man, and consequently an exception to many of his vocation. Modesty, however, he viewed, if not the best policy, the most estimable, and he determined, therefore, to make it the rule of his conduct. Yet he required justice to be done to himself, as well as to others. He required his customers, at the close of the year, to call and settle their accounts, or to discontinue their business with him. This exactness displeased many of his customers, for they were not always ready to call and settle at the time appointed, and dalked, they alleged, "to be in subjection to any man. If they furnished him with their custom, he ought to be

thankful for that, and not insist on such particular terms." And thus they murmured—and yet not satisfactorily to themselves, for they knew beforehand the character of the man, and what was a pre-quisite with him. Of course they could make no plausible complaint.

For many years Mr. Benton had thus done business in Newville, and thus acquired a considerable amount of property, as we have before informed the reader. But in every town there are always some who are never satisfied—never satisfied with the people of the town—with their politics—with their newspaper—or anything else. And it was so in Newville. There were some of this character there. They didn't like this, nor that; and more especially they didn't like it, that one man should monopolize the whole mercantile business of the town. "And he was getting too rich," they said, "all the time, and they were getting poor."

"No, no, they needed another merchant there—one that understood how to do business—a real city man—not one of your old fogies, nor a man of the past generation, and an exactor at that." So these discontented, dissatisfied nondescripts alleged and averred. And all it came to the ears of the merchant, Mr. Benton; but he said nothing, or if anything, merely remarked that "people who kindled a fire often got burnt by it themselves. Let them have their own way, if they don't like mine."

And they did have their own way; they deputized a number of their own party to go to a large city, and inform the merchants there that there was a grand opening for a merchant in Newville; that there was no merchant there but an old fogey—a man so antiquated in the business way that he seemed to be fifty years at least behind the age!

The merchants in the large city listened to their plea and readily dispatched one of their number to Newville to open a grand establishment there.

Thus the discontented, dissatisfied part of Newville succeeded in their wishes, and had great gloe over their success, and at the expense of the old merchant, Benton. The new store they decorated with evergreen and flowers, and Mr. Benton's they draped in mourning, and around it set weeping willows. The first they did in the daytime, the last in the night, for, like all debtors, they were more bold when invisible than when in full view of their creditors; and many of these nondescripts were in debt to Mr. Benton, and at the beck of his attorney.

At all this conduct, however, Mr. Benton was unmoved, and permitted things to take their own way, waiting patiently to see the end.

In the meantime, Mr. Carlton the new merchant, was evidently doing a large business. The papers were filled with his advertisements—advertisements containing everything that he had, and everything that he hadn't—and these magnified ten-fold, and all "cheap, cheaper, cheapest, and most of them below cost."

But Mr. Benton's family did not view these proceedings quite as philosophically and coolly as he himself did. They could not bear to see Mr. Carlton's family riding about in their carriage every day, in great style without making some remarks about it, and expressing a little envy, especially, too, when they themselves had to stay at home, or if they rode out at all, ride in some ordinary affair, without attracting any notice. The young ladies complained to their mother to this effect, and she to her husband. So the sage Mr. Benton found himself assailed now on all sides. His own Dillish even had come to find out, not where his commercial strength lay, but where his weakness was.

Why, Mr. Benton, said she, don't you see what a dash Mr. Carlton's family cut? Why they ride out in a coach and four.

No, no, not so bad as that, said he, a coach and two, I guess.

Well, that is bad enough; why can't we have a carriage, too? Surely, you have labored long enough to have some pay for it.

Pay! that is what those very fine fellows complain of. They say that I am a hard-wood case, and for that they can't abide me.

Well, how is it that Mr. Carlton can make such a "swell" here, and you do nothing?

That is a secret of his own, I imagine.

And can't you get into it?

Probably I might, if I felt so disposed.

There, it is all your indisposition, is it? Well, I do think.

O, I could buy a carriage, I suppose, if I tried. Is that all you want?

No, of course not; we want to live in the same style that Mr. Carlton does; the girls feel slighted that they cannot.

Ah, I see; we have got to dash out in the same way and spend all that we have got, to do it.

There it is! Who asks you to spend all that you have? Is Mr. Carlton spending all that he has?

I don't know, he can tell you, I presume; of course I cannot for I am acquainted with neither the man or his business.

Well you see how his daughters ride out every afternoon and receive all the attention of the town.

And so our daughters have got to grow up and be neglected by everybody, and be of no account!

Were you neglected when you were young? or if I never saw you riding in a carriage in my life before your marriage!

Nor after—I mean such a one as Mr. Carlton carries his lady about in—and his daughters.

So then, we must have a carriage and all its accompaniments, I suppose?

Why, the girls think so.

And what else do they think?

What else! why, how do you think I know?

You seem to be their counsellor. Is a carriage all that you want?

No, they want to live in the same style that Mr. Carlton's daughters do.

And what is the object of it?

O, dear! how can you ask such questions? What can be the object of a young lady wishing to appear

somehow before the world? The object indeed! Did any one ever hear one ask such questions before.

Well, then, we must fix up our old house, I suppose and get new furniture, and live in a new style throughout? Is that all you want?

I don't want anything—the girls want it.

Ah! they do! Well you must acknowledge they are wiser than their father.

Here it is again! that is another veto—sir, you would make a good president, you abound in vetos.

The conclusion then, is, that we must live in the same style that Mr. Carlton does!

Why, we ought to live genteelly for the sake of the girls.

How long?

What another veto! was there ever such an old fogey.

But how long must we live genteelly, as you say that Mr. Carlton does?

Why, always—what do you mean by how long?

Why, I mean to make a compromise with you.

What sort of a compromise? Something new again? That we shall live genteelly twice as long as Mr. Carlton does—will that do?

Certainly it will—for it is twice as much as I ask! But there is another condition.

What is that?—not a veto I hope?

O, no,—merely a condition.

Well, let us hear it.

That is, if Mr. Carlton doesn't run his race in the course of twelve months, we will enter the lists with him, and run too.

No, no—we want to enter the lists now.

Then you cannot enter them at all—but if you will wait till the twelve months are past, I will then get you a carriage, and its concomitants—repair and furnish the old house, and live in style to the utmost of your wishes. To this condition you must consent, or be willing to live, as we have done, in the same good old way.

Since we must, then we must, for there is no appeal from your decision, of course, for women never have a voice in anything.

From this time the old gentleman heard no more from his wife or his daughters about the matter, but he saw that they were evidently watching the Carltons from day to day, and longing to have the twelve months slip by—for they knew that he would be good as his word and, if so, that happy times awaited them.

Six of the months passed away as the first had begun—Mr. Carlton drove a powerful business—lived in great style—encouraged custom from every quarter, sold on credit to any and every one—gave splendid parties—countenanced the young beaux in their attention to his daughters, and solicited popularity on every hand and secured it—but when his notes became due, he didn't meet them.

Alas! for this one mistake—this slightest obstacle to success. This little dead weight caused the scale to turn against him—against him fatally. The drama ceased, and the curtain fell! Those same merchants in the great city, when they heard how he was dashing out, and what a swell he was cutting, those same friends of his, who had encouraged him to go in the country and make his fortune, now came upon him with their notes like an avalanche, and swept him away into bankruptcy—as it were, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye.

One morning, as Mrs. Benton and her daughters were looking out of the window, in the direction of Mr. Carlton's store, they saw Mr. Benton stopping before the store, and looking at it apparently with a good deal of interest.

What can that mean? said Mrs. Benton. Surely something must have happened, otherwise Mr. Benton would not linger so; there must be a death in the family, and craps at the door.

Something more than that, mother, said one of the daughters. Father wouldn't stop for that so long.

What can it be, then? said she, surely I can't imagine. So Mrs. Benton waited for Mr. Benton to come along and explain.

Well, Mr. Benton, said she, what is the matter at Mr. Carlton's?

Nothing very remarkable, said he; the store is closed, that is all.

Is it? and where is Mr. Carlton?

Gone!

Gone where?

Where I expected him to go.

But to tell.

Into bankruptcy!

He has! Who would have thought it?

Who would have thought anything else? He had nothing to start with, and nothing to go on with, and nothing to keep up with, except other people's money. While that lasted, he lived, and dished, and swelled, but when they saw that he was not fit to be trusted they withdrew their support, and he fell to the ground.

And now, my dear shall we imitate him, or shall we live on our own? We can live on other people if we wish, we can have credit enough, we can go and buy goods enough, we can buy carriages and horses, repair and refit houses, give large parties, and live in great style; all this we can do, for a time, then we shall go by the board. What think you? Is it best to live on our own, and be contented with it, or to live on others and become bankrupts and vagabonds?

Mrs. Benton made no reply, farther than to say Husband, breakfast is ready, we have been waiting for you half an hour. The daughters did not come to the table that morning.

### THE SAILOR IN COURT.

Examination of the mate of the Prince of Wales, in a case for damage in consequence of being run foul of by the Lady Elizabeth in the Downs.

"You have already stated that the wind shifted in the evening. What time did the wind shift?"

"The latter part of the dog watch," replied the witness.

"I ask not during which dog's watch it was, my question refers to time. What hour was it when the wind shifted?"

"About three bells."

"Three o'clock, eh?"

"I never said three o'clock," returned the witness, marking the lawyer's mistake, "I said three bells—half past five, in the four-to-six watch."

"Three bells. Half past five—four to six," iterated Waddy. "What a precise specification of time. Well, then, sir, at three bells—how was the weather then?"

"Greasy looking at the Sow-west. Sun, too, looked wild and watery. Any one with half an eye could a-seed a breeze was a brewin'."

"When the Lady Elizabeth cast anchor, did she take up a position properly apart from the Prince of Wales?"

"She did not—"

Come, no buts, sir—answer the question direct."

"Well, then, I says, when one takes in account the circumstances as might deceive the best man in taking up a distance, I must say as the bark might have taken up a worse berth."

"In what way could that deception arise?"

"From the buoy not watching at the time."

"The boy not watching at the time—lazy dog—the murder's coming out," said Waddy indignantly; and then desiring the witness to reply direct to the next question he was about to put to him, and above all to beware of prevarication, he thus proceeded: "I ask you, sir, as a seaman, on your oath, would matters have gone the wrong way with the Prince of Wales, had there been a proper watch on deck?"

"The absurdity of this question added to the pompous declamatory tone in which it was delivered, excited so much noise and mirth among the nautical portion of the audience, that it was necessary to eject the court a couple of Sunderland "skippers." Upon the restoration of order, and the repetition of the question, the witness replied: "There was a watch on deck."

"My lud," said Waddy turning to the bench, "this is positively the grossest case of prevarication I ever met with. Do you persist in swearing," he continued, interrogating the witness, "that a proper watch had been on deck when the wind shifted?"

"I do," replied the mate in an emphatic tone.

"Come you here, sir, to insult common sense? Is it possible you have effrontery enough to tell those intelligent gentlemen [pointing to the jury] that in a vessel situated as the Prince of Wales was—bad weather coming on withal—the watch could have devolved upon a dumb animal?"

The witness looked blank.

"Do you hear?" vociferated the bully.

"I don't understand you," replied the deponent with perfect composure.

The question was now shaped anew.

"I ask you, sir, whether it was fitting to entrust a vessel exposed to the elements, as well as the privaters of the enemy, to the vigilance of a dumb animal, a dog?"

"There was never a dog on board," said the witness bluntly.

"And yet, gentlemen of the jury, the witness has had the audacity to assert upon oath, that the wind shifted in the latter part of the Dog's Watch."

"Bill, let's bolt," said an auditor to a brother tar, in the rear of the court. "By the Lord Harry there's no standing that squinting beggar's lubberly lip."

The judge already decided that the witness was bound to state distinctly the description of the watch which had been left on deck. The witness said—James Thompson, my lord, had charge of the deck, during the whole of the four-to-six watch. A better seaman never pudden an anchor, hauled out a weather-ering, or took lead or holum in hand.

"Then how comes it," asked the lawyer of the witness, "that this most excellent seaman was not as competent to prevent the Lady Elizabeth running aboard of the Prince of Wales as the boy of whom you so much boast?" [some brat of his own] added Waddy aside to the jury.

The witness not appearing to comprehend the question, the judge directed Waddy to repeat it.

"I ask the witness, my lud, if the boy, whose dexterity in taking up a distance he so much extols, could have prevented the dangerous proximity of the Lady Elizabeth to the Prince of Wales—why, then, I ask as a mere matter of precaution, was not this matchless quick-sighted lad put on watch?"

The mate remained mute.

"Put it more directly, Mr. Waddy," said the judge. Waddy bowed to the bench.

"Why was not the boy put on the watch?"

"Because 'twanted bleeding," was the reply.

"Had you a surgeon in the ship?"

At this question, the assumed gravity of the witness was put to test. It was with difficulty he could refrain from laughing aloud—he however replied in the negative.

"No surgeon in the ship?"

"Sartainly not."

"Then, how, sir, can you take upon yourself to give an opinion upon a medical point! Pray sir, have you made physic as well as seamanship your study?"

"Can't abide physic, never took a dose in my life."

"Then upon what ground do you assert that the boy wanted bleeding?"

"Because 'twas full of water."

"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed Waddy, with extended arms—

"Was there ever an instance of greater ignorance betrayed! My lud, the jury never can receive such testimony. Who ever heard of resorting to deception in a dropsical case?"

"I say it again," said the witness, looking Waddy full in the face, "the boy wanted tapping."

"Never, never, was there an instance of grosser prevarication! Note this gentlemen of the jury, he first swears that the boy wants bleeding, and now that he finds himself in error, he turns from the operation of bleeding to that of tapping."

"Well, I say so still—bleeding is just as proper a term as tapping—take the turns out that if you can," said the mate in a tone of defiance.

"I can't suffer you to be insolent to counsel," said

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# THE WIZARD.

VOL. I.

SOUTH DANVERS, MASS., WEDNESDAY, MAY 2, 1860.

NO. 22.

## THE WIZARD

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

At Allen's Building, So. Danvers Square,

CHAS. D. HOWARD, Proprietor.

F. POOLE, Editor.

Terms \$2.00 a year; for immediate payment, \$1.50.

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## Original Poetry.

### The Music of Nature.

Then art not, Nature, a mute voiceless thing  
In matchless beauty formed, yet giving forth  
No utterance, to the attentive ear.  
For thou hast voice and song. Before the throne  
Of Him who formed thee, all the harp of Heaven  
By seraph fingers touched with heavenly skill,  
Wake countless music. It were strange if He  
Who robed thy glorious form in vesture bright,  
Gave thee his smile, well-pleased surveyed thy face,  
And breathed thy music in his glowing ear,  
Had made thy presence seem yet never heard.  
Dost thou upon thy glowing form he spread  
The beauteous light, thy beauty should revealed,  
And the grand concert of the morning stars  
Rolled through the open palace gates of Heaven,  
Meeting an answer from the angelic choir.  
Dost thou not join the rapturous anthem,  
And catch a strain of that exulting song?

For thou art ever pouring forth thy notes  
Often unheard, unobserved, yet sublime,  
Thou breathest through rich and different strains,  
Yet art a part of one majestic hymn.  
For thou hast oft a harsh discordant tone  
When peals of thunder shake the trembling earth,  
And tempests rage, and ocean lifts his roar,  
Thou tectest thou to man with solemn power,  
The majesty of Him who rules the world,  
And thy dependence on the Great Unseen.

But when repose broods o'er the sleeping deep,  
And the soft winds waft gentle ripples there,  
Thou singest in a voice subdued and low,  
And earth, air, sea, unite in one sweet strain.  
While every breeze that stirs the waving hills  
That blossom brightly on the valley's breast,  
Wafts silvery music from the peaceful vale  
To mingle with and soften the deep tones  
That peal above the mountains, and the trees  
Fill all the air with sounds of harmony.

And thou hast sweet and holy cadences  
That thrill the soul with ecstasies divine,  
From the harsh discords of our daily life.  
Speakest thou not of music from above  
That ever would the deepest heart chords sweep,  
Would the ungodly passions suffer it  
To enter? Thus thy gentle, soothing tones  
Are the presursors of the hearts of men  
To listen to thy teachings. For thou hast  
A heavenly mission to the human heart—  
Thy temple roofed by the overarching sky,  
Thyself the written sermon, and thy text—  
The love of Heaven to earth! Thy choir, the birds  
That carol never ceasing songs of praise;  
And the pure flowers a fitting offering  
To decorate thine altars.

Yes, thou hast voice lent and attuned by Heaven,  
And upward sent the sacred strain  
To fill the listening ear of the Eternal.

What sublime  
Celestial harmony would through the earth resound  
Were human beings in communion with thee!  
How would life's sorrows then be diminished away  
And earth be made a heavenly home!  
Then would no jarring discord pain the ear  
But one grand anthem peal from earth to Heaven.  
Then even He who hears the angelic strains  
Would list well-pleased to such sweet melody;  
And angels pause and earthward bend, to hear  
The blended music of the soul and Nature.

### My Vision.

Sitting by my cheerful fire-side,  
Gazing back into the past,  
Ie-pling with the forms of loved ones,  
Days too happy, far, to last;  
O'er me came a brighter vision,  
And I saw, far, far away,  
All these forms, with radiant faces  
Running up the "shining way."

And with eager eyes I watched them,  
That their light might shine,  
For seemed to give such pleasure,  
That I longed to make it mine.  
And I saw some, heavenward bearing  
Prayers from sinners' penitents;  
Some, returning with the blessings  
Graciously in answer sent.

Then I cried, "why, O, my Father,  
May they not come near to me?  
Why to others must they go?  
Bear the burden which I see?  
Bless me! O, my Father, bless me!"  
All unconsciously I said;  
And an angel, from beside me,  
Seemed to start, and heav'nward sped.

Tremblingly, in hope, I waited,  
Yet anxious not to pry,  
Till I felt my soul transpired,  
Felt my whole self elated,  
Saw the messenger returning,  
And my heart went forth to meet,  
As his voice in whispers reached me,  
Louder growing, and more sweet.

Till I felt him stand beside me,  
Knew him as my long lost love,  
Heard him murmur "Let me guide thee  
To the way thou wast at love."  
This the blessing that I bring thee:  
Do this pleasure here below,  
To thy own good time thou'lt meet me,  
And this will above shall know."

Quickly from my sight he vanished,  
And I woke to gaze around,  
Feeling that my heart had fled,  
All as quickly as I found  
Since, I know by sweet experience,  
That my dream was from above,  
For a shadowy hand still beckons  
To the land where all is love.

Salem, April 20, 1860.

## An Original Sketch.

### PALMLEAVES.

#### CHAPTER I.

Of an account of the many wonderful things done and performed by Mr. Palmleaf's pig.

We are living in Dodington, Mrs. Palmleaf, the little Palmleaves and myself, a quiet, hum-drum village, in which are several stores, hotel, a great number of indifferent people, and plenty of nothing going on. We like Dodington very much, it is a pleasant place, and our neighbors

are a quiet, good natured sort of people who live in good houses, drive good horses, eat and drink "good and good store" of such things as they choose, are not careful about trifles and mind their own business, when they have nothing else to do, which, to say truth, with them, as with most other people, is a very small part of the time. A sober, orderly village is this of ours; everything about it has an air of eminent gravity. Indeed never was there a more respectable village than Dodington. The birds and even the winds and the waters observe the proprieties of the place, the houses and trees are all trim, respectable houses and trees. The streets are all straight, broad, sweet, and the leading men of the village, the honorables and ex-honorables, of which we have our share, the bank presidents and the bank directors, of which we have more than we really need, walk with head erect among their fellows, in the undoubting faith that they are respectable men; and respectable men they are, very respectable men, for they live in good houses, wear clean clothes, sit in the best seats on the broad aisle of the Rev. Mr. Slokoache's church, and comfort themselves with the reflection that money is a good thing, which it is. The height of human achievement in Dodington is to be respectable. Young or old, all native born Dodingtonians pride themselves upon their respectability, which, if the truth must be told, and there seems to be no reason why it should not, as is generally the case with this sort of people, is about all they have to be proud of.

"Mrs. Palmleaf," said I, after writing the above, "I fear you will have to give it up."  
"Give what up?" said Mrs. Palmleaf.  
"Give up trying to be respectable."  
"Trying!" and she said it with marked emphasis; "are we not respectable already?"  
"You and the children may be," said I, "but for myself I fear not; indeed I don't think it is good for a man to be respectable."

"Mr. Palmleaf!"  
"Yes, my dear," said I, as I noticed the look of surprise in Mrs. Palmleaf's face, "it may be wrong; but I must own to a certain fondness for sinners and wicked people generally; for men who wrap good human bodies about their souls, and must, now and then, plead guilty to some frailties of the blood, some weakness of the flesh. 'Open confession is good for the soul,' and to speak the whole truth, I never did take kindly to the trim, respectable folk, whose probity, as Falstaff would say, indeed as he did say, comes of thinness of the blood and making many fish meals. I like not men of such spiced consideration, such qualms upon their consciences, such delicate nostrils, that all things offend them which nature and the liberal world make custom, and nothing but fair honor." Indeed, my dear, you will find that Don John said very truly, when in the play he says, 'you'll find one of these grave men, especially if they pretend to be precise, will do you forty things without remorse that would startle one of your fat, devil-may-care sort of fellows to think of!'"

"Mr. Palmleaf," said my wife, reprovingly, "I fear you are not a very good man."

"Not very good? indeed, Mrs. P., it's very hard living at all in this world; almost impossible to live well. And to say truly of myself, I fear I am little better than one of the wicked. But I'll repent, Mrs. P., I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An exceedingly humane man, Mrs. P., was Sir John Falstaff, though having much of the flesh, which is weak, he had frequent occasion to repent. It is a good thing to repent; as Smith says, 'to throw off a dead and useless past, as a strong runner striving for his life unclasp a mantle to the hungry winds.' It is easy enough to repent. I have done it a thousand times, probably more. It requires no great amount of strength. Heaven help us, don't we all have daily occasion to repent? and don't we do it? I never in my life got up in the morning with a headache and didn't repent, and that right heartily. It's long ago, my dear, but time was when I was tired of repenting. I had repented so often, and to so little purpose, that, as Smith, before mentioned, says in another place, 'I said would have turned into my yesterday, and gone back to distant childhood, if so be I might escape occasion for repentance.' But that, Mrs. Palmleaf, was in my bachelor days, when I sat up late at night and lain abed late in the morning; was out of all order, out of all compass—long time ago, before I was married. I believe in getting married," said I, kissing my wife's hand in a stupid, married-folks sort of way, "it's a good thing; better than repenting. I have never repented that I was married; I think I never shall."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Palmleaf, as she left the room with a yawning.

We have a pig, Mrs. Palmleaf, the little Palmleaves and myself, and being left alone, I thought I'd go and feed the pig. A curious pig is this of ours. I'll tell you about him.

#### CHAPTER II.

Being an account of the many wonderful things done and performed by Mr. Palmleaf's pig.

A French editor gives the following amusing description of the effect of an advertisement: "The first time a man sees an advertisement, he takes no notice of it; the second time he looks at the name; the third time looks at the price; the fourth time he reads it; the fifth time he speaks of it to his wife; the sixth time he buys."

## Sketches of the Mediterranean, No. 2. GIBRALTAR.

Situated in the southern extremity of Spain, in the province of Andalusia, at the entrance from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean, in latitude 36 degrees 7 minutes north, longitude 5 degrees 19 minutes 14 seconds west, it extends from north to south between 7 and 8 miles, is nearly half a mile in breadth, and rises at least 1,450 feet above the sea. It is everywhere precipitous, and in many parts perpendicular. Nature and art combined have rendered it the most formidable fortress in the world. It is now in possession of the English, having been captured from the Spanish in 1704, by the British squadron under Sir George Rooke. This promontory has been celebrated from remote antiquity; its ancient name was Calape. On the African coast, opposite, is another promontory, called Abyla. These two promontories were styled by the ancients, "The Pillars of Hercules," probably to indicate the termination here of his various labors.

The noble bay of Gibraltar, nine miles long and five broad, forms a most important naval station. On the coast side are the promontory and isthmus; to the south is the sea; to the west and north the main land of Spain; but the promontory commands the bay. The town of Gibraltar is situated at the foot of the promontory, on the north-west side; and, though fortified in itself, its chief protection is derived from the batteries on the neighboring heights, which sweep both the isthmus and the approach to the town by water. The population of the town, exclusive of the garrison, is 13,000, composed of English, Spanish, Jews and Moors, all attracted by mercantile enterprise. The place is a general emporium for the manufactures of Great Britain, and other produce, such as sugar, tobacco, rice, flour, wine, silks, fruits and wax.

The chief public buildings are the navy hospital, victualling office, the barracks, and the house of the Lieutenant Governor. The places of worship are an Episcopal church, a Catholic chapel, and three synagogues. There is also a theatre, and a library for the garrison. The town was nearly destroyed during the memorable siege of 1781-2, by the combined powers of France and Spain. An English squadron arriving with reinforcements compelled the enemy to convert the siege into a blockade, which terminated on Jan. 20th, 1783, when peace was signed at Versailles. The veteran General Eliott received distinguished honors for his heroic defence of this invulnerable fortress—one of the brightest and most envied gems in the naval crown of Great Britain. Immense sums have been expended by the English in constructing new batteries and making excavations to establish communications between the different ports, and more than one thousand cannon have been mounted within those excavations and galleries.

## Selected Story.

### FOUR FARMS OF GOLD.

There was once upon a time a poor mason, or bricklayer, in Granada, who kept all the saint's days and holidays, and Saint Monday into the bargain, and yet, with all his devotion, he grew poorer and poorer, and could scarcely earn bread for his numerous family. One night he was roused from his sleep by a knocking at his door. He opened it, and beheld before him a tall, meagre, cadaverous-looking priest.

"Hark ye, honest friend!" said the stranger; "I have observed that you are a good Christian and one to be trusted; will you undertake a job this very night?"

"With all my heart, Senor Padre, on condition that I am paid accordingly."

"That you shall be; but you must suffer yourself to be blindfolded."

To this the mason made no objections, so, being hoodwinked, he was led by the priest through various rough lanes and winding passages, until they stopped before the portal of a house. The priest then applied a key, turned a creaking lock, and opened what sounded like a ponderous door. They entered, the door was closed and bolted, and the mason was conducted through an echoing corridor, and a spacious hall, to an interior part of the building. Here the bandage was removed from his eyes, and he found himself in a patio, or court, dimly lighted by a single lamp. In the centre was the dry basin of an old Moorish fountain, under which the priest requested him to form a small vault, bricks and mortar being at hand for the purpose. He accordingly worked all night but without finishing the job. Just before daybreak the priest put a piece of gold into his hand, and having again blindfolded him, conducted him back to his dwelling.

"Are you willing," said he, "to return and complete your work?"

"Gladly, Senor Padre, provided I am so well paid again."

"Well, then to-morrow at midnight I will call again."

He did so, and the vault was completed.

"Now," said the priest, "you must help me to bring forth the bodies which are to be buried in this vault."

They went forth and consigned them to their tomb. The vault was then closed, the pavement replaced, and all traces of the work obliterated. The mason was again hoodwinked and led forth by a route different from that by which he had come. After they had wandered for a long time through a perplexed maze of lanes and alleys, they halted. The priest then put two pieces of gold into his hand.

"Wait here," said he, "until you hear the cathedral bell toll for matins. If you presume to uncover your eyes before that time, evil will befall you." So saying, he departed.

The mason waited patiently, amusing himself by weighing the gold pieces in his hand, and clinking them together. The moment the cathedral bell rang his matins peal, he uncovered his eyes, and found himself on the banks of the Zenil, from whence he made the best of his way home, and revelled with his family for a fortnight on the profits of his two night's work; after which he found himself as poor as he had ever been.

He continued to work a little and pray a good deal, and keep saints' days and holidays, from year to year, while his family grew up as gaunt and ragged as a crew of gypsies.

As he was seated at the door of his hovel one evening, he was accosted by a rich old curmudgeon, who was noted for owning many houses, and being a gripping landlord. The man of money eyed him for a moment from beneath a pair of anxious, shaggy eyebrows.

"I am told, friend," said he, "that you are very poor."

"There is no denying the fact, Senor, it speaks for itself."

"I presume you will be glad of a job, and will work cheap?"

"As cheap, my master, as any mason in Granada."

"That is what I want. I have an old house fallen into decay, that costs me more money to keep in repair than it is worth, for nobody to live in it; so I must contrive to patch it up, at as small expense as possible."

The mason was accordingly conducted to a large deserted house that seemed to be going to ruin. Passing through several empty halls and chambers, he entered an inner court, where his eye caught an old Moorish fountain. He paused for a moment, for a recollection of the place came over him.

"Pray," said he, "who occupied this house formerly?"

"A pest on him!" cried the landlord, "it was an old miserly priest, who cared for nobody but himself. He was said to be immensely rich, and having no relations, it was thought he would leave all his treasures to the church. He died suddenly and priests and friars thronged to take possession of his wealth, but nothing was found but a few ducats in a leather purse. The worst luck has fallen on me, for since his death the old flow continues to occupy my house without paying any rent, and there's no taking the law on a dead man. The people pretend to hear the clinking of gold all night in the chamber where the priest slept, as if he were counting over his money, and sometimes moaning and groaning about the court. Whether true or false, these stories have brought a bad name on my house, and not a tenant will remain in it."

"Enough," said the mason, sturdily; "let me live in your house rent free, until some better tenant presents, and I will engage to put it into repair, and to quiet the troubled spirit that disturbs it. I am a good christian, and a poor man, and am not to be daunted by the devil himself, even though he should come in the shape of a big bag of money!"

The offer of the honest mason was gladly accepted; he moved his family into the house, and fulfilled all his engagements. By little and little he restored it to its former state; the clinking of gold was no more heard at night in the chamber of the defunct priest, but began to be heard by day in the pocket of the living mason.

He increased rapidly in wealth, to the admiration of all his neighbors, and became the richest man in Granada. He gave large sums to the church, by way, no doubt, of satisfying his conscience, and never revealed the secret of the vault until on his death-bed, to his son and heir.

RELIGION OF PAYING DEBTS.—One of the religious papers has the following strong remarks on this subject. They drive the nail up to the head and clenches it:

"Men may sophisticate as they please. They can never make it right, and all the bankrupt laws in the universe cannot make it right for them not to pay their debts. There is a sin in neglect as clear and deserving of church discipline as in stealing or false swearing. He who violates his promise to pay, or withholds the payment of a debt when it is within his power to meet the engagement, ought to be made to feel that in the sight of all honest men he is a swindler. Religion may be a very comfortable cloak under which to hide; but if religion does not make a man deal justly, it is not worth having."

ONE OF THE IRRESISTIBLES.—An Amlooo, an African prince, visiting England, received many attentions from a celebrated belle in London. In a moment of tenderness, he could not refrain from laying his hands on his heart and exclaiming:—

"On! madam, if Heaven had only made you a negress, you would have been irresistible!"

Be just, and fear not.



# THE WIZARD.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 2, 1860.

## The Charleston Convention.

That at the moment of our writing, the harmonious Democracy are at loggerheads at their Presidential Caucus at Charleston. They have become converts to the doctrine of an "Irrepressible Conflict," without the aid of Seward and the Republicans, and they have discovered an "Impending Crisis," without the aid of a Holger. The members are calling each other by all the hard names they can command; and for a wonder, they are telling the truth. The prospects of Douglas rise and fall from day to day like the barometer in a storm, and the fire-eaters threaten to bolt. They blackguard each other in halls and fight in bar-rooms. They clamor and scold; and Cushing, their Chairman, despairs of preserving order. A hundred voices scream at the same moment, and he hears them all, yet hears no individual one. They quarrel about platforms, when they only care for men, and seek to make such a one as only their own man can stand upon. Vain pursuit! Shape it as they please, and the big and little giants of the party will leap upon it—and then explain it away.

"Whom the Gods wish to destroy, they first make mad," is an adage that comes irresistibly upon the mind when contemplating the doings of this Convention. Whether there is bolting or not, is of little consequence, as the cohesive power of public plunder will join the ruptured parts, but the party has lost its unity and prestige. It is so cracked, thermo liquid party glue, even of the most modern invention, can stick it together, to cohere. The vessel is fractured and has the wheel broken at the cistern, and the mourners of the defunct Democracy will go about the streets.

## School Report.

This annual town document has made its appearance, and is now in circulation among our citizens. It will be seen by it that the school year has been marked by a quiet progress, showing satisfactory results at its close. One reform has been made, to which, as it is not made prominent in the Report, we may be permitted to allude. It is with regard to the four mixed schools in the rural districts. These schools have all, the past year, been placed under the charge of able and experienced female teachers for the entire year. This measure, we are happy to say, seems to have proved satisfactory to the people generally of those districts, whose children are thus saved from the evils of such frequent changes of teachers as have been so common and so deleterious in former years. The success of the experiment so far, has been owing to the selection of teachers of the requisite ability to govern, as well as to teach. The regulations for such teachers we cannot better describe than in the language of the School Report of 1858, drawn by B. C. Perkins, Esq., in his remarks on primary schools. They should be "teachers who, by thorough culture and discipline, are able to understand the laws of their own minds, and thus able to observe the operations of the emotions and feelings of their pupils—teachers, whose cultivated and refined sensibilities, can respond with gentleness and patience to the tenderness of childhood—to whom the jeer and taunt are unknown—who govern by attraction—whose "rules and regulations" are the noble qualities and gentle graces of the mind. These are no fancied demands or requirements, nor are they impossible. They exist in many a high-minded educated woman, who would gladly devote her life to this work, when the position shall be properly recognized and the inducements freely offered."

We would invite the attention of readers of the Report to the special remarks on the High School and the course of study prescribed. It will be seen that a portion of the studies are elective, thus affording parents the opportunity to select such branches as in their judgment will best prepare their children for their duties in after life.

## Our Schools.

By the kindness of one of the Committee, we have had the privilege of perusing the Report of their condition the past year. It would seem from this report, that the services of the several teachers employed have been entirely satisfactory; that there have been very few changes; and that there has been a united effort of committee, teachers and pupils, to advance the condition of the schools, proportionate to the liberal appropriation made by the town for their support. We have the more satisfaction in thus speaking of the present condition of our schools, because we believe they would compare well with those of like grade in any other town in the county. 1292 scholars have attended: \$9100 have been applied to their support.

Among the herds recently examined by the State Commissioners, we notice one animal, said to have cost its owner \$3000. Suppose it shall be thought necessary to take the life of this animal, what compensation shall be allowed for him? What he was valued at when in good condition—or what he is valued in diseased condition? If the State is liable to pay money for such animals, the less we have of them, the better. Would it not have been wise to have limited the amount to be paid; so that in no case should the state be taxed for any single animal more than \$100, as this is in fact, the full amount of their real worth?

We think the Commissioners have acted wisely in suspending the operations—as we hear of several localities, even in our own county, where something like this disease has shown itself, and we have many fears, that the ravages of the disease have but just begun.

PLEURO PNEUMONIA.—This malady in cattle is making sad ravages wherever it appears. Instead of being confined to a single animal, in Mr. Cheney's herd of thirty, as first reported, it is found that more than half of the entire herd were incurably affected.

The disease at first manifests itself by affecting the lungs of the animal—thereby interrupting the breathing, something in the manner of a croupy child, and soon, one or both lobes of the lungs, turns into a mass of solid, corrupt matter. Instances have been noticed, where the lungs were entirely destroyed. When once seized, it is rarely, if ever overcome. It is to the animal as fatal as consumption to the human being—and this is as certain as death itself—as we have too often seen illustrated.

## Initial Letters on the Presidency.

This is not, as its title seems to denote, a correspondence, only so far as the facts related may correspond with the prophecies attempted. It is only a collection and comparison of initial letters to exercise the curiosity rather than the reason.

The first letter of the alphabet gave us two Presidents, the Adamses,—first the father, and afterwards his greater son. Neither was elected a second time, and both rubbed hard the first. We would not nominate a candidate with this initial. The third and seventh Presidents, Jefferson and Jackson, were both elected and served a second term. Col. Johnson was also elected Vice President at a later period. We therefore regard J as a lucky letter. How would Fremont have stood in the late canvass without his Jeeble? The names of the fourth and fifth Presidents were M's, Madison and Monroe. These were re-elected, the last by an almost unanimous vote, only one elector dissenting. We regard this as a more fortunate letter than J, and the candidate bearing it will, most assuredly, be elected—if he gets votes enough.

Van Buren, the eighth President, was dragged into the White House, by holding on the tail of Jackson's coat, but failed on a second trial, and also on the third, when he was the Liberty candidate. V is a most vicious letter, and no wear of it should have the vanity to think of success.

The only President with the letter H is the ninth, Harrison, who went in with a great rush from his western Log Cabin, and carried Tyler on his back. As the song hath it—

"Tippecanoe and Tyler too."

This we must, on the whole, regard as an unlucky initial, as it gave us John Tyler, and Harrison lived but a month in the White House. Jack Hale of N. H. could not be elected, neither can R. M. P. Hunter, unless he goes in by the multiplicity of his other initials which we would regard rather as a hindrance. All which we would regard rather as a hindrance. All which we would regard rather as a hindrance. All which we would regard rather as a hindrance.

We now come to the T's and P's. Tyler came in by a strong vote, but he was inexperienced in statesmanship. He loved powder better than politics, and slept better under a tent than in the White House. He died in a year. Tyler died his political death in a much shorter period, and went out of office with great unanimity. On the whole we think the letter rather unfortunate, and that T is not a favorite beverage for Presidential aspirants, whether it is gunpowder like Taylor, or black like Tyler. We willingly consign it to the Tombs of Georgia. Neither are we partial to such green P's as Polk and Pierce, whose unwholesome qualities produced such nausea in the national stomach, that they were at once rejected as unfit for digestion or nutriment. We now come to the P's. Fillmore failed of filling the President's chair by direct vote of the people. So did Fremont and Freminghuysen, the latter a candidate for the second office.

Buchanan is the last President. The nation has been stung so lately by this B, that it will be likely to wait a long time after the smarting is over before they suffer it again. His political days are numbered, and he may be considered, in the words of the child's legend, as "the abominable great bumble B with his tail cut off." Burr was another B which stuck to the national wardrobe. We put down B as a black letter, and would counsel Banks, Breckinridge, Brown, Bates, and all other little busy B's to seek their honey any where else, rather than in the Presidential flower gardens.

Let us now look at the prospects of some of the other initials. Let us see how it is with C. At one time there were no less than four candidates for the Presidency with this initial, Clay, Cass, Crawford and Calhoun. What a C of troubles! Only the last gained any Presidential position, and he only the second under Van Buren. What a notable illustration of the saying of the larger gravel-stones rolling to the bottom and leaving the smaller at the top! We think the experience of the C's proves the national Calvesness, and should Chase away the Ohio candidate. Crittenden (we are sorry for him) Cameron, Cushing and Cobb may also stand aside.

Having got through with our A B C's, let us look at the fourth letter D. We can remember but one of this initial who has reached the Vice Presidency. This was Dallas. Douglas, Dickinson and Davis are all aspiring to a higher position. The first stands the best chance, which is saying but little. The last stands no chance at all, except to be President of that Southern Republic which he aims to establish. Jeff. Davis would make his initial letter the standard of Dauntless. We think better of Dickinson, but he is not much known out of the state of N. Y.

E. is yet an untried letter as a candidate for Presidential honors. At one time the name of Everett was somewhat prominent before the people, but its owner had the good sense to know (what Webster and Clay found it so hard to learn) that elevation to the Presidential chair is not the only or greatest chance of winning a high place in the estimation of mankind. If Everett had been ill at E's during the canvass. Perhaps it is hardly worth our while to speak of the initial I in this connection. But as it is the initial letter of initial itself, and withal a good, upright, independent Roman letter; and moreover as there is a man away down South of the name of Iverson, who may turn up a candidate, we feel bound to notice the personal pronoun, first person singular. It is a most egotistical letter, and very apt to expose its vanity. This it does by a decided leaning from its upright position. We say this to caution Mr. I not to italicize himself by leaning too far South, as he will find the I's of the people are upon him. We hope for his own sake that he has no I to the Presidency.

We ought to have noticed V before, as Washington was our first President. We take it as an established and fixed fact that no other person with this initial can reach the Presidency. It seems as if, as he left no children to inherit his name and fame, so his initial letter is a bar to any other who may wear it. We therefore caution all the V's to stand reverently aside. As a native of Massachusetts, we feel sorry for Wilson, but we say there is no chance for him unless he changes his name. We are as sure of it as we are that had luck follows seeing the new moon over our left shoulder. We would gladly see the man who once hampered sole-leather or a lepton, placed in the Presidential chair to hammer reform into the abuses of government. These too are Wise, but with all his wisdom he cannot win his way to the White House. Webster himself could not do it, and for no earthly reason but his unfortunate initial.

We close with that crooked letter S; Stockton, Seymour, Selden, and Sillidewear in. So do Seward and

Stephens. The contest may come between the two platters. Stephens is a smart stump speaker, sound on the southern goose. Seward is a successful statesman, scholarly and shrewd. We think he will run straight and successfully on the Presidential race course, notwithstanding his crooked initials. If we bet at all, it will be on his head.

## Biographical Sketches, No. 13.

### MAJOR JACOB B. WINCHESTER.

Mr. Winchester was not a native of this town, but became a resident previous to the year 1700. He was born about the year 1700. He commenced business as a manufacturer of soap and candles, in an old building, which stood upon the same land as the house now occupied by Dr. Lord. His family first improved the tenement now the home of the editor of the Wizard, and afterwards part of the house of the late Major Sylvester Osborn, which a few years since was moved into the village of Rockville.

An anecdote used to be related of him which was somewhat characteristic. At that period there were a number of colored people residing in the neighborhood, and Mr. Winchester detected Reuben a mulatto and an associate, in having stolen some articles from his premises. Depredations of that kind had not been unfrequent. It was thought some punishment was necessary in order to put a check to such operations. He did not wish to proceed legally with them, as it might lead to imprisonment, and he therefore proposed to them that they should inflict a certain number of stripes upon each other. To this they readily consented. Reuben with his usual shrewdness proposed to be whipped first, thinking that his associate, in order to avoid severity himself, would strike lightly, and such was the fact, but Reuben did not follow his example, but applied the lash with great energy, and much to the amusement of the bystanders.

Mr. Winchester was a soldier of the Revolution: he served throughout the war, and to meet the dangers, privations and sufferings which he had to encounter for seven years, was no small service rendered to the cause of freedom and his country. He belonged to the Light Infantry Brigade of Gen. Lafayette, and when that patriotic friend of liberty visited this country, he took his old companion in arms by the hand and greeted him most cordially. At the close of the war, he received an honorable written discharge for his gallant services, bearing the signature of Gen. Washington, which is now deposited under the monument at the head of Washington St.

Mr. Winchester must have met with success in business, for he early erected a commodious dwelling house, his transaction, also a convenient dwelling house. But he that part of Salem adjoining South Danvers, retaining his remaining emphysema a Danvers man, retaining his old associations. He was an honored member of the old South Church and Society in this town the greater part of his life, and many of his most intimate friends resided here. His love for the military which the exciting scenes of the Revolution inspired, he always cherished. He was an officer in the Salem Regiment, was a correct disciplinarian, and popular with his command. He was a person of good natural abilities, and always esteemed for his correct judgment and sound common sense. Politically, he was a member of the old Federal party, and represented the city of Salem in the Legislature some two or three years. He was careful and deliberate in forming his opinions, and it was not easy to dislodge him from the conclusions to which he arrived.

In all the relations of life he was beloved by his friends and respected by the public. In business transactions his word was as good as his bond. As a man and a Christian, his character and standing were above reproach. In his youth and early manhood he was surrounded by the toils and stripes of the Revolution,—during the business years of a man's life, the calls of a large family demanded his unremitting energy and attention. A few of his last years were spent amid the quiet and peaceful scene of country life, having retired to his farm in Southboro' Mass., where he died some fifteen or twenty years since.

## Danvers School Report.

We have before us the Report of the School Committee of our sister town, drawn, we presume, by that veteran practical teacher, Mr. RYCE PERHAM, whose name stands at the head of the Committee. It is a document of rare merit, as it contains many practical suggestions from a source which entitles them to most respectful consideration.

Of the Holten High School, the Committee say: "We cannot forbear to congratulate the citizens of Danvers that this school has become an institution of the town; that every succeeding year adds to the estimate in which it is held by the people; and not less, that it is still under the care of one who for many years has shown himself a skilful, judicious and devoted teacher."

In the special report of this School, we find that the teacher has performed the herculean labor of instructing over sixty scholars in the higher branches without an assistant! It is indeed wonderful that he has accomplished so much as appears by the statement he has accomplished, and yet survived to have the facts reported. We are glad, however, to learn that an assistant is to be afforded him in future. That his services are appreciated by the graduating class, of the scholars, is manifest from their gift to him of a valuable piece of silver plate as a token of respect and esteem.

We take leave of this excellent document, by commending to the attention of our readers the following extracts on Reading, Spelling, Defining, Arithmetic, Grammar and Penmanship:

Reading.—If from the simple, childlike expressions in the primer, through each successive book of the series, the scholars were required to read every lesson promptly and correctly, in natural and expressive tones of voice, so that when a book has once been read through by the class, they should be fully prepared for the next in the series, we are confident that far greater progress in the art of reading would be made than we are often permitted to witness. How seldom do we hear from the little readers of the Primary School the brightly, joyous, expressive tones of childhood! and how often is the ear pained by the slow, monotonous school-room drawl, which were it not for its frequency, would strike us as unnatural and monstrous! This habit is not the fault of the text books; the thoughts and expressions found there are adapted to the capacity of the youngest;—and certainly not that of the pupils, if we may judge from the happy, chirping, animated tones which greet our ears on every citizen's occasion.

Spelling.—We think that this branch is taught more successfully than reading. In some of the primary schools, (not all of them,) most of the children spell correctly all the words in the lessons of the reading book. This is not a difficult attainment, and this practice uniformly observed, complaints of bad spelling would be less frequent than they have been. In many schools, the excellent practice of writing the spelling exercise upon a slate, or in a book kept by each scholar for the purpose, is adopted, in addition to the oral exercise.

Defining.—This exercise receives less attention in our schools than it deserves. We would not recommend that the scholars be required to commit to memory the columns of the dictionary, but we do recommend an exercise which would require the frequent and regular consultation of its pages, by all the members of the Grammar and High Schools.

Arithmetic occupies a prominent place in our system of education, and is generally taught with good success. Scholars are sometimes allowed to advance too rapidly, and without being required to review past lessons sufficiently to keep them familiar with principles once learned; without which the ground gone over is no certain indication of progress. If we were over-zealous in this study, it would be that to suggest any change in the Primary and Intermediate the older pupils of the Primary and Intermediate Schools should learn to perform upon the slate or blackboard the fundamental operations of Numeration, Addition, Multiplication, Subtraction and Division.—Such exercises would profitably employ many an unemployed hour, and add a pleasing variety to the school exercises.

Grammar.—It is possible that our text book in English Grammar is put into the hands of some of the scholars while too young to study it intelligently. Oral instruction from the living teacher, constantly accompanied by written exercises on the part of the scholars, would give more interesting and profitable to younger pupils than the study of the text book. The object of such exercises should be, not so much to give a verbal knowledge of the technicalities of Grammar, as to enable the pupil to express his thoughts upon paper with ease and propriety, an acquisition which is seldom attained by the study of the text book merely.

Penmanship.—To write a legible, rapid hand is an attainment as valuable as it is rare. We do not think that in any of our Schools too much of the time of the pupil is given to this exercise, or that it receives too much of the teacher's attention. Exercises in penmanship are in many of our schools too much limited to simply writing from the printed copy. More time should be devoted to written exercises in Language, Grammar, Spelling, Defining, &c.

## Correspondence of The Wizard.

### Letter from Iowa.

Dubuque, Iowa, April 25, 1860.

DEAR "WIZARD,"—In looking over your valuable columns, and among your communications from "The Western Land," I have noticed that the "Hawkeye State" was entirely ignored, and that no representative had yet reported at your "sanctum"; still I have hoped that each succeeding week would bring to me the gratifying intelligence that some one had taken to the quill in behalf of our young State; but in this I was disappointed, and I have half made up my mind to do it myself, at least until some one more worthy of the honor reports at head-quarters.

Your humble servant is, if he mistakes not, a native of your good town, having for the first time opened his eyes (which, by the way, he has been obliged to keep in that position since his sojourn in this country—no insinuation, Mr. Editor) during the winter of 1857, in a frame house not many miles from the "Sign of the Lamb." He has spent some four years in the Western country, the two latter in this city, the metropolis of Iowa. Dubuque is a small, go-ahead place of about fifteen thousand inhabitants, exclusive of dogs—which, could they be numbered, would swell our population—well, I don't know how many thousands it is situated on and at the foot of beautiful bluffs on the west bank of the "Father of Waters." The scenery at this point is grand, and I think far exceeds that of the White Mountain region. In the year of 1850, this was without doubt one of the most prosperous cities of its size in this country, but the financial crisis of the following year which swept over our land had a disastrous effect upon our city, from which it has not yet recovered, and I fear some years must necessarily elapse before it will again reach the point attained four years since, although with a good crop the present year, and a Republican President the next, we may look for a decided improvement in '61.

Some one has made a remark about literary efforts in general, which applies very well to newspaper correspondence in particular—that there are only three parts which need ever give one any labor or uneasiness: the beginning, the middle, and the end. Having accomplished the first, and to achieve the second I shall at the present writing, call your attention to a topic to which you may possibly have seen a reference before—that of the weather. "Gentle Spring" and "eternal mildness" seem to have "come" this year quite as soon as the almanac prescribes, or a poet could wish. The ground is, however, so dry in this vicinity—for we have hardly had a heavy rain since last September—that vegetation is backward. The grass is beginning to assume a verdant cast, and within the past week the trees have done a fine thing in the way of "leafing." A few warm April showers would soon clothe the country in verdure. The fine clear weather of the past month has been well improved by the farmers, and the amount of ground already sown with wheat is much greater than ever before. The result of their last year's labor, the abundance of excellent seed, and the favorable season have united to encourage them.

The products of the last harvest were mainly devoted to the payment of indebtedness which had accrued during the "hard times" of two or three years previous, and I think that another harvest as bountiful, and commanding prices as remunerative, will very generally free the farmers from their liabilities—accommmodations most devotedly to be wished, for in an agricultural state like ours, no class of the community can prosper when the farmers are deeply involved.

There is now living here a family from Danvers, with whom you can be assured I formed a special acquaintance upon my arrival in the "Key City," and in our frequent conversations of home and domestic matters, the sterner half has mentioned with pleasure the time that he occupied the "bench" with you, while serving on the old "Whig" Committee in times gone by,—I refer to A. A. Edgerton, Esq., who was formerly engaged in the mercantile business at the "Port," in the store occupied by Jonas Warren, Esq. He is now the proprietor of a large "bakery," and is doing a flourishing business; furthermore, he is considered to be the best "bred" man in the city. He has a fine family of sons and daughters, and with his excellent "fran" he presents a fine specimen of Danvers productions.

On Friday next (the 27th ult.) our city will for the first time witness the execution of a condemned criminal, Francis Guillek who was some two years since convicted of the murder of his wife. Every chance was given him to prove his innocence but to no purpose, new trials were granted him and three times has he been found guilty and sentenced to death; his last hope is gone and before this reaches you he will have been launched into eternity. I have visited him several times lately, and conversed with him in regard to his fate, and until within a very few days he has appeared perfectly resigned to his fate, but as the time draws near he is completely unmanned and very excitable

which makes it very difficult to converse with him. He was intoxicated at the time he committed the deed but by our laws—"intoxication is no excuse for crime," is this then but another instance of the "damning" influence of rum. Our military company is ordered by the sheriff to report at the "Court House" for duty on that day, so I shall necessarily be an eye witness to the dreadful scene, as our position will be in close proximity to the Gallows. In my next I will give you an account of the execution as viewed by myself. I will here mention that at the present time there are four murderers under sentence of death confined in our jail.

But I have lengthened this out more than I intended and I will close by wishing the "Wizard" a long life and a happy one.

## Sketches by Octavius Augustus Podgora.

### NUMBER EIGHT.

Reader, did you ever become the involuntary auditor of a Free Concert of cats? If you have not, you are unable to appreciate the extent of the miseries of which I now complain. For some reason entirely unknown to myself, all the numerous cats of our populous neighborhood hold nightly meetings in our back yard. We are utterly at loss to know for what reason they hold these nocturnal assemblies, unless it is to purpose to plague us and disturb our quiet rest. We have sometimes conjectured that it is some kind of cat convention, and that they meet for the purpose of redress of grievances—a sort of cat caucus to nominate candidates and pass resolutions. If so, they seem to be anything but harmonious in their deliberations. Whoever may be the chairman or whatever may be their rules of order, the usual proprieties of a public meeting are not observed. The presiding officer allows any number of speakers to have the floor and they all speak at once. It would therefore be impossible to keep the most rapid stenographer or even more combative Our cat Congress is apparently even more combative than the one at Washington. Its members fight, spit at and bite each other and make no personal explanations or apologies. The other night our young Malta retired from the meeting in disgust, with loss of fur and with deep scratches all over. We have a black and white gentleman cat a wild fellow who sometimes sneaks into the house with a closed eye and bleeding ears, the consequences of these rowdy assemblies. We have little pity for him as he was always a dissipated, scape grace, out late at nights and a keeper of bad company.

It may be that these assemblies meet for improvement in music and that their members love to hear their own sweet voices in harmonious concert. If so, we are compelled to say that there is no more harmony in their tunes than in their intercourse. Such abominable yells and cat splitting caterwaulings are heard as a street hand organ! The persistence with which they inflict these noises on our unwilling ears is only exceeded by that of those titanic grinders of street minstrelsy. Their long drawn notes are yelled out with a violence as offensive as the screeching of a fan, by simply staying away, the former is forced upon us whether we will or no. Oh! how horrible is it to be awakened from our quiet sleep by their unearthly yells and howlings! Do you blame us, that after exhausting all our vocabulary of "scats"—"begone" and "get out"—we resort to bricksbats and old boots? Little care the noisy grimalins for these missiles. They scatter but for a moment and gather again only to be ten times more clamorous than before. O, for a battery of artillery or a regiment of Zouaves to assault their Sebastopol! How would we delight to pour out to them a "little more grape!"

But the suggestion occurs that these meetings are not intended either for political discussions or musical rehearsals, but for grimalkin love feasts. We will not believe it. The absurdity of such a suggestion is too transparent for sober denial. We have not the folly to believe that the tender passion calls forth such obstreperous manifestations. If love is the object why should they fight? Do the cats, like the Emerald-islanders fight for the love of it? and maul each other to show their tender and affectionate regards for each other? The imputation is so contrary to reason that we dismiss it.

We feel forced to return to our first position and declare categorically that this concatenation of vile noises is the work of causing politicians. Our impression rests upon you, ye feline log rollers and worse than Tammany cats paws! Would that we could translate you with cattegrise, blind, your cats eyes with cattegrise and cut you off from catnip, strangle your cat-calls with catnip and if this catalogue of catastrophes, don't you all your nine lives, we would banish every cat of you to the catacombs!

THE GREAT PRIZE FIGHT.—This disgraceful affair has come off at last. It came off at a place called Fernborough, near Aldershot, and lasted over two hours. The Boston Journal calls it a "drawn battle," and says thirty-seven rounds were fought, when the people rushed into the ring, and Sayers' referee was crowded out. It appears that out of the thirty-seven rounds, Sayers, (the English champion,) fell, or was knocked down thirty times by Heenan, the American champion. Both of them must have been pretty well used up if the accounts are true. Heenan, when he "went to grass," was totally blind, though he was "out of the ring with the activity of a deer." Sayers was so weak that on the 10th round, Heenan "knocked him from the ground." How they decide to be a drawn battle, we are not able to conjecture, being probably, to our entire ignorance of the rules of pugilism. It is not known whether they will fight again or not.

SPIRITUALISM.—Rev. Dr. John Pierpont of Medford, Mass., addressed a numerous audience on this subject at the Town Hall on Wednesday last. He is to give another lecture on the same subject at the same place to-morrow evening, when, we think, not a crowded house will listen to such views. They come from this bold and distinguished reformer. There is no reason why a full and free discussion of this interesting phenomena, passing under the name of Spiritualism, should not have a candid hearing, even by those who at present lack faith in its developments. It is too late in the ages to question the existence of the phenomena however men may differ in their explanations of it.

OSTERS.—The Messrs Morrill, opposite Boston street, concoct the very best oyster stews we find on the side of New York, so far as our experience goes. They are very good, but this is our present impression. Yet we are open for conviction.

New Grocery  
W. J. Lunt, is at  
Main street, there  
intending to keep  
table and dessert.  
He is just the man  
and we have no  
substantial article  
tempt and at the  
customers. He is  
and will soon be  
That block is to  
becomes occupied,  
unsightly corner  
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is worthy to belong

Books.—We have  
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SCIENCE QUESTION  
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by H. Hamlin. One  
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to events in the life  
his ministry. These  
South Danvers book

Harper's Month  
B. Watt of Danvers,  
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the cultivation of Flax

We learn that a  
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Invigorating Spirit, w  
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Rev. Dr.  
of Boston,  
at the Town Hall, in this  
Subject: Pneumonia in  
Administration. Free. Lectur  
respectfully invited to attend  
May 2

The Irrever  
Hopper's Ferry and its  
S. M. Booth in 1  
Morton

Mr. PARKER PILLSB  
Danvers and vicinity, on t  
Tues. Morn. Sat. Sunday 1  
2 and 7 o'clock. There will  
be a door in the evening.  
FOR BALDNESS  
See



to converse with him. He committed the deed. It is no excuse for crime. The "darning" in company is ordered by "our House" for duty. It is an eye witness to the fact that I will give you an eye by myself. I will at time there are four death confined in our

more than I intended. "Wizard" a long life. H. P.

Augustus Podgers, IGHT.

the involuntary audi. If you have not, you tent of the music, of meason entirely un- rous cats of our pop- meetings in our back know for what reason- mblies, unless it is on our quiet rest. We it is some kind of cat for the purpose of re- cat comes to nominate. If so, they seem to be their deliberations, or whatever may be proprieties of a public presiding officer allows the floor and they all fore be impossible for report their debates, even more combative members fight, claw, make no personal ex- her night our young in disgust, with loss of il over. We have a wild fellow who some- ith a closed eye and of these rowdy assem- him as he was always at nights and a keep-

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ii, opposite Holton stews we find this erence goes. Out- opinion. Perhaps present impression.

**NEW GROCERY STORE.**—We learn that our neighbor W. J. Lunt, is about removing to the Sutton block on Main street, there to establish a first class Grocery, intending to keep only the very best articles for the table and dessert, at the lowest remunerative prices. He is just the man to conduct such an establishment and we have no doubt he will keep on hand all the substantial articles in his line with the commodities that tempt and at the same time, satisfy the palates of his customers. He is fitting up his store in superb style and will soon be ready to wait upon his customers. That block is looking more and more attractive as it becomes occupied, and presents a fine contrast to the unsightly corner of former times. We congratulate the young proprietor on his improved appearance. It is worthy to belong to a million-hire.

**Books.**—We have on our table from Messrs. Ticknor & Co., the Atlantic Monthly for May—an excellent number. We refer our readers to the book itself for its contents. We may mention the Maroons of Sudnam; the article on Instinct and the critique on Nathaniel Hawthorne as worthy of an early reading. This journal maintains the elevated stand it assumed at its origin and ranks high among the monthlies all the world over. We are glad to see that it retains its liveliness and that it is not likely to be given over to utter respectability, which has been the death of so many similar publications.

**WALLIS SCHOOL DISTRICT.**—The inhabitants of this District decided last week at a very full meeting, by a close vote, to build an addition to their school house. It is unfortunate that such an important measure, involving the expenditure of so much money, should prevail by such a narrow majority. Although we regard the act as premature, if not unwise, considering that as much vacant room as it is proposed to add, is to be still unoccupied, we trust the people will cheerfully accede to the will of the majority and cooperate in carrying out their design. There will now be four schools below the Grammar department.

**SINGULAR RECOVERY OF A WATCH.**—One of our citizens, about a fortnight ago, lost his silver watch, and had neither heard or seen any thing of it since, until yesterday the expressman from Salem left a small wooden box directed to the firm in whose shop the loss was employed. On opening the box they discovered, nicely wrapped in cotton, the missing watch.— With the watch came a slip of paper with the words, "Sent through the church by a penitent." These words had no date nor signature, except several stars to indicate the letters of a surname. It was probably a case of conscience.

**Mr. Boston.**—Your reminiscences of literary events of times gone by, brings to mind those of a moral nature, when your father and other good citizens clubbed together, to use vigorous with "cautious prudence only." Would that their caution could have been made perpetual. If you could find the Records of the Danvers Moral Society, I think much interesting matter might be culled from them. What became of them, I know not—the last I remember of them, was in the care of that good man, Dr. Nichols. His character is worthy of your best efforts. He was truly a whole souled man. I have rarely met one whom I believe to have been more so. J. W. P.

**DRUNKENNESS.**—By the laws of the State recently published, Chap. 166, approved April 3d, 1860, it is provided that "No person shall be fined or imprisoned for drunkenness, except as a common drunkard." By the decisions of our Courts, no person can be held answerable as a common drunkard, unless proved to be commonly drunk. Now often commonly means, is the question. We take it not less than half of the time. If this be so, the game of hunting drunkards is about used up. For no one, to our knowledge, can be said to be drunk more than half of the time. Our legislation about liquors and drunkenness, is a miserable business. It may be doubted, whether any benefit whatever has accrued from it. General laws are frequently prompted by particular cases, and therefore not fitted for general application.

**SCRIPTURE QUESTION BOOKS.**—D. B. Brooks & Bro., send us two Sunday School Question Books prepared by H. Hamlin. One of them is devoted mostly to the author's view of the divine attributes and the other to events in the life of Jesus during the first years of his ministry. These little books may be had at their South Danvers book store.

**Harpers Monthly** for May comes to us from E. B. Wait of Danvers, as full of good entertainment as an egg is of meat. We also acknowledge the receipt from him of Stephen M. Allen's Three Addresses on the cultivation of Flax Cotton.

**We learn** that our neighbor, Gen. Sutton, has lost a cow by sudden disease. Whether it was pleuro pneumonia, or some other malady, we are not informed. We hope no pains will be spared to make certain this matter.

**It is often a disgrace** to the country to see the manner in which members of Congress demean themselves in the National Capitol. In many respects they exhibit many of the characteristics of rowdies—quarrelling, fighting and duelling. One cause is that many are men of sedentary pursuits, whose mode of life has injured their digestion, making them dyspeptic, and consequently irritable and quarrelsome. To make our National Legislature more respectable, nothing would have a happier effect than to send each member a bottle of Dr. Ham's Dyspepsia Remedy, or Invigorating Spirit, which cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Bad Spirits, &c., and soon brings a broad grin on the face of the ugliest mortal.

**Rev. Dr. J. PIERPONT,** of Boston, will lecture again on **SPIRITUALISM,** at the Town Hall, in this place, on Thursday Evening, May 3 Subject: "Phenomena in proof of Spiritual Intercourse." Admission Free. Lecture to commence at 7 1/2 o'clock. All persons desiring information on this great subject are respectfully invited to attend.

**The Irrepressible Conflict.** Harper's Ferry and its Victims—Thaddeus Hyatt and S. M. Booth in Danvers.—The "Age of Martyrs" Retained.

**Mr. PARKER MILLBURY** will address the people of South Danvers and vicinity, on the above and kindred topics, at the Town Hall, next Sunday (6th inst), afternoon and evening, at 2 and 7 o'clock. There will be an admission fee of 5 cents at the door in the evening.

**FOR BALDNESS** use Hilt's Mint Specific. Sold by T. A. SWEETSER, 37 Main st.

**PARASOLS, SUNSHADES &c.**—John P. Peabody at 238 Essex street, Salem, has now open a very large stock of the above named goods of every desirable style and color. As he does a very large business in this class of goods it will be for the interest of all ladies to examine his stock before buying.

**Warren Five Cents' Savings Bank,** SOUTH DANVERS. The Semi Annual Meeting of the WARREN FIVE CENTS' SAVINGS BANK will be held at the Warren Bank Rooms, on WEDNESDAY, May 2d, at 7 o'clock, P. M. Per order, FRANCIS BAKER, Secy.

**A. J. ARCHER & Co.,** 181 Essex St., SALEM.

Invite the attention of purchasers of Dry Goods to their large and choice selection of SILKS, POELING, GOAT'S HAIR, and every variety of DRESS GOODS for Spring.

Also, the new style of CAPES, and a fine stock of SEAWEA.

Our BLACK SILKS, figured and plain, are selected with great care, and are of the same manufacture, which have given satisfaction to the wearer in years past.

The HOUSEKEEPING GOODS DEPARTMENT is very full and complete, and every article will be offered at the lowest prices.

**A. J. ARCHER & Co.,** 181 Essex-st, Salem.

**Joseph J. Rider,** dealer in Jewellery, Silver and Plated Ware, Advertiser in the WIZARD.

**South Danvers Post Office.** MAIL ARRANGEMENT. On and after THURSDAY, December 1st, 1859, Mails will arrive daily, (Sundays excepted), at 9:34 A. M., and at 3 P. M. and will close at 10:04 A. M., and at 4:14 P. M. California Mails close the 4th and 19th of each month at 10:34 A. M. Foreign mails close every Tuesday and Friday at 10:34 A. M. Post office open, (Sundays excepted), from 7 A. M., till 5 P. M. South Danvers, Dec. 7, 1859.

**Marriages.** At Danvers, April 23, by Rev Mr Fletcher, Capt Aaron Foster, of Wrentham, to Miss Elizabeth H. daughter of the late Samuel Peabody, of D. At Marlborough, April 23, by Rev Mr Hutton, Mr Miles Osborne, Jr, of South Danvers, to Miss Louisa M. Strong, of M.

**Deaths.** In this town, April 23, Mr Patrick Kennedy, 35 yrs. At Danvers, April 19, Mr Moses Putnam, 64 yrs 3 mos—he was formerly of Topsfield. At Salem, April 26, Joshua Easty, 72 yrs. 26th, Mrs Susan Ellison, 84 26th, Mrs Winifred Fritton, 40 26th, Mrs Eliza M. Smith, 40 26th, Mrs Margaret B. Preston, 45 26th, Mr John Winslow, 64 26th, Mr William Dwyer, 77 At Wrentham, April 11, Francis M., youngest daughter of Charles and Maria Brown, 22 yrs.

**Advertisements.** New Pickled Limes, JUST Received at W. J. LUNT'S, Hotel Building.

**Bought for Cash!** A Bankrupt stock of **WATCHES,** Gold Chains, Jewellery, Silver and Plated Ware, for less than Fifty Cents on the Dollar, and will be sold very cheap at.

**B. F. STEVENS'S,** 10 Main st., South Danvers.

**Choice Roxbury Russets,** JUST Received at W. J. LUNT'S, Hotel Building.

**FISHER, DAY & CO. FINE FRAMES MANUFACTURERS, AND DEALERS IN FINE ENGRAVINGS, AND CHOICE STUDIES.** 181 ESSEX ST. -Salem-

**Notice.** THIS is to inform the public that I have given to WILLIAM B. SWASEY freedom to act for himself, and that I will not be responsible for anything he may do after this date.

**Extra Nice Pickles,** IN quantities to suit, just received at W. J. LUNT'S, Hotel Building.

**PARASOLS,** new French Fashions! Common do; large also brown do, cheap! Small Silk Umbrellas cheap also. ANN B. BAY, 76 Federal st.

**BLACK SILKS.** Our customers will remember we keep the very best assortment of Black Silks, which we can recommend. Also—Camel's Hair Mantles, medium sizes. ANN B. BAY, 76 Federal st.

**SARSAPARILLA.** Sand's Sarsaparilla, Shakers' Sarsaparilla, Tawassan's Sarsaparilla, Ayer's Sarsaparilla—for sale by T. A. SWEETSER, 37 Main st.

**WHITE'S RHEUMATIC ELIXIR,** For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, etc.—an excellent preparation. T. A. SWEETSER, 37 Main st.

**ELEGANT FRENCH BORDERS.** Geo. Creamer has just received by French packet, 1 case of new and beautiful Borders, comprising Velvet and Gold Borders, Plain Borders, Mountings, etc.—in various styles, adapted to all styles of room papers. Persons in want are invited to examine the assortment, at 242 Essex street, Brown Stone Block.

**SIX CENT ROOM PAPERS.** Geo. Creamer has in stock a very large assortment of new priced goods, pretty designs, and printed on good strong paper, at his 242 Essex Street, 242 Essex st.

**CARLISLE'S ESSAYS,** in four volumes, beautifully printed on tinted paper, just received, and for sale at GEORGE OREMAN'S, 37 Main st.

**EDWARD'S PAINT CLEANER.** For sale by GEORGE OREMAN, 37 Main st.

**UPTON'S LIQUID GLUE,** best in the market—sold by GEORGE OREMAN, 37 Main st.

**HAIR RESTORATIVE** restores the Hair to its original color, and deters any light hair—sold by T. A. SWEETSER, 37 Main st.

**238** Received this Week

**PARASOLS and Sun Shades**—full variety—cheap! Kid Gloves—black, white, and colored—the best; Lisle Thread and Silk Gloves—Ladies and Childrens; Spring Gauntlets—in every variety; Dress Trimmings and Buttons—new styles; Black Velvet Ribbons—every width; Ladies' Gents' and Children's Handkerchiefs; Rubber Round Combs—24 cents each; Side Combs—large lot—only 4 cts. per pair; Ivory and Dressing Combs—every style; Ivory, Rubber and Horn Comb Brushes; Hair, Nail, Tooth and Infant's Brushes; Jockey Club, Patchouly, Musk and other Perfumes; Spanish Lustral and Oils for the Hair; Heavy Silk Twist Nets—20 cents each; Cambric Edgings, Insertings, Yalacs, &c.; Thread, Smyrna, Cotton and Linen Edgings; Serpentine and Crocheted Braids—every variety; Crocheted and Tidy Collars and Neckties; Ladies', Gents', Misses' and Children's Hosiery.

**AT THE EMBROIDERY & TRIMMING STORE,** 238 ESSEX STREET, SALEM, JOHN P. PEABODY.

**WHITE TEA WARE.** New Patterns white Tea Sets, just opened at S. C. & E. A. SIMONDS, 32 Front st.

**CHAMBER WARE.** Fancy and White Toilet Ware, of new patterns, at S. C. & E. A. SIMONDS, 32 Front st.

**COMPLETE SETS** of Japanese Toilet Ware, of separate pieces, at S. C. & E. A. SIMONDS, 32 Front st.

**LADIES' CAPES**—in all the different styles. Ladies are invited to call and examine our assortment before purchasing—our Capes are all made in the very best manner at 179 Essex Street, Salem.

**CARPET PAPER,** extra thick and strong. For sale at Ornament, 242 Essex st.

**NEW PUBLICATIONS,** Rec'd and for sale by H. P. IVES & A. A. SMITH: The Mill on the Pile, by Geo. Eliot, author of Adam Bede, etc.; Bertha Percy, or L'Espance, by Margaret Field; Chambers' Cyclopaedia, vol. 1, containing One Farm of Four Acres; Fresh Horses that Failed Three Thousand Years Ago; with other things, by the author of New Priest; The Saint-Denis House, edited by Lady Theresa Lewis; Tom Brown's School Days at Oxford, part 3; Ecclesiastical Magazine for May; Once a Week; London Illustrated Papers.

**CURTAINS.** New Styles—a large stock just opened by H. P. IVES & A. A. SMITH.

**RUBBER BALLS**—a full assortment at H. P. IVES & A. A. SMITH'S.

**NEW STYLE PAPERS,** at all the different prices, received almost daily, at the Book and Paper store of H. P. IVES & A. A. SMITH.

**G. B. THOMPSON,** DRAPER AND TAILOR, Allen's Building.

Constantly on hand a good assortment of **Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings,** —AND— **MEN'S AND BOY'S READY-MADE CLOTHING.**

**BEAN POLES!** 100 DOZEN for sale at M. BLACK, Jr's, Coal and Wood Office, in the Square, South Danvers, April 25, 1861.

**New Turkish Prunes,** EXTRA FINE, just received at LUNT'S, Hotel Building.

**50 Boxes Extra Carton Figs,** JUST received at LUNT'S, Hotel Building.

**New Spring and Summer Dress Goods,** Consisting of all the new varieties, can be found at GEORGE P. DANIELS'S.

**George P. Daniels** IS selling most of his new Dress Goods less than the cost of importation.

**Figured French Shirtings** AT GEORGE P. DANIELS'S, Main St.

**Straw Mattings, 2, 4, 5 and 6-4.** OIL FLOOR CLOTHS, all widths; and WOOLLS, G. B. DANIELS, at all prices, at the MONUMENT DAY GOODS STORE.

**Hosiery and Gloves** AT No. 83 Monument Square, So. Danvers.

**Housekeeping Goods** AT the very lowest prices, THREE DOORS EAST OF MONUMENT.

**Ready-Made Clothing and Rubber Goods** AT GEORGE P. DANIELS'S, Main St.

**Notice.** BOOKS of the most popular and latest issue, Stationery, Pocket Books and Wallets, Shaving Soap, and Brushes—pencils, ink, etc., for sale by JOHN D. HOWARD.

**For Sale.** THE HOMESTEAD of the late MATTHEW HOPKIN, of Danvers, consisting of an elegant, well-finished Brick House, with a stone barn and out-buildings, and about 16 acres of choice land. It is situated in Danversport, on the Main street leading from Danvers to Salem, and about one mile from the Railroad Station in South Danvers, from which there are four daily trains to and from Boston. The buildings are located on high ground, overlooking all the land and the several villages in the vicinity. The garden in front of the house, of about one acre, is well stocked with fruit-trees in a bearing state. The buildings with the garden will be sold separately from the other land, if desired. For further particulars and terms, which will be liberal, inquire of LEWIS ALLEN, South Danvers.

**GARDNER WEBSTER,** Manufacturer of and Dealer in **PARLOR, OFFICE, AND COOKING STOVES, STOVE FUNNEL, GRATES, LININGS, TIN AND IRON WARE.** 135 Boston Street, Salem.

Stoves stored and well cared for. Also special attention given to tinning and repainting Stoves.

**GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.** The Largest Assortment in Essex County!

**GEO. S. WALKER** 152 Essex St., Bowker Block, Salem.

**DEALER** in Gentlemen's Under Garments, Hosiery, Gloves, Ties, Cravats, Stocks, Shirts, Collars, Suspenders, Handkerchiefs, Umbrellas, Canes, &c., &c. All of superior quality, and in a choice variety of style. Particular attention given to making of Shirts to order, and a remounting guaranteed. apr 11—6m

**NEW LIVERY STABLE IN SO. DANVERS.** Main Street, opposite Danvers Bank.

The Subscriber would inform the public, that he has leased the Stable opposite the Danvers Bank, on Main street, where he intends to keep good horses and carriages to let, on the most reasonable terms. A share of public patronage is solicited. JOHN MOULTON, Proprietor. South Danvers, April 4th, 1860.

**CARPETS.** THOMAS W. DOWNING & CO., are now opening their stock of Carpets for the Spring Trade, and purchasers will find a large assortment of Brussels, Tapestry, Three-Ply, Kidderminster, Crumb Cloths, Mats, Rugs, &c., &c., which will be sold at the lowest prices. apr 18 tf

**SPRING GOODS.** THOMAS W. DOWNING & CO., invite attention to their stock of Dress Goods, Capes, Shawls, Hosiery, and comprising a full assortment in each department, and selected expressly for the present season. apr 18 tf

**Thomas W. Downing & Co** INVITE attention to their large and well-selected stock of CLOTHS, for Gentlemen's and Boy's Wear, to which constant additions will be made, of the most desirable styles in the market. apr 18 tf

**GROVER & BAKER'S** CELEBRATED **Sewing Machines.** Sales Room Cor. Market & Summer St., over the Post Office, Lynn Mass.

THIS Machine excels all others in its simplicity of construction, ease of management and strength. Its simplicity and beauty of style. It sews Cotton, Thread, or Silk, from common spools, without rewinding.—It is the most reliable Machine in the market for all kinds of manufacturing purposes, while the Family Machine possesses advantages over all others, for every kind of home sewing.

The new improved Grover and Baker Shuttle Machine, at the reduced price of 50 dollars, is peculiarly adapted to home work, as well as all other purposes where the Shuttle stitch is preferred. It is superior for fine Sewing. Every Machine sold is warranted. The public are invited to call and examine the Machines at the Rooms over the Post Office, Franklin Building, Lynn Mass. E. BAKER, Agent.

**BARNARD'S REFINED LIQUID GLUE!** For mending Furniture of all kinds, Toys, Crockery, Glass Ware, ornaments, etc. Prepared by William Barnard, Jr., So. Danvers.

For sale by T. A. Sweetser, Geo. E. Mescon, South Danvers, and by druggists, stationers, hardware dealers generally. Fletcher, Day & Co., and D. B. Brooks & Brother, Wholesale Agents for Salem. Weeks & Potter, Wholesale Agents, 154 Washington Street, Boston. Jan 35—17

**J. PERLEY, JR.** BOOK-BINDER —AND— Blank Book Manufacturer, 199 Essex Street, Salem.

Blank Account Books of every pattern, ruled and bound to order. Periodicals and Magazines of every description, bound in every variety of style, on reasonable terms. Particular attention given to binding Piano Music. All orders promptly attended to. J. PERLEY, JR.

**Houseslots for Sale.** TWENTY House Lots, of good size, are offered for sale, on a new street, on land of the subscriber, leading from Aborn street, being a continuation of Pleasant street. The situation is pleasant, on high ground and easy of access. Land in its vicinity is rapidly advancing in value and a good opportunity is now afforded to obtain a good house lot at a cheap price and on easy terms. Application may be made to the Subscriber, WILLIAM BUTTON. South Danvers, March 25th, 1860.

**BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS.** WILLIAM J. WALTON, 94 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS.

HAS now on hand, and intends to constantly keep a full assortment of all desirable kinds and styles of Boots, Shoes and Rubbers, which he would be happy to dispose of to his Friends, and the Public, at satisfactory prices. Repairing expeditiously and neatly done. WILLIAM J. WALTON, 94 Main Street.

**Rich Silk** CASHMERE Vestings, at BURBECK'S, 249 Essex st.

**OVERCOATINGS,** at BURBECK'S, 249 Essex st.

**FRUIT TREES FOR SALE.** TWO THOUSAND PEAR TREES of various kinds, Standard and Dwarf, some of them in bearing condition. Apply at 75 Boston street, AVERILL & LOW.

**REMOVAL.** JOSEPH J. RIDER, would inform his friends and the public, that he has removed from 242 Essex Street, to the New and Spacious Store, NO. 2 WEST BLOCK, 182 ESSEX STREET, SALEM, which has been fitted up expressly for his business, and where will be constantly found a full and extensive assortment of Jewelry, and Silver Plated Ware.

In the newest and most desirable styles, and at prices as low as such goods can be purchased in Boston or New York. (Grateful to the inhabitants of this city and vicinity for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed, the subscriber will, by strict attention to his business, fair prices, and a desire to accommodate, endeavor to merit a continuance thereof. JOSEPH J. RIDER, feb 8 2 WEST BLOCK 182 Essex Street.

**Furnishing Goods.** THE latest styles in the market, at BURBECK'S, 249 Essex st.

**SPRING IS HERE!** NOW'S YOUR CHANCE!

Just received, a large assortment of

**NEW GOODS,** For the SPRING TRADE, consisting of

**MEN'S & BOYS' CLOTHING,** Of every variety, style and taste, well worthy the attention of every purchaser in pursuit of a bargain.

**GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS.** A nice and choice selection of this line of goods, of superior quality.

**YOUNG MEN,** If you wish to obtain a good price, do not forget to give us a call.

**HATS & CAPS.** A large and desirable lot of fashionable HATS and CAPS, all of which must be sold at low prices.

N. B.—If you want a spring style silk HAT, please call in and get a fit.

**BOOTS & SHOES.** My stock of Boots and Shoes is now complete in all its branches. I shall always endeavor to keep constantly on hand the best stock which the market can produce, consisting of Ladies', Gentlemen's, Misses', Boys', Youths' and Childrens. All of which will be sold at the lowest figure for cash.

Last, but not least, my stock of

**FANCY ARTICLES;** Consisting of Porte-monnaies, Pocket-Books, Wallets, Pocket Cutlery, Razors, Combs, Perfumery, Hair Oils, Hair Brushes, and various other articles.

**R. S. D. SYMONDS** 52 MAIN ST., SOUTH DANVERS, April 11—tf

**WYATT & PARSONS' QUADRILLE BAND,** As Brass or String, Are prepared to furnish Music for Balls, Parties, Assemblies, etc., on the most reasonable terms.

Engagements can be made with J. H. Parsons, No. 3 Pleasant Street, H. Pittman, 4 Boston st, or E. H. Stanton, 151 Essex st. Salem, Jan 4—tf

**Have You Seen** THOSE 18 dollar suits, at BURBECK'S, 249 Essex st.

**Bargains! Bargains!** AUGUSTUS J. ARCHER, (Of the late firm of Archer, Downing & Co.)

Wishing to reduce the stock of **DRY GOODS** Which he has just purchased of W. W. Palmer & Co., at a Discount, will offer the same for a short time only, at prices which will

**Ensure a Speedy Sale.** Purchasers will find, it for their interest to call at Store, 181 Essex Street, Salem, (Recently occupied by W. W. Palmer & Co.)

**A. J. ARCHER & CO.** feb 15—tf

**Para Rubber Mittens.** A FEW PAIRS can be found at WALTON'S, 94 MAIN STREET.

**Rich** VELVET VESTINGS, at BURBECK'S, 249 Essex st.

**JOHN W. PROCTOR,** has taken rooms, in the 2d, Story of the Union Building, nearly opposite the Monument.

Where he will be found, from 2 A. M. to 4 P. M., ready to attend to any business that may be entrusted to his care. South Danvers, Feb. 20th, 1860.

**WILLIAM J. LUNT,** —DEALER IN— **FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FRUIT,** AYER'S BUILDING, Central St., So. Danvers.

Oranges, Lemons, Figs, Dates, Currants, Citron, Prunes, olives, Apples, Nuts of all kinds, Dry and Preserved Glue, Sardines, Cigars, Confectionery, Jellies and Jams, Tomatoes, Walnuts and Mushroom Ketchup, French and American Mustard, Worcestershire and other Sauces.

**B. F. STEVENS,** **WATCH & MAKER,** —AND DEALER IN— Watches, Clocks, Gold & Plated Jewelry, SILVER AND PLATED WARE, CUTLERY AND FANCY GOODS.

Old Gold and Silver taken in exchange for New. Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, neatly Cleaned, Repaired and warranted.

**18 MAIN ST., OPPOSITE WARREN BANK,** SOUTH DANVERS, MASS.

**SINGING CLASS.** Mr J. B. Watts would inform the citizens of South Danvers that he will open a Class for Youths and Misses in the rudiments of VOCAL MUSIC, at the Vestry of the 1st Congregational Church, Commencing on Wednesday, April 12th, at 4 o'clock, P. M. Terms FIFTY cents for 10 lessons.

A thorough course of instruction in the first principles of music will be given. Mr. W. has now a class of 500 pupils in Salem, and has held during the past winter very large classes in Marlborough and other places. His system of teaching juveniles by song-books always been crowned with success, and received by the public with great satisfaction. apr 12—24

**LET YOUR BOOTS SHINE!** BROWN & BRO.'S UNRIVALLED BLACKING, warranted to be superior to any other in the market, can be had at the GEO. MEADOWS, apr 4 155 Main street.



**VOL. 1**

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So. Danvers—  
**H.**  
**Attorney and**  
Office, Allen  
**IVES**  
**Attorneys and**  
Have  
Rooms formerly o  
NO. 27 WASH  
STEPHEN B. IVES, Jr.  
December 7, 1857.  
**ALFRED**  
**Attorney**  
Office, No. 2  
SIDNEY, M  
**SIDNEY**  
**Attorney and**  
27 Washi  
Mr. Bancroft may be  
home office, near his res  
December 7, 1857.  
**A.**  
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No. 4 MAIN STRE  
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Deeds drawn,  
**SAM**  
**HAIR CUTTING**  
7 MAIN ST  
**E. S**  
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**Peabody**  
**BATCHELDER'S**  
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**SHAMPO**  
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J. J. WATKINS.



# THE WIZARD.

VOL. I.

SOUTH DANVERS, MASS., WEDNESDAY, MAY 9, 1860.

NO. 23.

## THE WIZARD

At Allen's Building, So. Danvers Square,  
CHAS. D. HOWARD, Proprietor.

F. POOLE, Editor.

Terms \$2.00 a Year; for Immediate Payment, \$1.00.

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The privilege of Annual Advertisers is limited to their own immediate business, and all advertisements for the benefit of other persons, as well as legal advertisements, and advertisements of real estate, or auction sales, sent in by them, must be paid for at the usual rates.

M. M. PETERSON & Co., No. 10 State Street, Boston, and 119 Nassau Street, New York, are authorized to receive Advertisements for this paper.  
S. H. KILIS, successor to Y. B. Palmer, is also authorized to receive advertisements for this paper.

**Book and Job Printing**  
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,  
Executed with Neatness and Despatch,  
AT THIS OFFICE.

### CARDS.

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104 ESSEX STREET, SALEM.  
Residence Lowell street, South Danvers.  
Jan 4-ly

B. C. PERKINS,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
So. Danvers—Office in Allen's Building.

H. O. WILEY,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
Office, Allen's Building, So. Danvers.

IVES & PEABODY,  
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,  
Have removed their Office to  
Rooms formerly occupied by Hon. Otis P. Lord,  
NO. 27 WASHINGTON STREET, SALEM.  
STEPHEN B. IVES, JR. JOHN D. PEABODY.  
December 7, 1859.

ALFRED A. ABBOTT,  
Attorney and Counsellor,  
Office, No. 224 Essex Street, Salem;  
House, Main St., So. Danvers.

SIDNEY C. DANCROFT,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
27 Washington Street, Salem.  
Mr. Dancroft may be found mornings and evenings, at his home office, near his residence in South Danvers.  
December 7, 1859.

A. S. CRAWFORD,  
DENTIST,  
No. 4 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS SQUARE.  
Mechanical Dentistry Neatly Executed.  
Teeth Extruded by Electricity without Extra Charge.  
Dec 7

W. L. BOWDOIN,  
SURGEON DENTIST,  
No. 26 Essex St., Salem, (Opposite the Market).  
Residence—No. 37 Washington street.  
Jan 17-ly

F. POOLE,  
INSURANCE AGENT,  
Allen's Building (up stairs).  
Deeds drawn, and other common forms.

SAMUEL DAVIS,  
HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING ROOM,  
7 MAIN ST., SOUTH DANVERS.

E. S. FLINT,  
DEALER IN  
WEST INDIA GOODS, COUNTRY PRODUCE,  
No. 2 Main Street, South Danvers.

EDWARD C. WEBSTER,  
ONE PRICE  
HAT, CAP AND FUR STORE,  
231 ESSEX, and 34 WASHINGTON ST.,

Peabody Billiard Hall.  
BATCHELDER'S BUILDING, MAIN STREET,  
SOUTH DANVERS.  
H. C. LARABEE—(Proprietors)—A. W. FORTNESS  
Jan 13

Heylingberg's  
Fashionable Hair-Cutting, Curling, Shaving and  
SHAMPOOING SALOON,  
No. 24 Main Street, - - South Danvers,  
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Jan 25

HENRY L. WHIDDEN,  
PAINTER, GLAZIER,  
AND PAPERER,  
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All orders promptly and faithfully executed.  
Dec 14

WHIPPLE & FRIEND,  
PAINTERS,  
GLAZIERS AND PAPER-HANGERS,  
53 Main street, opposite Monument, S. Danvers.  
All orders promptly attended to; a share of patronage solicited.  
J. J. WHIPPLE. A. FRIEND.

## Original Poetry.

For The Wizard.

### LINES

Written on the sudden death of George W. Barly, who died March 28d, aged 28 years 3 months.  
"Thou sleepest, but we will not forget thee."

Oh I can't be that thou art from us gone,  
Hid like the morning star, that shines upon  
Earth's robe of darkness, and then disappears—  
In all the beauty of life's young and early years.

Thou wast beloved,—for thy soul was formed  
A heart with unaffected kindness warmed,  
Of goodness, pure as nature ever knew,  
And to its chaste affections, always true.

A dove-like innocence, without a stain—  
These all were thine; and like a brilliant chain,  
A modest worth that shrank from public view,  
An ornament of beauty round thee shone.

But now, these virtues in death's gloom are set,  
Yet, who that ever knew thee can forget;  
And gushing tears have o'er thy relics fell—  
We will not cease to cherish whom we loved so well.

We mourn our loss, but not thy glorious gain,  
Through now, we will not wish thee back again,  
Thy vacant place does now bring up the sigh,  
It was not wrong but fair for thee to die.

Thou peacefully sleepest, a strange, deep sleep,  
Thou no more wilt suffer, sigh or weep;  
How oft do we miss him, the loved from our band,  
The kiss of affection, the clasp of the hand.

Dear, much beloved friend, farewell to thee,  
Thy much loved form no more we'll see,  
Yet green in memory e'er with me will dwell  
Thy last fond look, thy last farewell.

We will not call thee back, for thou hast pass'd  
Sweetly, to the regions where at last  
We hope to meet thee where the righteous dwell;  
Till then, in hope, beloved friend, farewell.  
South Danvers, April 28d, 1860.

BY E. RUSSELL.

## An Original Sketch.

For The Wizard.

### NOT A CIRCUMSTANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF PUTTY GODS.

Since sunrise he had been industriously cultivating that delectable esculent root, which enters so largely into the crops of all New England farmers; and it was with evident satisfaction that he watched his shadow lengthen and disappear, and with alacrity that he shouldered his implement and set his face towards home.

Although fatigued by his labor, his pace was not slow, on the contrary, quick and hurried; for the prospect of a well filled table awaiting him, was but the foreground in the picture of a pleasant evening with the deacon's daughter;—and many of us know that hard work opens the pores of the stomach, so to speak, and drives us towards the material for filling them, while some of us are aware, and others can imagine, that a youth who had determined to propound the great question of his life before another dawn, would naturally move with a more nervous step than usual.

To this determination had our hero arrived; and as he wended his way toward the clump of trees which intervened between the scene of his late labors and the paternal mansion, his mind was too much occupied to think of other subjects, even had dangers innumerable beset his path.

Halting at the edge of the grove, he with his jack-knife extracted from the trunk of a spruce tree a piece of gum upon which to exercise his molars, and casting one look behind, at the two-days-old moon, thought to himself that he could not hang his hat on it,—which was bad for the potatoes,—and pushed forward. An evening breeze sighed through the branches, and a rustling caused him to look up, when he beheld a large white placard descend, upon which he read in enormous letters, "For one night only," the remainder of its contents he could not distinguish, and all his efforts to grasp it were fruitless; it retained a position exactly six feet in advance, until he reached the thicket of the shade, when it was suddenly whisked above his head, and disappeared as mysteriously as it had come. As he stopped to gaze in the direction in which it had ascended, he found himself directly under a gigantic oak, whose branches were within his reach; and as he turned to regain the path from which he had been deluded, he felt a cord passed quickly over his head, and tightened around his throat.

Instinctively he seized the limb above him, and relaxed the pressure which interfered materially with his breathing arrangements, but being naturally of a courageous disposition he did not scream, but was striving to imagine the cause of this strange proceeding, when a yell such as he never had heard, put all his ideas to flight, and as a hand was clutched in his hair behind and another thrust into his pocket, his strength nearly forsook him; but the necessity of retaining his hold, or of choking being evident, he concluded to try the former for a short time longer.

The contents of his pocket,—a knife and a small piece of sand paper,—were quickly abstracted, and he immediately felt the latter drawn across his nasal organ, in a manner far from gentle or agreeable.

All the stories he had ever heard of robbers, ghosts or witches, passed swiftly through his mind, but none seemed to afford a parallel case all the charms said to be potent to dispel evil spirits followed, but none of the required articles were at hand to test them, and his sober conclusion was that his enemy must be the devil himself.

All the while, up and down, back and forth across his nose flew the sand paper, in spite of all his attempts to avoid it, and he felt a warm drop slowly coursing towards the point thereof, when through his teeth rushed suddenly the couplet he had committed to memory to repeat that very evening, "Music has charms to soothe the savage breast," etc., and instantly his mouth puckered, and he began to whistle. Wonderful fulfillment! the devil ceased the rubbing and seemed to listen.

He was not at first conscious of the tune he was performing, but soon became aware that it was his favorite, "Believe me, if all those undeciphering young charms." What memories it recalled to make yet sadder his present situation! Had she not often played it for him on her accordion? Might she not even now be rehearsing it in anticipation of his arrival? Or, accursed thought, entrancing his rival with the dulcet strains? Nevertheless, could he desecrate it by whistling to the devil?

The thought paralyzed him, his mouth became impudently and his whistle ceased. Immediately the devil resumed the rubbing. He had no idea of the length of time he had been in his present position, it seemed an eternity, and he felt confident that ere long some one would be out to ascertain the cause of his delay. Cheerful by the reflection his whistle broke out into a break down, the devil ceased rubbing and seemed to be dancing to the music, now on the limb overhead, now on the ground at his feet, using his back as a means of intercourse between the two.

He had not seen his persecutor, nor could he imagine in what form he might be clothed; and the increasing darkness made it more and more improbable that he would be able to catch even a glimpse of him should he dance before him. Continuing the strain, he cast his eyes in every possible direction, not daring to move his head, until his conscience awoke to accuse him of the impropriety of furnishing music for such a revel; he the son of a Puritan, whistling for the devil to dance. Death rather than such ignominy! but, happy thought, might not some old psalm tune, such as he had learned at the singing school, and heard executed on the violin, regularly once a month, at the old meeting house, be more than even the devil could bear?

The pause he made was scarcely long enough to draw a breath, ere the silent night resounded with the shrill notes of "St. Martin's." Over and over he repeated it, conscious of naught save that he still whistled, for his thoughts were with his beloved, and he saw her as she prepared the evening meal, and as she sat herself down in the chimney corner with her accordion. All unwittingly he forsook the solemn strains, and glided sympathetically into "Molly put the kettle on," "Clear the kitchen," and "What fairy like music," until unable to contain himself as the figure of his rival crept in to mar the scene, he opened his lips to utter little blessings on his head, when the renewed rubbing warned him that the music had ceased. His wind was fast failing him, his strength was almost gone, yet the feeling that the morning was near, gave him renewed vigor: more joyous were the utterance of his lips, now the "Yankee Doodle," now "Roll on silver moon," now touching some homely reel or corant, and anon bursting forth into "Amsterdam," or "Dundee," until all his tunes had been repeated and repeated.

Yet relief came not. Should he die without an effort? His face seemed fixed, his arms were rigid, drop after drop of warm blood rolled slowly down and dropped hesitatingly from his nose; he shuddered at the fate which seemed inevitable. To be respectfully disposed of by a physician, was "a consummation devoutly to be wished for," to fall from a loft and dislocate the vertebra, or to have the breath expelled by the kick of a horse, were all respectable, but to hang from a tree and have the flesh rubbed from the bones with a piece of sand paper, leaving a skeleton for the birds to pick at and the winds to rattle, was decidedly vulgar. He must escape, and to do that he must whistle, then concentrating all his remaining energies he began:

Strike the cymbal,  
Roll the tymbal,  
Let the trumpet of triumph sound,  
Powerful singing,  
Headlong bringing  
Proud Goliath to the ground.

Before the last note was reached his strength forsook him, his jaw dropped, and his whistle was gone; the cord tightened around his throat, his tongue protruded, his eyes started from their sockets, the devil pounced upon his shoulders, the string broke, and they came to the earth together.

Fear gave him superhuman strength and lent wings to his feet. On, on, he flew, not daring to cast a look behind, until the first house was reached, when he fell senseless before the door.

How long he remained in that condition he never knew; a familiar voice aroused him, and he beheld the deacon's daughter in the arms of his rival, heard her murmur good-night, which was followed by a sound such as he never had drawn from her lips, saw her gaze earnestly after the retreating figure until the darkness hid it from sight, when she closed the door with a sigh.

"And left him alone in his glory."

For the rest, he found himself at home muttering "Good fish in the sea yet."

Notices in the village next day, offered a suitable reward for the capture of a baboon, escaped from the menagerie the previous afternoon.

From the Lynn Reporter.

## SALLIE AND I.

BY ANNIE M. DUGANNE.

We're in the market—Sallie and I—  
Are there no bachelors wanting to buy?  
None who have courage enough to propose?  
None who have wisdom enough to disclose  
That they're shirt without buttons, and pants without straps?

They have vests with fringed edges, and coats with torn flaps,  
And their last winter's hats are minus the toes,  
And their gawgawed heels are like to get froze,  
For lack of such bodies as Sallie and I.  
To attend to their wants and their woes we espy?

We are no sequesters—Sallie and I—  
So free-loving dandies need not apply;  
Beauty's admirer, or wit's devotee,  
Need not approach, for we never shall please;  
But we know of a circle, whose names are untold  
In Fame's shining temple, or mansions of gold—  
Whose lives without spot, or blemish, or blot,  
Have won them the honor the world giveth not—  
For such worthy bachelors, Sallie and I  
Still wait in the market—will ye not buy?

Unalloyed virtue, Sallie and I  
Only can offer to those who apply—  
Hearts warm and loving we've striven to blend  
With hand over ready in need to befriend;  
And our lips seldom gossip, our feet rarely roam;  
Beyond the charmed precincts of childhood's sweet home,  
Where to wash, brood or bask, small splutter we make,  
For "quiet and thrift" is the motto we take.  
Oh! rare such households as Sallie and I—  
Lonely old bachelors, will ye not buy?

We're in the market—Sallie and I—  
Shall we be left in the market to die?  
Swiftly, youth's fleeting years over us go,  
Paler the rays from Hope's beacon-light glow—  
And the dimples where Cupid has chosen his bed,  
Are long, left unloved, will become wrinkles dread—  
And our hearts, like the May, will forget to be gay,  
If Love's fragrant blossoms ne'er dawn on our way!  
Such the petition, Sallie and I  
Offer to old bachelors—pray will ye buy?

## A PLAIN-SPOKEN TRUTH.

BY MADELL LORNE.

One warm, delightful day in last March I noticed when passing through a retired street of our town, two boys of about six and eight years of age who were engaged in playing horses in a commodious yard adjoining their parents' pleasant residence. They were apparently brothers, and for the want of better names I shall call them George and Willie Selby. George the eldest was representing the horse which Willie was the driver. As they were running around the yard the reins slipped from Willie's fingers; George who had been waiting for such an accident immediately bounded away shouting "a loose horse! a loose horse!" Willie followed for the purpose of capturing his rebellious steed but all his efforts were in vain, as George managed for a long time to elude his every attempt, but at last Willie penned him in a corner, exulting in his mind upon his visible success. "There is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," and so Willie found it, for as he reached out his hands to grasp the dragging reins, George sprang past him, effecting his escape, but receiving across his face a violent blow from a little sapling his brother held in his hand. For a moment the pain held him silent, but speedily he raised his hand, and struck his already half-penitent brother upon the shoulder with his clenched fist. Willie began to cry lustily with pain and rage. Stooping, he picked up a small stone with which he raised his hand with the intention of hurling it at his brother who was already running rapidly away, but he was checked by the appearance of a new actor upon the scene whom I recognised as the children's father. The gentleman's naturally handsome face was pale with anger, his voice generally so rich and full sounded harsh and discordant, as grasping Willie's arm with one hand he began to box his ear with the other, saying, "Child, I will not have such actions. You ought to know better. I have told you more than once, that you must not quarrel, and if I find you doing so again I do not know but what I shall break every bone in your body. Why is it, you two boys cannot play together ten minutes without coming to blows?" Pushing Willie from him the infuriated man turned to where George stood, and began to belabour him, as he asked, "Will you do so again, George? You are the eldest and ought to behave better. I am heartily ashamed of you. I should not be astonished if some day when I came home, I found that one of you had killed the other. Say, are you going to do so again?"

"Willie struck me first, real hard; right across the face with that old stick," passionately said the boy.  
"Stop, I won't hear a word about it. Have not I told you fifty times if Willie does wrong that it is no reason you should. I don't know what in the world I shall do with you," and giving the boy one last blow across the back, turned and walked into the house, leaving the boys alone together. As soon as he had passed from sight George raised his hand, and shaking it threateningly at his brother, said through his shut teeth, "I will pay you, see if I don't." Angry words and passionate looks passed between them; they did not speak loud or strike each other, as they feared their father's harsh, angry punishment. After a short time George went away, leaving Willie weeping tears of grief and anger.

I have often heard intelligent people propound in this query: "Why is it that the children of so many noble, God-fearing, honest parents turn out so badly?"

Is not this little incident sufficient explanation?

Mr. Selby is an upright, noble-hearted man, respected and loved by all who know him. He loves his children affectionately, and is a kind father to them although rather too indulgent for their good. He never punishes them for wrong doing until he loses all patience with them, and then they get a cruel whipping, he being just like them when they are enraged—without any more reason or control.

He would love to have his children the best behaved in the neighborhood, but has not the patience to make them so. George and Willie are endowed naturally with a proud high-spirit, rather stubborn and self-willed, and their father's punishment only serves to irritate them, and for a few moments they will feel an almost irresistible wish for revenge upon that parent which if they cannot put into execution immediately, is driven away by their father's usual good humor.

If parents would stop to think of the consequences they would never punish a child in anger. It does the child far more hurt than good, it is better to let him or her go without a punishment than to do so. From the time of that first punishment is to be dated the loss of the parent's control; gradually it slips from the parent's hands until at last the child does not fear punishment, heeds no warning words, regards no persuasions, and that son or daughter becomes an outcast from home, from friends and from good society; step by step he or she goes down to ruin, and then comes death leaving a name not even a parent, with all a parent's love, can think of without a blush or a sigh, at the thought of the shame and dishonor allied to the name of that once tenderly beloved child.

Every child does not lead such a course, for it may be that as they grow older they will perceive how much wiser it is to try to do somewhere near right, and they will determine to lead a useful and profitable life, and they perhaps succeed.

A child's mind and character is like clay or wax—it may be moulded into any form that is chosen; then how much wiser it is to instill good thoughts, examples, and memories into the mind of the child; his life will be happier and better, he will do more deeds of real good in this world; when he thinks of you it will be with more love and respect, and then if the deeds of this world have an influence upon our hereafter—what a responsibility rests upon the parent!

An immortal soul is entrusted to your care, to fit for a heavenly existence. You may train that child to love and reverence you, to become an honor and a blessing to his or her country, and at last to dwell at the right hand of the great Shepherd in the Celestial City; or, curse you and bring your gray hairs in sorrow to the grave, to become an inhabitant of a penitentiary or state-prison, and at last fill a felon's grave—after that these that can pierce the depths of Eternity may answer.

O parents! yours is no light task I well know; much rests upon you, but can you not discharge your duty in a more worthy manner? Remember, "as the twig is bent so does the tree incline." It is true.

A great and mighty reform is needed that shall extend to every fire-side in the land, where every one shall raise their banner to the breeze and bravely fight a bloodless battle, their aim being excellence. It is not expected that any will gain that goal, but they can come much nearer unto it.

For The Wizard.

## PAIMLEAVES.

Being a very curious Chapter, in which Mr. Palmleaf having nothing to say, says it in a manner which will be found much more instructive than interesting.

### CHAPTER III.

I am a quiet individual, fond of quiet ways, with no relish at all for the noise and bustle of the great out-door world. I am also a great lover of books; not the wild-adventure, startling-sensation books; but the quiet books in which there is no mixture of the horrible, and which I can read without getting so intensely interested as to lose my sleep, to which I am also somewhat attached. Books that I can take up and lay down when I please—that I can smoke over or sleep over as time or occasion suits. Such as are mellow with age, the thumb-dust, dog-eared books; filled with strange tales of deeds done in quaint old cities over the sea—through which fit the cowed monks, the knights and ladies of romance.

"Would that my enemy would write a book!" Aye, or my friend either, or any body else, no matter who, if so be it is a good book, across whose pages in beautiful procession shall walk the heroes and heroines, that with the old watch-words pass in at the gates of the soul. Grand and heroic people are those with whom I become acquainted in books. To be sure they build no houses,—they lay the foundation of no towns,—the world esteems them not,—time hath not known them, and they dwell not in space. Yet in the stillness of the heart, their voices come like the music of bells heard in the darkness over the plain.

"That was finely written," said Mrs. Palmleaf.  
"Finely written indeed, Mrs. Palmleaf; that is bosh, no more, no less, as indeed is two thirds of what most people call fine writing; being simply something said with a great flourish of pretty words that was not worth saying in any words at all. There is, Mrs. P., to tell you a little truth, which every body seems to have forgotten, no really fine writing or speaking



By the way, Mr. Hathaway has done a good thing in obtaining the services of Mr. Wm. B. Hammond for a driver on one of his routes. Mr. Hammond has proved a first rate driver in the Wizard office and we wish him good success in his new situation.

**THE STAFF OF LIFE.**—We have on our table a small loaf of family bread made for the May Day festival from the celebrated "Patapoco" flour. It is as white and bright as a new diekey and as beautiful to the eye as it is satisfying to the taste. This flour may be had of Newman & Symonds.

Vicious Dog at DANVERS, N. H.—A young dog, said to be owned by Benj. F. Porter, on Sunday, April 29, bit a child about 8 years old, belonging to John P. Bates, very acrimoniously, so bad that the wound was obliged to be sewed up by a surgeon. The child suffers very much from the sore, and its friends feel quite anxious for the result. The same dog, only a few weeks since, flew at and bit a little girl of Mr. L. Dodge's, belonging in the same neighborhood. This child still suffers from the wound. Where are the exponents of our dog-laws? Are individuals to be allowed to harbor such animals? It is high time to rid the community of the whole race of vicious curs. So all parents say who do not wish their children to suffer from that most dreadful of all diseases, *hydrophobia*.

11. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840. 841. 842. 843. 844. 845. 846. 847. 84

and before me. I mounted the stairs, three at a leap and felt around for the door to the bedroom, and I found it. Almost suffocated with the thick smoke, I entered the bedroom, running against the bed. I felt all over it but nobody was to be found. In coming away I came against a cradle and felt the soft-body of the innocent, who might even now be stifled to death with the smoke. As quick as thought I pulled off my coat and covering the poor thing grasped the whole contents of the cradle, and retreated for the stairs. I was too late! The flames were ascending and I ran to the window and exposed myself with my precious charge to the merciless below. A tremendous shout arose from the excited people and a ladder was called for and quickly raised to my window. I stepped up-on it just as the lurid flame curled from the upper part of the window, and I was safe. Shouts upon

The physicians say: at the 2d minute he was almost pulseless—rallied 4th and 6th minute up to 100—then comparatively full—fell to 65 between the 6th and 7th minutes, and between the 8th and 9th the respiration ceased.

After hanging 20 minutes he was taken down and placed in his coffin. Upon removing the cap his countenance seemed as placid as if he had fallen asleep—there was not the slightest contortion or expression of agony. The remains were taken charge of and interred by the St. Vincent de Paul Society. Thus ended the first lesson.

*Of the morals of the execution much might be said. Coming here we heard more blasphemy and unfeeling levity than attends any ordinary gathering of the*

[illegible]







# While Hope's Bright Star is o'er Me.

While Hope's bright star is o'er me,  
While fancy can restore me,  
Days now fled from me,  
To my memory dearest,  
To my heart the nearest,  
Lingering there will be.  
Thoughts I love to cherish,  
Thoughts that ne'er can perish,  
Of moments passed with thee.  
When dearest friends surround me,  
When fondest ties have bound me,  
And glad beams around me,  
And nought but joy I see;  
When tones of love are breathing  
And sweet smiles are wreathing,  
Oh then I'll think of Thee.  
When bright dreams of the morrow  
Are clouded o'er by sorrow,  
And all is gloom to me,  
And every heart friend should leave me,  
Ne'er can time bereave me,  
Of dearest thoughts of Thee.  
Whatever land may call me,  
Whatever fate befall me,  
Bright will be my lot.  
If thy heart so glowing  
In its joy is flowing,  
On me wait loving,  
One kind and tender thought.  
And that Thou'rt my heart met me,  
Yet I'll forget Thee not.  
Manchester, N. H.

## GLIMPSES OF A LIFE.

BY MABEL LORNE.

I beheld a babe sweetly sleeping in her mother's arms. Her golden clusters of curls were slightly pressed back from her snowy, child-like brow by a soft, balmy breeze, disclosing a calm, sweet face. Her long eye-lashes were resting upon her little oval cheeks, so gently flushed with that beautiful tint of pink which graces the sea-shell. A smile hovered around her beautiful mouth, so sweet and lovely that I could not but think of that elegant metaphor "that angels were whispering unto her." As I gazed upon her, I could not but wish that the driving storms of life might never bow her unto the dust, to be crushed under the merciless feet of the mighty and powerful of the earth; that sorrow and grief might never reach her tender heart. I could not help earnestly asking God to watch over her and shield her from the cruel, cutting blast which sometime in life, sooner or later nips every flower in God's earthly garden, sometimes but hardening the plant, and at others crushing it down never to rise.

As I reclined there gazing upon the lovely infant, the gift of second sight was granted unto me, and without an effort of mine, scenes in the life of the babe passed rapidly before my mind's eye.

I saw her in the time of childhood, kneeling one summer's eve, in all her ecstacy of beauty, at the knee of her mother and repeating word by word in hushing tones the little prayer that loving mother was teaching her.

Again she appeared before me, but this time in the form of a girlhood just blossoming into womanhood. She was reclining upon a river's bank, engaged in reading brilliant chateaux in Espagne. Her eye lit with a new light, her form seems to expand with the deep and exquisite pleasure that pervades her waking dream. Her countenance seems to express the completion of her gorgeous fabric; it seems as if the last tunic was finished, the last fold of silk in tapestry arranged, that nothing would improve it as she falls back upon the turf, and lying there her rosy lips murmur, "I wish I could see you once again, Oscar—dear—dear—Oscar—Oh! how I miss you!"

Passing on, I beheld her again, when she meets after an absence of six years, the one whom in girlhood she promised to remember through all the years—let them be few or many—that would clasp before her returned from the home he had made in a foreign country, to claim her as his bride. He went away poor and unknown, but he had now returned rich and famous. Small fortunes, in glittering jewels were presented to her by that one she loved so faithfully, for he does not consider the wealth of the world too great to be laid at her feet.

She has changed much since we saw her before; she is now lovely, matchlessly so, but there is an hectic flush upon her cheek, that serves to hide the ravages of disease. Consumption, that fell disorder, is gnawing at her vitals, leaving the visible form still fair and lovely to the sight.

A few short months have passed, and I now see her at the altar, leaning upon the strong arm of the one she has chosen as her "companion for life," surrounded by friends who are whispering words of congratulation and blessing ere she leaves her childhood's home and the friends who have loved and cherished her, to travel many a long mile over the ceaseless waste of waters, to have prepared for her in a foreign land by one who was once but a stranger, when but now is to be everything; father, a mother, brothers and sister's place all to be supplied by one—a husband.

One brief yet happy year is passed and I see her for once more, for the last time upon earth. The shroud enfolds it and the last couch sustains it—the coffin. It is resting upon the bier in the silent "woods of palm" in tropic isle. Those who loved her in life, to whom her voice has been in the hour of need and trial as a healing balm—and they are numerous—are crowding around to gaze once more upon that lively face which in life smiled so sweetly upon them and now in death it wears a smile calm and peaceful, but not the rippling, laughing one it once bore.

Her almost broken hearted husband stands apart leaning upon the aged pastor, whose kind words of consolation he does not heed so wrapped in his grief.

Her angel face will still smile upon him, to aid and cheer him, for she will hover close to him, and when his hour comes to leave this world of care and toil, her's will be the first to greet and welcome him in that world beyond the grave.

## CHEAP CASH STORE IN SOUTH DANVERS.

WEST INDIA GOODS, DRY GOODS, TEAS, FLOUR AND GRAIN, HARD WARE, CUTLERY, &c., &c., &c.

Teas, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Macos, Spice, Cocoa, Chocolate, Shells, Sultanas, Soda, Potash, Cream Tartar, Ferrous Corn Starch, Tapioca, Sago, Corns and Fine Salt, Tobacco and Cigars.

Butter, Cheese, Pork, Lard, Bacon.

Oils.

Kerosene Oil, Spermin Oil, Whale Oil, Fluid.

Wooden Ware.

Pails, Buckets and Tubs, Baskets, Boxes, Brooms, Brushes.

Brushes.

Clothes lines, Bed Cords, Rope.

Stove, Shoe, White Wash, Dust, Floor and House.

Currie Combs, Cattle Cards, Whips.

Crockery.

White Granite Tea Sets, and Dining Sets, Pitchers, Bowls, Chamber Sets, Castors and Bottles.

Glass Ware, Stone Ware, Earthen Ware.

Plated Ware.

Silver Plated Spoons, Silver Plated Butter Knives, Silver Plated Forks, Silver Plated Salt Spoons.

Cutlery.

Knives and Forks, Bread Knives, Shoe Knives, Pocket Knives, Chopping Knives.

Hard Ware.

Showels, Spades, Garden Trowels, Hoes, Iron Rakes, Hay Tools, Saws, Files, Gimblets, Carpet Tacks, Screws, Bed Castors, &c., &c., &c.

Dry Goods.

Broad Cloths, One Skin, Variety of Pant Goods and Vestings.

Bleached and Brown Sheetings and Shirtings.

Ticking, Denims, Factory Checks, Hickory, Lisle and Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Dress Brackets.

White and Colored Spool and Skein Cottons.

Colored Cambrics and Silicates, Dress Goods, Damask and Brown Linen Table Covers.

Embroidered Table Covers, Colored Table Covers, Cotton and Silk Velvets, Tailors' Trimmings.

Clothing.

Gent's Furnishing Goods, Silk and Woolen Shirts and Drawers, Collars and Neck Ties, Liner Bosoms, Suspensers, &c.

Medicines.

A good assortment of Patent Medicines, Russ's Salve, Goulard's Bitters, Atwood's Bitters, Skinner's Bitters, Esenaces and Extracts, Castor Oil, Salts, Sulphur.

Fruits.

Dates, Prunes, Raisins, Nuts, &c.

All the above-named Goods can be found in the above store, and will be sold at the lowest prices for cash; and to which we would call the attention of the citizens of this place and vicinity, assuring them that we have adopted the LOW PRICE SYSTEM, and we are happy to say to our friends, our customers, and to all, that purchasers can rely upon getting better goods, and more of them, for their money, than at any other store in this place.

R. O. SPILLER.

Nos. 131 and 133 Main Street, South Danvers.

JOSEPH J. RIDER.

WOULD respectfully invite the attention of the citizens of South Danvers, to his stock of

JEWELRY, SILVER AND PLATED WARE,

to which he has just received large and desirable additions in various styles and at all prices.

SILVER PLATED WARE.

Just opened, consisting of Tea Sets, several new styles, at fair prices. Also, a large variety of Cakes, Baskets, Castors, Cups, Spoon-holders, Toast Racks, Knives, Forks, &c., &c., &c.

IN SILVER WARE.

No greater variety, or better goods, can be found in Salem or Boston, my goods being purchased from the same manufacturers and at the same prices as the largest Boston and New York houses, and consigned in part, of Knives, Forks, and Spoons, of all kinds, at various prices; Cups, Goblets, Children's Sets, Salt Cellars in pairs and sets; Nutmeg Graters, Match Boxes, Card Cases, Napkin Rings, Ladies of all sizes, Boy's Holders, Knife Rests, &c., &c., all at fair prices, depending on finish and weight.

JEWELRY.

In sets of Brooch and Ear Knobs, from \$20 to \$150.

Breast Pins from \$20 to \$75, Vest, Fob, Guard, Nock, and Chain, and a great variety of prices; Pencil Cases, Lockets, Rings, and a full variety of Jewelry, in styles and prices.

J. J. R., has also for sale, the celebrated Old Dominion Coffee and Tea Bags, etc., from personal experience, he can guarantee all that they are represented.

A fine assortment of finest quality Shears, Bolsoners, Pen and Pocket Knives, of the best English manufacturers, also Ivory handle Table and Tea Knives.

Henry A. Brown & Co., a celebrated fine Gold Pens, Manhattan Paste Pens, for cleaning Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware, manufactured by J. J. R. for his own use, and the new articles, called Silver Soap, Brushes, and indeed a full assortment of articles usually found at such an establishment.

Letter Engraving, neatly executed, Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry repaired, and American tinned and put in order, at 185 Essex Street, Salem.

dec 7

JOSEPH J. RIDER.

SOUTH DANVERS COFFIN AND CASKET WAREHOUSE.

THE subscriber would inform the people of this place that he is now prepared to furnish, at the shortest notice, Mahogany, Black Walnut, and Stained Wood

COFFINS.

AND CASKETS OF ALL SIZES.

Also, Silver and Silver Plated Coffin Plates, of the latest Patterns.

Grave Clothes of every description constantly on hand.

All orders from the neighboring towns, by express or otherwise, promptly attended to, and delivered personally, if desired.

CHARLES S. BUFFUM.

Central Street, nearly opposite the Lowell Depot.

On Mondays and evenings can be found at Standa's Hotel.

dec 14-17

POWER'S MARBLE WORKS.

No. 11 St. Peter Street, Salem.

Chimney Pieces, Monuments, Tablets, Basin and Table Tops, Shelves and Brackets.

AND every description of MARBLE and GRANITE work, furnished promptly and reasonably.

Those in want of any of the above kinds of work, will find they can do as well here as in Boston.

W. A. POWER.

dec 14-17

E. S. FLINT,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

INNER SOLES,

AND SHOE STIFFENINGS OF ALL KINDS.

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Patent Ambrotypes, Stereoscopes,

Photographs, Spherotypes, Melanotypes, and patent leather Pictures, of various sizes, taken with all the improvements of the art. Portraits, Miniatures, Engravings, &c., accurately copied. Views taken when desired.

jan 11

## DRUGS & MEDICINES.

Fancy and Toilet Articles, &c., 126 MAIN ST. 126

Nearly opposite Danvers Bank, South Danvers.

SO. DANVERS PERIODICAL STORE.

L. CHANDLER & CO.,

WOULD respectfully announce to the citizens of South Danvers that they have taken part of the store occupied by D. B. Brooks & Bro., in Allen's Building, where they intend to keep a good supply of

Periodicals, Newspapers, Toys, &c.

The Boston Daily Herald, Journal, and Traveller, and all the principal Weekly Papers and Periodicals, can always be found on their counter.

dec 21-17

WILLIAM H. BURBECK,

TAILOR AND DRAPER,

249 ESSEX STREET. 249

(Opposite Block) SALEM.

WOULD inform his customers and the public, that he has on hand and is daily receiving, for Fall and Winter trade, BROADCLOTHS,

FANCY PANTS GOODS, VESTINGS, &c., &c.

which he will make to order, in the latest styles, and the most workmanlike manner.

TO PURCHASERS of Nice Custom Ready Made Clothing he would call their attention to the Stock which he has of his own and New York manufacture, made and cut in the best style, and sold at the LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Also, a General Assortment of Gent's Furnishing Goods. Fine Shirts made to order.

Mr. BURBECK will be found at this establishment, where he would be happy to receive the calls of his friends.

dec 7

T. A. Sweetser,

No. 37 South

Main St., Danvers.

JOSEPH J. RIDER.

(Late of the firm of Bridge, Lummus & Rider, Manufacturing Jewelers of New York.)

DRAPER IN

FINE JEWELRY,

SILVER AND PLATED WARE,

GOLD AND SILVER SPECTACLES.

NO. 188 ESSEX ST. SALEM.

Watches and Accurately repaired, and Engraving neatly executed, by Mr. C. Derby, formerly with Mr. E. K. Lakeman.

CHARLES S. BUFFUM.

Central St., nearly opposite Lowell Depot, So. Danvers.

CABINET MAKER,

FURNITURE MADE, REPAIRED & VARNISHED.

UPHOLSTERY WORK IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Carpeting made to order. Cane Chairs new seated.

Gas and Steam Pipes and Gas Fixtures.

E. H. STATEN,

GAS, STEAM AND WATER FITTER,

151 Essex St., Lynde Block, Salem, Mass.

SALEM.

GAS FIXTURES

OF every description for lighting Stores, Dwelling, Public Buildings, Churches, &c.

Old Gas Fixtures and Lamps refurnished to look as well as new. Tin and Sheet Metal Work for Water, Steam, and Gas.

Also, a large assortment of TOOTH, HAIR, and NAIL BRUSHES. Having made arrangements to have our Tooth Brushes manufactured in England, expressly for our retail trade, we trust we shall be able to supply our customers with a superior article at a moderate price.

Also, Elastic Shoe Laces, a very serviceable article for young persons of sedentary pursuits.

Electric Kiver Caps, an article that gives great support to the head, and is especially useful in cases of rheumatism of the head.

Electric Supporters, an invaluable article for enlarged or knotted veins in the legs.

Electric Supporters, and Abdominal Supporters—and all articles usually found in a first-class Apothecary Store.

CHARLES H. PRICE, JOSEPH PRICE.

Salem, February 8th, 1860. 3m

Dyspepsia Remedy.

This Medicine has been used by the public for six years, with increasing favor. It is recommended to cure

Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Colic, Pains, Wind in Stomach or Pains in the

Bowels, Headache, Drowsiness, Kidney Complaints, Low Spirits, Delirium, Tremors, Intemperance.

IT STIMULATES, EXHILARATES, INVIGORATES, BUT WILL NOT INTOXICATE OR STUPIFY.

AS A MEDICINE, it is quick and effectual, curing the most aggravated cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and all other derangements of the Stomach and Bowels, in a speedy manner.

It will instantly relieve the most melancholy and depressing dyspepsia, and restore the weak, nervous and sickly to health and vigor.

From the injudicious use of liquors, have been caused, and from the nervous system, shattered, constitutions broken down and subject to that horrible cancer, the Dyspepsia, the Dr. HENRY THOMAS, will also get immediate relief the happy and healthy invigorating efficacy of Dr. HENRY THOMAS'S

WHAT IT WILL DO.

DOSE.—One wine glass full as often as necessary. One dose will remove all Bile.

One dose will cure Heartburn.

Three doses will cure Indigestion.

One dose will give you a Good Appetite.

One dose will stop the distressing pains of Dyspepsia.

One dose will remove the distressing and disagreeable effects of Wind or Flatulency, and a soon as the stomach receives the invigorating Spirit, the distressing load and all painful feelings will be removed.

One dose will remove the most distressing pains of Colic, either in the stomach or bowels.

A few doses will remove all obstructions in the Kidney, Bladder or Urinary Organs.

Persons who are acutely afflicted with any Kidney Complaint, are assuredly relieved by a dose or two, and a radical cure by the use of one or two bottles.

PERSONS WHO, from dissipation too much over night, and feel the evil effects of poisonous liquors, in violent headaches, dizziness at the eyes, giddiness, &c., will find one dose will remove all bad feelings.

Ladies of weak and sickly constitutions, should take the invigorating Spirit daily; it will make them strong, healthy and happy, remove all obstructions and regulate the menstrual organs, and restore the bloom of health and beauty to the countenance.

During pregnancy it will be found an invaluable medicine to all the pregnant women at the time.

The proprietor asks, is it a trial, and to induce this, he has put the INVIGORATING SPIRIT in pint bottles, at 50 cts. each.

General Depot, 48 Water Street, N. Y. Sold by Weeks & Potter, 151 Washington St., Boston, and in S. Danvers, by George E. Meacom, T. A. Sweetser, and by Druggists everywhere.

ly feb 29

H. & H. G. HUBON,

WASHINGTON STREET, SALEM.

Manufacturers of

Rose Wood, Mahogany, Black Walnut and Stained Wood

COFFINS AND CASKETS.

MAKING this our exclusive business, we are ready at all times and at the shortest notice to furnish Grave Clothes and Coffins in styles, well as Coffins and Caskets of the finest finish. Personal attention given, and delivered without extra charge to any of the neighboring towns. All orders by express or otherwise will receive prompt attention.

Black Walnut and White Wood

Boards, Plank and Joists

for sale.

dec 14-17

MUSICAL NOTICE.

CHICKERING & SONS' PIANO-FORTES.

ANN R. BRAY, No. 76 Federal Street, would

inform her friends in South Danvers, and the public generally that she keeps for sale and to let

the following Chickering & Sons' Piano Fortes. They are

selected with great care, and need only to be tried to prove their superiority over every other in the market. The very best

for sale and to let. For power and quality of tone none can

surpass them.

A. R. BRAY, 76 Federal Street.

dec 14-17

JOSEPH J. RIDER,

2 WEST BLOCK, 188 Essex Street.

feb 8

## NEWMAN & SYMONDS, DEALERS IN FAMILY GROCERIES, FLOUR AND GRAIN.

READY-MADE CLOTHING, GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES, &c.

South Danvers Square, opposite Congregational Church.

SAM'L. NEWMAN. NATH'L SYMONDS.

M. BLACK, JR.,

COAL AND WOOD,

OFFICE IN SQUARE AT RAILROAD FREIGHT DEPOT.

Order Box in Post Office.

THE CELEBRATED

FRANKLIN COAL

For sale by M. BLACK, JR.

MAKE YOUR OWN GAS!

Having bought the right to sell

JOHNSON'S

DOMESTIC SELF-GENERATING

GAS LIGHT

For South Danvers, I have appointed R. F. STEVENS, agent

for the sale of the complete apparatus, where they can be seen and will be for sale at his Jewelry Store, 16 Main St.

Jan 25-6m

WASHINGTON SYMONDS.

CO-PARTNERSHIP NOTICE. The Sub-

scriber, having sold his interest in the business of BROWN & SON, to Mr. J. H. PRICE, who has been in the employ

of the firm for the past ten years, retires from the business, and the firm will in future be conducted by the late partner and his

brother, under the style of

C. H. & J. PRICE.

Feeling grateful for the confidence reposed in him as a

Druggist and Apothecary, and for the confidence reposed in him as a

confidently recommending his successors as being worthy of a

continuance of it.

BENJAMIN BROWN.

C. H. & J. PRICE,

DRUGGISTS AND APOTHECARIES,

225 Essex St., Salem, Mass.



















## NO. 25.

person who in youth learns to exercise his

1000

1



**Republishing**  
ABRAHAM LINCOLN

To Correspondents:—We are obliged to state that the poetical, general and miscellaneous will appear in our paper. We have been able to select the most interesting and valuable material intended for the columns of the *Register*, and we are confident that the publication of the same will be for the benefit of the public. We have been able to select the most interesting and valuable material intended for the columns of the *Register*, and we are confident that the publication of the same will be for the benefit of the public.

**Now**—We have been able to select the most interesting and valuable material intended for the columns of the *Register*, and we are confident that the publication of the same will be for the benefit of the public.

**Following**—We have been able to select the most interesting and valuable material intended for the columns of the *Register*, and we are confident that the publication of the same will be for the benefit of the public.

**At the**—We have been able to select the most interesting and valuable material intended for the columns of the *Register*, and we are confident that the publication of the same will be for the benefit of the public.

**The**—We have been able to select the most interesting and valuable material intended for the columns of the *Register*, and we are confident that the publication of the same will be for the benefit of the public.

**Dear**—We have been able to select the most interesting and valuable material intended for the columns of the *Register*, and we are confident that the publication of the same will be for the benefit of the public.

**On**—We have been able to select the most interesting and valuable material intended for the columns of the *Register*, and we are confident that the publication of the same will be for the benefit of the public.

**Social**—We have been able to select the most interesting and valuable material intended for the columns of the *Register*, and we are confident that the publication of the same will be for the benefit of the public.

**Read**—We have been able to select the most interesting and valuable material intended for the columns of the *Register*, and we are confident that the publication of the same will be for the benefit of the public.

**It**—We have been able to select the most interesting and valuable material intended for the columns of the *Register*, and we are confident that the publication of the same will be for the benefit of the public.

**Mr. Editor:**—We have been able to select the most interesting and valuable material intended for the columns of the *Register*, and we are confident that the publication of the same will be for the benefit of the public.

**A. J. ARCHER**—We have been able to select the most interesting and valuable material intended for the columns of the *Register*, and we are confident that the publication of the same will be for the benefit of the public.

**South Danvers, P.**—We have been able to select the most interesting and valuable material intended for the columns of the *Register*, and we are confident that the publication of the same will be for the benefit of the public.

**Marriage**—We have been able to select the most interesting and valuable material intended for the columns of the *Register*, and we are confident that the publication of the same will be for the benefit of the public.

**Deaths**—We have been able to select the most interesting and valuable material intended for the columns of the *Register*, and we are confident that the publication of the same will be for the benefit of the public.



















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209

**PURE Strained HONEY and Honeycomb, at**  
LUNT & HART'S.

band and for sale by  
May 9

NEWMAN & SYMONDS,  
South Danvers Square.

EXTRA REFINED SUGARS just received  
LUNT & HART'S, Sutton's Block.

Coal and Wood Office, in the Square,  
North Danvers, April 25, 1863.



## CHEAP CASH STORE IN SOUTH DANVERS.

WEST INDIA GOODS, DRY GOODS, TEAS,  
FLOUR AND GRAIN, HARD WARE,  
CUTLERY, &c., &c.

Teas, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Mace, Spices,  
Cocoa, Chocolate, Shell, Salsaparilla, Soda, Potash,  
Cream Tartar, Fats, Corn Starch, Tapioca, Sugar,  
Cocoa and Fine Salt, Tobacco and Cigars.  
Butter, Cheese, Pork, Lard, Bacon.

**Oils.**  
Kerosene Oil, Spindle Oil, Whale Oil, Fluid.  
**Wooden Ware.**  
Pails, Buckets, and Tubs, Baskets, Brooms,  
Brushes.

**Brushes.**  
Stove, Shoe, White Wash, Hair, Floor and Horse.  
Currie Combs, Cattle Cards, Whips.

**Crockery.**  
White Granite Tea Sets, and Dining Sets. Pitch-  
ers, Bowls, Chamber Sets, Castors and Bottles.  
Glass Ware, Stone Ware, Earthen Ware.

**Plated Ware.**  
Silver Plated Spoons, Silver Plated Butter Knives,  
Silver Plated Forks, Silver Plated Salt Spoons.

**Cutlery.**  
Knives and Forks, Bread Knives, Shoe Knives,  
Pocket Knives, Clipping Knives.

**Hard Ware.**  
Shovels, Spades, Garden Trimmers, Hoes, Iron Rakes,  
Hay Tools, Saws, Files, Glimmers, Carpet Tacks,  
Screws, Bed Castors, &c., &c.

**Dry Goods.**  
Broad Cloth, Doe Skin, Variety of Pant Goods and  
Vestings. Bleached and Brown Sheet and Shirting.

**Clothing.**  
Gent's Furnishing Goods, Silk and Woolen Shirts,  
and Drawers, Collars and Neckties, Linen  
Bosoms, Suspender, &c.

**Medicines.**  
A good assortment of Patent Medicines, Russia Salve,  
Gould's Bitters, Atwood's Bitters, Skinner's Bitters,  
Essences and Extracts, Castor Oil, Salts, Sulphur.

**Fruits.**  
Dates, Prunes, Raisins, Nuts, &c.

All the above-named Goods can be found in the above  
store, and will be sold at the lowest prices for cash,  
and to which we would call the attention of the citi-  
zens of this place and vicinity, assuring them that we  
have adopted the LOW PRICE SYSTEM, and we are  
happy to say to our friends, our customers, and to all,  
that purchasers can rely upon getting better goods,  
and more of them, for their money, than at any other store  
in this place.

**R. O. SPILLER,**  
Nos. 131 and 133 Main Street, South Danvers.

**JOSEPH J. RIDER,**  
WOULD respectfully invite the attention of the  
citizens of South Danvers, to his stock of  
**JEWELRY, SILVER AND PLATED WARE,**  
to which he has just received large and desirable ad-  
ditions in various styles and at all prices.

**SILVER PLATED WARE.**  
Just opened, consisting of Tea Sets, several new  
styles, at fair prices. Also, a large variety of Cake  
Baskets, Castors, Cups, Spoon Holders, Toast Racks,  
Knives, Forks, &c., &c.

**IN SILVER WARE,**  
No greater variety, or better goods, can be found in  
Salem or Boston, my goods being purchased from the  
same manufacturers and at the same prices as the  
largest Boston and New York houses, and consists in  
part of, Knives, Forks, and Spoons, of all kinds, at  
various prices; Cups, Goblets, Children's Sets, Salt  
Cellars, and pairs and sets; Natural Grinders, Match  
Boxes, Card Cases, Napkin Rings, Ladies of all sizes,  
Bosom Holders, Knife Rests, &c., &c., all at fair  
prices, depending on finish and weight.

**JEWELRY.**  
In sets of Watch and Key Chains, from \$50 to \$150.  
Broad Pins from \$30 to \$50, Vest, Fob, Guard,  
Neck, and Chain, Chains, at a great range of prices.  
Pencil Cases, Lockets, Rings, and a full variety  
of Jewelry, in styles and prices.

J. J. R. has also for sale, the celebrated Old Boston  
Coffee and Tea Box, which, from personal experience,  
he can guarantee all that they are represented.  
A fine assortment of finest quality Silvers, Seasoners,  
Pen and Pocket Knives, of the best English manufac-  
ture, also Ivory Handle Table and Tea Knives.

Henry A. Brown & Co.'s celebrated Gold Pens.  
Manhattan Paste Powder, for cleansing Jewelry, Sil-  
ver and Plated Ware, manufactured by J. J. R. for his  
own use, and the new article, called Silver Soap,  
Brushes, and a full and complete assortment of articles gen-  
erally found at such an establishment.

Letter Engraving neatly executed, Watches, Clocks,  
and Jewelry repaired, and Accordeons tuned and put  
in order, at 133 Essex Street, Salem.  
dec 7

**SOUTH DANVERS**  
**COFFIN AND GASKET WAREHOUSE.**  
This subscriber would call the people of this place to  
the new and improved Coffin and Gasket Warehouse,  
Mahogany, Black Walnut, and Stained Wood  
**COFFINS.**

**AND GASKETS OF ALL SIZES.**  
Also Silver and Silver Plated Coffin Plates, of the  
latest patterns.

Grave Clothes of every description constantly on hand.  
All orders from the neighboring towns, by express, or other-  
wise, promptly attended to, and delivered personally, if desired.

**CHARLES S. BUFFUM,**  
Central Street, nearly opposite the Lowell Depot.  
On Sundays and evenings can be found at Simmons' Hotel.  
dec 14-17

**POWER'S MARBLE WORKS.**  
No. 11 St. Peter Street, Salem.

Chinese Plates, Monuments, Tablets, Bases and  
Table Tops, Sarcophagi and Brackets.

AND every description of MARBLE and SOAPSTONE work,  
executed promptly and reasonably.  
Those in want of any of the above kinds of work, will find  
they can do so as well here as in Boston.  
dec 14-17

**SO. DANVERS PERIODICAL STORE.**  
L. CHANDLER & CO.,

WOULD respectfully announce to the citizens of  
South Danvers that they have taken part of the  
store occupied by D. B. Brooks & Bro., in Allen's  
Building, where they intend to keep a good supply of  
Periodicals, Newspapers, Toys, &c.

The Boston Daily Herald, Journal, and Traveller,  
and all the principal Weekly Papers and Periodicals,  
can always be found on their counter.  
dec 14-17

**EDWARD'S PAINT CLEANER.** For sale  
GEORGE CREAMER,  
Brown Horse Block, 232 Essex Street.

## Cards.

**JOHN W. PROCTOR,**  
has taken rooms, in the  
2d, Story of the Union Building,  
nearly opposite the Monument.

Where he will be found from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., ready to at-  
tend to any business that may be entrusted to his care.  
South Danvers, Feb. 2nd, 1860.

**THOMAS M. STIMPSON,**  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
104 ESSEX STREET, SALEM.  
Residence Lowell Street, South Danvers.

**D. C. PERKINS,**  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
So. Danvers—Office in Allen's Building.

**H. O. WILBY,**  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
Office, Allen's Building, So. Danvers.

**IVES & PEABODY,**  
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,  
NO. 27 WASHINGTON STREET, SALEM.

Have removed their Office to  
Rooms formerly occupied by Hon. Otis P. Lord,  
27 WASHINGTON STREET, SALEM.  
STEWART D. IVER, JR. JOHN B. PEABODY.

**ALFRED A. ABBOTT,**  
Attorney and Counsellor,  
Office, No. 224 Essex Street, Salem;  
House, Main St., So. Danvers.

**SIDNEY C. BANCROFT,**  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
27 Washington Street, Salem.

Mr. Bancroft may be found mornings and evenings, at his  
home office, near the residence in South Danvers.  
December 7, 1859.

**A. S. CRAWFORD,**  
**DENTIST.**  
No. 4 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS SQUARE.

Mechanical Dentistry Neatly Executed.  
Teeth Extracted by Electricity without Extra Charge.  
dec 7

**W. L. BOWDOIN,**  
BURGEON DENTIST,  
No. 208 Essex Street, Salem, (Opposite the Market).

Residence—No. 57 Washington Street.  
Jan 11-ly

**W. POOLE,**  
INSURANCE AGENT,  
Allen's Building (up stairs).

Deeds drawn, and other common forms.

**SAMUEL DAVIS,**  
**HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING ROOM,**  
7 MAIN ST., SOUTH DANVERS.

**E. S. FLINT,**  
DEALER IN  
**WEST INDIA GOODS, COUNTRY PRODUCE,**  
No. 2 Main Street, South Danvers.

**EDWARD C. WEBSTER,**  
**ONE PRICE**  
**HAT, CAP AND FUR STORE,**  
231 ESSEX, and 31 WASHINGTON ST.

**Peabody Billiard Hall.**  
BATCHELDER'S BUILDING, MAIN STREET,  
SOUTH DANVERS.

**H. C. LARABEE—(Proprietors)—A. W. FORBES**  
Jan 13

**Heylingberg's**  
Famously Hair—Cutting, Curling, Shaving and  
**SHAMPOOING SALOON,**  
No. 24 Main Street, - - - South Danvers.

**HENRY L. WHIDDEN,**  
**PAINTER, GRATER,**  
**AND PAPERER,**  
Central Street, South Danvers, Opposite South Church.

All orders promptly and faithfully executed.  
dec 14-17

**WHIPPLE & FRIEND,**  
**PAINTERS,**  
**GLAZIERS AND PAPER HANGERS,**  
88 Main Street, opposite Monument, S. Danvers.

All orders promptly attended to; a share of patronage solicited.  
J. J. WHIPPLE. A. FRIEND.

**E. S. FLINT,**  
Manufacturer and Dealer in  
**INNER SOLES,**  
AND SHOE STIFFENINGS OF ALL KINDS.  
2 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS.

**B. R. PERKINS,**  
**PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST,**  
241 Essex Street, Salem.

Patent Ambrotypes, Stereoscopes,  
Photographs, Stereotypes, Melanotypes, and patent leather  
Pictures, of various sizes, taken with all the improvements of  
the art. Portraits, Miniatures, Engravings, &c., executed  
with accuracy and neatness.  
dec 14-17

**CHARLES S. BUFFUM,**  
Central St., nearly opposite Lowell Depot, So. Danvers.

**CABINET MAKER,**  
FURNITURE MADE, REPAIRED & VARNISHED.  
UPHOLSTERY WORK IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.  
Carpet made to order. Case Chairs now seated.

**CURRIER & MILLETT,**  
Dealers in  
**FURNITURE, CHAIRS,**  
MATTRESSES, FEATHERS, &c.  
253 & 261 ESSEX ST.

**J. PERKINS, JR.**  
**BOOK-BINDER**  
—AND—  
Blank Book Manufacturer,  
109 Essex Street, Salem.

Blank Account Books of every pattern, ruled and bound to  
order. Periodicals and Magazines of every description, bound  
in every variety of style, on reasonable terms. Particular at-  
tention given to binding Piano Music. All orders promptly  
attended to.  
dec 14-17

**GREEN CURTAIN PAPER,** 37 inches wide, of a  
superior color. Just received and for sale at  
GEORGE CREAMER'S Bookstore.

## NEWMAN & SYMONDS,

DEALERS IN  
**FAMILY GROCERIES,**  
**FLOUR AND GRAIN,**  
READY-MADE CLOTHING, GENTS' FUR-  
NISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS,  
BOOTS, SHOES, &c.

South Danvers Square, opposite Congregational Church.  
SAM'L NEWMAN. NATH'L SYMONDS.

**M. BLACK, JR.,**  
**COAL AND WOOD,**  
OFFICE IN SQUARE AT RAILROAD FREIGHT DEPOT.  
Order Box in Post Office.

**THE CELEBRATED**  
**FRANKLIN COAL**  
For sale by M. BLACK, Jr.

**Light!**  
HAVING made arrangements with the Boston Kerosene  
Oil Company, for a full supply of Oil for the coming winter,  
I shall be prepared to sell  
"Downer's Pure Kerosene Oil,"  
as cheap as can be bought at retail in this vicinity.

**KEROSENE LAMPS,**  
of every description, at a lower price than ever. Also, Glass  
and Brass Shades, Wicks, Burners, Chimneys, &c., all of  
which is offered at the lowest Cash Prices.  
at 135 & 133 Main Street.  
dec 7

**JOSEPH J. RIDER,**  
(Late of the firm of Bridge, Lummas & Rider, Man-  
ufacturing Jewellers of New York.)  
DEALER IN  
**FINE JEWELRY,**  
SILVER AND PLATED WARE,  
GOLD AND SILVER SPECTACLES.

**NO. 188 ESSEX ST., SALEM.**  
Watches and Accordeons repaired, and Engraving neatly ex-  
ecuted, by Mr. G. Derby, formerly with Mr. K. Lakeman.

**REMOVAL.**  
**JOSEPH J. RIDER,** would inform his friends  
and the public, that he has removed from 249 Essex Street,  
to the New and Spacious Store,  
NO. 2 WEST BLOCK, 188 ESSEX STREET, SALEM,  
Agent for the sale of the best quality of the "Downer's Pure"  
Kerosene Oil, and the "Downer's Pure" Kerosene Lamps, and  
where he will be constantly found a full and extensive assortment of  
Jewelry, and Silver Plated Ware.

In the newest and most desirable styles, and at prices as low as  
such goods can be purchased in Boston or New York.  
Grateful for the liberal patronage of this city and vicinity for the  
last season, he trusts that the same liberal patronage will be  
accorded to him in the future, and he desires to be  
satisfied, endeavor to meet a continuance thereof.

**JOSEPH J. RIDER,**  
188 ESSEX ST., SALEM.  
dec 7

**Gas and Steam Pipes and Gas Fixtures.**  
**E. H. STATEN,**  
GAS, STEAM, AND WATER FITTER,  
GAS, STEAM AND WATER FITTER,  
161 Essex St., Lynde Block, Salem, Mass.

**GAS FIXTURES**  
Of every description for Lighting Stores, Dwellings, Public  
Buildings, Churches, &c.  
Old Gas Fixtures and Lamps refurnished to look as well as  
new. Gas Valves, Wrought Iron Pipes for Water, Rubber  
Hose Man-hold Lamps, Sheet and Ring Packings for steam  
work constantly on hand.

Agent for the sale of the best quality of the "Downer's Pure"  
Kerosene Oil, and the "Downer's Pure" Kerosene Lamps, and  
where he will be constantly found a full and extensive assortment of  
Jewelry, and Silver Plated Ware.

**EZEKIEL GOSS,**  
**DECORATIVE UPHOLSTERER,**  
And dealer in every description of  
**UPHOLSTERY GOODS,**  
Trimmings and Ornaments.

**FURNITURE, BEDDING,**  
Patent Portable Bed Chair, for the sick.  
BEDS AND FEATHERS RENOVATED.

Wire Screens; Shores and other Window Shades; Ve-  
netian Blinds; Mattresses and Pillow Cases; Wheel-  
ers, Brays, and other Curious Devices; Carpet, Car-  
pets, and Repairing Work, on reasonable terms, and  
warranted. Drapery arranged according to the latest  
style.  
279 Essex Street, Salem.  
dec 14-17

**MAKE YOUR OWN GAS!**  
Having bought the right to sell  
**JOHNSON'S**  
**DOMESTIC SELF-GENERATING**  
**GAS LIGHT**

for South Danvers, I have appointed B. F. STEVENS sole  
Agent for the sale of the complete apparatus, where they can  
be seen and will be for sale at his dwelling, 16 Main St.,  
Jan 25-26

**GEORGE E. MEACOM,**  
Dealer in  
**DRUGS & MEDICINES,**  
Fancy and Toilet Articles, &c.,  
120-122 MAIN ST., 120  
Nearly opposite Danvers Bank, . . . South Danvers.

**ROSE WOOD, Mahogany, Black Walnut and**  
**Stained Wood**  
**COFFINS AND CASKETS.**  
MAKING this our exclusive business, we are ready at all  
times and at the shortest notice to furnish Grave Cloths  
of various styles, as well as Coffins and Caskets of the finest  
quality. Personal attention given, and delivered without extra  
charge to any of the neighboring towns. All orders by express,  
or otherwise will receive prompt attention.

**Black Walnut and White Wood**  
**Boards, Plank and Joists**  
for sale.  
dec 14-17

**GOLD AND SILVER SPECTACLES AND**  
**EYE GLASSES.** A new and fine assortment just re-  
ceived. Also a large assortment of Steel Bow Spectacles, and  
Glasses. Rubber, and Steel frame single and double Eye  
Glasses. New glasses fitted to suit the eye, at short notice.  
dec 14-17

**JOSEPH J. RIDER,** 2 West Block—188 Essex St.

## Dyspepsia Remedy.

This Medicine has been used by the public for six years,  
with increasing favor. It is recommended to Cure  
Dyspepsia, Nervousness, Heart-burn, Colic,  
Pain, Wind in Stomach or Pains in the  
Bowels, Headache, Drowsiness, Kidney  
Complaints, Low Spirits, Delirium,  
Tremors, Intemperance.

It stimulates, exhilarates, invigorates,  
BUT WILL NOT INTOXICATE OR STUPIFY.

AS A MEDICINE, it is quick and effectual,  
in curing the most aggravated cases of Dyspepsia, Kidney  
Complaints, and all other derangements of the Stomach and  
Bowels, in a speedy manner.

It will instantly revive the most melancholy and drooping  
spirits, and restore the weak, nervous and sickly to health,  
strength and vigor.

Persons who, from the injudicious use of liquors, have be-  
come debilitated, and their nervous systems, shattered, consti-  
tutions broken down and subject to that horrible cure to  
be known as "Dyspepsia," will, also, feel immediately  
relieved, the "Dyspepsia" removed, and the healthy and happy  
feeling of the happy and healthy invigorating efficacy of Dr. Han's  
invigorating Spirit.

**WHAT IT WILL DO.**  
Dose—One wine glass full as often as necessary.  
One dose will remove all Indigestion.  
One dose will cure the distressing pains of Dyspepsia.  
One dose will remove the distressing and disagreeable  
effects of Wind or Flatulence, and as soon as the stomach re-  
ceives the invigorating Spirit, the distressing load and all  
painful feelings will be removed.  
One dose will remove the most distressing pains of Colic,  
diarrhea, the stomach or bowels.  
A few doses will remove all obstructions in the Kidney,  
Bladder or Urinary Organs.  
Persons who are continually afflicted with any Kidney Com-  
plaints are assured speedily relieved by a dose of one, and a  
radical cure by the use of one or two bottles.

**NIGHTLY DISTRIBUTION.**  
Persons who, from dissipating too much over night, and  
feeling the effects of poisonous liquors, in violent headaches,  
sickness at stomach, weakness, giddiness, &c., will find one  
dose will remove all bad feelings.  
Persons who are continually afflicted with any Kidney Com-  
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# THE WIZARD.

VOL. I.

SOUTH DANVERS, MASS., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6, 1860.

NO. 27.

## THE WIZARD

At Allen's Building, So. Danvers Square,

CHAS. D. HOWARD, Proprietor.

F. POOLE, Editor.

Terms \$2.00 a Year; for Immediate Payment, \$1.50.

### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Half a Square, 3 wks. 3 mos. 1 year.  
One Square, 1.00 2.00 3.00  
Quarter of a Column, 1.00 2.00 3.00  
16 lines of Nonpareil type are equal to a square.  
Of course per line will be charged for notices of meetings for political, civic, or religious purposes, notices of societies, cards of acknowledgments, &c.  
The privilege of Annual Advertisers is limited to their own immediate business; and all advertisements for the benefit of other persons, as well as legal advertisements, and advertisements of real estate, or auction sales, sent in by them, must be paid for at the usual rates.

S. M. PETERSON & Co., No. 10 State Street, Boston, and 119 Nassau Street, New York, are authorized to receive Advertisements for this paper.  
S. M. Peterson, successor to V. B. Palmer, is also authorized to receive advertisements for this paper.

Book and Job Printing  
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,  
Executed with Neatness and Despatch,  
AT THIS OFFICE.

### Cards.

JOHN W. PROCTOR,  
has taken rooms, in the  
2d, Story of the Union Building,  
nearly opposite the Monument,  
Where he will be found from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., ready to attend to any business that may be entrusted to his care.  
South Danvers, Feb. 29th, 1860.

THOMAS M. STIMPSON,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
194 ESSEX STREET, SALEM.  
Residence Lowell street, South Danvers.  
Jan 4-ly

B. O. PERKINS,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
So. Danvers—Office in Allen's Building.

H. O. WILEY,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
Office, Allen's Building, So. Danvers.

LYRS & PEABODY,  
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,  
Have removed their Office to  
Rooms formerly occupied by Hon. Otis P. Lord,  
NO. 47 WASHINGTON STREET, SALEM.  
STEPHEN B. LYRS, JR. JOHN B. PEABODY.  
December 7, 1859.

ALFRED A. ABBOTT,  
Attorney and Counsellor,  
Office, No. 224 Essex Street, Salem;  
House, Main St., So. Danvers.

SIDNEY C. BANCROFT,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
27 Washington Street, Salem.  
Mr. Bancroft may be found mornings and evenings, at his home office, near his residence in South Danvers.  
December 7, 1859.

A. S. CRAWFORD,  
DENTIST,  
No. 4 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS SQUARE.  
Mechanical Dentistry Neatly Executed.  
Teeth Extracted by Electricity without Extra Charge.  
dec 7

W. L. BOWDOIN,  
SURGEON DENTIST,  
No. 208 Essex Street, Salem, (Opposite the Market).  
Residence—No. 57 Washington street.  
Jan 11-ly

F. POOLE,  
INSURANCE AGENT,  
Allen's Building (up stairs).  
Deaths drawn, and other common forms.

SAMUEL DAVIS,  
HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING ROOM,  
7 MAIN ST., SOUTH DANVERS.

E. S. PLINT,  
DEALER IN  
WEST INDIA GOODS, COUNTRY PRODUCE,  
No. 2 Main Street, South Danvers.

EDWARD C. WEBSTER,  
ONE PRICE  
HAT, CAP AND FUR STORE,  
231 ESSEX, and 34 WASHINGTON ST.,

Peabody Billiard Hall.  
BATCHELDER'S BUILDING, MAIN STREET,  
SOUTH DANVERS.

H. C. LARRABEE—(Proprietors)—A. W. FORTNELL

HENRY L. WHIDDEN,  
PAINTER, GLAZIER,  
AND PAPERER,  
Central Street, South Danvers, Oppo. South Church.  
All orders promptly and faithfully executed.  
dec 14 15

WHIPPLE & FRIEND,  
PAINTERS,  
GLAZIERS AND PAPER HANGERS,  
88 Main street, opposite Monument, S. Danvers.  
All orders promptly attended to; a share of patronage solicited.  
J. J. WHIPPLE. A. FRIEND.

## Original Poetry.

### AN HOUR WITH THEE.

BY FRANK PHIBBS.

An hour with thee, when gorgeous morn  
Her glorious garb of beauty takes!  
When hill or dale from darkness born  
In golden hues to vision breaks,  
How sweet beneath the forest tree  
To pass a blissful hour with thee!

An hour with thee, when sunlight's ray  
With sultry heat at noon-tide reigns,  
When Sol's bright light on flowerets play  
And birds for forests leave the plains;  
Oh then beneath the greenwood tree  
How sweet to dwell an hour with thee!

When eve steals on, with gentle march  
And silver moonlight glides the lake,  
Whose waves reflect the azure arch  
Till stars from ripples seem to break,—  
Upon its marge what bliss 't would be  
To wander there an hour with thee!

An hour with thee, when later still  
In grandeur mild night's beauties shine,  
When pearls drop from the flashing oar,  
And Heaven and Earth blend hues divine,  
How joyous on the mimic sea,  
To float along an hour with thee!

An hour with thee, morn, noon, or night,—  
Thy gentle eyes to mine upraised,  
Thrilling my heart with wealth of light,  
Nor envying monarchs as I gazed,  
Oh joy of joys! one short hour passed,  
We wish that hour might always last.

### ODE (Owed) To MY TAILOR.

Your little note is just at hand,  
I fear my heart 'twill break,  
The manifesto has been unmanly;  
Do not such measures take.

To dun me when I am undone,  
Seems very hard to me,  
I felt at once there was no fun  
Entailed by owing thee.

A cuff I've often had from you,  
And never got provoked,  
But now your cholers up, you'd collar me,  
I do not like the joke.

Shear nonsense it would be to sue,  
You could not gain the suit,  
I have re-covered oft from you  
That charge I'll not refute.

Since I invested in the vest,  
I've been o'errun with cares;  
For so-so (new-sew) 't was made at best,  
And now I'm sewing tears.

Now list to me a moment, do!  
These breeches make me sad,  
Because I happen to owe you,  
It should not make you mad.

You must not cut me in the street,  
The tie to you was dear,  
I know 'twill keep my choler down,  
Though your's will rise I fear.

I hope the little ode to you  
Will make you think of me,  
And when thy thread of life is snapped,  
Gravely I'll sigh for thee.

LUDO GRAPHO.

New York, May 25, 1860.

## An Original Sketch.

### A DRUNKARD'S FAMILY.

BY MABEL LORNE.

"Raise me up mother, and lay my head upon your breast; I shall be easier then. Do not weep, dear mother, your tears should be tears of joy, that I am dying and leaving a life so miserable. To be sure, I have lived almost eighty years, and I have not been a cripple, or suffered until within a year a great pain; but I have always been a frail, tender thing, unable to aid you in your great poverty as I would if I had been strong and well. But now I am dying, going to meet my Maker—do not weep so, mother; you have been a kind, good mother to me, and God will bless you for it, if not in this world, he will in another. A drunkard's child can never expect to live and enjoy health, for it is contrary to the laws of nature. Now lay me down—lightly, dear mother—for I am very weak. Now raise Chester and Eva and let me kiss them, for the dark angel beckons for me and will not wait; I have not many moments more for this world. There, God bless you, Chester and Eva, be good children and mind mother; Flavia is going to Heaven to live with God, and you can never see him again in this world, but if you are good, you too can come to Heaven, where none want for food or clothes, where there is no weeping and sorrow, where there is no unkind words or cruel blows, but love and happiness. How I wish father would come, so that I could bid him good bye, but I fear he will not. You must be kind to him." And now, the maiden's voice grew lower and softer, "kiss me once—dear mother—I cannot talk—any more now—for the delivering angel calleth—impatiently." The girl then closed her eyes and meekly crossed her hands over her white breast.

This home which we have so abruptly entered, is the abode of poverty and suffering—

the earthly home of a drunkard's family. The few articles of furniture arranged in those two narrow apartments surely bespeak poverty.—Every thing is scrupulously neat, but faded, worn and patched to the last degree.

Upon an apparently time-worn bedstead reclines the dying maiden, a dark-haired, beautiful girl—although death has pale her cheek and dimmed her eye—of some seventeen summers. By her bed-side a pale, care worn woman of but little more than thirty, stands weeping, and two children, a boy of six and a girl of eight, stand looking upon the calm, beautiful face of their dying sister.

Her death was not painful; her breath came fainter and weaker, and at last she ceased to breathe altogether.

Her mother threw herself upon the couch by the side of the dead girl and wept piteously.—The children crouched together upon the floor and wept too with fright and grief.

A heavy, uncertain step was just then heard coming up the creaking stair case, and through the long dark passage, over the uncertain boards of which he stumbled and once or twice nearly fell. The children crept yet closer together as if to defend each other, from some coming cruelty, while the woman gently kissed the corpse and then raised herself and cast back her dishevelled hair disclosing a face deadly pale with dark, sparkling eyes. All her tears were brushed away and she stood there calm, but terrible in her calmness, it seemed so unnatural.

The door was rudely pushed open and the form of what had once been a man came slowly, staggering into the room.

"No supper ready yet, and no fire, neither," were his first words, "why didn't you have a fire?"

"We haven't got any wood, father," replied Eva.

"Well, why didn't you have some,"—but he stopped abruptly upon meeting his wife's stern pitiless eyes, and tried to move away so they should not rest upon him.

"Richard Earle, come here and see your work; see my beautiful Flavia, dead and gone. Will you not again solemnly promise to do as a man should, to leave room, that hellish compound alone, as you did by the side of the dead bodies of those five children that have preceded this lovely flower to Heaven—true they are better off there, but what of that; you have been their murderer. They were born tainted with that curse that runs in the blood of every drunkard's child, and they have been beaten, and starved, and driven with you in the misery called them home. And you will keep that vow as you have kept those five vows made before. These children," and she pointed to the two crouched, weeping at her feet, "will soon follow; they are fast wasting away and even now the seal of another existence is set upon their brows." And the wretched woman threw herself upon the bed, unable longer to bear from tears, while the semblance of our Heavenly Father moodily passed from the apartment, leaving his wife alone with her children and her great grief.

At the age of sixteen, Ellen Town was married to Richard Earle with the full consent of her parents and hearty congratulations of all her friends. Even then he drank, but it was the fashion, and as he did not drink to excess, no one noticed it. He was a man of good mind and intellect, a good mechanic, in business for himself, and doing well; in every way it was considered by all friends—and those of sound sense, too—a most advantageous alliance.—But, alas! for all hopes; before they had been married eight years he was a bankrupt, and solely from his inattention to business. They were sent from their pleasant home, out into the world to start again in life. For a few months he worked manfully to retrieve his steps but not being blessed with a vast amount of force, he speedily began to tread the down hill path again, and at the expiration of the seventh year of their wedded life, they were as we have seen, at the bottom of the ladder. He was a confirmed sot, doing no work to maintain his family. His wife had for sometime taken in washing and plain sewing, the proceeds of which were hardly sufficient to keep the souls and bodies of the members of her little family together, but it was all they got and it had to suffice. Flavia until within a year had been a great assistant to her mother.

Mrs. Earle's parents and sisters—brothers, she had none—were living but a few miles from her, and they would willingly assist her if she would leave her husband, which she decidedly refused to do. She many times thought when he had been unusually unkind she would, but upon reflecting upon the subject she would decide not to do it. She feared that the children would be taken from her, and knowing Richard Earle better than any one else did, she well knew that if she went away firmly refusing to live with him, he would put an end to his existence, and the idea would haunt her, for the rest of her days, that she was his murderer.—No, she would not go, she would remain and get along the best she could.

Almost two years have passed away, and we again find her at the death-bed of—not of either of her children, for they both left this world of care long ago—but, at the death-bed of her husband.

In a drunken fray he was shot two days ago, and now lays dying upon the same bed and in the same dreary room, where two years ago we saw the dying throes of the beautiful Flavia. The only changes that meet the eye in this room, is in the character of this little sketch. The two children and the dead body of the girl

are gone, while the father and mother bear upon their faces and forms the work of "time's effacing fingers," in the shape of lines, wrinkles and hollows.

"I'm going now, Ellen, and all I ask of you is forgiveness for the curse that I have made the last twenty years of your life. I have been your dark angel, and I am well aware that what I am asking of you is a great deal, but you will give it?"

"I will, Richard, most earnestly," and she bent down and kissed the cold and dewy brow that lay before her.

Then he began to rave; he seemed to imagine that fiends were clustered around him thirsting for his blood and he began to battle them, and so with that terrible chimera ringing in his brain he breathed his last. Gently and caressingly the freed woman bent down and closed his eyes and straitened his convulsive form.

Again another period has slipped by, and we find Mrs. Ellen Earle a happy bride. These five years have changed her much, but all for the better, and as she stands there leaning upon the arm of George Clair, so happy and so lively in the bridal array, it does not seem as if she could be the same care-worn woman that we have seen twice before. But it is.

She went to L—, to her sister's, where she was gladly welcomed, and there she met the one who is now her husband. He is a wealthy merchant, early in life left a widower. He has no children nor no near attachments, his house having been presided over by a hired house keeper. He met Mrs. Earle and was attracted by her kind, gentle ways; he cultivated her acquaintance and two months ago asked her to become his wife. She told her sad life, history, minutely, and asked him if he would be a true husband to her, as her first one was not. His answer we suppose must have been in the affirmative, as we have seen her his bride commencing wedded life again, with we trust, a happier continuation.

The life of a drunkard's wife seldom brightens, but this is one exception, and not an imaginary one as it is a true sketch although very roughly drawn.

### DRIVING A PARSON ASHORE.

A great many very probable stories are told of accidents and hair breadth 'scapes by sea and land. The traveller who finds himself on board a Mississippi steamer, will occasionally meet a grim monster, who has shaken hands with the steamer, and has been rescued at considerably less than a short moment's notice.

We were a fortunate collection, on board the 'Yorktown,' upon one of her downward trips last season, and with a full river, and a rapid current, were making headway, at more than a twenty mile lick, down stream, on a clear day early in November.

'Drinks all around' had been the order of the evening (with a certain coterie of friends), the occupation being varied only by 'cobbles for the party,' snifters for the crowd, or 'slugs for the entire company,' until, by common consent, the 'mourners' settled themselves down into comparative quiet.

Most of the passengers had disappeared for the night, and only a knot of 'hard heads' were left upon the deck. Those remained till day light, amusing each other with long yarns. At early morning, they had drawn some half a dozen listeners around them, among whom was a superstitious imposter, in rusty black and straight hair, who was endeavoring to palm himself off for a clergyman, and who was strongly suspected by one of the story tellers. The principle object of the most prominent speaker (who was a rough, but good natured Virginian) seemed to be to impress upon the mind of this Rev. the dangers and jeopardies of steam travelling; more particularly in boats, more especially upon rivers, and more peculiarly on the Mississippi river! The parson had said little, but he gave his neighbors to understand that all his predictions were in favor of the 'doctrine of fore-ordination.'

'Whatever is to be, will be,' sighed the rusty gentleman, as the Virginian concluded an account of a dreadful steamboat accident which occurred only a few days previously.

'You b'lieve it, do you stranger?'

'Indeed, my friend, I do.'

'Praps you never heern tell o' that orful catastrophe as took place hereabouts some time ago?'

'Mercy! No.'

'Last year afo' Christmas—'

'To what?'

'To the steamer Shorter.'

'No! Where?'

'On this very river.'

'How?'

'Bust her biler.'

'When?'

'Just about this time o' day.'

'The day—I mean, you don't say so!'

'Oh yes. What is ter be, will be—and a feller can't help it.'

The tabs of a dingy white neck cloth dangled at the side of the narrator's chair, and a pair of dingier grey eyes were fixed upon the Virginian, as he proceeded.

'How did it happen?' asked the reverend gentleman.

'Wal, We had a fello' abo'd, as was struck wit a fit o' 'preachin', and the cuss never'd sleep o' nights, but keep a hollerin', cos he was afeared sunthin' would split afo' day, he said, we was such a wicked set, and he'd try to hev sum uv us put ashore. He was a Jonah, cuss

him but we fixed him afo' we got through.'

'How?' asked the parson.

'How? W'y we left him ashore!'

'Where?'

'On the river, yere.'

'In the night?'

'No. Just about this time! We overhauled

a boat as was runnin' in the opposition (at a wood yard below), and afo' we knew whar we was, the Cap'n had sot our craft under weigh agin (for the feller had started off ahead of us, in a hurry), and we was, soon neck and neck. The pitch knots was crammed into the furnaces right smart, stranger, and away we went, sometimes afo' and sometimes abreast of the 'Shorter.' Wal, we finally hove in sight of another wood yard, whar we had to stop to take in fuel. We veered round to the sho' and made fast in a jiffy.'

'Well,' said the parson, as his eyes started in their sockets.

'Wal, thar was a heap o' steam on her, and we had made up our minds that what 'was to be, would be,' and it wasn't o' no use to be skeert afo' we was hurt; 'n so we jes naturally insisted that the other craft must be bent any how.'

'Well!'

'Wal, wot do you suppose the Cap'n did, stranger?'

'Can't say.'

'He druv one end of a cro'bar into the loop over the 'scape valve (which was bobbin' up an down, and lettin' off the extra steam) and jes set himself down on the other end uv it!'

'The devil he did!'

'The what stranger?'

'I say it can't be possible!'

'But I say he did, though, and thar he sot till she blo'd up!'

'Busted?'

'O, yes! When we started from the sho' at the fast turn of the wheel on her she busted into a thousand splinters.'

'Awful!' says the parson.

'The Cap'n was never heerd of on. I was standin' on the upper deck,' continued the Virginian, 'and the feller as wanted to preach so bad, was heavin' the pitch in to the fires when she bust.'

'And you never saw him more?' inquired the parson in breathless suspense.

'O yes. As me and the smoke pipe went up, we met the cuss coming down!'

'Well,' continued the imposter.

'Well, I knowed he was a feller, and thar the Virginian, 'an' ef he hadn't a bin done fer, as he was, 'n a wicked um to death, for palmin' himself off for a parson, which he wasn't!'

The gentleman with the straight hair and seedy coat turned pale upon this, and at the conclusion of the story the bell rang below, the steam pipe sent forth its thunder, and the boat veered round in front of another wood yard.

'What's that?' asked the pretended parson.

'We're heavin' ashore! This is the very yard!'

The imposter scrambled ashore, up the steep bank, and when the last bell rung nothing was seen of him. We had been detained half an hour at the yard and were now quietly making our way down stream, close to the shore, when from a bluff on the bank, a mile or so below the wood yard, our missing parson was suddenly discovered, shaking his clenched fist most lustily at the Virginian friend, who was first to espy him.

The only reply vouchsafed by his tormentor, to his pugnacious demonstration was certain twisting of his fingers in front of his phiz, while his thumb rested gently upon the tip of his nose! We continued on our course, and the last I saw of the frightened 'parson,' he was rushing along the river's bank at the top of his speed, and evincing a most religious desire to find a big stone to hurl at the head of his persecutor, who soon left him to his own reflections.

PRETTY FAIR.—A milk man of this city was accosted on the morning of the first day in January by one of his negroes. Bill had charge of the cows, and coming up with one hand on his woolly top-knot, and describing a semi-circular scrape with his right leg, the following dialogue ensued:

'Massa, new year's gift for dis child if you please!'

'Well, Bill, here's a dollar for you.'

'Tankey, massa, dis will do for me; but de cows, massa,—dey want new year's gift, too.'

'Well, Bill, you may give them a sheaf of oats each, and mind you give the cow that gives the most milk, two sheaves.'

'Yes massa, I'll do dat berry ting. Gosh!'

With that Bill made his exit, dancing a double shuffle to the tune of "Shinbone Alley," and evidently highly delighted with the idea of bestowing a proper reward, by way of encouragement, upon the most meritorious of his milking charge.

Some short time after, our milkman went out to see how Bill and the cows got along. Finding him in the cow-yard, he called out to him—

'Ho! Bill, did you give the oats to the cows?'

'Yes, massa, I did.'

'Very well—but halloo! what are those two bundles on the pump for?'

'Why, good Lor, massa, you know berry well dat him are de ole cow dat gib the most milk!'

'What! the pump give milk, you blak rascal?'

'To be sure him does massa; don't we milk him every morning? He no gib de white milk, but he gib de blue milk plenty, so me gib him two—ya! ya!'











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ess, charity.   
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nowledga of our Lord

[illegible]







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# THE WIZARD.

VOL. I.

SOUTH DANVERS, MASS., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27, 1860.

NO. 30

## THE WIZARD

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

At Allen's Building, So. Danvers Square,

CHAS. D. HOWARD, Proprietor.

F. POOLE, Editor.

Terms \$2.00 a Year; for Immediate Payment, \$1.50.

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S. M. PETERSON & Co., No. 10 State Street, Boston, are authorized to receive Advertisements for this paper.  
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**Book and Job Printing**  
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,  
Executed with Neatness and Despatch,  
AT THIS OFFICE.

### Cards.

JOHN W. PROCTOR,  
has taken rooms, in the  
2d, Story of the Union Building,  
nearly opposite the Monument.

Where he will be found from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., ready to attend to any business that may be entrusted to his care.  
South Danvers, Feb. 29th, 1860.

THOMAS M. STIMPSON,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
194 ESSEX STREET, SALEM.  
Residence Lowell street, South Danvers.  
Jan 4-ly

B. C. PERKINS,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
So. Danvers—Office in Allen's Building.

M. O. WILEY,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
Office, Allen's Building, So. Danvers.

IVES & PEABODY,  
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,  
Have removed their Office to  
Rooms formerly occupied by Hon. Otis P. Lord,  
No. 27 WASHINGTON STREET, SALEM.  
STEPHEN D. IVES, JR. JOHN B. PEABODY.  
December 7, 1859.

ALFRED A. ABBOTT,  
Attorney and Counsellor,  
Office, No. 224 Essex Street, Salem;  
House, Main St., So. Danvers.

SIDNEY C. BANCROFT,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
27 Washington Street, Salem.  
Mr. Bancroft may be found mornings and evenings, at his home office, near his residence in South Danvers.  
December 7, 1859.

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DENTIST,  
No. 4 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS SQUARE.  
Mechanical Dentistry Neatly Executed.  
Teeth Extracted by Electricity without Extra Charge.  
dec 7

W. L. BOWDOIN,  
SURGEON DENTIST,  
No. 206 Essex Street, Salem, (Opposite the Market).  
Residence—No. 57 Washington street,  
Jan 11-ly

F. POOLE,  
INSURANCE AGENT,  
Allen's Building (up stairs),  
Deaths drawn, and other common forms.

SAMUEL DAVIS,  
HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING ROOM,  
7 MAIN ST., SOUTH DANVERS.

E. S. FLINT,  
DEALER IN  
WEST INDIA GOODS, COUNTRY PRODUCE,  
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H. C. LARRABEE—(Proprietors)—A. W. FORTNEY  
Jan 13

HENRY L. WHIDDEN,  
PAINTER & GLAZIER,  
AND PAPERER,  
Central Street, South Danvers, Opposite South Church.  
All orders promptly and faithfully executed.  
dec 14

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88 Main street, opposite Monument, S. Danvers.  
All orders promptly attended to; a share of patronage solicited.  
J. J. WHIPPLE. A. FRIEND.

## Selected Story.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

WORK AND WORRY.

BY MARGARET LYON.

I have two neighbors who interest me considerably. For some time past I have been observing them closely; observing them as a philosopher. The humanitarian aspect of the case I keep out of sight as much as possible, as that would disturb my mind. A philosopher you know, must dwell in a serene atmosphere. One of my neighbors is a poor woman, with four children wholly dependent on her labor for food and clothing. The other is the wife of a citizen comfortably well off, and has two servants to do the work of her household. It is about two years since I first commenced observing them, and both have failed considerably in that time. If the work of exhaustion continues as rapidly as it has been going on for the last twelve months, it will only take a year or two more to complete their life histories. My poor neighbor I think will hold out longest, as the disease from which she is suffering does not break down the constitution so quickly as the one that has robbed my other neighbor's cheeks of their bloom, and her step of its lightness.

Yesterday I called in to see Mrs. M., my poor neighbor. I found her standing over a washing tub, with a pale, weary face. It was three o'clock in the afternoon, and from the quantity and condition of her work, it was plain that she had yet two hours of exhausting labor before her.

'Always hard at work, Mrs. M.,' said I. 'Yes,' she answered with a faint smile. 'I and work are old friends.'

'Work,' I remarked, 'is a friend that sticks to some people closer even than a brother.'

'You may well say that,' was her reply to this, with an amused expression on her thin face. 'I am work's favorite sister.'

I smiled in return and said: 'You manage to keep cheerful with it all, Mrs. M.'

'Not always cheerful, and never very sad.—I sing at my work sometimes, and that makes it lighter.'

I glanced around the room. To my eyes every thing wore a cheerless aspect. Two neglected children were playing on the floor. Perhaps I ought not to say neglected, for their faces were clean, and their clothes not in very bad condition. Yet it was plain to see that the mother's hands were too full of care to attend to them properly.

'Singing,' said I, 'is better than sighing. I am glad you have heart enough to sing at your work.'

'Why shouldn't I? Everybody has to work; some harder than others it is true, but it all goes in the lifetime. I am too thankful to get work, to sit down and cry over it.'

'And so you sing to make it lighter?' 'Yes,' she answered in a quiet way. 'Your health is not very good?' said I.

'Not so good as it was a year ago. I tire more quickly and suffer often with bad headaches. Of late, I have been a good deal troubled with a pain in my side. But I try not to think of it. Thinking about pains and troubles you know, always makes them worse.'

'I know some people,' said I, 'who would be happier than they are, if they had a few grains of your philosophy.'

'Our minister says, that we make for the most part, our world of happiness or misery. And I believe him. Why, if I give way to gloomy thoughts, I could make myself wretched all the day long. But what would be the use of that? It wouldn't lighten my work any, but make it heavier, and dear above all knows, it is heavy enough now! Some one has said that worry kills quicker than work. It is as much as I can do to keep up under the burden of work; and I would break down in a week. I don't trouble myself a great deal about what I can't help, and try to act on the precept of the good Book which says, 'take no thought for the morrow.'

The truth is, it's as much as I can do to take thought for each day as it comes along. We only have a day at a time, you know, and it's my belief, that if we improve our to-days right-ly, God will take care of our to-morrows.'

Mrs. M.—bent down over her washing-tub, and resumed her work, adding as she did so, 'But we must improve our nows as well as our to-days. I've got full two hours work ahead of me, and mustn't stand idling.'

I sat a while longer talking with Mrs. M., and then retired, saying to myself, 'Poor woman! your work is too hard for you. It is wasting your life away. Your slender frame was never made for toil like this.'

Passing from the door of my humble neighbor, I crossed the street, and rang at a house of more imposing aspect than hers. A servant showed me into a handsomely furnished parlor, where I waited several minutes for the lady on whom I had called.

'Are you sick, Mrs. B.—?' said I, as I took her hand, and looked with concern into my neighbor's pale, troubled face.

'Not sick,' she answered, 'but worried half out of my life. Sit down, I am glad to see you.'

'What has happened to worry you, I inquired, 'any thing more than usual?'

'There's always something more than usual happening in this house,' she replied, in a fretful way. 'It seems to me, that nothing goes right. Just come up stairs, and I'll show you something.'

She arose and I followed her, ascending to the chamber on the next floor. It had been

newly papered, I saw at a glance.

'Now just look at that border!' she said, pointing upwards. 'Isn't it horrid? It spoils the whole effect of the room. The piece I chose was lovely. What possessed the man to substitute this, is more than I can tell. He came while I was out, and the room was finished when I returned.'

I looked at the border, but made no remark. 'Did you ever see anything so outlandish!' said Mrs. B.—, with an expression of disgust on her face.

'I suppose it must be set down to my want of taste in things ornamental, but I could not see in what the border was out of keeping with the style of paper. To me it was very neat and appropriate.'

'I can never endure it!' ejaculated Mrs. B. in a disturbed manner. 'Never. The man must take it off. It will be a constant eyesore. And just look how poorly he has matched the pattern under that window.'

I looked to the place indicated, but my eyes failed to see the defect. On going nearer, however, I noticed a very slight deviation from the right line of contact between two parts of a grape leaf. My wonder was how Mrs. B.— had managed to discover the fact. I am sure it would not have been revealed to one pair of eyes in a hundred.

'There's no trusting anybody to do things right,' continued Mrs. B.— in a nervous complaining way. 'As if I hadn't enough to worry me already, this must be added! It has set my head aching as if it would burst.'

'How is little Freddy?' I asked, wishing to turn her thoughts to something more pleasant.

'I'm dreadfully worried about him,' she replied—the troubled aspect of her face taking on a new and more painful character.

'Is he sick?' 'No, he's not just sick; but I expect he soon will be. Only to think of it! I sent the nurse out with him, yesterday, to get the fresh air. She was gone a long time; so long that I got very uneasy. I questioned her closely when she came back; and would you believe it?—the creature owned to having been to see one of her Irish friends somewhere in the lower part of the town. Of course it was in some low, dirty hotel, and among filthy, diseased children. Who knows but my little Freddy has been exposed to the infection of the small pox or scarlet fever? Why, I hardly slept an hour at a time all night thinking about it! He looked heavy and drooping this morning; and I sent for the doctor.'

'What did he say?' I asked.

'Oh!' she replied, 'doctors never give you any satisfaction. He made light of the matter, of course. But, I understand the meaning of that. He didn't wish to alarm me. I shan't have a moment's peace of mind for a week to come.'

I suggested that it was only conjecture as to the child's having been exposed to disease; and that she might be fretting herself to no purpose. This, instead of allaying, seemed to increase her disturbance of mind. So I tried a new subject; seizing upon the first one that presented itself. I knew that she had obtained a few weeks before, a first-rate cook.

'Lucy still gives satisfaction?' 'Yes,' she replied; 'but I don't expect her to stay.'

'Why not?' 'Oh! girls that are worth having never do stay long. She's the best cook I ever had; but I expect every day to receive notice that she is going to leave us.'

I smiled in spite of the solemn face that looked into mine.

'I am afraid you take trouble on interest, Mrs. B.—. Sufficient is the day and the evil thereof. Enjoy your good cook while you have her. It will be time enough to be uncomfortable when she leaves; and that may not be in the next five years.'

'It's easy enough to talk,' replied Mrs. B.— a little impatiently, 'but if you'd gone through what I have—'

She stopped suddenly, bent her head toward the door, and listened.

'That's Freddy now!' 'I heard the child's waking cry.'

'Come with me to the nursery,' said Mrs. B. moving toward the door. I followed. The child had just awakened from a long nap, and was fretting as we often see children when aroused from sleep.

'Just look how red his face is!' exclaimed Mrs. B.—; are you sick, darling?' and she gathered him up in her arms. 'Just feel his hand, it is burning with fever.'

I took the soft little hand in mine, and held it for a few moments to mark the degree of heat. To me, there was nothing beyond the warmth of vigorous health.

'There's no fever here, Mrs. B.—,' said I confidently.

'Yes, there is,' she replied. 'He's got a high fever. Is your throat sore, darling?'

Freddy put his hand to his neck, and swallowed once or twice.

'Does it hurt, love?' The child nodded his head in assent.

The face of Mrs. B.— grew suddenly pale as ashes.

'There, I knew it! I knew it! He's getting the scarlet fever. Oh, dear!' and she laid her face down among her child's sunny curls, and sobbed wildly.

'Pray, don't distress yourself, Mrs. B.—, Freddy is not sick,' I urged. But my words had no effect upon her. She sobbed on for some minutes, until agitation exhausted itself.

'Will you ring the bell?' she asked at length, looking at me with a sad, tearful face.

I pulled the bell rope, and the nurse came in almost immediately.

'You must go for the doctor,' said Mrs. B.—, 'Freddy is getting the scarlet fever.'

The girl looked frightened, and went hurriedly from the room.

'Don't be alarmed, my dear Mrs. B.—,' said I trying to re-assure her. 'I am sure Freddy is not sick. Why, his hand is no hotter than mine.—As I took his hand again, my own came in contact with hers. It was cold as marble. No wonder the babe's soft warm flesh was burning to her touch.'

'Feel my hand,' I said, 'mine and Freddy's together, and see which is hottest.'

'You have fever,' she replied.

'No, said I, 'your hand is icy cold,' it has deceived you. Freddy has no fever.'

By the time the doctor arrived, Freddy was playing about the floor as lively as a cricket, and I had succeeded in convincing Mrs. B.— that he was in no imminent danger. But the mother was in most need of medical attention. Her nervous fears had so exhausted her, that she was unable to hold her head up. She was lying on the sofa when the doctor came, her face of a deathly hue. He scolded her soundly, saying that she would kill herself, if she went on in this way; made a prescription for her without scarcely noticing the child, and went off. As my presence could hardly be agreeable to either party, I retired also, pondering the case in my philosophical way.

'Worry is worse than work,' said I, 'without any doubt.' If Mrs. B.— keeps on after this fashion, she'll shuffle off this mortal coil in less time than poor Mrs. M.—.

On the next morning, I saw Mrs. M. bright and early, on her way to a neighbor's house, where the day was to be spent at the ironing-table; her children remaining at home in the charge of an older sister—herself but a child.

'How's Mrs. B.—?' I asked of the nurse, whom I saw standing at her door, about ten o'clock, with Freddy in her arms. The child looked the very picture of health.

'Sick in bed, ma'am,' she replied.

'Indeed, what ails her?' I asked.

'Oh! she worried herself sick yesterday, ma'am, about Freddy. And it wasn't a bit of use.—Nothing at all was the matter with him, dear little fellow!'

I passed on, saying to myself—'Yes, Mrs. M. was right; worry kills quicker than work. If Mrs. B.— keeps on as fast as she is now going, she'll be to the end of her journey long before her hard-toiling neighbor.'

I shall look in upon both of them again before long, and if I see any new aspects worth recording, the reader may hear something more of my two neighbors, who are slowly exhausting their mortal life, one by work, the other by worry.

From the South Danvers Gazette.

### LEAN MEN.

Dedicated to the South Danvers Wizard

BY PELAIGUS.

We dislike lean men. Men fashioned after the model of a lightning rod are our aversion. This antipathy has characterized our family for generations back. We shall not fatigue the reader with a recital of our proportions; we are not one of the fat kind—we are sorry for it. It is a source of great annoyance to us, and we have tried every available means to increase our rotundity, but with meager effect. We are lean—we can't help it. We do wish we could.

We took our first dislike, practically, to lean men, from the fact that our school master was one of the leanest kind. He was an ex-alderman—strange but true, this one had some brains. From the time he left off living on the city funds he was unable to retain his former sleekness, and two years from the period that he ceased to eat turtle soup and clam chowder under the supervision of the city cook, a great change was perceptible, and he became weaker every week. We well remember how we shuddered when he once forgot his position, and, imagining himself still to be one of the 'city fathers,' he took us for a crab, and crabbedly threatened to swallow us. We didn't mind being swallowed, for we always admired to read of the adventures of Jonah, but we have ever since infancy, endeavored to keep ourselves from getting into a tight place. But he is dead now, and we often visit the spot where he is supposed to lie—college students are so thick now a days that one can't speak with any degree of certainty as to the spot where one's dear friend's remains are laid; ten to one nothing remains—and as you lean over it, with grave thoughts we contemplate, and casting our eyes up and down the long, slim mound, we sigh with regret that no stone marks the spot where we last beheld his angular face. The undertaker said he was too slimly paid for his services; he liked the old fellow, but he couldn't undertake to erect a stone at his own expense. He, himself, was always a lean man, and a consumptive one. He always set us to coughing whenever we looked at him.

What a strange thing it is that some men can't see the truth of the old maxim, laugh, and grow fat! There may be instances where a lean man has been seen to laugh, but these are the exceptions, not the rule. We have seen quantities of them grin; very few ever get further than that. If a good joke is cracked, the lean man takes it at once like a flash of electricity,—and it leaves him as quickly. While the fat man shakes all over with laughter, the lean man has on a countenance 'as long as your arm.' The joke couldn't find matter enough to lean upon for an instant. You must look to the

jolly, good natured, fat cheeked fellow, for 'ready and generous laughter.'

Shakespeare causes Julius Caesar to exclaim, 'Let me have men about me who are fat; sleek headed men, and such as sleep o' nights.'—Julius knew what he was at. He didn't want none of your lightning rod, shadowless fellows about him! He wanted those who knew enough to keep awake in the day-time, and not bother him at night when he had his little private matters to attend to. He knew the government was safe on the shoulders of such men. Poor John Falstaff. We always pitied him. He was one of that class of fat men whose generosity seems to vie with their fatness—the fatter he was the better natured he grew. This made him 'a cause of wit in others;' he was too easily imposed upon—most fat men are. Who doesn't admire Jack Falstaff and such as he?—He was always ready to take a horn with any body. He was on the tree's one night, and was then so generous as to have two horns at somebody's disposal.

The records of ancient times tell us that it was when Jeshurun waxed fat that he kicked. This remark evidently presupposes an inability on the part of Jeshurun to perform that sometimes very necessary operation until he became fat. Who could have any thing to do with a man who couldn't kick when occasion required it?—Not we. We have found it very necessary sometimes—and handy, to boot.

We dislike very much indeed to excite the envy of the lean man by presenting the contrast of the fat one. We certainly sympathize with him, and would not, willingly, be the cause of adding to his miserable and uncomfortable situation. We are very well aware that he cannot always prevent his own leanness. No one can tell but that he has inherited it from a slim line of ancestry. If so, we haven't the heart to twit him about it. For such as these we entertain great compassion, but not so for the man who will wilfully put himself in training to divest himself of what he chooses to call 'superfluous flesh.' How very often have we felt pitifully for these lean, lank, wrinkle-visaged specimens of stunted, half matured humanity. How many times have we thanked our stars that we are not as lean as we might be, and how many times reflected with sorrow that we are as lean as we are.

When we come across one of these poor, sharp-nosed, pointed, long fingered, angular chined, long legged frames of human bones, as it twitches from one side to the other in its frantic efforts to appear graceful, and contrast it with the well formed and smiling faced fat man as he cozily lounges along, we again reflect on the ill luck that has brought us into the world as small and lank as we are.

Our compassion for the lean man knows no bounds in cold, dreary, windy weather—such as March for instance. What more uncomfortable being could exist than the leanman in winter time? How each blast as it comes whizzing around the corner chills him from head to foot and makes the framework within him rattle with agony; how he vainly piles on coat after coat—perhaps a shawl; how he blows the ends of his bony fingers, how he groans, how he swears! Poor lean man! How he often runs the risk of disconnecting some of the bones in his hand on his sharp nose, in his spasmodic efforts to keep the poor thing from becoming frozen; how pale he looks, and how he rubs that iceberg of a face of his in hopes of warming it! Fortunate are we who have at least room enough between our skin and bones for the blood to circulate. How can we freeze when we—we mean fat men—have such good warm blood coursing through our veins, and such quantities of it? The winter months never trouble fat men. Between them there exists a perfectly amicable connection.

How is it with the lean man on the cold wintry nights? Ask him. Will he tell you that he 'sleeps well o' nights?' We think not. He will, in shivering tones relate to you how many times in the night he asked Mrs. Smith—the partner of his bosom, a blessing to him if she be fat—if there isn't just one more counterpane somewhere in the house?—and how she coldly whispered 'No!' He will tell you how many times he wished he could 'step out of his bed and sit on a stove.' How vain is his wish!—How we do pity him! We couldn't pity a man with the small pox any more than we do him, and we know he who suffers with that disease is often times to be deeply, very deeply pitted! We know the poor lean man in the above condition sighs for the cozy bed of the fat man!—We have no heart to blame him when he turns the cold shoulder of envy to his fat friend in the morning.

Notwithstanding our innate aversion to him as a lean man, we think we have a christian sympathy for him, for he has some of the elements of a human being in his composition.—He can claim one thing beyond all dispute; what elements he does possess are bona fide.—We know that, miserable as he must be, he has a soul—almost the sole claim he has on humanity. Our warmest sympathies are in his behalf—especially in cold weather. We would be perfectly willing to try him if he would only lean on us for advice; we would see what could be done toward making him a rational and comfortable being. There is nothing about him superfluous until after death. Bleached bones are always in demand by manufacturers of knife handles, &c. We recommend students finding the anatomy of lean men to deliver them to the above named dealers in bony materials. They would thus kill two birds with one stone—pocket a good bonus and receive the







**OUTRAGE.**—We hear of some acts of wanton destruction of property at the High School building, which we are pained to say, must have been committed by some of the pupils. This conduct is not only disgraceful to the perpetrators, but casts a stigma upon the whole school, so long as the true culprits are unknown. It becomes then the interest as well as the duty of any scholar who is innocent of these acts, to aid in bringing the offenders to merited punishment. As it now stands, every lad whose previous character and deportment have not been so correct as to be above suspicion, will have to bear a portion of the disgrace, which, as a suspected actor in the outrage, will surely attach to him.

We are glad to see by posted notices from the Town Treasurer, that he is determined to prosecute any persons who may be detected as participants in this or any similar wanton injury to public property.

**PUBLIC DOCUMENTS.**—We again have to acknowledge the receipt of valuable documents from Hon. Mr. Gooch, and our townsman at Washington, A. Byron Reed, Esq., who will please accept our thanks.

**MR. BARKER.** The man who has been several weeks missing from this town, under circumstances of great mystery, has not yet returned, nor is any thing known of his whereabouts. Rumors are rife that he was last seen at a resort in Salem, for drinking and gambling, and the opinion prevails more and more, that foul play has been used. We forbear to state now or what ground this opinion is based, nor would it be proper until the mystery shall be further developed.

**CATTLE DISEASE.**—We believe that the opinion is now becoming prevalent, that there has been a great deal of humbug as well as unnecessary excitement about the Pleuro Pneumonia, and that Mr. Putnam or Danvers was not far from right in thinking that it was a Liberatorian mode of saving the lives of cattle, by knocking them in the head.

**STRAWBERRIES.**—We have received a generous sample of this fine fruit from the gardens of Messrs. Needham & Hawkes, who, it will be seen by their advertisement, have established a Depot at George R. Mason's store, for its sale. By long experience they claim to be the growers of the finest and freshest strawberries in the market.

They also send a new seedling Strawberry called "Honeydew." It is an honest-looking berry, not particularly handsome, but angular, sharp, pointed, and perfectly satisfying. We think it will have a great run.

**Strawberry Festival at Lynnfield.**—This Festival, now in the midst of the strawberry season, is to continue two days, to-day and to-morrow. It is for the benefit of the Congregational Society near the hotel. Only 16 cents for a ticket.

**Street Loafing.**

So, Danvers, June 23d, 1860.

Dear Wizard!—Excuse the liberty I take in writing a few lines to you, respecting an annoyance, (or nuisance) which is growing worse and worse every season. I refer to the throngs of men and boys who occupy every door step on the square, from six until nine o'clock, in the evening, spitting tobacco juice, and puffing clouds of smoke, while between every puff, language as foul as their tobacco juice, issues from their mouths. Consider how unpleasant it must be for a lady to pass such a congregation of loafers (they cannot be considered gentlemen) wading through puddles of filth, and hearing their coarse jests and laughter, which often at her expense, and loud enough for her to understand.

If these persons wish to indulge in their loafing propensities, why not obtain a room where they can do so, without intruding upon the rights of others. If they cannot afford it, let them carry a subscription paper to the ladies who have occasion to pass through the square, and I think they can raise sufficient to obtain a room, or pasture if they prefer the open air, large enough to accommodate all who wish such company.

The proprietors of the buildings, the steps of which are now occupied in the above manner, could do much if they stepped, towards removing the nuisance.

Hoping they will do so, and that you will insert this in your paper, I bid you adieu.

EXPERIENCE.

**Church Services.**

Mr. R. R. R.—Will you permit a humble lay-man to make a suggestion with reference to church services on the Sabbath, which he thinks may be of benefit to both the Preacher and Hearer of the Word. He has particular reference to the hot suburbs of the Summer season. Would it not be better for all concerned, to have short prayers, condensed selections from Scripture and short sermons? Long prayers and sermons tire an audience in hot weather, however good they may be. Of course, the effect intended is not realized, and the hearer goes home, not thinking of what he has heard, but complaining. The Preacher, on sufferance. It certainly is not so easy for a Preacher to prepare himself for the duties of the Sabbath in hot as in cold weather. The system is relaxed. The mind sympathies, and vigorous thought and word cannot be expected.

We say then, in behalf of minister and hearer, let us have for the greater good of all, shorter exercises on the Sabbath.

Notice.

The Records of the Third Congregational Church of this town, from 1713 to 1840 are missing, and have been for several years. Any one having them in their possession will confer a great favor by leaving them with the pastor, or with

GEORGE P. DANIELS, Church Clerk.

June 27

Notice.

The person who took a piece of light colored Silk from the counter of George P. Daniels' store will please return before legal proceedings are resorted to.

je 27

**A Card to Young Ladies and Gentlemen.**

The subscriber will send (*free of charge*) to all who desire it, the recipe and directions for making a simple *Vegetable Balm*, that will, in from two to eight days, remove Pimples, Blotches, Tan, Freckles, Saltiness, and all impurities and roughness of the Skin, leaving the same as a Nature intended. It should be—*soft, clear, smooth, and beautiful*. Those desiring the Recipe, with full instructions, directions and advice, will please call on or address (with return postage),

JAMES T. MARSHALL,  
PRACTICAL CHEMIST,  
No. 32 City Buildings, N. York.

je 20—3m.

PARAGOLE, SUNSHADES &c.—John P. Peabody at 238 Essex street, Salem, has now open a very large stock of the above named goods of every desirable style and color. As he does a very large business in this class of goods it will be for the interest of all ladies to examine his stock before buying.

Joseph J. Rider,  
dealer in  
Jewelry, Silver  
and  
Plated Ware,  
Advertises in the  
WIZARD.

Read his advertisements. Call and examine his Goods, and judge of quality, prices and styles for yourselves.

**BLANK BOOKS.** A large lot of Ledgers, Journals, Day Books, Cash Books, &c., of superior quality, just manufactured. Blank Books of every variety for Banks, Mercantile and Insurance Offices, manufactured under our own supervision, of superior quality, number and workmanship, and at much less rate than Boston Prices.

**H. P. IVES & A. SMITH,**  
June 27 232 Essex st.

**NOTICE.** We have added to our stock, by the last steamer, an entire new stock of desirable Dress Goods:

A selected assortment of Camel's Hair Scarfs, and Neck Ties, of superior quality;  
Also—Sun Shades and Umbrellas;  
N. B. All persons desiring to purchase Dry Goods are invited to call, as we shall sell at reduced prices.

June 27 **ANN B. BLY,** 76 Federal st.

**FLY POISONS.**

**GERMAN FLY PAPER** and the celebrated Red Fly Poison, for sale by  
**T. A. SWEETSER,**  
57 Main street.

**HOME-MADE BEER.** A delicious, strengthening, blood-cleansing Beverage is made in a short time by using the

**COMPOUND FLUID EXTRACT** of Dandelion, Yellow Dock, Wild Cherry Bark, Butternut, and other valuable remedies, whose properties are held in high esteem in cases of Dyspepsia, Obstructions of the Liver, Nervousness, Impure Blood, Skin Diseases, &c., &c.

One bottle, which sells for only twenty-five cents, will make six gallons of very pleasant, healthful Beer. For sale by  
**T. A. SWEETSER,**  
je 27 57 Main Street.

**CARPETS.**

**THOMAS W. DOWNING & CO.**, are now opening their stock of Carpets for the Spring Trade, and purchasers will find a large assortment of

Brussels,                      Stair Carpets,  
Tapestry,                      Straw Matting,  
Three-Ply,                      Oil Cloth,  
Kidderminster,                      Bookings,  
Crumb Cloth, Mats, Rugs, &c., &c.,  
which will be sold at the lowest prices.

apr 18 tf 170 Essex Street, Salem.

**SPRING GOODS.**

**THOMAS W. DOWNING & CO.**, invite attention to their stock of

Dress Goods,                      Cape Cloths,  
Cloves,                      White Goods,  
Shawls,                      Housekeeping Goods,  
Hosiery, and                      Gloves,  
comprising a full assortment in each department, and selected expressly for the present season.

apr 18 tf 179 Essex Street, Salem.

**Thomas W. Downing & Co**

**INVITE** attention to their large and well-selected stock of

**CLOTHS**, for Gentlemen's and Boy's Wear,  
to which constant additions will be made, of the most desirable styles in the market.

apr 18 tf 170 Essex Street, Salem.

**REMOVAL.**

**AMOS MERRILL**

Has removed his stock of Goods to the stores in the

**WARREN BANK BUILDING,**  
where he may be found a general assortment of


**DRY GOODS,**  
including a large variety of Prints, Bleached and Brown Cottons, Flannels, Cotton Flannels, Tickings, Jeans, Stripes, Cassimeres, Cottonades, Housekeeping Goods, Hosiery, Gloves, &c.

**HARD WARE,**  
Consisting in part of House Trimmings, Carpenters' Tools, Nails, Lead, Kinc, Table Cutlery, Farming Tools, &c.

**Crockery Ware, Glass Ware, Paper Hangings**

He would invite his old customers and the public generally to give him a call.

je 20



feb 1                      1f

**Emerson & Faxon's Quadrille Band**

For Boreados, Picnic Parties, etc. Applications made at J. Faxon's, 70 Summer street, Salem, and at the Ticket Office of the South Reading Branch Depot, North Danvers, will be promptly attended to.

June 20—3m

**Upton's Quadrille Band,**  
For Boreados, Picnic Parties, &c. Apply at George Creamer's Bookstore, or of Wm. G. Nichols, at Laug's Rooms, Mel inn.

June 6—3m

**BARGAINS**

—IN—

**GOOD READY-MADE CLOTHING.**

**THE** Subscriber would call the attention of the public to his stock of **READY-MADE CLOTHING**, comprising a fine assortment of

**Business Sacks,**                      Dress Frocks,  
Pants,                      Vests.

Also a good stock of Broadcloths, Doe Skins, Cassimeres, Vestings, Plaid Jeans for Boys wear.

**GARMENTS** will be made to order, or the Cloth sold by the yard.

R. O. SPILLER, 184 Main st.  
je 6

**BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS.**

**WILLIAM J. WALTON,**  
94 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS,

HAS now on hand, and intends to constantly keep a full assortment of all desirable kinds and styles of Boots, Shoes, and Rubbers, which he would be happy to dispose of to his Friends, and the Public, at satisfactory prices.

Repairing expeditiously and neatly done.

dec 7 **WILLIAM J. WALTON,** 94 Main street.

**SOUTH DANVERS**

**COFFIN AND CASKET WAREHOUSE.**

**THE** subscriber would inform the people of this place that he is now prepared to furnish, at the shortest notice,

**Mahogany, Black Walnut, & Stained Wood COFFINS.**

**AND CASKETS OF ALL SIZES.**

Also, Silver and Silver Plated Coffin Plates, of the latest Patterns.

Grave Clothes of every description constantly on hand.

All orders from the neighboring towns, by express or otherwise, promptly attended to, and delivered personally, if desired.

**CHARLES S. BUFFUM,**  
Central Street, nearly opposite the Lowell Depot.  
On Sundays and evenings can be found at Simonds' Hotel.  
dec 14—f

**EXTRA REFINED SUGARS** just received  
at **LUNT & HABY'S,** Sutton's Block.

**T. A. SWEETSER.**

No. 37 South Main St., Danvers.

Established in 1848.

Offers for sale a complete and select stock of

**Family Medicines,**

And deals generally in

Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Foreign  
Leeches, Shakers' Herbs, Dye Stuffs,  
Gums, Acids, Sponges,  
Trusses, Shoulder Braces,  
Supporters,  
AND GENUINE PATENT MEDICINES,  
Perfumery, Toilet Articles and  
STATIONERY.

☞ All articles are of the best quality.

☞ Medicines put up with care and neatness.

Recognizing the necessity that all medicines should be pure to give their proper effects, we will be any man to test all Drugs, Chemicals and Medicines, and to dispense only those which I confidently believe to be free from impurities.

**T. A. SWEETSER, Apothecary,**  
No. 37 Main street, (near Park), South Danvers.  
may 16—17

**G. B. THOMPSON,**  
DRAPER AND TAILOR,  
Allen's Building.

Constantly on hand a good assortment of

Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings,  
—AND—  
**MEN'S AND BOY'S**  
READY-MADE CLOTHING.

South Danvers, April 25—4f

**JOHN W. SHEPARD,**  
— DEALER IN —  
**FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FRUIT,**  
Ayer's Building, Central St., So. Danvers.

Oranges, Lemons, Pigs, Dates, Currants, Citron, Peaches,  
Olives, Apples, &c. of all kinds. Dry and Preserved Ginger,  
Sardines, Cigars, Confectionery, Jellies and Jams, To-  
mato, Walnut and Marshmallow Ketchup, French and American  
Mustard, Worcestershire and other Sauces.  
may 30

**New Apothecary Store!**

**D. P. GROSVENOR, Jr.,**  
Informs the citizens of this place that

**Drugs and Medicines**

Can be found at 68 MAIN STREET.  
Hopes by strict personal attention to his profession to merit  
as share of public favor. may 23—1f

**CHARLES S. BUFFUM,**  
Central St. nearly opposite Lowell Depot, So. Danvers.

**CABINET MAKER,**  
FURNITURE MADE, REPAIRED & VARNISHED.  
UPHOLSTERY WORK IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.  
Carpets made to order. Canoe Chairs now seated.

THE CELEBRATED

**FRANKLIN COAL**

For sale by **M. BLACK, Jr.**

**GEORGE E. MEACOM,**  
Dealer in

**DRUGS & MEDICINES,**  
Fancy and Toilet Articles, &c.,  
126 - MAIN ST. - 126  
Nearly opposite Danvers Bank, . . . . South Danvers.

**B. F. STEVENS,**  
**WATCH & MAKER,**  
—AND DEALER IN—  
Watches, Clocks, Gold & Plated Jewelry,  
SILVER AND PLATED WARE,  
CUTLERY AND FANCY GOODS.  
Old Gold and Silver taken in exchange for New.  
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, neatly Cleaned, Repaired and  
warranted.

**16 MAIN ST., OPPOSITE WARREN BANK,**  
SOUTH DANVERS, MASS.

**ICE PICKERS.** A supply of new and desirable  
Ice styles, just received. Also a fine assortment of Silver  
Plated Tea Sets; Coffee Urns; Waiters' Casters;  
Cake Baskets, etc., at less than Boston prices.

**JOSEPH J. RIDER,**  
June 20 3 West Block—188 Essex St.

☞ The sub-editor having taken the New Store in SUTTON  
BLOCK, would respectfully inform the citizens of South Dan-  
vers and vicinity, that they will open with a choice and well  
selected stock of

**FOREIGN & DOMESTIC FRUIT,**  
Consisting of Oranges, Lemons, Dates, Pigs, Raisins, Citron,  
Currants, together with a large and new assortment of Jellies  
and Jams of every description.

French and Spanish Olives and Capres, Dry  
and Preserved (Ginger, Tamarind in Jars and Kags, English  
Sauces and Pickles, &c. of every variety. Also a general assort-  
ment of TINGS, consisting of Pecan, Cassia, and English  
Walnuts, Filberts, Hard and Soft Almonds, Paper Shelled  
and Shelled Almonds.

English, French and American Mustard, Wor-  
cestershire, Sautana, and every variety of English and Ameri-  
can Pickles, Sauces, and Preserves.

**Sugars, Teas, Coffees, and Pure Spices**  
of all kinds. Extra quality Olive Oils, Castile, Chemical and  
Fancy Soaps. Prepared and Casked Cocoa, Chocolate, Shells  
and Mince, Nutmeg, etc. Also, from Irish & Co. Sago, and a Super-  
ior Flavouring Extract.

Choice Brands of TOBACCO and CIGARS,  
Sardines and Confectionery. Choice Apples. Tropical Fruits  
of every variety.

☞ The public may be assured that these goods have been  
selected with care, and will be warranted to be fresh and  
good.

**William J. Lunt,** **Pickering S. Hart,**  
South Danvers, May 23, 1860.

**FINGER RINGS.** A large assortment of Finger  
Rings, consisting of Diamond, Opal Pearl, Garnet,  
Regard, and other styles, in real and imitation Stones.  
Solid and filled do. of all qualities. Also—a full vari-  
ety of Gold and Plated Split Rings, for sale by

**JOSEPH J. RIDER,**  
June 20 188 Essex st.

**NEW LEGHORN CITRON,** just rec'd at  
JES LUNT & HART'S.



June 20 Brown Stone Block, 243 Essex St

June 20      H P LIVES & A TSMITH,      may 16      [CHATEAU BLOCK]...SALEM,

232 Essex st.

248 SHILLING ROOM PAPERS. Splendid a  
ment of low priced goods on hand, and for s  
GEORGE CREAMER  
June 20. 243 Essex street, Brown Stone Bl

I just received and for sale by  
 S C & E A SIMONDS,  
 June 20 House Furnishing store, 32 Front st

**VOL. I**

**THE WASHINGTON**

**At Allen's Building**

**CHAS. D. STANTON**

**F. POOL**

**Term \$25 a Year**

**1875**

**W. L. Squire**  
General and  
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**Carte**

**JOHN T. ...**  
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**THOMAS ...**  
**Attorney and Counselor at Law**  
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**Attorney and Counselor at Law**  
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**GLAZIERS AND PAINTERS**  
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# THE WIZARD

VOL. I.

SOUTH DANVERS, MASS., WEDNESDAY, JULY 4, 1860.

NO. 31

## THE WIZARD

At Allen's Building, So. Danvers Square,

CHAS. D. HOWARD, Proprietor.

F. POOLE, Editor.

Terms \$2.00 a Year; for Immediate Payment, \$1.50.

### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Half a Square, One Square, Quarter of a Column, 10 lines of Nonpareil type are equal to a square. 60 cents per line will be charged for notices of meetings for political, civic, or religious purposes, notices of societies, cards of acknowledgments, &c. The privilege of Annual Advertisers is limited to their own immediate business; and all advertisements for the benefit of other persons, as well as legal advertisements, and advertisements of real estate, or auction sales, sent in by them, must be paid for at the usual rates.

8. M. PETERSON & Co., No. 10 State Street, Boston, are authorized to receive Advertisements for this paper. 8. H. NILES, successor to V. B. Palmer, is also authorized to receive advertisements for this paper.

Book and Job Printing OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, Executed with Neatness and Despatch, AT THIS OFFICE.

### Cards.

JOHN W. PROCTOR, has taken rooms, in the 2d, Story of the Union Building, nearly opposite the Monument.

Where he will be found from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., ready to attend to any business that may be entrusted to his care. South Danvers, Feb. 29th, 1860.

THOMAS M. STIMPSON, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, 184 Essex Street, Salem. Residence Lowell street, South Danvers. Jan 4-ly

D. C. PERKINS, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, So. Danvers—Office in Allen's Building.

H. O. WILEY, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Office, Allen's Building, So. Danvers.

IVES & PEABODY, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, Have removed their Office to Rooms formerly occupied by Messrs. Otis & P. Lord, No. 27 WASHINGTON STREET, SALEM. STEPHEN B. IVES, JR. JOHN B. PEABODY. December 7, 1859.

ALFRED A. ABBOTT, Attorney and Counsellor, Office, No. 224 Essex Street, Salem; House, Main St., So. Danvers.

SIDNEY C. BANCROFT, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, 27 Washington Street, Salem. Mr. Bancroft may be found mornings and evenings, at his home office, near his residence in South Danvers. December 7, 1859.

A. S. CRAWFORD, DENTIST, No. 4 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS SQUARE. Mechanical Dentistry Neatly Executed. Teeth Extracted by Electricity without Extra Charge. dec 7

W. L. BOWDOIN, SURGEON DENTIST, No. 208 Essex Street, Salem, (Opposite the Market). Residence—No. 57 Washington street. Jan 11-ly

F. POOLE, INSURANCE AGENT, Allen's Building (up stairs). Deeds drawn, and other common forms.

SAMUEL DAVIS, HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING ROOM, 7 MAIN ST., SOUTH DANVERS.

E. S. FLINT, DEALER IN WEST INDIA GOODS, COUNTRY PRODUCE, No. 2 Main Street, South Danvers.

EDWARD C. WEBSTER, ONE PRICE HAT, CAP and FUR STORE, 231 ESSEX, and 84 WASHINGTON ST.,

Peabody Billiard Hall, BACHELDER'S BUILDING, MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS.

H. C. LARRABEE—(Proprietors)—A. W. FORTNESS

HENRY L. WHIDDEN, PAINTER, GLAZIER, AND PAPERER, Central Street, South Danvers, Oppo. South Church. All orders promptly and faithfully executed. dec 14 1859

WHIPPLE & FRIEND, PAINTERS, GLAZIERS AND PAPER HANGERS, 88 Main street, opposite Monument, S. Danvers. All orders promptly attended to; a share of patronage solicited. J. J. WHIPPLE. A. FRIEND.

### Original Poetry.

#### LYRICS FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

BY SAMUEL JACKSON.

'Tis the dawning of Phebus this orient ray Proclaims the approach of our festival day! The beams of Aurora, the dints of the morn, Bespeak the glad day when our nation was born! O let not old Time, as he speeds his career, Fly swift as a vision, and leave us to despair!

Let us greet with fresh rapture, as years roll away, Each annual return of so welcome a day! Great WASHINGTON! heir to unperishable fame, With grateful remembrance we utter thy name! O'er shall thy sons prove unmindful of thee, While they love the dear land which thy valor made free!

Then let us our tribute of gratitude pour, While we shout that the reign of oppression is o'er; While Freedom's fair banner is widely displayed, And our nation reposes beneath its blessed shade!

From Mexico's Gulf to the forests of Maine, Awakes the loud rapture, the heart-cheering strain! The Atlantic resounds with the joy of the day, And the wild Western regions re-echo the lay! O shout, ye bold lands, and still swear to defend Those rights which to you from your fathers descend! To your sons the rich treasure: unswerving restore, Thro' the long lapse of ages, 'till time is no more!

But amidst our profusion of transport and cheer, What notes of keen anguish still pierce my ear? Can cruelty, rapine and misery be known In a land which fair Freedom has mark'd for her own?

Ah yes! 'tis the poor injur'd African's cry, Here doom'd in sad bondage and slavery to sigh! The beats in our forests with freedom are blest, While man, by his fellow is chain'd and oppress'd!

Ye sons of Columbia, exulting in ease, Can ye look with neglect on sufferers like these? O aid by your bounty the cause to restore, This long injur'd race to their own native shore, O grant them their freedom! This kindness alone, For ages of barbarous abuse can atone: This alone can remove the foul stain,—when we see The prisoners released and the captives set free!

Mr. Burton.—I think but a few of your readers have read the following beautiful ballad—written by Joseph Brennan, an Irish exile, who died in New Orleans several years ago, of consumption, at the age of twenty-eight. This is the best of his songs and one which attracted much attention.

Manchester, N. H. ACOON.

### TO MY WIFE.

Come to me, dearest, I'm lonely without thee; Night-time and day-time I'm thinking about thee; Night-time and day-time in dreams I behold thee—Unwelcome the waking that ceases to fold thee.

Come to me, darling, my sorrows to lighten; Come in thy beauty to bless and to brighten; Come in thy womanhood, meekly and lowly; Come in thy loveliness, quietly and holy.

Swallows will find round the desolate ruin, Telling of spring and its joyous renewing; And thoughts of thy love and its manifold treasure, Are circling my heart with a promise of pleasure.

Oh, Spring of my spirit! Oh, May of my bosom! Shine out in my spirit till it bourgeon and blossom! The past of my life has a rose root within it, And thy fondness alone is the sunshine to win it.

Figures that move like a song through the even—Features lit up by a reflex of heaven—Eyes like the skies of poor Erin, our mother, Where shadow and sunshine are chasing each other.

Smiles coming seldom, but childlike and simple, Opening their eyes from the heart of a dimple; Oh, thanks to the Saviour! that even thy seeming Is left to the exile to brighten his dreaming.

You have been glad when you knew I was gladden'd; Dear, are you and now, to hear I am sadden'd? Our hearts ever answer in tune and in time, love, As octave to octave and rhyme to rhyme love.

I cannot weep, but your tears will be flowing, I cannot smile, but thy cheek will be glowing; I would not die without you at my side, love, You will not linger when I shall have died, lov'

Come to me, dear, ere I die of my sorrow, Rise on my gloom like the sun of to-morrow; Strong, swift and fond as the words which I speak, love, With a song on your lips and a smile on your cheek, love.

Come, for my spirit is sick and weary, Hasten, for my heart is sick and dreary; Come to the heart which is throbbing to press thee; Come to the arms that would fondly caress thee.

### Selected Story.

#### THE STUDENT'S ADVENTURE.

Some ten years ago, I spent the long vacation on the northwest coast of Antrim; somewhat disappointed with early failures and with myself, I affected the solitary. I tried hard at twenty to get up the then impossible character of foolish, old, misanthropical Timon. I soon, however, discovered the unpleasantness and impracticability of this. The wild precipices and mountains of that grand coast exercised my demon, and the limitless, full Atlantic beating restlessly on its iron bounds, roused me to action. Presently I dropped into the doings and crafts of the rough fishermen and craftsmen in the neighborhood, and soon gaining their hearts by some unusual feats, I acquired the high character of being a "gay venturesome lad"—no unworthy fame.

My rather confident address and courage, such as they were, underwent a peculiar trial, when as I least expected, I was lying in the vicinity of the celebrated swinging bridge, Carriack a rede. The troops of tourists visiting it reminded me of the world from which I was, after all, I fear, an unwilling exile. The danger of crossing the bridge with my dog and gun afforded some excitement. The glorious views of shore, sea and isles delighted me; the deep mossy headlands made a luxurious couch for reading or dosing up under the summer sun.

One day from my favorite eyrie I had watched a gay party descending the slope to the bridge, mixing and changing colors as they went, like the view in a kaleidoscope. I could distinguish laughter and sweet voices pleasantly ringing out; and I confess it needed the solace of my favorite book and all my fortitude to render me content in my solitude up among the sea gulls.

I had resumed my lost place, and stretched myself very comfortably on the moss of my tall, outstanding, pillar like cliff, when suddenly my old dog Tasso, rushed close to me, and fixed his big, dark eyes anxiously in the direction of the bridge. We both trembled at that moment, for a piercing scream smote us. The sea-birds darted out from the rock face, and after a short flight outward, cried at their shrill and loudest. Could I be deceived? It was surely human! Another scream if possible more intensely painful. It was a woman's voice!

"Can it be," I thought, "some of them over the cliff?" Grasping my gun, I rushed down the hill, as men only run to save life. Again and again, as I flew over the broken ground, I felt the same bitter cry striking, as it seemed, into my very heart. A few bounds over the slippery sea grass along the edge of a precipice, and I stood at the head of the ladder which leads down to the swinging bridge.

Heavens! what a sight! Right in the midst of it was a young, fair-haired girl. With her two small, white hands, she desperately clutched the slender cord which the fishermen use as a balance or a guide; the pressure of her whole weight drove it out from the floating strip of boards on which she stood. Sometimes with her hands stretched as she swayed, face downwards, over the abyss, with its white raging waves a hundred feet below; sometimes the double oscillation laid her backward, with her hand clenched upon that wretched, worthless cord, and her pale, sharp face straining upward, as her long hair streamed out, pointing down to the sea. The bridge itself was shaking and swaying, giving forth that clank and moan peculiar to it in storms, writhing about like some serpent struggling with the poor girl's efforts. On the platform of rock beneath the ladder stood the rest of the party, each in a different attitude of silent, horrified expectancy, incapable of the slightest attempt at rescue.

At a glance this never-to-be-forgotten scene was all understood. Another scream, another look of wild, appealing despair from the poor girl, and I was out upon the narrow plank. Under the double motion and weight the ropes shook and were depressed, so that I could scarcely walk; the rattling on which the foot-boards lie, strained to the utmost in sharp angles clearly marked against the rushing white and green underneath.

There was no time to think or pause. With rapid strides I came on. I could hear her praying now. But I saw also she was fast losing her consciousness, her courage and strength had given way under the reaction of hope; she was about to faint. I measured the terrible vacancy into which she was about to fall headlong. I was prepared to abide the desperate plunge the bridge would give the moment she dropped.

In the last extremity of fear and hope, I shouted in a voice that stirred my own heart too: "Courage, brave girl; courage, one moment more."

Just then I was within six feet of her, standing on six inches wide of deal plank that bent like whalebone, my only hold the loose, swinging cord from rock to rock across the gulf, below a black, walled chasm of rugged rocks, with a dizzy whirl of roaring foam between. Judge, then, my dismay and astonishment, when I saw this girl, as I spoke, leave hold of the hand-ropes and walk unassisted toward me, along that narrow shaking path, hung out in the air. I could not credit my senses; it was too daring; it was impossible for any human being. Before I could recover, or decide how to act, she had flung herself upon me, her arms about my neck, her whole weight resting on me like lead; I could scarcely retain my balance, and I could not attempt to relieve myself. I felt she was about to faint; I felt, for, from her position, I could not see; I knew no human power could

save us if she did. Moved, then, for my own life, as well as hers, I whispered in that stern, strange, inward tone which arises in the extreme of anxiety and peril:

"If you faint or give way, we are both lost!" The effect was wonderful. Bravely the poor frail creature fought with her weakness, beating back the faintness there on the thin quaking plank, with the fierce eddies rushing far below, and their hoarse voices filling the wide air about us; only my arm round her waist, to stay her against the swaying ropes beneath.

"Now are you ready to try it?" "I am ready," said the brave girl. Gently and gradually I loosened her hold of my neck and arms; I put the hand rope into her grasp, with directions to let it slip through her hand, merely resting on it as she walked, and with her left hand clasped tightly in my left, which was stretched out behind, for her hold, inch by inch, and foot by foot, without a single inch of flutter, she reached the platform, where her friends stood, like statues, awaiting us in breathless awe.

I had only time to lift her from the bridge when she gave way in and earnest, and for a long time she lay, pale and rigid as a drowned corpse, on the black rocks.

Whenever symptoms of recovery began to manifest themselves, her friends were profuse in their acknowledgments; one old gentleman—the father of the family, I suspected—paying my rough shooting card and began something about "any remuneration I could fairly ask," fumbling at the same time, in his pocket. I fear I consigned him rather abruptly to the tender care of a certain unmentionable personage, and in great indignation with what I conceived much too large a party of heartless grave-diggers. I called old Tasso admiring and nosing about the young girl I had assisted, and stumping up the ladder with him in my arms (he could never climb up to it, though he always got down splendidly, poor fellow.) I reached the top. A very sweet faint voice followed me: "Oh, sir, I wish to thank you."

This sounded soothingly and real; but stay my hot blood would not. "I remember dimly, taking off my hat and replying with many blushes, 'Not at all; don't mention it, I beg,' and moved away."

I suppose you think the above lady is now Mrs. ———. It should have been, but it never was, or is likely to be, unless she turns up and rewards me after this long delay. I never heard her name or anything of her beyond this adventure at the swinging bridge; and as I am far out of the world's notice, it is improbable we will ever know more of each other now.

But let no one disbelieve the simple truth of our strange meeting on Carriack a rede, to which I have added nothing.

For The Wizard, "THAT'S ME."

Although many persons may be inclined to question the truth of the following anecdote, it is nevertheless one among the numerous instances which come under the observation of the teachers in the Mission Sunday Schools, in the large cities, in which they are obliged to listen with as much patience as possible, and what is often more difficult, with sober faces.

Let the reader imagine as the scene of the incident, one of these Sunday Schools, numbering a hundred or more children, of all ages from five to fifteen, in all stages of raggedness, comprising all the shades of dirt, some of whom never pretend to wash, others of whom have by their attempts in that direction only made the extent of their abomination more apparent, and in their efforts to arrange their locks in some becoming manner, made themselves more ridiculous than the neighbor whose unkempt hair seems ever to have been innocent of brush or comb.

These pitiable specimens of humanity, who through the week are seen selling papers, blacking boots, picking up paper and rags, holding horses, or pitching pennies in the street, are by the earnest efforts of a few earnest men and women, (would that their numbers were greater) gathered together on the Sabbath, and the attempts which are made to inculcate some good, which the contact with vice during the remainder of the week may not eradicate, is in many instances not without success.

Before such an audience, some well meaning but too often ignorant man, who devotes himself as an almoner or colporteur among the poor, or classes frequently comes. Picture such an one, smiling benignantly upon his noisy auditors, to whom, as soon as the teachers have obtained an approximation to quietness, he thus addresses himself:

My little children: I would like to say a few words to you if you will give me your attention. I always like to talk to little children, and wherever I go, always want to tell them what I have seen, and how thankful they ought to be to these kind friends who take so much pains to come and teach them how they may be good girls and boys, and grow up into noble men and women.

My little children: perhaps you don't think that coming here, and learning to sing hymns and listening to what your teachers can tell you can ever make better men and women of you; but let me tell you a little story, and I want you all to remember it, for any one here may grow up to be what this little boy is, that I am going to tell you about.

My little children: once there was a nasty, dirty, little boy—a playing marbles on the Sabbath day; and as this nasty, dirty, little boy was a playing marbles on the sabbath day, a beautiful woman with a red dress on, and a white rose in her head, came out of a great brick house, and said to him, "little boy! little

boy! don't you know it's very wicked to be a playing marbles on the sabbath day?"

But what do you think this nasty, dirty, little boy said? Why, my little children! he told that beautiful lady with a red dress on, and a white rose in her head, who came out of that great brick house, he didn't care a darn if it was."

But, my little children, she didn't go in and shut the door. No, my little children; she came to him, and tried to make him understand how wicked it was to be a playing marbles on the sabbath day, and then she asked him if he wouldn't go to the sabbath school. But my little children, will you believe it when I tell you, that he didn't even know what a sabbath school was? for when that beautiful lady asked him if he wouldn't go to the sabbath school, that nasty, dirty, little boy said to her—now my little children, what do you think he said? I hope every one of you knew what a sabbath school was before you came here—but this nasty, dirty, little boy looked up at that beautiful woman with a white rose on and a red dress in her head, who came out of that great brick house, and asked him to go to sabbath school, and said "what in the devil is that?"

Don't it seem to you, my little children, as if this beautiful lady must have been so shocked that she would have gone right back into that great brick house, and shut the door? But she did not. No, my little children; she pined that nasty, dirty, little boy, and she told him what the sabbath school was, and persuaded him to go, and made him promise to come again, and gave him good clothes, and sent him to a day school, and found him a place where he could earn a few shillings a week, and did as much for him as if he had been her own son, until he grew up to be a man; and now that beautiful woman takes the arm of that boy who was once a playing marbles before her door on the Sabbath day, and goes round a-trying to bring just such little boys and girls into some sabbath school.

Now, my little children, who do you think that beautiful woman was? Why, that's her, over there. And who do you think that nasty, dirty, little boy was?

Why, my little children, that's me!

FINERY vs. REFINEMENT.

"Oh, what a shocking object! I declare it makes me sick to look at him," and the speaker who had every outward appearance of a lady, turned away with an affected gesture of disgust. Her companion, however, stooped down to the little ragged, dirty child, as he sat on the curb stone, and asked him the cause of his tears, and of the blood on his face.

Pat Conolly threw a stone at me—b-o-o— and he's a great boy—and I'll kill him when I grow bigger. Bo oo ho-o-o!"

"Oh, no," said the lady, "you must not do that," and with her own handkerchief she wiped the blood from his face, and examined the ugly cut the stone had made, while she talked with him so kindly that he quite forgot his tears. And when, as she turned away, to answer the somewhat impatient call of her companion, she put a penny in his hand; it was quite clear that all thoughts of killing Pat Conolly had vanished from his mind.

"How could you touch that dirty creature?" were the last words we heard as the ladies passed on.

The little incident set us reflecting upon the difference between being fine and refined. The speaker was undoubtedly a very fine lady, but her affected disgust at the sight of the poor child showed that she lacked true gentleness and delicacy of feeling. On the other hand, her companion, who did not consider herself contaminated by the touch of that neglected child, displayed true refinement and purity of soul. The world has an abundance of fine gentlemen and ladies—would it had more refined men and women.

Fine clothes go very far to make fine ladies but true refinement shines as brightly through the garb of the day laborer or the shop girl as when it gleams through silk and satin. All contempt of the lowly, of the degraded, or of labor and the laborer, is mere finery, and betrays shallowness, affectation, and want of true humanity. Refinement does not consist in shunning that which is humble or disagreeable, but in purity of mind and conduct, in freedom from all that is rough, coarse, or ungentle. Refinement is in the mind that loves whatever is pure, lovely, and of good report; finery is in disdaining what is homely or humble. Your fine lady would have shrunk with disgust from the bloody scenes in the hospital at Scutari; but the refined soul of Florence Nightingale found there its appropriate field of labor. When young girls put on miming airs, and talk about this or that employment being beneath them, they are no doubt very fine, but they are far from showing true refinement.—Portland Transcript.

RELICS OF GEN. PUTNAM. The editor of the Newburyport Herald, in an interesting description of a visit to Danvers, communicates the following account of a call at the birthplace of Gen. Putnam, of Revolutionary memory:

"The place is still occupied by descendants of his brother, and contains many relics of the old hero, which were kindly shown us by the lady of the house. We went into the chamber where he was born, a large, square, oak timbered room in the original house, built by his ancestors in 1636. It contained quaintly carved furniture, which was brought from England, and old revolution prints and documents, gifts from his brother officers. Among the relics of the General, we noticed in particular an old likeness, a sword, a set of twelve bullets, varying from an ounce to a buckshot, cast in a pair of



moulds belonging to him, bearing date 1756; a piece of rock from the wolf's den; a chip from the stone stairs which he galloped down to the whistling of English lead blocks from his house in Connecticut; an original copy of the stamp act; a French coin of 1807, found in the garden, and part of a pack of cards which the British officers killed time with, because they could not kill the Yankees, when they were quartered in Danvers. Besides these relics of the General, the house contains quite a nice and well-arranged museum of curiosities of nature and art—among them a piece of the first telegraph wire ever erected, and an apple found in Sir John Franklin's ship Resolute, which was released by our countrymen from her long Polar imprisonment and presented to Victoria. Gen. Putnam's powder horn, his military coat presented by Lafayette, his commission as Major General, his sword broken at Bunker Hill, his pistols which belonged to Major Pitcairn, and his silver mounted castor are still in possession of another branch of the family.

In the garden adjoining the mansion stands the celebrated pear tree which was brought from England by the first settlers. Though the storms of three centuries have beat upon it, and though limb after limb and section after section of its trunk have returned to dust, yet it bids fair to gladden another generation or two with its luscious fruit."

## THE WIZARD.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 4, 1860.

WANTED—A smart, active and intelligent lad, at this office, to learn the printing business.

### INDEPENDENCE DAY.

This number of our paper bears the date of the glorious Fourth. Eighty-four years have rolled away since the fifty-five patriots of the Continental Congress signed their names to the Great Charter of our liberties. In that period our country has passed through many trials, its government has encountered many obstacles, and at times dark and heavy clouds have hung over its prospects. It is owing to the wisdom that prevailed in its early councils, and the guidance of that superintending Providence which watches over the affairs of men, that its course has been onward to a greatness scarcely imagined by its founders. Perils which they anticipated have been overcome, and difficulties, unthought of by them, have arisen and been surmounted. Its career has been one of constant and rapid growth, of enlargement of territory, of vast increase of population and accumulation of wealth. These seeming blessings have brought with them serious evils. These acquisitions have introduced and ideas longings for more territory, a foreign population ignorant of the principles of our government, and that luxury which fosters extravagance in public and private life.

On this day, of all others, it becomes us to look hopefully on the future of our country. True it is that we are sectionally divided upon a great question of moral and political bearing which often threatens to end in dissolution itself. Differences of opinion have often before divided the States of our Confederacy, but although the country seemed shaken to its center, a way of escape from the threatened evils has been opened. May we not therefore hope and have confidence that many, very many years of harmonious union and continued prosperity are still in store for this great and growing Republic? Our safety lies in the intelligence and morality of the people, as they are the source and sustenance of political power. It is only by them that corruption in high places can be rebuked, and a pure administration of the government secured. We want honesty coupled with sagacity and a patriotic and unselfish spirit in our rulers, to restore the government to the purity of the times of its origin.

### The Thunder Storm.

The terrific storm of Friday last, spent much of its force in and near our village. The Wool Shop belonging to Mr. William Sutton, Jr., on Plamont St., was struck on the ridge-pole of its southern end, and the whole end of the building was shattered in the passage of the fluid to the ground. It splintered the joists in places, threw off the shutters and window cases, making a complete wreck of the southern end of the building. The building took fire, but it was extinguished immediately.

Mr. Robert S. Daniels, Jr. was passing the building at the time, about ten feet distant, and was whirled about by some unseen force, leaving a dizziness, and afterwards a singular affection of the eyes. The building is only about 100 yards from the flag-staff of the Volunteer Engine, which was struck on the 17th day of June. It is quite likely that if the new mast had been erected, it might have shared the fate of its predecessor.

The lightning struck the cupola of the town house throwing off the casings on one side, then glanced to the roof, making two apertures through the slating and boarding, then followed an iron rod from the rafter to one of the cross-beams. Here it came to a bell wire, which it followed to the chimney, melting the wire, and then followed the funnel of the furnace to the cellar. Marks of the fluid were found in the office of the Clerk, where it was probably attracted by the iron sink from which it escaped to the ground by the pipe. The hall and High School room appear to be uninjured. It is thought that fifty dollars will repair the damage.

Its effects were also felt at the house of Mr. Miles O. Stanley, on Washington St., which is protected by a conductor, but the concussion of the air was so great as to throw Mrs. Stanley prostrate, and Mr. Stanley's eyes were strangely affected. It is altogether likely that much of the electric fluid of the cloud was drawn silently to the ground by the many rods with which our houses are furnished. It may be well to bear in mind that the best authorities agree that copper rods have much greater conducting power than iron.

At Lynnfield, the lightning struck the Orthodox Church situated near the Hotel. The fluid left the rod near the bell clock, passing through the plastering over the singing gallery and again near the organ, stripping off the clapboards above the windows, the whole length of the church, starting the window frames—passing around the end and coming through the plastering near the desk; and apparently skipping all about the floor, splintering up the same without doing much damage to the inside of the house. The Church was supplied with iron rods put up by the North American Lightning rod company last summer.

In Marblehead, the lightning struck in several places. The house of Mason H. Cuyler on the road leading to the ferry, was visited by the destroying element, and was very badly damaged. The house was supplied with the North American Co. iron rods. The fluid struck the rod which carried away but a small portion of it. The points of the rods are copper connected with a cast iron coupling, which is a very poor conductor compared with the point, hence the fluid would hesitate at the coupling, as in this case, show the point some distance from the house, and broke the coupling to pieces. A small portion of the fluid passed down the rod, as the ground was displaced where it entered. But from appearances, the most of the fluid left the rod and passed through the roof, running down the rafters, splintering the same to the plate. There it commenced its greatest havoc. It literally tore one half of the front to pieces, the fragments flying in all directions. The plastering and laths were thrown across the room into the kitchen,—tore the painted carpet into fragments, passing into the kitchen, splitting a stud and turning the covers on the stove upside down. It also started out the sill on the front side of the house, and one window, clapboards and outside finish were thrown quite a distance from the house. It shattered the corner post to pieces. A portion of the fluid passed along the tin conductor to the easter in the cellar, thence passing out at the waste pipe toward the barn, killing a cat and six hens. The family were in the house at the time, excepting Mr. Cuyler, who was away from home. No one in the house was injured.

The house of Mr. Glass in the south part of the town was also struck. This house also had the North American Co. iron rods on it. The fluid did not appear to have passed over the rods. It went down both chimneys entering the parlor by the front chimney, following the gold paper bordering all round the room, smutting the walls, and tearing off small particles of paper from the wall, and passing out without doing much damage. It came down the back chimney into the closet of the kitchen cellar, disarranging the crockery very unceremoniously, and then passed into the adjoining house through the doorway, (the door being open) jumping about the stoves and then through the floor into the cellar.

A severe thunder storm passed over South Reading, Saturday, June 10th. The lightning struck in several places. It struck the Lightning rod on Ralph Pratt's house, passing over its entire length, without doing the least damage to the house.

The rods upon the dwelling are Lyon's Patent Copper Rods, and we understand were put up by our townsman, Thomas Trask, last July.

The same house was struck two years ago, having no rods on it, the fluid passing through the roof, splintering the rafters and studding about the house and doing considerable damage. A daughter of Mr. Pratt was paralyzed for some time by the shock.

### South Danvers Musical Association.

This organization held a meeting on Wednesday evening last, by invitation, at the house of Hon. Eben S. Poor, on Tremont St. We learn from those who attended, our engagements preventing our being there, that the evening was passed in a manner to contribute to the undivided enjoyment of the numerous company assembled. Of the Association and guests, full one hundred and fifty were present. The beautiful evening, the music, refreshments so appropriate to the strawberry season, the politeness and attention of the generous host and hostess, the elegance of the spacious mansion with its open verandas,—all joined in making it an evening of high social enjoyment.

### Gen. Putnam.

We have heard not a little surprise expressed, at the manner in which the learned Dr. Bancroft has spoken of our townsman Gen. Israel Putnam, in passage quoted from the 8th Vol. of his American History, published in our last. To say of the General that he was illiterate, is only to impute to him the characteristic of the age in which he lived. But to say that he was "wanting in superintending vigilance, controlling energy, and the faculty of combination," is a flourish of the pen of the scholar, in sounding of his sentence, without due regard to truth. We of old Salem, who from our earliest years, have looked with admiration on the energy and power with which our fathers vindicated our rights at Concord, Lexington and Bunker Hill, cannot remain calm and undisturbed while the little man from Worcester calumniate them, although he may have been decorated at Göttingen.

"Truth is truth, and a lie will deceive many."

IF we have noticed the extraordinary cream product from the "Flower of Essex," owned by Dr. Price, at the Asylum for the Insane, at Northampton,—being thirty-five per cent of the entire quantity of milk given. This goes far ahead of any product we have ever heard of—aye, even of the famous Devon herd of Framingham, four quarts of whose milk was said to have yielded a pound of butter. But whether there were legal quarts or the old fashioned honest quarts, we are not advised; or whether they were taken from the entire body of the milk, or that which was last skimmed from the cow, is no where stated. There are so many crooks and turns in coming at the products of even honest milk-producing animals, that constant vigilance is necessary to secure certainty.

THE FOURTH IN SALEM.—The Celebration in Salem will commence with a National salute at sunrise, then a Procession of the Military and Firemen at 9 o'clock precisely will pass through the principal streets to the Common where the whole will pass in review before the Mayor and City Government.

At two o'clock in the afternoon the great Balloon Tycoon and Mr. Paulin will make an ascension, and send down a dog by a parachute.

In the evening there will be a display of Fire Works by Mr. E. S. Hunt.

We hear of no celebration in this town except the great Bell & Everett Ratification Meeting at the Sheep Pasture Rock. We hope some one will furnish us with the proceedings for our next paper.

Mr. Editor—I observe that the Boston papers are careful of the reputation of their fellow citizen, Judge G. Loring, in saying it was not him, who made a scandalous pro-slavery speech at the Baltimore Convention, but it was a certain Dr. George B. Loring of Salem. I wish for the honor of Massachusetts, that all our cities and towns could say the same of their citizens. What can be more degrading and contemptible than for a native of New England, to be the advocate of Southern Slavery! Shame be to the man who thus prostrates his birth-right.

Thomas Trask has been appointed Liquor Agent for this town, vice Samuel Newman, resigned.

## POLITICAL CHRONICLES.

### CHAPTER I.

1. In the reign of James, whose surname was Buchanan, in the fourth year of his reign, the voice of the people arose as of one man, saying, "let us rise up and choose another King to rule over the land."

2. For we will no longer have this king to reign over us, for he oppresseth the people.

3. Now it came to pass, that the people were not of one mind, and they wot not who should be chosen King.

4. There were many great and mighty men in the land, yet could not the people be of one mind who should become the ruler over the land.

5. So as many as were of one mind joined themselves together every one of them, and those of a different mind also joined themselves together, and so they formed themselves into tribes.

6. And it came to pass, that divers tribes were formed, and each one of the tribes desired to select one of its own tribe to reign over the land.

7. Then the men of the different tribes assembled together each in his own tribe, and they spoke one unto another and said, let us choose our great men and our mighty men, and send them up to one of the chief cities to counsel together.

8. So the men of each tribe sent their counselors and mighty men unto the chosen chief city, that peradventure they might throw off the yoke of the oppressor, and choose then a king to reign in his stead.

9. Now it came to pass, in process of time, that the men of the tribe of Stephen, whose surname was Douglas, got themselves together, and chose their great men and chief speakers to go up to the chief city of the country of the South called Carolina, to make a King for the people.

10. Then the great men and the mighty, went into the city of the South, and took counsel together, and Caleb, a mighty man of the North presided over them.

11. And Caleb spake flattering words to them, so that they shouted aloud for joy.

12. And it came to pass, after they had counseled together that they were not of one mind.

13. For the men of the North and the men of the South did not agree upon the covenant which bound them together.

14. And they spake harshly one to another, and were angry one to another and smote one another.

15. And one Benjamin, whose surname was Butler, spake great swelling words to the men of the South, and they were very wroth.

16. Then the men of the North rose up and said, let us rise up and make Stephen to be our King, to reign over the land.

17. Now Stephen was once a Judge in the land, and was a mighty man of the North, small in stature, but of great wisdom.

18. Nevertheless, the men of the South would not have him for their King, because he accepted not their covenant.

19. And they were wroth with the men of the North, and said, go now, and let us forsake the tribe of Stephen, and gather ourselves together again in the sixth month on the eighteenth day of the month, and choose our King.

20. And the tribe of Stephen wist not what to do, so Caleb said unto them, let us also, seeing that we cannot make ourselves a King, go to our own homes, and then come together again in the great city of the Marylands.

21. Then was there great wrath and lamentation in the camp of the tribe of Stephen, and they were very sorrowful, and they departed every one of them to their own homes.

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## Pegs.

The "Benicia Boy" starts for home next Thursday, July 6th, with his new belt.

A copper mine, said to be of exceeding richness, has been discovered at Acton, Canada West.

The Japanese positively refuse to visit Boston. They are anxious to get home.

Clarence Kilby was instantly killed by lightning in Mansfield, N. Y., last Thursday.

One hundred thousand dollars have already been spent to entertain the Japanese visitors.

Charles Walther, of Troy, was seriously bitten by a spider, lately, while asleep.

Judge Douglas accepts the Democratic nomination for the Presidency.

A varnish factory was destroyed by fire last Friday forenoon in Chelsea.

Ex-President Pease supports Breckinridge & Lane, it is said. Sorry for them.

A new cotton factory is soon to be erected in North Salem, near the old one.

The Salem Advocate supports Breckinridge; the Lawrence Sentinel supports Douglas.

Caleb Cushing, it is said, is to succeed Judge Daniels on the Supreme Bench.

The San Francisco Bulletin has demanded for \$40,000 damages for calling a lawyer Squire Dogberry.

A son of Mr. Timothy Baker, of West Dedham, was killed by lightning on Friday afternoon.

The Great Eastern commenced to receive visitors yesterday. Admission one dollar.

The Lawrence Courier, an old line Whig paper, supports Douglas & Johnson.

Blaisdell & Emerson, of Boston, build the Galveston (Texas) new Custom House.

Orders have been received to fit up "Old Ironsides" now at Portsmouth, N. H., for sea.

Dr. Stephen B. Doty said Moses S. Beach, of the N. York Sun, for \$10,000, and got six cents.

MARKET ON THE SQUARE.—Any one who goes into Mr. Fairfield's provision store must be satisfied that there is little danger of a famine this year. It is as good as a common meal just to look at his assortment of meats and vegetables. He has caught some nice large fresh salmon lately, which is the best and cheapest fish that swims,—cheapest, because it goes farthest on account of its savory richness. With green peas it makes a meal fit for an alderman. The cured salmon is also a capital relisher on the table at breakfast or tea. So are those Bologna sausages which are always better than they look. They are seasoned just right to provoke and satisfy the appetite. His strawberries need no praise; they are as good as any that grow.

DANVERS.—The fifth of the series of market fairs instituted by and under the patronage of the Essex Co. Agricultural Society was held at Danvers on Tuesday last, and was well attended. Being a busy season for farmers, and a time when they would be likely to have but a little to sell—and the pleuro panic or mania probably had an influence in keeping owners of neat cattle from bringing them forward—the chief interest of the occasion entered in the exhibition of Mowing Machines, of which there was a fine assortment on the grounds. The next market day will be at the same place on the last Tuesday in July.

PEABODY LIBRARY.—Borrowers of books from the Library will please bear in mind that Saturday next is the day on which books must be returned. If not returned on that day they will be sent for at the cost of the holders. Several numbers of Periodicals are still out and must be returned on that day. The penalty, by the regulations, for each book retained beyond that day is ONE DOLLAR and the expense of sending a messenger for the book.

The Library will not be open this day but will be open on Thursday, Friday and Saturday afternoons.

PICTURES BY THE SUN.—We lately saw at the new and spacious Gallery of Mr. Wm. Snell, which is in the Mansion House block on Essex St., Salem, some beautiful Photographs, and among them a new style of picture called the Ivory-type. It is so called from its resemblance to those ivory miniature paintings which were so much in demand years ago at from \$15 to \$30 each, but not half so good as those of Mr. Snell's. Mr. Snell's Photographs are well known to our citizens from the admirable specimens now at the Peabody Institute, which have been acknowledged to be in the best style of the art.

HOBART MANN.—Our readers are aware that it is proposed to erect in the front yard of the State House a statue of this eminent friend of education. It is the design of the movers in the enterprise to obtain the subscriptions of scholars of the schools throughout the Commonwealth and an opportunity will soon be afforded to the pupils of our schools to make their contributions towards this object. We hope a good degree of interest will be taken in the matter by teachers and pupils, and that each of the school rooms in town will have a portrait of Mr. Mann on its walls.

NEW FLAG STAFF.—An attempt was made on Friday afternoon, just before the thunder storm, to raise the new staff of the Volunteer Engine Company to replace the one shattered by lightning, but owing to the settling of one of the shears the weight of the mast came upon a single rope and it parted, falling through the roof of the morocco factory of Mr. J. H. Foote. The staff was raised the next day and stands about 125 feet high. The cost of the new mast exceeds \$100.

THE GREAT EASTERN.—This monster of naval architecture has at last arrived at New York. Her immense size may be better comprehended by comparison than by any mere record of figures. Her length is 980 feet equal by actual measurement, to the distance from Allen's building to the front entrance to the Peabody Institute. We think therefore, that the rumor of her expected trial excursion in the Wallis Mill pond must be entirely groundless.

THE CENSUS.—Mr. Dalton, who is engaged in the work of taking the U. S. Census for 1860 has completed his task in this place and he sends our population to exceed 6600 souls.

Our population by the state census in 1855 was 6368.

In 1860 the old town of Danvers had a population of 8100. If there had been no division of territory the town would now have contained 12000 inhabitants.

Did any body ever hear of such a date as the 3d of July? or the 5th? We always hear those days designated as "the day before the 4th," and "the day after the 4th."

## SKIVINGS.

Alluding to the supposed disappointment of Boston with regard to the visit of the Japanese, the N. A. says:—"Let the Bostonians keep perfectly cool, and rest assured that the profits of all the trade we shall have with Japan for twenty years, will amount to one half the sum that has been expended in this country, in feasting, toadying and boring the embassy."

The London Times notices the fact that a quartermaster printer, a very steady, upright, and deserving man, has recently become the possessor of \$300,000 by the decease of an uncle in Australia. He had been employed in the shop, where he was working at the time he received the news of his accession to wealth, for more than forty years without interruption.

On Sunday, the 17th inst., thirteen miners, most all of whom were intoxicated, attempted to enter Portage Lake, (Lake Superior) from Hancock to Ishpeming in a skiff, and when half way across, the boat was swamped and seven of the men were drowned. There were also four fights the same day, and two men were shot.

A number of Indians of the Six Nations have enlisted in one of the English regiments in Canada, and they acquire themselves as regular soldiers with much credit. This is probably the first instance of North American Indians appearing in the ranks of the British army as regular-uniformed soldiers.

One of the census marshals in Franklin county, Mass., made the acquaintance of a lady seventy-five years old, who built 300 yards of good rock fence within a year, with her own hands; and what is more, she had gathered and carried in her arms all the material which the fence is built.

An attempt was made on the 21st inst., to poison the family of Mr. James Medam of St. Louis, by putting arsenic in the tea which they drank for breakfast. An over-dose was administered, however, causing vomiting, and the full purpose of the would-be murderer was frustrated.

A few days since a negro boy at Brownsville, N. H., was killed by a horse. The horse had been turned out in which several negroes were playing, and ran to the spot, he seized one of them with his teeth, and before the arrival of assistance, pierced him to the heart. The negro was frightfully mangled.

Agriculturalists through the country are becoming alarmed at the rapid increase of obnoxious weeds, which until recently were unknown in America. They were brought over in the straw used in packing fruit, and in the soil around fruit trees, shrubs and plants.

This will be a great emigration year. Sweden and Norway are sending emigrants by tens of thousands, and Ireland is putting herself out to sea with a larger number than usual. There is not a man enough for all of them in the great West.

The U. S. ship of war steamer, Pawnee, purchased at Philadelphia, is to be fitted out for the Mexican campaign, where there is but one vessel of war to protect the interests of American residents and American commerce.

Miss Myra Rossella made an ascension in the balloon Venus, from Palace Garden, New York, on Tuesday afternoon of last week. The horse had been turned out in which several negroes were playing, and ran to the spot, he seized one of them with his teeth, and before the arrival of assistance, pierced him to the heart. The negro was frightfully mangled.

Miss Moore, daughter of the light house keeper at Fairweather Island, L. I. Sound, lately went out in a boat on a stormy night, with two young men, and rescued two men who had been upset in a boat.

A horse belonging to Rev. John P. Hall, a Methodist minister at Urbana, Md., was stung to death by bees a few days since. The animal had, apparently, been hatched near some hives.

A fire broke out in a barn on Tuesday of last week situated near Chase's Mills, West Lynn, which was rapidly consumed. It belonged to a Mr. Watson of Salem. The fire was accidental.

Dr. Loring, of Salem, made a pro-slavery speech at the Baltimore Convention, speaking of which Dr. Richmond said that it represented Massachusetts.

Charles Hersey, Esq., of Worcester, has in his possession one of the ancient ball cartridges made for "minute men," just before their march for Lexington in 1775.

The Worcester Spy says it is reported that Charles C. Breckinridge, in Webster, and one of the postmasters, has hung out a ribbon for the Mayor of Worcester, New York, was robbed the day. The daring rascal was nabbed.

The old Methodist Meeting house in North Andover was burnt last week. Loss about four hundred dollars. There was a lawsuit recently in St. Louis, growing out of one party whistling at another.

Quantities of Sulphur fell during a shower in New York, N. H., last week.

The effigies of Caleb Cushing and George Johnson delegates to the Democratic Convention were suspended across Merrimack street in Haverhill, Tuesday morning. That of Cushing was first cut. "A traitor to his country," Johnson's, "a traitor to his country, his country, and his God."

How THEY GO.—The Boston Post goes for Breckinridge and Lane—salary \$6000 per annum. The Lowell Advertiser—salary \$2000. [Ex.] Ditto New Bedford Times—salary \$3000. Ditto Sal. Advocate—salary \$1200, or less.

As the Democratic organs are nearly all controlled by office-holders so they must go, or be destroyed. [Register.]

SALE OF REAL ESTATE IN SOUTH DANVERS BY THOMAS TRASK.—May 28, Tannery, Corner Elm and Park Mill, on Grove street, sold to Philip Brown for \$275. Small Tannery with Currier's Shop on same street, same purchaser, \$1325. Farm House and land on Washington street, sold to J. H. Pinder for \$3600.

POLITICAL EARTHQUAKE.—The "terrible sensation" at the late Democratic Convention has been called "three wise men of Gotham," (Cushing, Butler & Loring) "to grass," and it is very doubtful whether they will ever be able to "come to time" again. Lynn Day State, edited by Lewis Josselyn, has now the organ of the Regular Democracy in New York. "Let the galled jade wince."

BUILDING.—We learn that Henry A. King, Esq., about to erect a house on Lowell St. 32 1/2 ft. wide with an L 18 by 31 feet. It is to be two stories high, with a slated roof, and we presume will be protected by a copper conductor. Messrs. Giddings & Giddings are the builders.

We also learn that Mr. T. O'Shea intends to build a steam bark and hide mill on the estate of Mr. Leonard Poole, on Grove St. Mr. Poole is the contractor for its erection.

BIRTHS.—We notice that the Webster Engine Company has not only the marriages and deaths but also the births. We notice in the last paper among the say that it refers to the senior editor, H. N. [unclear] Esq.

Mr. J. E. Goldthwait, who keeps chicken parties at 90 Washington street, has prepared a fresh ground Wisconsin family flour. See his advertisement in another column.

Superior near the Bl or thought great milk weighing 11 produce to quantity

New Liv. retirement a Livery Elm street, and horses a pleasure ride

The School now open, but will probably Sch as vacation.

LOWELL I now open, a trips under Capt. Baer and passenger same steam Island, from

Three ph. day, and has state, or fast

Principals be punished if find the same match in the

A Fire Co. for their put (not know) the proceeds

A chasm has been cut in the city of Lima

At a recent man was pressed for maketh

Blondie da. He sto with a lady a dian side. I curately press

art, Mr. Hall over his eyes, again standing



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notices the fact that a journey, and, to-day, and being the, the possessor of \$200,000, where he was working at a without intermission. inst., thirteen miners, were excited, attempted to cross a half way across, the he men were driven back. same day, and two men were

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Boston Post goes for \$6000 per annum. It is \$2000. [Ex. times-salar: \$3000. e-salary \$1200, or the

are nearly all control must go, or be "dotted

DEATHS.

**SUPERIOR COW.**—Our neighbor, Mr. David Bayley, near the Bleachery, has a fine cow whose milk he never thought of weighing until the glowing account of great milkers have appeared in the paper. Upon weighing the milk each day since, he has found her produce to be full 40 lbs. per day. This is reliable as to quantity and the milk is of uncommon richness.

**NEW LIVERY STABLE.**—It will be seen by the advertisement of Mr. William Potter that he has re-opened a Livery Stable at the old stand at the corner of Elm street, where he proposes to keep nice carriages and horses and also harnesses for either business or pleasure riding.

The Sorrows will not be in session to-day or to-morrow, but will re-commence on Friday, excepting the Peabody School, which has the remainder of the week as vacation.

**LOWELL ISLAND.**—This favorite summer resort is now open, and the little steamer *Argo* is making her trips under command of our genial friend and neighbor "Capt. BRACE," who gave so much satisfaction to owners and passengers, when he formerly had command of the same steamer. Crowds will be likely to go to the island, from South Danvers, in the hot season.

Three physicians of Manchester were sick in one day, and had to send for physicians, a remarkable instance of South on their part.

Principals in a prize fight, in New Hampshire, will be punished by imprisonment in State Prison and by fine, the same penalty to apply to those who make the match in the State.

A Fire Company out West, unable to get a machine for their purpose, went in a body armed with hoses (not *hoses*, please mind,) and planted a field with grain, the proceeds of which are to supply the requisite funds.

A chasm nearly a mile long and several feet wide, has been made in the ground at some distance from the city of Lima by the recent earthquakes.

At a recent convention of reporters in Boston, a sermon was preached from Proverbs 15, 30: "A good report maketh the bones fat."

Blondin did a new thing on his tight rope at Niagara. He stood on his head, mid-way of the stream while a lady operator photographed him from the Canadian side. The expression of his feet is said to be accurately preserved. After this contribution to the high art, Mr. Blondin put on a sack, tied tightly a handkerchief over his eyes, and thus hampered traversed his cord, again standing on his head when half way over.

But there is one thing he can't do—fall off the rope. A letter in the N. Y. Herald from Key West, says that instructions have been given to officers to take all slaves they may hereafter capture to Boston or New-mouth.

There are at present over 1700 African negroes at Key West—all from captured slaves.

**Notice.**  
The Records of the South Congregational Church of this town, from 1718 to 1810 are missing, and have been for several years. Any one having them in their possession will confer a great favor by leaving them in the pastor, or with  
GEORGE P. DANIELS, Church-Clerk.  
June 27

**Notice.**  
The person who took a piece of light colored Silk from the counter of George P. Daniels' store will please return before legal proceedings are resorted to.  
je 27

**A Card to Young Ladies and Gentlemen.**  
The subscriber will send (free of charge) to all who desire it, the recipe and directions for making a simple *Vegetable Cream*, that will, in from two to eight days, remove Pimples, Blisters, Ticks, Freckles, Saltoness, and all impurities and roughness of the Skin, leaving the same—as Nature intended it should be—soft, clear, smooth, and beautiful. Those desiring the Recipe, with full instructions, directions and advice, will please call on or address (with return postage),  
JAMES T. MARSHALL, PRACICAL CHEMIST, No. 32 City Buildings, N. York.  
je 20—3m

**PARASOLS, SUNSHADES, &c.**—John P. Peabody at 238 Essex street, Salem, has now open a very large stock of the above named goods of every desirable style and color. As he does a very large business in this class of goods it will be for the interest of all ladies to examine his stock before buying.  
if

John Brown's invasion of Virginia has been a very severe trial to nervous persons living at the South. A free dissemination of Dr. Ham's Investigating Spirit would do more to quiet their nerves and bring about a better state of feeling in that quarter, than any other instrumentality. It would pay the mercantile community in New York, which has a Southern trade, to buy it by the hundred gross, and give it away in that quarter.

Joseph J. Rider, dealer in Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware, Advertis in the

Read his advertisements. Call and examine his Goods, and judge of quality, prices and styles for yourselves.

**A. J. ARCHER & Co.,**  
181 ESSEX ST., SALEM.  
Invite the attention of purchasers of Dry Goods to their large and choice selection of SILKS, FORTS, GOATS HAIR, and every variety of Dress Goods for Spring.  
Also, the new style of CARDS, and a fine stock of SAWING.  
Our BEAK SILKS, figured and plain, are selected with great care, and are of the same manufacture, which have given satisfaction to the wearer in years past.  
The HOUSEKEEPING GOODS DEPARTMENT is very full and complete, and every article will be offered at the lowest prices.  
A. J. ARCHER & Co.,  
apr 18—tf  
181 Essex-st, Salem.

**South Danvers Post Office.**  
MAIL ARRANGEMENT.  
ON and after THURSDAY, December 1st, 1859, Mails will arrive daily, (Sundays excepted) at  
9:30 A. M., and at 3 P. M.  
and will close at 10:30 A. M., and at 4:30 P. M.  
California Mails close the 4th and 19th of each month at 10:30 A. M. Foreign mails close every Tuesday and Friday at 10:30 A. M. Post office open, (Sundays excepted) from 7 A. M. till 8 P. M.  
South Danvers, Dec. 7, 1859.

**Marriages.**  
At Salem, June 28, Mr. Abram Loomis, Jr., of Ipswich, to Miss Mary H. Foy, of S. Mr. Joseph F. Symonds to Mrs. Martha Clarence.  
At Boston, June 28, Mr. Robert Fuller, of Salem, to Miss Almira Gayetty, of B.  
At Dover, N. H., June 27, Dr. W. L. Thompson to Miss Sarah Beckford, youngest daughter of Capt. Samuel Varnoy.  
je 4

**CURTAINS.** A very large assortment at Paper and Cloth Shades, for sale low, at  
H P IVES & A. A. SMITH,  
282 Essex st.  
je 4

Port of Danvers.

Arrived 27th, scho *Wm. Van Dam*, Capt. J. Phillips, Philadelphia; (U. S. Taylor, Jones, N. York; L. L. Ames, Bangor; Pearl, Robinson, Rockland; 30th, J. F. Framer, Philadelphia.  
Arrived 28th, scho *Wm. Van Dam*, Capt. J. Phillips, Philadelphia; (U. S. Taylor, Jones, N. York; L. L. Ames, Bangor; Pearl, Robinson, Rockland; 30th, J. F. Framer, Philadelphia.  
At Lee, N. H., Tobias Hanson, 67.

Advertisements.

On and after July 2d we offer all our

REDUCED PRICES.

—181—

SUMMER DRESS FABRICS

At REDUCED PRICES, to close.

A. J. ARCHER & CO., 181 Essex-st., Salem.  
July 4

NEW LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.

**WILLIAM POTTER.**  
I inform his friends and the public that he has re-opened the Livery Stable at the old stand, corner of CENTRAL and ELM Sts.  
A share of public patronage is solicited.  
So Danvers, July 4.

J. J. HEYLINGBERG.

**FASHIONABLE HAIR DRESSER,**  
24 MAIN ST., SOUTH DANVERS.

Assisted by F. A. CHASE, is ready to wait on customers from 8 A. M. till 10 P. M., and on Saturday nights till 11 o'clock. He has also his Salon open on Sunday morning till 10 o'clock.  
He has on hand a good supply of BARNEY'S COCOA CASCARINE, THE MOUNTAIN DEW, GUINOT'S BEAL and HUSB OILS, MARROW, COLOGNE, RUSHES, HAIR DYE, Shaving and Toilet Soap, &c. Particular attention paid to dyeing the Hair, Children's Hair, neatly cut. Shampooing with the Egg Wash, and Showering.  
July 4

Flour!

JUST received for sale by J. E. GOLDTHWAITE  
No 90 Washington St., a lot of fresh ground Wisconsin family Flour, manufactured from carefully selected wheat, by the bbl., or samples, in 1-4 and 1-8 bags at bbl. prices.  
So Danvers, July 3d.

List of Letters

REMAINING in Post Office at South Danvers, June 30, 1860:

- | GENTLEMEN'S LIST.   |                   |
|---------------------|-------------------|
| Alley Ezra,         | Hanscom Bernard W |
| Ahern Patrick       | Hyland Elijah     |
| Boston Percival     | Hemmes James      |
| Besse H A           | Harrison Dennis   |
| Brickett Ward       | Jefferson N E     |
| Buckley Dennis 2    | Jones Richard     |
| Colton A T          | Kelly Edmund      |
| Codder John         | Kirwan John       |
| Carey John J        | Lafayette Frank   |
| Cass John           | Miller Wm         |
| Cleary Patrick      | Molken Luke       |
| Cleveland Henry W 8 | Moore Squiers     |
| Conner John O       | Nowne Charles     |
| Dowling Wm          | Newcomb Geo L     |
| Donnelly Patrick    | Peckham H C       |
| Dunham H C Rev      | Russell Caleb S   |
| Frost John          | Stearns Albert T  |
| Frost Saml J        | Stone J W         |
| Franco Moses E      | Speyer D          |
| Fogg Dr             | Sokes Laurens     |
| Friend Joel         | Skinnick Thomas   |
| Haley James         | Turner Benj       |
| Hutchinson G P      | Turner Benj       |
| Hall L D            | Williams C W      |
| Hyde D E            | Whitman Geo W     |
| Hackett David       |                   |
- 
- | LADIES' LIST.    |                  |
|------------------|------------------|
| Bush Johanna     | Kinney Catherine |
| Barrett Mary     | Lane Ann         |
| Cross Nancy      | McNeil Miss      |
| Crough Mary V    | Marshall Laura A |
| Dimmick Hannah S | Paine Susan C    |
| Gault Jane       | Palmer Emily A   |
| Higgins Eliza R  | Russell Emily    |
| Jacobs R Mrs     | Webster Eliza F  |
- N. B. These letters are subject to an additional postage of one cent each.  
A. R. FISKE, P. M.

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Received this Week

**PARASOLS AND SHADES**—very cheap; Mohair Mitts—every style and price; Lisle Thread Gloves for Ladies and Misses; Kid Finished Gloves—Summer shades; Best quality Kid Gloves—all sizes; Military and Firemen's Gloves—all line; Ladies', Gent's and Children's Hosiery; Silk and Lisle Thread Hosiery—Ladies'; Fancy Hosiery for Children—nice stock; Corsets and Bodices—best French Makes; Bonnet rubbers—all at reduced prices; Fans—in full variety " " Embroidered Sets " " Plain House Sets " " Cambric & Muslin Collars " " Wrought Muslin Sleeves " " Black Lace Veils " " Cambric Flouncings " " Martilla Trimmings " " Parasols and Shades " "

AT THE EMBROIDERY & TRIMMING STORE,  
238 ESSEX STREET, SALEM,  
JOHN P. PEABODY.

REMANENTS of House Paper at great bargains, at S. C. & E. SIMONDS' House Furnishing store, 32 Front st.  
je 4

**ENGLISH PAPERS.** A few hundred Rolls of wide Papers, from 10 to 14 cents a roll, at the Cheap Paper Hanging store of  
S C & E SIMONDS',  
32 Front street  
je 4

Kerosene Oil, Lamps,

**CLARKS, Wicks, Chimneys and Chimney Brushes,** can be found at this store of  
R. O. SPILLER, 184 and 188 Main st.  
je 6

**POCKET BOOKS AND WALLPETS.** New Styles just received from the Importers,  
JEFFREY & WYSE & A. A. SMITH,  
232 Essex st.  
je 4

**MAKE OUT YOUR JULY BILLS.** GEORGE CREAMER has on hand a full stock of superior Cap Paper, ruled in the best manner, both wide and narrow folds, and for sale at the lowest prices, at  
GEORGE CREAMER'S,  
Dealer in Books and Fancy Goods.  
je 4

**TODD'S & CO'S GOLD PENS.** New assortment just received by the Agent. Every pen warranted by  
GEORGE CREAMER,  
248 Essex st, Brown Stone Block.  
je 4

**VISITERS!** I shall hold out the balance of my stock of rich Visites, at greatly reduced prices, of a fine assortment of French Lawns, selling out at  
Balance of Steel colored Goods, which we are selling at very low prices.  
je 4

**ANN E. BRAY,** 76 Federal Street.

**BOHEMY FOR THE LADIES.** We have received a few sets of Boxes, with arrows suitable, obtained from the Indian at Bangor; very neat and well adapted for the healthy exercise for ladies.  
JEFFREY & WYSE & A. A. SMITH'S,  
232 Essex st.  
je 4

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.

The Largest Assortment in Essex County!

**GEO. S. WALKER**  
252 Essex St., Bowker Block, Salem.

**WALKER** in Gentlemen's Under Garments, Hosiery, Gloves, Ties, Cravats, Stocks, Shirts, Collars, Suspenders, Handkerchiefs, Umbrellas, Cane, &c., &c. All of superior quality, and in a choice variety of style. Particular attention given to making of Shirts to order, and a PERFECT FIT guaranteed.  
Shirt Patterns out to order.  
apr 11—6m

**Nails.**  
A FULL Assortment of Nails constantly on hand, at  
R. O. SPILLER'S,  
184 and 188 Main st.  
je 6

**COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS**  
ESSEX, ss. June 28, 1860. A warrant has been duly issued by Hon. Geo. F. QUINCY, Judge of Probate and Insolvency, for said County of Essex, against the estate of  
TRUSTEES OF THE FURNACE, of South Danvers,  
for insolvent debtors, and the payment of any debts, or the delivery of a property belonging to said insolvent debtor, to the creditors of said estate, and the transfer of any property by him, are forbidden by law.  
The first meeting of the creditors of said insolvent debtors will be held at the Court of Insolvency, to be held at Salem, in said County, on the sixth day of August next, at 11 o'clock, A. M., for the proof of debts, and the choice of an assignee or assignees of said estate.  
STEPHEN WATSON, Deputy Sheriff.  
je 30

**For Sale.**  
A SECOND-HAND STEAM ENGINE, 10 Horses, horizontal;  
A second-hand HIDE MULL, suitable for the use of a Horning Drum.  
For further particulars inquire of JAMES PERKINS, Washington st., South Danvers.  
je 27—3d

**JOHN MOULTON,**  
**LIVERY & STABLE.**  
Main St., (opp. Danvers Bank), So. Danvers.

**BEAN POLES!**  
100 DOZEN for sale at M. BLACK, Jr's, Coal and Wood Office, in the Square.  
South Danvers, April 25, 1860.  
je 27—3d

**Spanish Olives, Capres and Pickles.**  
The best quality, and by the gallon, constantly on hand and for sale by  
NEWBOLD & WYANDS,  
may 9—14  
South Danvers Square.

**New Spring and Summer Dress Goods,**  
Consisting of all the new varieties, can be found at  
GEORGE P. DANIELS.

**George P. Daniels**  
Is selling most of his new Dress Goods less than the cost of importation.

**Figured French Shirtings**  
AT GEORGE P. DANIELS'S, Main St.

**Straw Mattings, 2, 4, 5 and 6-4.**  
OIL FLOOR CLOTHS, all widths; and WOOL, CARPETS, at low prices, at the  
MONUMENT DRY GOODS STORE.

**Hosiery and Gloves**  
AT No. 33 Monument Square, So. Danvers.

**Housekeeping Goods**  
AT the very lowest prices, THREE DOORS EAST OF MONUMENT.

**Ready-Made Clothing and Rubber Goods**  
AT GEORGE P. DANIELS'S, Main St.  
apr 15—14

**Newman & Symonds**  
HAVE on hand and for sale a good supply of the celebrated  
PATAPSCO FLOUR,  
may 3

**NOTICE.** A part of a new House, No. 14 English Street, to let. Inquire on the premises.  
may 18

**MAKE YOUR OWN GAS!**  
Having bought the right to sell  
JOHN SON'S  
DOMESTIC SELF-GENERATING  
GAS LIGHT  
for South Danvers, I have appointed B. F. STEVENS sole Agent for the sale of the complete apparatus, which they can be seen and will be for sale at his Jewelry Store, 16 Main St.  
jan 25—6m  
WASHINGTON SIMONDS.

**FLY POISONS.**  
GERMAN FLY PAPER and the celebrated Red Fly Poison, for sale by  
T A SWEETSER,  
37 Main street.

T. A. SWEETSER

No. 37 South Main St., Danvers.

Established in 1848.

Offers for sale a complete and selected stock of

Family Medicines,

And deals generally in  
Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Foreign  
Leeches, Shakers' Herbs, Dye Stuffs,  
Gums, Acids, Sponges,  
Trusses, Shoulder Braces,  
Supporters,  
AND GENUINE PATENT MEDICINES,  
Perfumery, Toilet Articles and  
STATIONERY.

All articles are of the best quality.  
Medicines put up with care and neatness.

Recognizing the necessity that all medicines should be pure to give their proper effects, it will be my aim to test all Drugs, Chemicals and Medicines, and to dispense only those which I confidently believe to be free from impurities.

**T. A. SWEETSER, Apothecary,**  
No. 37 Main street, (near Park), South Danvers.  
may 16—14

**G. B. THOMPSON,**  
**DRAPER AND TAILOR,**  
Allen's Building.

Constantly on hand a good assortment of  
Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings,  
MEN'S AND BOYS'  
READY-MADE CLOTHING.

South Danvers, April 25—14  
**JOHN W. SHEPARD,**  
—DEALER IN—  
**FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FRUIT,**  
Ayer's Building, Central St., So. Danvers.

Oranges, Lemons, Pigs, Dates, Cherries, Citron, Prunes, Olives, Carrots, Nuts of all kinds, Dry and Preserved Ginger, Sardinia, Olives, Confectionery, Jelly and Jams, Tomato, Walnut and Muscovado, French and American Mustard, Worcestershire and other Sauces.  
may 30

New Apothecary Store!

**D. P. GROSVENOR, Jr.,**  
Informs the citizens of this place that  
Drugs and Medicines  
Can be found at 38 MAIN STREET.  
He gives strict personal attention to his profession to meet the wants of his patrons.  
may 23—14

**CHARLES S. BUFFUM,**  
Central St., nearly opposite Lowell Depot, So. Danvers.

**CABINET MAKER,**  
FURNITURE MADE, REPAIRED & VARNISHED.  
UPHOLSTERY WORK IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.  
Carpets made to order. Case Chairs now seated.

**THE CELEBRATED**  
**FRANKLIN COAL**  
For sale by M. BLACK, Jr.

**GEORGE E. MEACOM,**  
Dealer in

**DRUGS & MEDICINES,**  
Fancy and Toilet Articles, &c.,  
126 MAIN ST., 126  
Nearly opposite Danvers Bank, South Danvers.

**B. F. STEVENS,**  
**WATCH & JEWELRY MAKER,**  
—AND DEALER IN—  
Watches, Clocks, Gold & Plated Jewelry,  
SILVER AND PLATED WARE,  
OUTLETS AND FANCY GOODS.

Old Gold and Silver taken in exchange for New.  
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, neatly Cleaned, Repaired and warranted.  
16 MAIN ST., OPPOSITE WARREN BANK,  
SOUTH DANVERS, MASS.

**ICE PITCHERS.** A supply of new and desirable styles, just received. Also a fine assortment of Silver Plated Tea Sets; Coffee Urns; Waiters' Casters; Cake Baskets, etc., at less than Boston prices.  
JOSEPH J. RIDER,  
2 West Block—188 Essex St.  
June 20

The subscribers having taken the New Store in SYRRO BLOCK, would respectfully inform the citizens of South Danvers and vicinity, that they will open with a choice and well selected stock of

FOREIGN & DOMESTIC FRUIT,

Consisting of Oranges, Lemons, Dates, Pigs, Raisins, Citron, Currants, together with a large and new assortment of Jellies and Jams of every description.

French and Spanish Olives and Capres, Dry and Preserved Ginger, Tamarinds in Jars and Bags, English Sauces and Pickles of every variety. Also a general assortment of NUTS, consisting of Pecan, Cassia, Naples and English Walnuts, Filberts, Hazel and soft Almonds, Paper Shelled and Shelled Almonds.

English, French and American Mustard, Worcestershire, Sautons, and every variety of English and American Pickles, Sauces, and Preserves.

**Sugars, Teas, Coffees, and Pure Spices** of all kinds. Extra quality Olive Oil, Castile, Chemical and Fancy Soaps. Prepared and Cracked Cocoa, Chocolate Shells, Maca, Nutmegs, etc. Maccaroni, Irish Oat, Sugar, and Superior Flavoring Extracts.

Choice Brands of TOBACCO and CIGARS, Sardinia and Confectionery. Choice Apples. Tropical Fruits of every variety.

The public may be assured that these goods have been selected with care, and will be warranted to be fresh and good.  
William J. Lunt.  
South Danvers, May 23, 1860.

**FINGER RINGS.** A large assortment of Finger Rings, consisting of Diamond, Opal Pearl, Garnet, Regard, and other styles, in real and imitation Stones. Solid and filled do, of all qualities. Also—a full variety of Gold and Plated Split Rings, for sale by  
JOSEPH J. RIDER,  
188 Essex st.  
June 20

**NEW LEHIGH CITRON,** just rec'd at colored stock at  
LUNT & HART'S.

REMOVAL.

**AMOS MERRILL**  
Has removed his stock of Goods to the stores in the  
WARREN BANK BUILDING,  
where may be found a general assortment of

DRY GOODS,

Including a large variety of Prints, Bleached and Brown Cottons, Flannels, Cotton Flannels, Tickings, Denims, Stripes, Cassimeres, Cotton Plume, Housekeeping Goods, Hosiery, Gloves, &c.

HARD WARE,

Consisting in part of House Trimmings, Carpenters, Tools, Nails, Lead, Zinc, Table Cutlery, Farming Tools, &c.

Crockery Ware, Glass Ware, Paper Hangings  
He would invite his old customers and the public generally to give him a call.  
je 20

CARPETS.

**THOMAS W. DOWNING & CO.,** are now opening their stock of Carpets for the Spring Trade, and purchasers will find a large assortment of Brussels, Tapestry, Straw Matting, Oil Cloth, Kidderminster, Crumb Cloths, Mats, Rugs, &c., &c., which will be sold at the lowest prices.  
apr 18 tf  
179 Essex Street, Salem.

SPRING GOODS.

**THOMAS W. DOWNING & CO.,** invite attention to their stock of  
Dress Goods, Cape Cloths, Shawls, Hosiery, and comprising a full assortment in each department, and selected expressly for the present season.  
apr 18 tf  
179 Essex Street, Salem.

**Thomas W. Downing & Co**  
INVITE attention to their large and well-selected stock of  
CLOTHS, for Gentlemen's and Boy's Wear, to which constant additions will be made, of the most desirable styles in the market.  
apr 18 tf  
179 Essex Street, Salem.

**Emerson & Faxon's Quadrille Band**  
For Serenades, Picnic Parties, etc. Applications made at J. Faxon's, 70 Market Street, Salem, and at the Ticket Office of the South Reading Railroad Depot, South Danvers, will be promptly attended to.  
June 20—3m

**Upton's Quadrille Band.**  
For Serenades, Picnic Parties, etc. Apply at George Creamer's Bookstore, or of Wm. C. Nichols, at Lang's Room, Salem.  
June 6—3m

BARGAINS

**GOOD READY-MADE CLOTHING.**  
The subscriber would call the attention of the public to his stock of READY-MADE CLOTHING, comprising a fine assortment of  
Business Sacks, Dress Frocks, Pants, Vests.  
Also, a good stock of Broadcloths, Doe Skins, Cassimeres, Vestings, Plaid Jeans for Boy's wear. GARMENTS will be made to order, or the Cloth sold by the yard.  
R. O. SPILLER, 184 Main st.  
je 6

**BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS,**



### South Danvers and Salem Line of Omnibuses.

On and after Monday, May 4, 1880, the South Danvers and Salem Line of Omnibuses will run as follows:

Leave the Hourly Office, South Danvers at 7, 7:15, 8, 8:15, 9, 9:15, 10, 10:15, 11, 11:15, a. m. 12, 12:15, 1, 1:15, 2, 2:15, 3, 3:15, 4, 4:15, 5, 5:15, 6, 6:15, 7, 7:15, p. m.

Leave No. 13 Central St. Salem, at 8, 8:15, 9, 9:15, 10, 10:15, 11, 11:15, a. m. 12, 12:15, 1, 1:15, 2, 2:15, 3, 3:15, 4, 4:15, 5, 5:15, 6, 6:15, 7, 7:15, 8, 8:15, p. m.

Ladies' Room, at Needham & Hawkes, No. 273 Essex Street, and at the Office.

Single Fare on the regular route, 6 cents, or Twenty Tickets for \$1.00.

Passengers called for or left off the route, at a reasonable distance, the fare will be 12 1/2 cents.

Extra Coaches furnished, at all hours, at reasonable prices. SHACKLEY & MERRILL.

South Danvers, Dec. 7.

**South Reading Branch Railroad.**

On and after Monday Apr. 2, 1880, Trains leave S. Danvers for Boston, 6:45, 10:05, a. m. 3, 5, p. m. Boston for Salem, at 7, 12 m., 3, 6:30, p. m. South Danvers for Salem, 7:55, 12:45, 6:45.

**Essex Railroad.**

Trains leave South Danvers for Lawrence and Way Stations, at 7, 11:15, a. m. 4:45, p. m.

Trains leave Lawrence for S. Danvers, at 8, 12:40, a. m. 6, p. m.

Leave S. Danvers for Salem, 8:50, a. m. 1:30, 6:50. J. PIERCUTT, Superintendent.

**PINGREE'S JOB WAGON.**

THE subscriber is still prepared to do all kinds of Job Work and Teaming, such as removing Furniture and Merchandise of any description about town, or to and from the neighboring towns.

Orders will be received at the Essex Railroad Station, and at E. S. FINE's store, on the Square.

Thankful for past favors, he would solicit a continuance of the same. W. H. PINGREE.

South Danvers, 1880.

**BURNHAM'S**

**SOUTH DANVERS AND BOSTON**

**Railroad and Wagon Express.**

Railroad Freight Train leaves for Boston, at 6 p. m. Leaves Boston for South Danvers at 6 p. m.

Wagon Express leaves for Boston 10 a. m. Leaves Boston 4 p. m.

Railroad Express, for collecting and paying Bills, Notes, Drafts and transmitting of Orders and Remittances, at 10 a. m. Leaves South Danvers at 10 a. m. 2 p. m. Leaves Boston at 2 p. m.

TEAMS FURNISHED FOR EXTRA JOBS AT SHORT NOTICE.

Orders to be left in South Danvers at the store of W. M. Jacobs & Son, on Main Street, and at the office on Central Street, opposite the Depot, or to E. S. FINE, Proprietor, 243 Essex Street, and an order box at No. 45 Pearl Street.

W. M. JACOBS & SON, Proprietors.

South Danvers, Jan. 4, 1880.

**Abbott's South Danvers and Salem**

**EXPRESS.**

Leave South Danvers, 7 a. m. 1 p. m. Leave Salem, 10 a. m. 4 p. m.

Orders left at Teal & Moulton's, and principal stores on Main Street, South Danvers; and at 7 Washington Street, and at E. S. FINE's in the Market, Salem.

**REED'S**

**SO. DANVERS & BOSTON RAILROAD**

**EXPRESS.**

Leave South Danvers at 5 1/2 p. m. Leave Boston, 5 1/2 p. m.

Orders to be left at R. O. Spiller's store, Main St., and at Freight Depot, South Danvers Square.

OFFICE IN BOSTON, NO. 1 FULTON ST.

Particular attention paid to removing Furniture, collecting Bills, Notes, Drafts, &c.

Express leaves S. Danvers at 10 a. m. Boston, 2 1/2 p. m.

Goods called for and delivered in Boston and South Danvers.

S. F. REED,

South Danvers, Jan. 4-17

D. W. BOWDWIN,

ARTIST.

**PHOTOGRAPHIC PICTURES.**

Rooms No. 173 Essex St. at Salem, (Dwelling Block). Portraits, Miniatures, and Views, by the Ambrotype, Daguerotype, Photograph and Stereoscopic process—finished in ink, oil, and water colors.

Particular attention paid to restoring old Daguerotypes, and other pictures—and making enlarged copies, highly finished.

may 10

**Goldthwait's Hotel.**

On the European plan, No. 517 Washington, opposite Beach Street, Boston. The Bill of Fare is supplied to the best of market afford. Lodging Rooms, day or week, and Rooms for Private Parties, on reasonable terms.

may 23

E. T. GOLDTHWAIT, Agt.

**Extra nice Pickles and New Pickled**

Limes, just received at

LUNT & HART'S

E. Upton, Jr.,

**TEACHER OF PIANO FORTE.**

Apply at George Cramer's Book Store, Salem, may 10-30

**Fancy Hair Pins.**

NEW lot in various styles—just received by

JOHN J. MILLER,

2 West Block, 188 Essex St.

**MRS. R. O. FLETCHER**

keeps constantly on hand

A WELL SELECTED ASSORTMENT OF

**Millinery Goods,**

may 16

**Notice.**

BOOKS of the most popular and latest issue, Stationery, Pocket Books and Wallets, Sewing Machines, and Brushes, hammers, ink, etc., for sale by

JOHN D. HOWARD,

april 18

**Pictures, Picture Frames, and Looking**

**GLASSES.**

X. H. SHAW, No. 291 Essex St., Salem,

(Mechanic Hall Building).

Having recently made large additions to his extensive stock, offers the largest and best assortment of

**PICTURES**

In this vicinity, consisting of about 3000 Engravings, Lithographs and Photographs, plain and colored, some of them very beautiful. His customers and the public are invited to call and examine them.

—An hand, a large assortment of—

Picture Cord and Tassels;

Chestnut, Black Walnut, Rosewood, and Plain and Ornamented Oil Frames, of any pattern, made to order at short notice, at a very low price.

Likewise on hand, a variety of medium sized, plain and ornamented oval and square Looking Glass; also, a variety of Looking Glass and Picture Glass, all sizes;

Extra deep Glass, the best in the market;

Mountings of all kinds, for Picture Frames, in strips, at manufacturer prices;

Old Looking Glasses and Pictures refaced;

Old Frames regilded.

may 9

**SHOE BRISTLES; Knife Strops; and Shoe Knives**

at

June 27

S. C. & A. SIMONDS'

33 Front St.

### BARNARD'S

**REFINED LIQUID GLUE!**

FOR mending Furniture of all kinds, Toys, Crockery, Glass Ware, Ornaments, etc.

Prepared by Willis Barnard, Jr., So. Danvers.

For sale by T. A. Sweetser, Geo. E. Maccom, South Danvers, and by druggists, stationers, hardware dealers generally.

Fisher, Day & Co., and D. B. Brooks & Brother, Wholesale Agents for Salem.

Weeks & Putt, Wholesale Agents, 154 Washington Street, Boston.

Jan 25-17

**House Lots for Sale.**

Twenty House Lots of good size, are offered for sale, on a new street, on land of the subscriber, leading from Aborn Street, below a continuation of Pierpont Street. The situation is pleasant, on a high ground and away of scenery. Lead in its vicinity is rapidly advancing in value and a good opportunity is now afforded to obtain a good house lot at a cheap price and on easy terms.

An application may be made to the subscriber.

WILLIAM SUTTON.

South Danvers, March 26th, 1880.

**Cheap House Lots for Sale.**

THE SUBSCRIBER offers for Sale One Hundred House Lots, situated in the rear, (southerly) of Washington Street, about 5 minutes walk from the Beach Street, and 15 minutes walk from the Depot Office &c. They are pleasantly located, chiefly upon Danvers Street, which has been recently laid out and graded, over land recently cleared to give a view of the village and the neighboring city of Salem. The price and terms of payment are such as to put it within the reach of any man having the means to meet, to procure a permanent investment. None but persons of good moral character and industrious habits need apply, as it will be my endeavor to limit, as far as possible, the sale to such persons. Any one wishing to bargain for a lot, will find it best to make an early application, as the best lots are being taken up—30 having already been secured.

SIDNEY C. BANCROFT.

South Danvers, May 9-17

**Cottage for Sale.**

THE SUBSCRIBER offers for sale the new COTTAGE, on 11 TREMONT STREET. This cottage is thoroughly built of the best material, and is finished throughout in the best manner, and will be sold on reasonable terms.

E. B. S. POOR.

South Danvers, June 6.

**GROVER & BAKER'S**

**CELEBRATED**

**Sewing Machines.**

Sales Room Cor. Market & Sumner St., over the Post Office, Lynn Mass.

THIS Machine excels all others in its simplicity of construction, Ease of Management, Strength, Reliability and Beauty of Finish. It is made of Cast Iron, and is made in such a manner, without rivets, bolts, or screws, that it is perfectly adapted for all kinds of household sewing, and is the most reliable and durable of all others, for every kind of house sewing.

The new Improved Grover and Baker Shuttle Machine, as well as all other purposes where the Shuttle stitch is preferred. It is superior for Blind Stitches, every Machine warranted.

The public are invited to call and examine the Machines at the Rooms over the Post Office, Front Street, Lynn Mass.

Agents.

S. H. 8, 10, 12, and 15 cent Papers. Geo. Greenier

has just received a further supply of new and pretty designs, at the above low prices, at the Up-Town Room Paper Establishment.

may 23

243 Essex St., Brown Stone Block.

**KEBOSE LAMPS.**

**CANS, WICKS, and DOWNER'S PURE**

**KEBOSE OIL, for sale.**

GARDNER WEBSTER,

123 Boston Street.

may 14-17

**Dyspepsia Remedy.**

This Medicine has been used by the public for six years, with increasing favor. It is recommended to Cure

Dyspepsia, Nervousness, Heartburn, Colic, Pains, Wind in Stomach or Pains in the Bowels, Headache, Drowsiness, Kidney Complaints, Low Spirits, Delirium Tremens, Intemperance.

It Stimulates, Excites, Invigorates, BUT WILL NOT INJURE OR HARM.

AS A MEDICINE, it is quick and effective, curing the most aggravated cases of Dyspepsia, Kidney Complaints, and all other derangements of the Stomach and Bowels, in a speedy manner.

It will instantly relieve the most melancholy and drooping spirits, and restore the weak, nervous and sickly to health, strength and vigor.

Persons who, from the injudicious use of liquors, have become debilitated, and their nervous system shattered, constitutions broken down, and subject to that horrible cure to humanity, the Delirium Tremens, will find immediate relief, and feel the happy and healthy invigorating efficacy of Dr. Fane's invigorating Spirit.

**WHAT IT WILL DO.**

Does—One who feels full as often as necessary.

One does will remove all Bad Spirits.

One does will cure Heartburn.

Three does will cure dyspepsia.

One does will remove the distressing and disagreeable effects of Wind or Flatulence, and at once to the stomach receives the invigorating Spirit, the distressing load and all painful feelings will be removed.

One does will remove the most distressing pains of Colic, either in the stomach or bowels.

A few does will remove all obstructions in the Kidney, either in the stomach or bowels.

Persons who are seriously afflicted with any Kidney Complaints are assured speedy relief by a dose or two, and a radical cure by the use of one or two bottles.

**NUBLY DISPENSATION.**

Persons who, from dissipating the much over night, and feel the full effects of nervousness, in violent headache, sickness, at stomach, weakness, giddiness, &c., will find one dose will remove all bad feelings.

Lodges of weak and sickly constitutions, should take the invigorating Spirit three times a day: it will make them strong, healthy and happy, remove all obstructions, and at once to the human system, and restore the bloom of health and beauty to the careworn face.

During pregnancy it will be found an invaluable medicine to remove disagreeable sensations at the stomach.

All the proprietor asks, is a trial, and to induce this, he has put up the invigorating Spirit in pint bottles, at 20 cents each.

The General Depot, 40 Water Street, N. Y. Sold by Weeks & Putt, 154 Washington St., Boston, and in S. Danvers, by Geo. E. Maccom, T. A. Sweetser, and by druggists everywhere.

may 10

**WYATT & PARSONS'**

**QUADRILLE BAND,**

As Brass or String.

Are prepared to furnish Music for Balls, Parties, Assemblies, etc., on the most reasonable terms.

Engagements can be made with J. H. Parsons, No. 3 Pleasant Street, H. Farnam, 4 Boston St., or E. H. Stearns, 151 Essex St. Salem, Jan. 4-17

**Best Family Groceries.**

**R. O. SPILLER**

KEEPS constantly on hand a well-selected stock of the Best Family Groceries, comprising

Fresh Tea,

Java and other Coffees,

Refined and Raw Sugars,

Molasses and Syrup,

Tobacco,

Oil,

Flour,

Corn,

Meal,

Feed,

Butter,

Cheddar,

etc., &c.

Also, an assortment of Hard Ware, Nails, Shovels, Forks, Hoes and Hacks, Boyths and Smeaths, Garden Tools, &c., &c., which are offered at the lowest cash prices, at

184 & 188 Main St.

South Danvers, June 6-17

**Curtain Fixtures.**

FISHER'S Patent Lever Curtain Fixtures—A decided improvement.

June 6

R. O. SPILLER'S, 184 and 188 Main St.

### FURNITURE!

AT REDUCED PRICES, AT 205 ESSEX STREET, SALEM,

**SIGN OF THE SOFA.**

A large and complete assortment of CABINET FURNITURE, consisting in part of

Mahogany and Walnut Sofas, Chairs, Centre and Side Tables

WALNUT and CHESTNUT EXTENSION TABLES,

CHESTNUT AND PAINTED CHAMBER SETTS,

Some very desirable patterns.

Cane and Wood Seat Chairs, Redsteads, Bureaus, &c.

Just received a complete assortment of

**LIVE GEES and COMMON FEATHERS,**

Which will be sold at a small advance from cost.

Hair, Palm and Husk Mattresses. Mahogany and Oak Frame Looking Glasses, &c.

Together with a large and complete assortment of GOODS usually found in Furniture Warehouses. The above Goods are in the newest and most desirable styles.

ISRAEL FELLOWS,

205 Essex St., Salem.

Salem, June 6, 1880.

**Gas and Steam Pipes and Gas Fixtures.**

E. H. STATEN,

**GAS, STEAM, AND WATER FITTER,**

**GAS, STEAM AND WATER FITTER.**

151 Essex St., Lynn Block, Salem, Mass.

DEALER IN

**GAS FIXTURES**

For every description of Lighting Stoves, Dwellings, Public Buildings, Churches, &c.

Old Gas Fixtures and Lamps returned to look as well as new. Gas Fixtures and Lamps returned to look as well as new. Gas Fixtures and Lamps returned to look as well as new.

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WEDNESDAY JULY 11, 1860.

WHEREAS THE DEATH AROUND THE STATE, OF our Legislature, in their wisdom, have provided, "if single acts of drunkenness cannot be punished as offence," we notice, that Police Courts have decided when a man falls on the sidewalk, so drunk, that cannot remove therefrom, he may be taken up for obstructing the path, and punished accordingly. The punishment is confinement in the House of Correction for a period not exceeding six months.

It would seem that in the eye of the Law it is more serious offence to obstruct street travel than to be hoistly drunk. We once saw a stout inebriate tumbled down a flight of stairs, and when help was offered said "he had a right to come down stairs just as he was a mind to go." He said "he stood upon his right when, in fact he could not stand at all. If he was to stand on his rights under the present ruling he would avoid obstructing the path, by lying lengthways in gutter, and thus clear the law.

The supporters of Bell & Brewster have hung out the banner in Salem.

**THE WORST YET.** It is said that the reason Horace Greely advocated Lincoln is that he once lived next door to him, and accordingly goes in as an Aber-

where ladies and others not provided with conveyance  
are requested to meet at 2 o'clock.  
Per order of Directors.  
So. Danvers, July 11, 1860

have no right to sell, on the ground that the conveyances from the original trustees to the Union Society were bad and defective, and that the church should by right revert to its original owners. The case is a dark and tangled one, and Judge Merrick has not yet got

**Port at Dai**

Ar 3d, soka Coral Queen, M. soka, 1/2  
Habeck, Philadelphia; 1/2, 1/2, 1/2  
Bones Black, (B) 1/2, 1/2, 1/2  
Clanget, 1/2, 1/2, 1/2  
And 1st, soka W. L. D. 1/2, 1/2, 1/2  
Wines Black, (B) 1/2, 1/2, 1/2



MORY.  
In silence  
as shadows whisper  
a light of memory  
er over  
ied fields;  
countless little  
shields.  
rest October  
yields:  
ordered cloudlets  
em  
pression  
ing grasses  
e stream.  
the woodland:  
dead  
hers in concert,  
o blend,  
d hopes, and friendships  
ould end!  
limited the mountain  
tinged;  
ght the gentian  
fringed;  
n midst the oak-leaves  
and singed.  
close united;  
y heart  
true and loving,  
id part.  
memory never  
part.  
Autumn gathers  
shades;  
e of nature  
ies of winter  
leaves.  
reast heart-chorus  
st  
note of Autumn  
not.  
voiceless music  
orgot.  
d ponder,  
d Brown,  
s departed  
y own;  
light of memory  
me thrown.

WINGS.

a hitherto respectable man,  
a run away with his negroes.  
10,000 people to see him,  
he tight rope over the Niagara  
cutter took the first prize in  
ation of farming machines in  
ays "the great aim of the ed-  
ladies at boarding-school  
marriage and motherhood."  
Niagara expect to reach Jap-  
before 1910, and visit Peking  
the Prussian, who was tried  
d crime of murdering his wife  
a large European fortune.  
a wealthy young bachelor, d-  
ut his throat with a pocket  
despair at becoming blind  
tinel hoists the Douglas flag,  
lady punished by being re-  
Postmaster, for this offence,  
to be publicly executed on  
the 13th, and execution ex-  
mounced by steamboat own  
ounted cane has just been  
quiesce style, and of Mount  
as follows:—"The Constitu-  
d the Union," from Miss  
e-presented July 4, 1890.  
vessels, mostly from New  
er having been about three  
port a total catch of 507 bar-  
age of 17 barrels each. Rath-  
what is stated to be unique  
the King of Naples has given  
a band of about 14 brigands  
der Carabinieri.  
t Macho, in New Haven, died  
the body was buried the same  
he arrested. Accordingly the  
Macho arrested. A postman  
e made.  
Jazzette sums up crop propo-  
imate the crops, in the agree-  
and including all the wheat,  
fest, the yield is fully twice as

We learn that our Honorable Senator Henry Wilson  
was essential to the success of the meeting in  
Frankingham on the 14th. We have this from a fellow  
townsman Mr. D., who was present. Though it is not  
never right, in his observations on this point, that  
he is in his opinion of the Constitution of the United  
States, when he speaks of it as "a contract of debts  
perverted by the spirit of Hell"—perhaps Mr. W. will  
not suffer severely by being thus abused.

We are pleased to see in the Register of Monday, a  
full report of the speech of our neighbor Putnam, on the  
"Cattle disease." It is so fully accords with what  
seems to be the second and better thoughts of the com-  
munity on this subject, that we think it will find a  
cordial response in the bosom of every reflecting read-  
er. We have never for a moment doubted the honesty  
and want of due consideration in this matter.

The following gentlemen have been Directors  
of the Eastern Railroad, for the ensuing year:  
George M. Brown, of Boston; Samuel Hooper, Bos-  
ton; Michael Lunt, Newburyport; Franklin Haven,  
Boston; Nathan D. Chase, Lynn; Wm. L. Dwight,  
Forthmouth; Henry L. Williams, Salem; W. H. Hack-  
ett, Portsmouth.

Mr. Brown. The following notice appeared in the  
Boston Herald, of June 21st:  
A House Shattered by Lightning. During the shower  
on Saturday afternoon, the dwelling-house of Joseph  
Haven, of Newburyport, N. H., was struck by lightning,  
and so badly injured as not to be worth repair-  
ing. The building was nearly new, and furnished  
with the latest appliances.

The object of publishing the above, together with the  
following, is to allay in part at least the anxiety  
of many who have been alarmed by the premises, and  
also those engaged in putting up the same (as there  
are many different patents). The article above did not  
inform the public whose patent it was, or of what ma-  
terial it was made.

The writer of this has been the promoter and exam-  
iner of the conductor, or what was put up for that pur-  
pose, which is a round iron rod, running through  
glass insulators, held by an iron frame driven into  
the house, the same is put up by the North American  
Co. The rods are broken in three places, the  
glass and couplings were also broken.

George's "Old Abe." The "Abe" Times says it  
is with feelings of the utmost satisfaction that we  
record the fact that the former friends of Douglas, in  
this country, are deserting the striking ship and hurrah-  
ing for honest "Old Abe." Not the least noted among  
these are John Stevens, of Dixon, formerly editor of  
the only Democratic paper that ever cut a respectable  
figure in this country, and our present worthy sheriff,  
Lester Harding. Gentlemen, we welcome you into  
"Abraham's bosom!"

Ladies, notice Reduction of Prices by JOHN P.  
PEABODY—see advertisement.

"Best Kid Gloves" for 50 cts. at J. P. PEABODY'S,  
238 Essex st.

Notice.

The Records of the South Congregational Church of  
this town, from 1715 to 1840 are missing, and have been for  
several years. Any one having them in their possession will confer  
a great favor by leaving them with the pastor, or with  
GEORGE F. DANIELS, Church Clerk.

Notice.

The person who took a piece of light colored silk  
from the counter of George F. Daniels' store will please return  
before legal proceedings are resorted to.

A Card to Young Ladies and Gentlemen.

The subscriber will send (free of charge) to all who  
desire it, the recipe and directions for making a reliable  
Vegetable Balm, that will, from two to eight days,  
remove Blisters, Blisters, Tan, Freckles, Sallowiness,  
and all impurities and roughness of the Skin, leaving  
the same as Nature intended it should be—soft, clean,  
smooth, and beautiful. Those desiring the Recipe, with  
full instructions, directions and advice, will please call  
on or address (with return postage),  
JAMES T. MARSHALL,  
Practical Chemist,  
No. 32 City Buildings, N. York.

John Brown's invasion of Virginia has been a very

severe trial to nervous persons living at the South. A  
few disbelievers of Dr. Mann's "Invincible Spirit"  
would do more to quiet their nerves and bring about a  
better state of feeling in this respect, than any other  
instrumentality. It would pay the mercantile com-  
munity in New York, which has a Southern trade, to  
buy it by the hundred gross, and give it away in that  
quarter.

Joseph J. Rider,

Jewelry, Silver  
Plated Ware,  
Advertised in the  
Read the advertisement. Call and examine this  
Goods, and judge of quality, price, and styles for your-  
selves.

South Danvers Post Office.

MAIL ARRANGEMENT.  
On and after Thursday, December 1st, 1890, Mails will  
arrive daily, (Sundays excepted) at  
and will leave at 10:30 A. M., and at 3:30 P. M.  
California Mail, the 1st and 3rd of each month at 10:30 A.  
A. M. Foreign Mail, the 1st and 3rd of each month at 10:30 A.  
A. M. Post office open, (Sundays excepted) from 7 A. M. till  
8 P. M.  
South Danvers, Dec. 7, 1890.

Marriages.

In this town, on the 1st, by Rev. Mr. D. W. Smith, Stephen  
of Boston, to Miss Clara Ann of Brunswick, Me.  
In 3d, by Rev. Mr. W. H. W. of George W. S. Rollins of  
Salem, to Miss Ann Maria Rose of St. Albans, Me.  
In 4th, by Rev. Mr. Worcester, to Miss Clara of St. Albans, Me.  
In 5th, by Rev. Mr. Smith, to Miss Mary of St. Albans, Me.  
In 6th, by Rev. Mr. Smith, to Miss Mary of St. Albans, Me.

Deaths.

In this town, June 30th, of congestion of the brain, Sarah  
Frances, daughter of William B. and Sarah J. F. 100, 5 yrs 2 mos.  
7th inst. Mrs. Meda W. W. of South Danvers, 90 yrs 2 mos.  
3d, of diarrhoea, Charles, son of Enos and Sarah Wilson 2  
mos 8 days.  
At Salem, 5th, Mrs. William Mackall, 65 yrs 5 mos; Mrs. Annie  
Orr, 80 yrs 6 mos; 8th, Mr. Charles J. Whipple, 42 yrs—son of  
Edw. H. Whipple; Miss Bridget O'Donnell, 80 yrs; 7th, Thos  
P. O'Neil 70 yrs 9 mos.

Port of Danvers.

At 3d, John Coral Queen, Moon, 4th, Wm. J. Baynes,  
Salem, 5th, John W. Baynes, 6th, John W. Baynes, 7th, John W.  
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# THE WIZARD.

VOL. I.

SOUTH DANVERS, MASS., WEDNESDAY, JULY 18, 1860.

NO. 33

## THE WIZARD

At Allen's Building, So. Danvers Square,  
—BY—  
CHAS. D. HOWARD, Proprietor.

F. POOLE, Editor.

Terms \$2.00 a Year; for Immediate Payment, \$1.50.

### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Half a Square, 3 wks. 3 mos. 1 year.  
One Square, 10 00 25 00 50 00  
Quarter of a Square, 5 00 12 50 25 00  
Six lines of Nonpareil type are equal to a square.  
Of extra per line will be charged for notices of ten days for political, civic, or religious purposes, notices of societies, cards of acknowledgments, &c.  
The privilege of Annual Advertising is limited to their own immediate business; and all advertisements for the benefit of other persons, as well as legal advertisements, and advertisements of real estate, or action suits, sent in by them, must be paid for at the usual rates.

Book and Job Printing  
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,  
Executed with Neatness and Despatch,  
AT THIS OFFICE.

### CARDS.

JOHN W. PROCTOR,  
has taken rooms, in the  
2d, Story of the Union Building,  
nearly opposite the Monument,  
Where he will be found from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., ready to attend to any business that may be entrusted to his care.  
South Danvers, Feb. 26th, 1860.

THOMAS M. STIMPSON,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
194 Essex Street, Salem.  
Residence Lowell street, South Danvers.  
Jan 4-ly

B. O. PERKINS,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
So. Danvers—Office in Allen's Building.

H. O. WILEY,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
Office, Allen's Building, So. Danvers.

IVES & PEABODY,  
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,  
Have removed their Office to  
Rooms formerly occupied by Hon. O. P. Lord,  
No. 27 WASHINGTON STREET, SALEM.  
STRENGTH B. IVES, JR. JOHN B. PEABODY.  
December 7, 1859.

ALFRED A. ABBOTT,  
Attorney and Counsellor,  
Office, No. 224 Essex Street, Salem;  
House, Main St., So. Danvers.

SIDNEY C. BANCROFT,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
27 Washington Street, Salem.  
Mr. Bancroft may be found mornings and evenings, at his home office, near his residence in South Danvers.  
December 7, 1859.

A. S. CRAWFORD,  
DENTIST,  
No. 4 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS SQUARE.  
Mechanical Dentistry Neatly Executed.  
Teeth Extracted by Electricity without Extra Charge.  
dec 7

W. L. BOWDOIN,  
SURGEON DENTIST,  
No. 278 Essex Street, Salem, (Opposite the Market).  
Residence—No 57 Washington street.  
Jan 11-ly

F. POOLE,  
INSURANCE AGENT,  
Allen's Building (up stairs),  
Deeds drawn, and other common forms.

SAMUEL DAVIS,  
HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING ROOM,  
7 MAIN ST., SOUTH DANVERS.

E. S. FLINT,  
DEALER IN  
WEST INDIA GOODS, COUNTRY PRODUCE,  
No. 2 Main Street, South Danvers.

EDWARD C. WEBSTER,  
ONE PRICE  
HAT, CAP AND FUR STORE,  
231 ESSEX, and 34 WASHINGTON ST.,

Peabody Billiard Hall.  
BACHELDER'S BUILDING, MAIN STREET,  
SOUTH DANVERS.

H. C. LARKIN—(Proprietor)—A. W. FORTUNE  
HENRY L. WHIDDEN,  
PAINTER, GLAZIER,  
AND PAPERER,  
Central Street, South Danvers, Oppo. South Church.  
All orders promptly and faithfully executed.  
dec 14 1859

WHIPPLE & FRIEND,  
PAINTERS,  
GLAZIERS AND PAPER HANGERS,  
88 Main Street, opposite Monument, S. Danvers.  
All orders promptly attended to; a share of patronage solicited.  
J. A. WHIPPLE.

JOHN MOULTON,  
LIVERY & STABLE,  
Main St., (opp. Danvers Bank), So. Danvers.

## Original Poetry.

### SLEEP.

"He giveth His beloved sleep!"—  
His angel comes to close their eyes,  
And He in safety makes them dwell,  
Till morn returning bids them rise.  
Bliss boon! how little do we think,  
As night draws near, by whom 'tis given—  
And thou, O angel! twin with death!  
How seldom say thou art from Heaven.  
As towards us thou dost speed thy flight,  
Sundered with silence, winged with dreams,  
Our thoughts, as through the long, long day,  
Are still of earth and earthly schemes.  
Yet shall we feel thy magic power,  
As long as earth our soul shall bind,  
Soothing our sorrows and our pains,  
Strengthening the body and the mind.  
'Till he, whose type thou art, shall come,  
For their last sleep our eyes shall close,  
In which our bodies shall be changed,  
That they no more may need repose;  
But everlasting vigils keep,  
When we shall wake, above the skies,  
With Him who gives His loved ones sleep,  
And He who slept that we might rise.  
June 20. D. P.

BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.—A friend has handed us the following song, giving the British version of the battle. We have copied it verbatim from the printed hand-bill, which bears marks of antiquity, and was probably printed at the time, or soon after the conflict.

### A SONG

Composed by the British Soldiers, after the Battle of Bunker Hill, on the 17th of June, 1776.

It was on the seventeenth by break of day, the Yankees did surprise us,  
With their strong works they had thrown up, to burn the town and drive us;  
But soon we had an order came, an order to defend them,  
Like rebels stout they stood it out, and thought we ne'er could beat them.  
About the hour of twelve that day, an order came for marching,  
With three good flints and sixty rounds, each man had to discharge them;  
We marched down to the long wharf, where boats were ready waiting,  
With expedition we embarked, our ships kept cannonading.  
And when our boats all filled were, with officers and soldiers,  
With good troops as England had, to oppose who dare controul us;  
And when our boats all filled were, we row'd in line of battle,  
Where showers of balls like hail did fly, our cannon loud did rattle.

There was Cape-Hill battery near Charlestown, our twenty-four they play'd,  
And the three frigates in the stream, that very well behaved;  
The Glasgow frigate clear'd the shore, all at the time of landing,  
With her grape shot and cannon balls, no Yankees could stand them.

And when we landed on the shore, we draw'd up all together,  
The Yankees they all munn'd their works & thought we'd ne'er come thither;  
But soon they did perceive brave Howe, brave Howe our bold commander,  
With grenadiers and infantry, we made them to surrender.

Bravo William Howe on our right wing, cry'd boys fight on like thunder,  
You soon will see the rebels flee, with great amaze and wonder;  
Now some lay bleeding on the ground, and some full o'er hills & dales & mountains high, crying round brave Howe's coming.

They began to play on our left wing, where Pigot he commanded,  
But we return'd it back again, with courage most undaunted;  
To our grape shot and musquet ball, to which they were but strangers,  
They thought to come with sword in hand, but soon they found their danger.

And when their works we got into, and put them to the flight, sir,  
Some of them did hide themselves, and others did with fright, sir;  
And when their works we got into, without great fear or danger,  
Their works were made so firm and strong, the Yankees are great strangers.

But as for our artillery, they all behaved flinty,  
For while their ammunition held, we gave it to them plenty;  
But our conductor he got broke, for his misconduct sure, sir,  
The shot he sent for twelve pound guns, were made for Twenty-four, sir.

There is some in Boston please to say, as we the field were taking,  
We went to kill their countrymen, while they their hay were making;  
But such stout whigs I never saw, to hang them all I'd rather,  
For making hay with musquet balls, and buck-shot mix'd together.

Bravo Howe is so considerate, as to prevent all danger,  
He allows us half a pint a day, to run we are not strangers;  
Long may he live by land and sea, for he's beloved by many,  
The name of Howe the Yankees dread, we feel it very plainly.

And now my song is at an end, and to conclude my ditty,  
It's the poor and ignorant, and only them I pity;  
And as for their king that John Hancock, and Adams if they're taken,  
Their heads for signs shall hang up high upon the hill called Beacon.

## Personal Narrative of a Privateer's Man.

BY A CITIZEN OF SOUTH DANVERS.

Salem, Mass., July 1812.

Sailed in the schooner Fairtrader, Morgan master, 33 tons, one 2 pound carriage gun, 25 men, on a cruise in the Bay of Fundy. Took three small craft, and sent them in. Soon after took a ship of 400 tons, and brought her into Salem. Sailed next in ship John, and took several prizes of little value. Returned to Salem, and sailed next in the schooner Enterprise, Morgan, 220 tons, 1-6 and 1-12 pounder, crew 98 all told, on a cruise off Brazil. Off St. Salvador, chased by the Constitution frigate all day, showing colors: no trusting to colors in war time. Took no prize short of stores, and crew was dissatisfied. We sailed for home in 25 days; got soundings, Cape Cod bearing N. W. about 100 miles. Next morning, saw two sail and got all ready to fight or run. They proved to be an English frigate and brig. After several hours' chase and some firing at close quarters, we surrendered and were carried into Halifax prison in May, 1813. In November 250 of us poor jack salts were sent to England and put on board of a 74 hulk, the Bahama, at Chatham. Among our employments was one, to cut a hole through the ship's side in the night, in order to swim ashore a distance of about two miles. We were discovered and search was made for tools the next day but no go. Said tools were then and there boiling in the coppers with our dinner, barley and water.

The prisoners in another ship lying near us were more fortunate, but their scheme was also discovered. One of these prisoners thus describes it:—

"The prisoners and the commander had lived in pretty good harmony until very lately. Some of our men had absolutely cut a hole through the ship, near her stern, and cut the copper all round the hole, excepting at the under side, which enabled them to bend down the copper at their pleasure, and open a passage into the water, and to re-close it in such a manner as to escape detection. It was effected with a great deal of art and good management.

The first dark night after this newly contrived stern-post was finished, sixteen of the prisoners passed through it into the water, and swam safely on shore, notwithstanding a sentinel was stationed directly above the hole. They took care, however, to allure him as far forward as they could, by singing droll songs, and handing about some grog, which had been provided for that purpose. Sixteen was thought to be as great a number as could be prudently ventured to escape at once; for one night the copper which operated like a door upon its hinge, was considerably ruptured, and the prisoners gave over the attempt, and retired to their hammocks again.

The next evening the prisoners were to be counted; and it was of the first importance to keep up the entire number, and prevent the detection of our plot. To this end we cut a hole through one dock, big enough for one man to pass from one enclosure of prisoners to the other. There was always a number of prisoners left on each deck, who were counted by the sergeant below; while the sergeant passed from the lower deck to the next above it, sixteen men slipped through the hole, and were counted over again; and this deception kept the numbers good, and this trick was practised several times with success. The nights were now too light for a second attempt to escape. When they became sufficiently dark again, we prepared for a second attempt. After drawing lots for the chance, each man was provided with a little bag of cloths, plastered over with grease, to keep them water tight; they passed agreeably to lots drawn, to the hole near the stern of the ship. Two got well into the water, but one of them was tender and timid. Trepidation and the coldness of the water made him turn back to regain the hole he crept out of. In coming near the staging where the sentinel was posted, he heard the poor fellow breathe, and at length got sight of him:—"Ah," says paddy, "here is a porpoise, and I'll stick him with my bayonet." On which the terrified young man exclaimed—"don't kill me, I am a prisoner." The sentinel held out his hand and helped him on to the staging, and then fired his gun to give the alarm. The guard turned out, and the officers ran down in a fright, not being able to conceive how the man could have got overboard, surrounded with a platform, and guarded as this ship was. They ran here and there, and questioned, and threatened, and rummaged about; at length they discovered the sally port of the enemy. The officers stood in astonishment at the sight of a hole big enough for a man to creep through, out through the thick plank of a ship of the line. While they stared and looked pale, many of the prisoners burst out laughing. None but an American could have thought and executed such a plan as this. One of the officers said he did not believe that the Devil himself would ever be able to keep these fellows in hell, if they determined on getting out!

The poor fellow who had crept out, and crept back again, was so chilled, or pertified with fear, that he could give the officers no account of the matter. In the mean time, muskets were fired, and a general alarm sent through the prison fleet of prison ships, fifteen in number. The river was soon covered with boats, but not a man could they find. The next day the man who escaped was found dead on the beach, where he lay two days in sight of us all. At length a coroner's inquest was held upon him; but no one was examined by the jury, excepting

the crew of the boat, who first discovered him. It was said that there were bruises about his head. His ship-mates said that he was one of the best swimmers they ever knew. It was strongly suspected that he was discovered swimming, and that some of the marines knocked him on the head, in revenge for turning them out of their hammocks in the night. His clothing, his money, and his watch were taken by lieutenant Omore, the commander of this prison ship. It was disgraceful to the people and to the civil authority, to allow the man to lay such a long space of time, unexamined and unburied, on the shores of a christian people.

When the prisoners were called to answer to their names, those absent were called over several times; when some of the prisoners answered that the absentees had been patrolled by the commander, and gone on shore. This saucy answer enraged the commander, excited his resentment, and laid the foundation for future difficulties.

It was supposed that bogus money was coined on board of the Bahama, and search was made for materials. In one poor simpleton's hammock were found some bits of lead. The officer said, "ah! you're the d—d yankee rascal that makes the bad money." "Oh, no," says he, "I am ship's barber; I have a number of colored gentlemen's wool to dress, and I put a piece of lead to the end of each tail to keep it straight." One of them went over the side to buy some thing of the bumpout man, and gave him a dollar. The officer roared out to the boatman, "turn it over or it will burn your fingers; it has not been made five minutes." After 11 months in this hulk, orders came to send us to Dartmouth. About 500 of us arrived at Plymouth in the Diomedes 74, in October 1814. Marched sixteen miles inland to Dartmouth, a dismal looking place—no tree or bush to be seen as far as the eye could reach. Our allowance of food was one lb. of bread per day, one half lb. of beef, one half a fat turnip boiled in a gallon of water, which they called soup, four days in the week. The other three days, one pound salt herring, and as much water as we chose. To help us, our government allowed us 6s. 8d. per month, but as soon as peace was declared, this was stopped and almost all trade in prison was suspended, but there was yet some money in circulation, as there were from 500 to 1000 Americans discharged from British men of war, and they received their pay and prize money which was some help to keep trade alive. I should have mentioned that before peace was declared, we undertook to dig out of prison. We commenced by digging a hole under our mess table. The miners about 20 in number, worked spell and spell, four or five at a time. In the night they brought the dirt up in bags, hats, pockets, anything. The others scattered it about the prison as dust. The tools were jack-knives and pieces of iron grating torn up from the gutters.

The writer's share of the work was to supply the miners with spirits of turpentine as candles would not burn. A hole was dug twenty feet perpendicular and 80 feet horizontal, but when the news of peace arrived this work was stopped, say about the first of January, 1815. Those who had money could buy almost any thing from the traders in the market square, but the money and goods were passed through the iron railing. There were some Jews with cloths, trinkets, &c., which sold at enormous profits. Some of the boys declared they would be up with them. One day a Jew brought in a piece of cloth to sell. "Pass it through the bars," said one, "I want to feel of it." He passed it through, they felt of it from one to another, and at last they made a run and reeled off about 20 yards before the Jew could cut and save the remainder. There were 6000 prisoners of all shades from milk to molasses. Some amused themselves with playing ball, pitching quoits, &c. On the 6th of April, as some were playing ball, it was struck over the wall that separates the prison from the barrack yard. They called to the sentinel to throw it back, but he either would not or did not hear. This stone wall was 20 feet high and 4 feet thick. One said, "let us bore a hole through and get the ball," and at it they went, some with jack-knives, and others with pieces of iron grating. In about two hours they had a hole, a man might crawl through. We had no intention of getting away, as we were in expectation every day of being sent home; but the garrison got frightened and beat to arms. Thousands of prisoners rushed out into the yards, not knowing what the trouble was, when the soldiers by order of the Commander of the prison, fired, and killed nine and wounded forty before we could make good our retreat. Inside the buildings, the dead were taken out and buried. The wounded were put into the prison hospital. On the 15th of June, 250 of us were called out and marched to Plymouth. On arriving in the town, we were accosted by an Irish lady after this fashion, "Och, ye ribbles and thrators, I hope the Prince Regent will hang every divil of ye!" But we got on board that night. R. G. Beazley, the American Agent in London, contracted with one Jacobs, a Jew, of Connecticut, a ship broker, to charter vessels and find provisions for us. Each man was allowed a hammock and blanket. This ship and crew were Swedes. We sailed for home, about the 20th of June. After the hammocks and blankets were served out by our own purser and his stewards, (the Capt. had nothing to do with our stores) it was found that several bales of clothing were left in our store room, and it was supposed they were intended to be smuggled on shore. The Captain and Purser were asked if they knew to whom the goods belonged. They said "no, they knew nothing about them." Then said the spokesman, "they

belong to us as much as to any body else." They got them on deck; there were coats, vests, pants, &c., and they drew lots who should have this and who that. Each one drew some thing as far as they went. Nothing special occurred till we got into the Gulf stream, when we found out that the Captain had shaped his course for a Southern port. Three fourths of us belonged North of New York; and as there were some old ship masters and plenty of good sailors on board, we relieved the Swedish crew, took command of the ship, and shaped our course direct for Boston or Salem. In a few days we arrived at Boston, and hailed into the wharf, about the first part of August, 1815. In one hour the 250 Privateersmen were scattered E. W. N. and S. So ends this Narrative, written from memory by an Old Salt upwards of eighty years of age.

### An Aged Veteran.

At the celebration of Independence, at Madison, Wis., a veteran of the Revolution, a hundred years old, was the participant. Prof. Butler was the orator of the occasion, and drew the attention of his audience to the centenarian by the following words. Turning to him, Mr. Butler said:—

Fellow Citizens!—I call you to gaze on a sight we never saw before, and which we shall never see again. How few of us have ever seen a man a hundred years old; but here we behold such a man who was also our champion many years before we were born. Look with all your eyes at this man who fought for us at Stonington, and in the winter-quarters at Morristown when the troops were more than one day without either beef or bread, and more than one week were destitute of either one or the other, yea, fed on every kind of horse-food except hay. Look at him, for he fought for us against King George on the land, and on the sea, and if he had had wings, he would have fought our battles in the air! Mark him well. He is a section cut out of our earliest past, set down before our eyes.

I call him a three-fold man—time-honored—spared and blest by before, and in youth he fought against tyranny with carnal weapons; in his best years he fought against Satan with weapons not carnal, yet mighty for pulling down the strong-holds; and when age drew on, as if renewing his youth, he warred against the wilderness as a Wisconsin pioneer!

Do you call him a ruin? I call him rather a pyramid of which we may well be more proud than of all that Egypt can boast.

Happy old man! May thine age be clearer than noon-day; yea, shine forth, and be even as the morning. We shall speak of thee to our children, and to our children's children.

Happy are our eyes that see thee! Nowhere else in Wisconsin is such a soldier-to-day seen, or to be seen. Nay, more than one of our States may be searched from side to side without finding such a jewel, for the worthies of the Revolution, falling before the only foe they could not meet, have dwindled to only a single score.

God grant, compatriots, that this veteran who saw Andre hung as a spy before the stone church in Tappan—yet who sits here to-day with more hair on his head than I can show—may be with us yet once more on a national birthday!

He feels obliged to retire before I begin my oration, and I take my farewell of him by proposing this sentiment:

The spirit of Nathaniel Ames—the only ardent spirit there is no danger of our to-day drinking to excess.

This toast was received with huzzas. There were many eyes sparkling with the tears of sudden emotion, and as the Mayor announced that the old man was somewhat fatigued, and desired to get out of the throng and hot sun, the carriage was immediately surrounded and drawn off to the Capital House by the arms of fifty stalwart volunteers. The band, by the veteran's request, played "Washington's Farewell March." The Professor then continued his oration.

### A Valuable Tribute to Worcester's Dictionary.

WISCONSIN UNIVERSITY }  
Madison, May 26, 1859. }

Jos. E. WORCESTER, Esq.,  
Dear Sir:—A presentation-copy of your Dictionary and a note from your own hand, greeted me last week. I make haste to tender you my thanks, and to give you my first impressions of the book.

In references to the Scriptures, you specify the verse as well as chapter, and thus render a Concordance well nigh needless. The Bible, considered simply as the most common of books, and the best standard of our speech, deserves such a distinction.

The pictorial illustrations, on the plan started two centuries ago in Nuremberg, will need no commendation to such as reflect how the eye catches in an instant what the ear cannot learn in an hour. In regard to pronunciation and etymology, you have made a repository which will be consulted more than any other, even by those who differ from you most, because instead of ignoring the opinions of your predecessors, as some have done, you call and store them in one hive, side by side with your own, that readers may choose as they please. You thus remind me of Aaron's serpent, which swallowed all the rest. So may you!

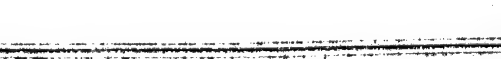
On opening your present, one of the first words that met my eye was *Alitre*. In defining







999



1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

100-443888-511

for alarms in foggy weather  
of St John. It is











lorless and leafless as they. It is always green, and is only the brighter and gayer for the frost.

## THE WIZARD.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 26, 1860.

### SO DANVERS MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.

#### SOCIAL GATHERING AT SALEM NECK.

In a late number of our paper, we noticed briefly a delightful re-union of the members of the above Society, at the sumptuous residence of Hon. Eben S. Poor, by his hospitable invitation; and we now have to chronicle another Social Gathering of the Association, which was held on Wednesday afternoon last, July 18th, at Welch's, Salem Neck. Coaches for the conveyance of members to the grounds, were early in readiness near the Peabody Institute, but a much larger number of persons proceeded to Salem by their own private conveyances. The weather was clear and comfortable, and in every sense propitious to the purpose of the meeting. By polite invitation of the Committee, we enjoyed the pleasure of being present at this "field meeting." In a pleasant grove near the Welch house, seats had been placed for the convenience of the company, swings depended from the trees, and a long table had been neatly set upon which to serve supper in the open air.

The situation with its view of Salem harbor and Lowell Island, with numerous sails in the offing—the presence of another party in the neighborhood—the busy hay-makers near by, and the rattling of handsome teams, bringing accessions to the company, all contributed without marring the retirement, to invest the scene with a pleasant liveliness, while a delicious breeze shed its refreshing influence around.

With a goodly attendance of gentlemen of the Association, and others out of its pale, they were still happily outnumbered by the young and beautiful representatives of the gentler sex, the witchery of whose presence diffused over the social and festive scene, that perfume and flower of enjoyment, which feminine grace and worth alone possess the power to bestow.

Fortunate is the association in possessing so fully the ardent sympathy and active co-operation of the ladies in the furtherance of its worthy object, in which they are truly a tower of strength.

The company entertained themselves variously according to their fancy, in social converse, rambles about the vicinity, pitching quoits, exercising in the swings, sketching scenery, &c.

Several favorite gems from Mendelssohn's Songs, ("O, fly with me," "The Nightingale," and "The Forest Bird," were sung by the choir, under the lead of the co-impulsed Prof. KRAMERIAN, to whom we had the pleasure of an introduction. Mr. K. is a gentleman of great attainments in his profession, possessing a fine physical presence and great urbanity of manners. So far as we could judge from our conversation, no important difference existed between the Professor's views and our own upon the subject of the deficiencies and requirements of modern Musical Science. With our hereditary passion and taste for music, strengthened by careful cultivation, the opportunity of uniting our voice with Prof. K's and those of the excellent choir under his charge, was a pure and unalloyed pleasure, and one long to be remembered.

While enjoying a stroll over the pleasant grounds, we were accosted by a member of the Association, who inquired of us if we did not mean to see Copenhagen. We assured him that it was hardly probable at our advanced age, that we should cross the ocean to behold the wonders of the chief city of Denmark. A rather scornful laugh followed our next reply, but upon our friend's begging us to go with him, we consented to accompany him toward a crowd in the grove. Beholding what appeared to be a row of ladies and gents pulling a long rope, we were so misled as to ask our companion, "What Engine Company is that?" and if there was a fire. He informed us with a smile, that it was not an engine company, and that the only fire raging was that innocent flame inspired in the heart by beautiful forms and sparkling eyes. Walking further, we could see that many of the people were formed into a ring, with gentlemen inside apparently fighting, and we were so shocked as to be hardly able to exclaim "Do they allow prize-fighting here?" when our friend relieved our fears.

Reaching the ring, imagine our horror to behold a person of gentlemanly exterior, but fierce countenance, stealthily approach a charming young lady holding the rope, and without any provocation whatever, level at her a furious blow! By skillfully dodging it, she received the blow only upon one of her hands, when her enemy apparently incensed at being thus belied, matched a victim in his arms and gave her such a hug as seemed sufficient to "press the life from out young hearts," besides making an effort to bite her—an attempt which from certain crimson spots visible upon the damsel's cheeks after her release, we feared was but too successful. Boiling with indignation at the sight, we were doffing our coat to inflict summary chastisement upon the assaulter of beauty, when we were restrained by the bystanders. We could only step up to the ring, and taking the lady's delicate and injured hand in our own, ask with real concern, "Did the gentleman hurt you much?" when there was such a giggling and shouting as quite disconcerted us. But as our eyes gradually opened to what was going forward, our troubled countenance cleared itself like the heavens after a summer shower. It was merely the playing of a pleasant game called "Copenhagen," because that is the name of it. The performance now struck us as excessively comical. The enthusiasm in the sport—the agility in striking the hands of the ladies—the eager pursuit out of the ring, of some flying damsel—the measuring of his length upon the ground by some over-zealous gent; the loss of equilibrium by a lady; or the sudden fall of both at once, as if by some sudden change in their views, they were "down upon Copenhagen"—how should we describe them? Can we forget the kissings and the squabbles—the affected indignity of some fair one, "That wasn't fair!" the frequency with which certain gentlemen were called into the ring, filling the observer with painful suspicions that the girls must have taken some advantage of them—the irresistible conviction that if some people did not the next day expiate their devotion to Copenhagen by some lips, it would not be for lack of using them—who that was present remembers not those? Suffice it here to say that nothing seemed of sufficient over to break the magic circle, until a voice was

heard calling the company to supper, when it was discovered that "Copenhagen" was the charmed word that possessed the virtue to dissolve even the spell of Copenhagen.

We think the company were quite in order in rallying in such strong force at the generously loaded table. It was estimated that about eighty persons sat down to the excellent repast, and such ample provision had been made in this department, that a much larger number might have been accommodated. A chief felicity to the success of this portion of the afternoon's entertainment, was the presence of Mr. Drew, a gentleman from Africa, as Master of the ceremonies, in directing the attendance upon the wants of the guests. His masterly performance of his duties indicated true taste in his soul, and that he felt that he honored himself in serving the members of the Musical Association, and their friends. Mr. Drew was immensely popular. If any persons present labored under the impression that our people have any prejudice against color, the exhibition of so decided a bias in favor of Mr. Drew, must have worked a perfect eradication of the heresy. From all quarters were heard calls for the light of his countenance in their direction.

We should certainly fall in our duty as a faithful reporter, if we omitted to notice that spontaneous rhyming propensity which showed itself among the sitters at the table, and was the occasion of so much playful wit and genial humor. Whether this phenomenon was owing to the awakening influence of "sunbeams in the cucumbers," or the effect of some still more potent stimulus accidentally or surreptitiously introduced into the chowder—or what it was, we cannot say; but we simply allude to the fact. It seemed to be out of order for any gent to call for any thing excepting in rhyme. "Here, Mr. Drew! I call for you, and chowder too." "Drew, all my mug out of your jug." (pitcher.) "Dear Mr. Drew, Now chowder's through, I only wait for a clean plate." And the skillful purveyor with a smiling appreciation of poetic merit, would himself or by his assistant furnish every thing that was desired. A gentleman whose poetical pions were hardly full-grown, essayed a rhyming flight, and collapsed in this manner—"Here, Mr. Drew, Clean plate for me!" amid great laughter at his boldness and originality. He was not, however, permitted to make a second attempt, but was admonished to place a curb upon his too impulsive feelings, under penalty of having his dish of chowder taken away from him. The readiness with which at this juncture, he avowed his preference of Mrs. Welch's excellent chowder over his own blank-verse, was hailed by the company as a sign of returning reason. Another verse: "This pretty maid Wants lemonade; She's sour—she's sweet, So punch is meet." (A stunning box upon the gent's ear, from his indignant lady-love, which makes great merriment.) As a specimen of the more elaborate effusions, take the following: "Now, Mr. Drew, Let me tell you, If I must say, You sure will rue This present crew, And trouble woo, Unless you do, A waiter true, Bring fish, a few; And clever Drew, This mug renew, Since you've the clue Coffee to view, And have a look; And to me show Cucumbers now, That this year grew, Water'd with dew, Or Upton's glue; And good friend Drew, Some chowder stew, And you'll be through; There—that will do, Blessings on you, Delights who strew, African Drew, Excelled so far as my experience goes, by a very, very few!" (Laughter, and exit of Drew, with a contented grin, and "eyes in a fine frothy rolling, which 'bring down the table.") As we were forced to be very shy in making our minutes of proceedings, let the report taking wing "A chiel's amang us, takin' notes, and faith he'll 'prent it!" should cast any constraint upon the frolic indulgence of wit and mirth, we may possibly have omitted some of the rhymes from the above effusion of Mr. L. But if so, as to err is human, we willingly pardon and forgive every thing, and hold ourselves ready to receive any apology that may be offered.

Amid the multifarious demands upon his services, and the freedom with which his good name was be-rythmed to death, to the honor of Mr. Drew must be said that he preserved alike his temper and his shirt-bosom unruined. The jokes, rhymes and good cheer at the supper table effectually broke any ice that still remained intact, and long after the board was cleared, though a portion of the company had retired, many of the younger visitors especially, remained, as loth to leave the pleasant scene.

We noticed a diversion now to us, but of which we know not the name. A lady and gent, or several, or many of either sex with joined hands, would run at the top of their speed toward some point, and being unable or unwilling through the enthusiasm inspired by the chowder or other cause, to stop themselves upon descending from running, the row would dash into fragments, and the component parts thereof be bowled over the velvet greenward, in a manner that was in the highest degree trying to the risibles, to wit: as the irrepressible shouts of laughter from the observers fully testified. At one time we counted fifteen, and at another, twenty persons in a line, upon a run, under the amusing leadership of Mr. Noman, to whose ready wit and inventive skill this exercise owed a great share of success in promoting good humor and sound digestion. His directions seemed to us a capital burlesque upon a Dancing Professor's Calls, as he shouted, "All up for the next run!" "Now, to Welch's front door!" "No tumbling down this time!" (Here by some fatality the row was ignominiously broken by hostile and opposing apple-trees, and they tumbled worse than ever.)

Now, for a variation, a bevy of young maidens were dying over the green with the speed of the wind, apparently bound for Lowell Island—their skirts fluttering in the breeze, and pursued by a company of apparently loose gents with a long rope, as if bent upon lassoing and subduing the fleet and graceful runners, a scene most ludicrous and side-shaking to the sight, but to which our type can do no justice.

Anon, an unsuspecting crowd of both sexes, suddenly discovered themselves to be made manes of a Union party, called about by a rope like a bo-constrictor, which made skirts collapse and (whale) bones crack, as the hem-p-constrictor every moment contracted his folds, entangling his hapless victims in a seemingly inextricable confusion, while the air was rent with laughter. But we cannot pretend to describe all the mythical exorcises of the young people, which in their wildest sallies of fun, were marked by a pleasing decorum.

At about 7-1-4 o'clock P. M., there was a general thronging toward the house, and the company in excellent spirits over the enjoyments that had crowned their social meeting, dispersed by their various conveyances, to their homes, with minds renewed by recreation, new girded for their duties, and well prepared by

their hearty exercises of the evening, to lapse into refreshing slumbers and pleasant dreams.

The entire arrangements for the entertainment of the company, had been planned upon an extensive scale, and were carried out in that noble and generous spirit so characteristic of this Association in all its undertakings, and reflected special credit upon the gentleman to whom was committed the responsibility of attending to the practical details incident to the success of this Social Gathering.

It needs not, we are sure, that we should say one word in praise of the Musical Association. The unexampled success and popularity which have attended it from its formation, the fact that the Roll of Members represents not alone the abounding musical taste and talent in our midst, but also in so simple a measure the leading character and great material prosperity of our community, and lastly its discriminating support of "The Wizard,"—these illustrate more eloquently than words its high position and mission, and are the best guarantees of its perpetuity. They have made it a victory to the mast, and already her eagles swoop down upon their banner.

### Firemen's Muster at Lynnfield.

#### South Danvers wins a Trumpet!

Last Wednesday, we attended a Firemen's Muster at Lynnfield, got up by that regular specimen of a Yankee, P. Pattee, landlord of the Lynnfield Hotel. By taking the 10 o'clock train, we found we were in season to see every thing going on. The Engines had all arrived, and the different Companies, together with a large crowd of outsiders, were assembled on the green in front of the Hotel. The crowd soon began moving in the direction of the Pond, (Suntang Lake, we believe they call it) and on arriving on the ground we found that Mr. Pattee had not been idle in providing for the comfort of the Firemen. A large platform had been erected on the margin of the pond, extending some twenty feet or more into the water. On this the Firemen were enabled to place their machines to draft, at the same time securing to them a firm and dry foothold. Four hundred feet distant from the platform, was placed a large tank, capable of holding 2000 gallons, and the filling of which to the amount of 1600 gallons, was the first order on the programme, and the real "bug of war."

RELIANCE, No. 1, of Salem, Hunneman build, 8 inch cylinder, and 16 inch stroke, was the first one on the platform, and at a signal, commenced to "play away." She kept up a good stroke from first to last, and filled the tank in 7 minutes, 30 seconds.

OCEAN, No. 3, of Danvers, Leslie build, 8 1-2 inch cylinder, 14 inch stroke, was the second one to try. We noticed that she was the thinnest manned of any Company present, but she showed good pluck, and considering this was the first time she ever went "a-croaking," we think she did well. Time, 8 minutes, 42 seconds.

EAGLE, No. 5, of South Danvers, Leslie, 8 inch cylinder, 11 3-4 inch stroke, came third on the list. As the contest was supposed to be between this and the South Reading "Tub," various were the conjectures while she was getting under way. Notwithstanding the playing through an inch nozzle, out of 400 feet of hose, she was not overpowered much, and kept up a good and full stroke, filling the tank in 6 minutes, 44 seconds, which they say goes ahead of any thing done yet in this vicinity.

MERCHAN, No. 1, of Gloucester, Howard & Davis's build, 8 1-2 inch cylinder, 16 inch stroke, was the fourth to play. Her crew was a fine body of men. She kept up a good stroke, and filled the tank in 6 minutes, 44 seconds, which they say goes ahead of any thing done yet in this vicinity.

YALE, No. 1, of South Reading, made by Jeffers, double-decker, 10 inch cylinder, 12 inch stroke. This Engine was of the largest capacity of any on the ground, and won a prize at Lowell a few years ago. Her friends expected a great deal from her, but they were disappointed. She came out only 4th best, doing her work in 7 minutes, 44 seconds.

GEN. SCOTT, of Danvers, 8 1-2 inch cylinder, 14 inch stroke, Leslie's build, was the sixth and last to try. She was worked smart, and knowing just what they had got to do, her crew bent their energies to win the prize. Her time was 6 minutes, 55 seconds, 12 seconds more than the Eagle.

As the result of these trials, the prize of an elegant silver trumpet valued at \$75, was awarded to EAGLE Engine Company, of South Danvers, as the victor in the trial at filling the tank. The honor was well deserved, and reflects credit upon the energetic and well-disciplined crew of Number 5, and proves the excellence of their "Mackies." The emblem of their triumph was exhibited for a time in the window of Mr. B. P. Stevens's Jewelry Store. The trumpet is handsome in shape and of graceful workmanship. We heartily congratulate our neighbors of the Eagle upon their success at the Lynnfield Muster.

After the dinner the contest in horizontal playing took place. The prize offered for competition was a silver cup, and the contest was a very close one. The playing was through 400 feet of hose, each company being allowed to select their own nozzle. Twenty minutes were allowed each company for preparation and trial, and the time of trial was one minute. In case of the South Reading, a second trial was to be allowed, provided the same could be got through with inside of twenty minutes. Throughout the trial, which lasted until five o'clock, the wind blowed directly across the streams, rendering it impossible for them to attain a great distance. The hose of the Yale burst, but the company were enabled to make a second trial. The result of the playing was as follows:

|                              |          |              |
|------------------------------|----------|--------------|
| Reliance No. 1, of Salem     | 136 feet | 3-5-8 inches |
| Ocean No. 5, of S. Danvers   | 127 "    | " "          |
| Ocean No. 3, of Danvers      | 120 "    | " "          |
| Yale No. 1, of S. Reading    | 114 "    | " "          |
| Merchan No. 1, of Gloucester | 140 "    | 10 "         |
| Gen. Scott No. 2, of Danvers | 140 "    | 7-3-4 "      |

The Reliance, Ocean and Gen. Scott used 7-8 inch nozzle, and other engines inch nozzle. After the above trials, the Firemen proceeded to the Hotel, where the reading was to come off. Each company was allowed to run their hose carriages, with 10 men, a distance of one mile (one half mile being at the Hotel and return), carrying 300 feet of 4 1-2 inch leather hose.

The prize was a purse of \$18. The Gen. Scott, and Eagle of So. Danvers, and the Yale of So. Reading, were entered, but the latter companies were not allowed to compete for the prize, as they carried cotton hose only. The Eagles were unable to obtain a sufficient quantity of hose to load their carriage, and were obliged to give the race up.

The Gen. Scott, No. 2, made the mile in 8 minutes and 23 seconds, and of course took the prize. The writer of this returns thanks to the Eagle Engine Company for favors received.

The article on our first page from the Gloucester Telegraph giving the experiences of a traveller to the old world will well repay perusal. The signature will remind the readers of a former valued contributor to the Wizard.

Volunteer Engine No. 4, of South Danvers, is to go to the buildings, Button & Blake, of Waterford N. Y., to be fitted with the latest improvements; it has been in service now over six years without any repairs of any account.

### POLITICAL CHRONICLES.

#### CHAPTER III.

1. Now it came to pass in the sixth month, in the eighteenth day of the month, that the tribe of Stephen assembled themselves together in the great city of the Marylanders.

2. And they came from the north and the south and the east and the west, and Caleb whose surname was Cushing presided over them at a foretime.

3. And they were not of one mind, but were wroth one with another.

4. For there were Squatterites and Fireaters, who like the Jews and Samaritans, had no dealings one with another.

5. And there were bickerings and hate, and tumults and smittings with the hand, and words of anger.

6. It came to pass that King James, and the office bearers spake aloud and said, we will not have this Stephen to reign over us.

7. And they joined themselves to the Fire-eaters so that per adventure they might prevent Stephen from being made King.

8. Then Fernando the Yorkite gathered together his host and said, we will go up and make Stephen, our King and Fitzpatrick the Alabamite shall be his armor-bearer.

9. But, one Loring a Salemite stretched forth his hand and spake boldly saying, away with this Stephen we will not have him for our King.

10. And Hallet also, from the great city of the north and the east prophesied against Stephen and the Squatterites.

11. And it came to pass that the Squatterites and the host of Fernando the Yorkite shouted aloud saying, we will have Stephen for our King.

12. Then Caleb was very wroth and said, Why should I stand here and see this Stephen proclaimed King?

13. And he annointed his head and put sackcloth on his loins, and took his shoes off of his feet and shook the dust thereof, and descended from his high place and went out from among them.

14. And the Squatterites shouted aloud for joy and then put another in his place.

15. And the Fire-eaters and the office bearers of King James, followed after Caleb and assembled themselves together in another place in the same city.

16. Now it came to pass that when the Fire-eaters and those who had joined with them, were assembled together, they made Caleb to preside over them.

17. And they spake among themselves and said, let us make ourselves a covenant. So they made them, selves a covenant which was not like the covenant of the tribe of Stephen.

18. But they made another covenant and they formed themselves into another tribe.

19. And they said, we will be of the tribe of Breckenridge and we will have him for our King, and Joseph the Oregonite shall be his armor-bearer.

20. And we will hold our bondmen, and our bondwomen in security, and carry them whither we will, and no one shall molest us.

21. So they proclaimed him to be their King with shoutings and the sound of the harp, and the trumpet and the trumpet.

22. And King James was glad and gathered around him his mighty men and his chief speakers, and said, great is Breckenridge the Kentuckyite.

23. And he issued a decree to all the office bearers of his kingdom, saying, those who will not bow down to Breckenridge the Kentuckyite, him will I cut off and his office shall another take.

24. And the office bearers were sorely troubled and great fear came upon them, for divers, privily wished Stephen to be their King.

25. And it came to pass that certain of those who had assembled at the great city of the South and who had gone out from the assembly, got themselves together at a city called Richmond, in the land of the Virginians.

26. And they were of the Fire-eaters, so that when they had heard that Breckenridge the Kentuckyite was named as King, they were very joyful.

27. And they joined themselves to his tribe and said they would join to make him King.

28. Now it came to pass that Fitzpatrick the Alabamite would not be armor-bearer to King Stephen.

29. So Johnson who lived in the country of the Georgians was chosen in his stead.

LIQUID BLACKING.—We have had an opportunity to try a new article of liquid blacking, which we think is superior to anything of the kind which has come before it. It gives a clean and perfect polish of a brilliant blackness without taking away the life of the leather but leaving it in its usual supple and pliable condition. The article is made of several costly materials and it should have, as it would if its merits were generally known, a higher reputation than has ever been accorded to the famous Day & Martin's blacking. It is prepared by S. P. Sylvester of Danvers, and we suppose it may be had at the shop of any dealer who means to keep first-rate articles for his customers.

LAWRENCE SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL.—There have been but two graduates at this school, of pupils from South Danvers. Mr. J. Henry Osgood received his degree of Bachelor of Science (B. S.), in 1858, and the same degree was conferred upon Mr. George A. Osborne Jr. the present year. The school is in a flourishing condition, has able and distinguished men for its Professors, and a practical and thorough scientific education can be there acquired by youth of studious habits. Each pupil is confined to a specific branch of scientific investigation the better to enable him to be a thorough proficient in the study of his choice.

SCHOOL VACATION.—All the public schools in town will close on Friday, and the vacation will continue until the first Monday in September, making five weeks. On account of the festival of the State Normal School, occurring on Friday, no many teachers as desired will close their schools on Thursday.

We are glad to hear that the health of Miss Hale is so well restored that she will resume her duties as assistant teacher in the High School at the beginning of next term.

UNION GROVE.—This popular place of resort is likely to be well patronized this summer. The Salem Young Men's Literary Association are to hold a grand Pic-nic there to-morrow and we suppose many of our adopted fellow citizens will join them at our rail road station. Mr. Bowman Viles does everything to preserve order and administer comfort and pleasure to the companies who attend at the grove.

DUDLEY OBSERVATORY.—This important Astronomical station at Albany is now in full operation. We are pleased to learn that one of our citizens, Mr. Henry Ward Poole, has received the appointment of astronomical observer at the observatory. He succeeds Mr. Sonntag who goes with Dr. Hayes as astronomer on his Arctic voyage. Mr. Sonntag is a Swede and a man of high scientific knowledge. His name will be remembered by those who have read Dr. Kane's excellent narrative, as one of his scientific corps. Mr. Poole has recently published in the Boston Journal an able and mainly accurate of Dr. Hayes from some suspicious regarding his conduct in the famous "Boat Journey" of the Kane exploration. He obtained his facts from Mr. Sonntag in the mountains of Mexico, where they happened to meet two or three years since, each being at the head of a scientific exploring party in those regions. This defense, founded on information derived from Mr. Sonntag, is a triumphant refutation of all that has been reported derogatory to Dr. Hayes in that affair.

THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.—The Eclipse in South Danvers, we are sorry to say did not give universal satisfaction. It came with praiseworthy punctuality; hit a little piece out of the top of the sun and then made a half-moon of it. Everybody was on the look-out for the darkness, but there was none visible to the naked eye. The fowls refused to go to roost when the eclipse came on and the cooks wouldn't crow when it went off. People smuted their noses and strained their eyes for nothing. Some declared it a humbug and a sham. Others said it was intervention half carried out. We do not think the astronomers are to blame about it—they told us the precise truth concerning it and their programme was carried out to a letter. If it had come the next day all parties would have been satisfied so far as the darkness could satisfy them. At just the hour of the eclipse of the preceding day, thick clouds eclipsed the sun and made it nearly as dark as a starlit midnight. We were obliged to light up the gas in our office, and artificial light was needed for reading and work.

Thanks Mr. Editor, when you say of your correspondent "P," I "never take a chaw, or blow a cloud." You are right in this assertion. I have seen the folly of such things. Nevertheless, if tobacco must continue to be used, it must be grown before it can be used;—and if there is a benefit, to accrue from this why not enjoy it? There is nothing morally wrong in growing tobacco, any more than other poisonous plants. Whoever heard of an injunction being placed on the growing of opium, because it may be used for bad purposes? What good thing is there that cannot be misused? Will you prohibit growing of wheat, corn, and rye, because intoxicating liquors are made therefrom? Evil be to him who evil thinks." If a better profit will accrue from growing tobacco than onions, let it be grown—so long as the plaguy maggot is about.

RIGHTS OF RAILROADS.—The recent decision of the Supreme Judicial Court, as contained in the published opinions of Chief Justice Shaw, that teams or other vehicles must not obstruct the passage of cars, on the authorized track, presents matter for serious consideration, in regard to the law of the roads. Every man is bound so to move on the public highway, as not to interfere with the rights of others. When the privilege is once granted to a railroad to lay its rails in a highway, they claim the right to move with railroad speed on such track; and no one has the right to obstruct such motion, if they do, they are liable to a suit for damages, or to indictment for creating a nuisance. Did the Legislature so understand the matter, when they authorized these charters to be granted?—We hold that grants for the use and benefit of private corporations should never be so used as to obstruct travel in the public highway.

CURRENTS.—Among the current news of the day we have to record the gift of a box containing some of the largest we have seen, both white and red. The box had also some splendid white and purple geeseberries of a kind which escapes the mildew. They were grown in the fine garden of Mr. B. D. Hill Jr., on Washington Place.

SHOE MAKING AND REPAIRING.—Mr. Eben Mencom may be always found at his shop No. 180 Main Street and ready to do all he can for the good of your soles at the shortest notice. He is an old resident, having been here about 30 years, and although he has labored industriously all the time, we dare say there are some people in town richer than he is. Give him a lift.

CLOTHES PRICES.—Mr. Benjamin Reed the Florist, has for sale some of the very neatest and handsomest articles of this kind we ever saw. He sells them for 10 cts per dozen. Any person who can have a look at his article will throw away their old mildewed clothes plus at once. He only charges 10 cts for looking at them, which is cheap enough.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—This popular journal for August comes to us well laden with valuable contributions on a variety of subjects. There is an able article on Tobacco and its uses which will be likely to raise the ire of Rev. Mr. Trask, who will probably close no time in overthrowing the arguments of the writer.

ERRORS OF THE TYPE.—In a paragraph in our last, relating to the Institute Library, we expressed a hope that certain facts did not show "a diminution" of public interest. The quoted words were printed "admiration" of public interest! It must have proved an unsolved enigma to many readers.

GRANULAR FUEL.—It will be seen by his advertisement that Mr. Z. Goodridge is ready to supply our citizens with this article. We presume it is a very desirable and economical fuel but shall be better able to give our judgment when we have had an opportunity to try it.

WE copy an extract from the Boston Post in reference to the new and splendid Saloon just opened by one of Boston's most enterprising men, Mr. Charles Copeland, who has opened a new establishment at No. 4 Tremont Row, where visitors may enjoy a temperature perfectly comfortable. The Post says, in describing the place: "The large and luxurious rooms are admirably well ventilated, and arranged with unsurpassed elegance, with babbling fountains, beautiful plants, an aquarium, singing birds, pictures, statues, mirrors, &c. In fact, it must surpass everything of the kind in the country. 'Make note of it!'"

Ladies looking for bargains should visit JOHN P. PEABODY'S, 238 Essex street, Salem, as he is closing his stock of Summer Goods at Reduced Prices.

THE RECORD OF THE YEAR.—The Record of the Year, 1859, is now published. It contains a full and complete account of the year, and is a valuable work for every family.

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THE RECORD OF



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s shop No. 160 Main Street  
for the good of your sales at  
an old resident, having been  
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e dare say there are some  
he is. Give him a lift.

jamin Reed the Florist, has  
stest and handsomest ar-  
w. He sells them for 10  
a who can have a look at his  
feir old mildewed clothes  
ages 10 cts for looking at  
gh.

his popular journal for de-  
ca with valuable contribu-  
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who will probably lose ar-  
guments of the writer.

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interprising men, Mr. Claret  
a new establishment at No.  
The Post says, in describ-  
and luxurious rooms are  
g fountains, beautiful pic-  
s, pictures, statues, and  
ake note on't

ains should visit JOHN F  
street, Salem, as he is the  
Goods at Reduced Prices

**Enormous Rhubarb.**—Three stalks of rhubarb have  
been exhibited to us which are of enormous dimensions.  
Two of them, of the "Mammoth" variety, weigh ten  
pounds. The largest was seven inches in circumference.  
They were raised by John W. Stevens of So.  
Danvers. A third, of the "Victoria" variety, from the  
garden of Andrew Porter, also of South Danvers,  
had a stalk two feet and ten inches long and weighed  
four and a half pounds. The leaf of the largest stalk  
of this rhubarb was four feet square, and would make  
a respectable umbrella. [Boston Journal.]

Harper's Magazine comes to us this month from  
A. A. Williams & Co., as full of good things as an egg  
is full of meat.

**Wanted,**  
A smart, active young man to work in a store  
where steady employment may be had. None need apply but  
those who can give good recommendation. Apply to  
A. W. WARREN.  
Danversport, July 26, 1880.

**Notice.**  
The records of the South Congregational Church of  
this town, from 1713 to 1840 are missing, and have been for sev-  
eral years. Any one having them in their possession will confer  
a great favor by leaving them with the pastor, or with  
GEORGE P. DANIELS, Church Clerk.  
June 27

According to the report of the Commissioner of  
Pensions, only 150 revolutionary patriots are yet liv-  
ing to receive such well-merited evidence of their  
country's gratitude. One after another of these noble  
men pass away, until at last all are gone of that illu-  
strious race of men. Although Dr. Ham's "Invigorating  
Spirits" cures Dyspepsia, Colic, Indigestion and Bad  
Stomach, thereby lengthening the lives of men, yet it  
cannot make persons last forever. If it could, these noble  
men of the revolution would be preserved for years  
to come.

**A Card to Young Ladies and Gentlemen.**  
The subscriber will send (free of charge) to all who  
desire it, the recipe and directions for making a simple  
"Vegetable Balm," that will, in from two to eight days,  
remove Pimples, Blotches, Tan, Freckles, Salt-works,  
and all impurities and roughness of the skin, leaving  
the same as Nature intended it should be—soft, clear,  
smooth, and beautiful. Those desiring the Recipe, with  
full instructions, directions and advice, will please call  
on or address (with return postage),  
JAMES T. MARSHALL,  
PRACTICAL CHEMIST,  
No. 32 City Buildings, N. York.  
Je 20—3m

Read his advertisements. Call and examine his  
Goods, and judge of quality, prices and styles for your-  
selves.  
Joseph J. Rider,  
dealer in  
Jewelry, Silver  
and  
Plated Ware,  
Advertises in the  
WEAVER.

**Deaths.**  
In this town (Salem), June 25, Mrs. Mary Hawkes, 34 yrs

**Advertisements.**  
**M. BLACK, JR.,**  
AT DANVERSPORT,  
is now prepared to furnish COAL of the various sizes, and of  
the very best quality, viz:  
LEHIGH WHITE ASH—the best, in most cases, for  
furnaces and McGehee Stoves.  
TACUST MOUNTAIN—A free burning white ash,  
the purest article mined.  
For RED ASH—The Diamond, East Franklin, or  
Washington.  
Also the celebrated FRANKLIN COAL, the best in  
the world for Cooking Furnaces.  
Office in South Danvers in the Square, at the South Reading  
Depot.  
July 20

**Administrator's Notice.**  
NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly ap-  
pointed administrator of the estate of CYRUS THOMAS,  
late of South Danvers, in the County of Essex, deceased,  
and has taken upon himself that trust, by giving  
notice to all persons having demands upon the  
estate of said deceased, are required to exhibit the same; and  
all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make pay-  
ment to the subscriber at pleasure. For simplicity of  
conclusion, economy of time, and justice to all parties, this notice  
is given by the subscriber.  
SIX patents are exhibited in this machine, and so simple in its  
construction, that it is not liable to get out of order, and can  
be worked very easily.  
It can make 100 stitches in a minute, equal to two yards  
without dropping a stitch; the needle is self-adjusted—a child  
can put them in place and run the machine; a patent loop-  
stitch will wear more strain than any other stitch, owing to its  
greater elasticity; it will not wear, unravel, but it can be  
drawn, and also fasten again at pleasure. For simplicity of  
construction, economy of time, and justice to all parties, this notice  
is given by the subscriber.  
"Accurate, noiseless, and the beauty and simplicity of its me-  
chanism are admirable."—New York Express.  
"We consider that a great desideratum has been supplied in  
providing beyond doubt that two threads are not, as was supposed,  
necessary to a good machine. We recommend all who desire to  
consult economy of time, labor and money, to go and see for  
themselves."—N. Y. Christian Advocate.  
"All the machines were considered good, but taking into con-  
sideration simplicity, cheapness, durability, and doing all work,  
the committee were unanimously in favor of Wilson & Gibbs'."  
[Report of the State Agricultural Society of Pennsylvania.]  
"Cheap, excellent, and fast winning its way into favor."—Salem  
Register.  
We can refer to parties in this vicinity who have used this ma-  
chine for two years, and have seen no machine at any price with  
which they would exchange.  
We would refer to the following persons who have purchased  
this machine:  
Mrs. J. W. Roberts, and Mrs. B. T. Giles, High street, Mrs. Dr.  
Hunt, River st., Danversport; Messrs. E. H. Payson, East Ed-  
wards, H. E. Jinks, Wm. H. Kelley, D. G. Hatchelder, John H.  
Nichols, Rev. J. R. DeWitt, and many others.

**THIRTY DOLLARS!**  
4000 Stitches a Minute.  
SIX patents are exhibited in this machine, and so simple in its  
construction, that it is not liable to get out of order, and can  
be worked very easily.  
It can make 100 stitches in a minute, equal to two yards  
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**D. B. BROOKS & BROTHER,**  
Having accepted the Agency of the WILSON & GIBBS' SEW-  
ING MACHINES, will keep them on exhibition at their Music  
Rooms,  
No. 4 Central street, Salem,  
And at their Bookstore in South Danvers,  
where a lady in attendance will be happy to exhibit them in  
operation.  
HOUSE PAPERS. The old stock of Papers and  
Borders selling off low at the Cheap Paper Hang-  
ing store of  
J. S. & E. A. SIMONDS, 32 Front St.  
Brown's Laxative Troches  
For sale by D. P. GROSVENOR, JR.,  
Je 11

For Rheumatism. For sale by  
D. P. GROSVENOR, JR., 32 Main st.  
CHIMNEY PRINTS. A few Firebrand Prints left  
and for sale at cost, at the Cheap Paper Hang-  
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Je 29

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Je 29

**SPY GLASSES, &c.** Spy Glasses for travellers' use,  
of convenient size for transportation, very power-  
ful, and at much less than Boston prices;  
Pocket Microscopes for plants, flowers, insects, etc.  
Pocket Drinking Cups, silvered and britannia, no  
arrangement as to shut up compactly—for sale by  
J. H. P. IVES & A. A. SMITH, 232 Essex st.

**238**  
**Bargains!**  
We have "MARKED DOWN" the most of our stock  
so low that it is being closed quite rapidly. We  
are offering bargains in  
HOSIERY,  
GLOVES,  
MITS,  
PARASOLS,  
SHADES,  
CORSETS,  
TRIMMINGS,  
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BRAIDS,  
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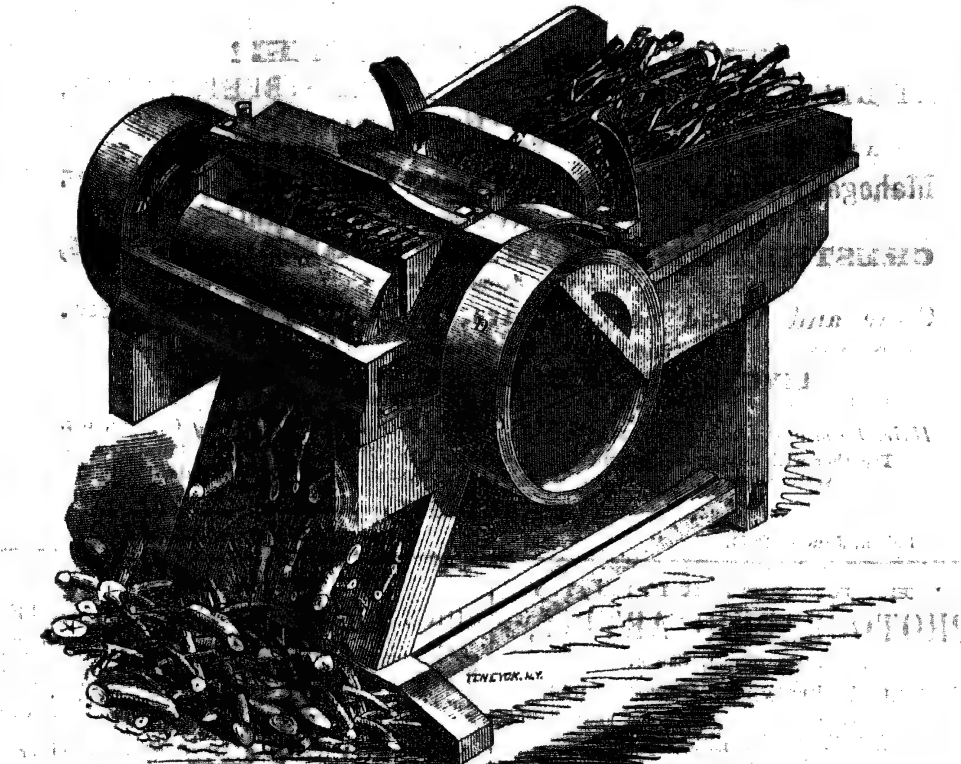
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**25,000 Bushels Granular Fuel.**  
I AM prepared to deliver this quantity of  
PATENT GRANULAR FUEL in lots to suit purchasers.  
Though I have purchased the right, under the Daniel's Patent,  
to manufacture and sell the most of Essex County, my pres-  
ent supply of fuel will not warrant me in attempting now to  
furnish more than a dollar's worth (at my expense  
when for more than a dollar's worth) or left upon either of the  
order books, which may be found at Danvers' Mill, formerly  
Barnard's, Newbury Crossing, South Danvers, where it is man-  
ufactured, at the Protective Union Store, or stores of Newman

**BOSTON NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.**  
From John D. Flegg & Co., Advertising Agency, No. 11 Water  
street, and Spring Lane, Boston.  
A BEAUTIFUL CURIOSITY, INDEED! "A little mag-  
nificent" of most extraordinary power. We have tried them,  
and speak by the book. Some of them make a little house  
from the last of a bushel look like lobster. [Spirit of  
Sewerily-dix. "Perfect little wonders." [Herald, pictorial.  
They are no humbug, but a most curious reality. Four diffi-  
cult powers by mail for \$1.00. O. B. Underwood, 114 Hanover  
street, Boston.  
NEW TRUSS NEW TRUSS. All persons suffering or re-  
quiring Trusses are invited to call and see an entirely new  
invention, which is believed to be a very great advance upon  
existing trusses. It is light, and to combine all the requisites of  
a PERFECT TRUSS. The same principle is also applicable to  
SUPPORTERS.  
No. 15 Tremont street, Boston.  
Dealers in Surgical and Dental Instruments, General Agents  
for New England States and British Provinces.

**George P. Daniels**  
Is selling most of his new Dress Goods less  
than cost of importation.  
**Figured French Shirtings**  
AT GEORGE P. DANIELS', Main St.  
**Straw Matting, 2, 4, 5 and 6-4.**  
**OIL FLOOR CLOTHS, all widths; and**  
**WOOLEN CARPETS, at all prices; at the**  
**MONUMENT DRY GOODS STORE.**  
**Hosiery and Gloves**  
AT No. 83 Monument Square, So. Danvers.  
**Housekeeping Goods**  
AT the very lowest prices,  
THREE DOORS EAST OF MONUMENT.

**Ready-Made Clothing and Rubber Goods**  
AT GEORGE P. DANIELS', Main St.  
April 25—4f  
**REMOVAL.**  
**AMOS MERRILL**  
Has removed his stock of Goods to the stores in the  
WARREN BANK BUILDING,  
where may be found a general assortment of  
**DRY GOODS,**  
Including a large variety of Prints, Bleached and  
Brown Cottons, Flannels, Cotton Flannels, Tickings,  
Denims, Stripes, Cassimeres, Cottonades, House-  
keeping Goods, Hosiery, Gloves, &c.  
**HARD WARE,**  
Consisting in part of House Trimmings, Carpenters'  
Tools, Nails, Lead, Zinc, Table Cutlery, Farming  
Tools, &c.  
He would invite his old customers and the public  
generally to give him a call.  
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**FOREIGN & DOMESTIC FRUIT,</**



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## NO. 35

lases. In fact, the moral gains every thing; if something is lost by the physical, the commutation is complete. Some one asked the philosopher Fontenelle, when ninety-five years of age, which twenty years of his life he regretted the least? "roguet little," he replied; "and yet the happiest years of my life were those between fifty-fifth and the seventy-fifth."

10,000 people visited the Great Eastern in one last week.

y pleasant, health-  
 T A SWEETSER.  
 37 Main Street.  
 rge assortment of Finger  
 nond, Opal Pearl, Garnet,  
 real and imitation Stones,  
 alities. Also—a full var-  
 Rings, for sale by  
 SEPH J. RIDER,  
 188 Essex st.  
 's Spirit.

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# THE WIZARD.

VOL. I.

SOUTH DANVERS, MASS., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 8, 1860.

NO. 36

## THE WIZARD

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY,  
At Allen's Building, So. Danvers Square,  
—BY—  
CHAS. D. HOWARD, Proprietor.

F. POOLE, Editor.

Terms \$2.00 a Year; for Immediate Payment, \$1.50.

### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Half a Square, 3 wks. 1 year  
One Square, 1 mo. 3 mos. 1 year  
Quarter of a Column, 1 mo. 3 mos. 1 year  
10 lines of Newspaper type are equal to a square.  
All extra per line will be charged for notices of meetings for political, clerical, or religious purposes, notices of societies, cards of acknowledgments, &c.  
The privilege of Annual Advertisers is limited to their own immediate business; and all advertisements for the benefit of others or persons, as well as legal advertisements, and advertisements of real estate, or auction sales, sent in by them, must be paid for at the usual rates.

Book and Job Printing  
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,  
Executed with Neatness and Despatch,  
AT THIS OFFICE.

### CARDS.

A. A. PUTNAM,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
CORNER MAPLE AND ELM STS.,  
DANVERS.

THOMAS M. STIMPSON,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
104 ESSEX STREET, SALEM.  
Residence Lowell street, South Danvers.  
Jan 4-ly

B. C. PERKINS,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
So. Danvers—Office in Allen's Building.

H. O. WILEY,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
Office, Allen's Building, So. Danvers.

IVES & PEABODY,  
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,  
Have removed their Office to  
Rooms formerly occupied by Hon. Otis P. Lord,  
NO. 27 WASHINGTON STREET, SALEM.  
STEPHEN B. IVES, JR. JOHN B. PEABODY.  
December 7, 1859.

ALFRED A. ABBOTT,  
Attorney and Counsellor,  
Office, No. 221 Essex Street, Salem;  
House, Main St., So. Danvers.

SIDNEY C. BANCROFT,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
27 Washington Street, Salem.  
Mr. Bancroft may be found mornings and evenings, at his home office, near his residence in South Danvers.  
December 7, 1859.

JOHN W. PROCTOR,  
has taken rooms, in the  
2d, Story of the Union Building,  
nearly opposite the Monument,  
Where he will be found from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., ready to attend to any business that may be entrusted to his care.  
South Danvers, Feb. 20th, 1860.

A. S. CRAWFORD,  
DENTIST,  
No. 4 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS SQUARE.  
Mechanical Dentistry Neatly Executed.

W. L. BOWDOIN,  
SURGEON DENTIST,  
No. 218 Essex Street, Salem, (Opposite the Market).  
Residence—No. 57 Washington street.  
Jan 11-ly

F. POOLE,  
INSURANCE AGENT,  
Allen's Building (up stairs),  
Deeds drawn, and other common forms.

SAMUEL DAVIS,  
HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING ROOM,  
7 MAIN ST., SOUTH DANVERS.

E. S. FLINT,  
DEALER IN  
WEST INDIA GOODS, COUNTRY PRODUCE,  
No. 2 Main Street, South Danvers.

EDWARD C. WEBSTER,  
ONE PRICE  
HAT, CAP AND FUR STORE,  
231 ESSEX, and 31 WASHINGTON ST.

HENRY L. WHIDDEN,  
PAINTER, GLAZIER,  
AND PAPERER,  
Central Street, South Danvers, Opp. South Church.  
dec 14-ly

WHIPPLE & FRIEND,  
PAINTERS,  
GLAZIERS AND PAPER HANGERS,  
88 Main street, opposite Monument, S. Danvers.  
All orders promptly attended to; a share of patronage solicited.  
J. A. WHIPPLE. A. FRIEND.

JOHN MOULTON,  
LIVERY STABLE,  
Main St., opp. Danvers Bank, So. Danvers.

## Original Poetry.

### A Voice from the Indian.

Where are the homes of my kindred and friends?  
Where the brave warriors, fearless and free?  
Where the grand forest I roamed in at will?  
Say I can find them and show them to me?  
Why have ye driven my fathers away,  
Far from the country ye know was their own?  
Why quenched their fires, their wigwams destroyed,  
Blain them or scattered them, homeless and lone.  
Look on these rivers, strong-flowing and deep;  
On them the birchen canoe used to glide.  
Now the great steamboat, and wide-winged ship  
Float on their waters in grandeur and pride.  
Valleys I loved, and high mountains I climbed,  
Once rendered sacred by legend and lay,  
Ye have divested of every old charm;  
Even their names ye have taken away.

Ah! that my eyes should have witnessed such change;  
That this old heart should have throbbled with such  
pain;  
I must go back to my long silent race,  
Never, perhaps, to look hither again.

We did not fight for the freedom we loved;  
So, since those dark days, O white men, have ye,  
And, as such struggles may yet be renewed,  
Scorn not our race, but be generous as free.

This is no place for the Indian now,  
Though 'tis a smiling land, fair to the sight,  
Never, oh never, while free breezes blow,  
May it know sorrow, or smothering blight.

Yet, e'er I go, let me show ye a cloud  
Hanging in ominous blackness around,  
So that it spreads not, eye, clear it away;  
Make this fair land to be Freedom's own ground.

One shadow more ye must keep from your sun:  
Never to man's graven images bow,  
Cling to the faith that is simple and pure,  
Pray to the Father your fathers did know.

### Myself and Polly Carter.

Bright is the tint of the autumn leaf  
When first the fall frost nips it;  
Smart is red poppy and elder mixed,  
To the mouth which gently sips it;  
But brighter far than Autumn leaf,  
Than "chrysanthemum" smarter,  
Is the pride of my heart—my own true love,  
My gentle Polly Carter.

I loved her when a little girl,  
And loved her more when older,  
And never once shall I forget  
When first my love I told her;  
She blushed, and sighed and turned her head,  
(Her eyes were filled with water).  
I took her hand within my own  
And whispered—"Polly Carter!"

She only blushed a deeper red,  
And sweeter looked than ever,  
My heart it seemed to run a race  
With my old "patent" lever;  
I told her that I loved her well,  
And that I never would be true  
For aught on earth, however prized,  
The love of Polly Carter.

I told her that I had a farm—  
Well filled with every tree—  
And that I had a snug farm house  
To which I longed to take her;  
And told her that unless she'd go,  
For life I'd be a martyr  
To Cupid's cause, and break my heart  
For gentle Polly Carter.

She turned, and oh! how sweet she smiled,  
And said she loved me dearly,  
Then what cared I for aught beside?  
I was quite bled I for a while;  
The "old folks" said we might be wed,  
And ne'er did I feel smarter;  
Than when the person made us one—  
Myself and Polly Carter.

A HEROIC WOMAN.—On the Illinois River, two hundred miles from its junction with the Mississippi, there lived in 1812, an old pioneer, known in those days as "Old Parker, the Squatter." His family consisted of a wife and three children, the oldest a boy of nineteen, a girl of seventeen, and the youngest a boy of fourteen. At the time of which we write, Parker and his oldest boy had gone in company with three Indians on a hunt, expecting to be absent some five or six days. The third day after the departure, one of the Indians returned to Parker's house, came in, and sat himself down by the fire, lit his pipe, and commenced smoking in silence. Mrs. Parker thought nothing of this. It was no uncommon thing for one, or sometimes more, of a party of Indians to run abruptly from a hunt, at some sign they might consider ominous of bad luck, and in such instances, were not communicative. But at last the Indian broke the silence with,  
"Ugh, old Parker die."  
This exclamation immediately drew Mrs. Parker's attention, who directly inquired of the Indian.  
"What's the matter with Parker?"  
The Indian responded:  
"Parker sick; tree fell on him; you go—ho die."

The replies of the Indian somewhat aroused her suspicions. She, however, came to the conclusion to send her son with the Indian to see what was the matter. The boy and the Indian started. That night passed, and the next day too, and neither the boy nor the Indian returned. This confirmed Mrs. Parker in her opinion there was foul play on the part of the Indians. So she and her daughter went to work, and barricaded the door and windows in the best way they could. The youngest boy's rifle was the only one left, he not having taken it with him

when he went to hunt after his father. The old lady took the rifle, the daughter the axe, and thus armed, they determined to watch through the night, and defend themselves if necessary. They had not long to wait. After nightfall, or shortly after that, some one commenced knocking at the door crying out:  
"Mother! Mother!"

But Mrs. Parker thought the voice was not exactly like that of her son, and in order to ascertain the fact, she asked him where the Indians were. The reply, which was "um gone," satisfied her on that point. She then said as if speaking to her son:  
"Put your ear to the latch-hole of the door. I want to tell you something before I open the door."

The head was placed at the latch-hole, and the old lady fired through the spot and killed an Indian. She stepped back from the door instantly, and it was well she did so, for quickly two rifle bullets came crashing through the window.

A death-like silence ensued for about five minutes, when two more balls, in quick succession, were fired through the door; then followed a tremendous punching with a log; the door gave way, and with a fiendish yell, an Indian was about to spring in, when the morning rifle, fired by the old lady, stretched his lifeless body across the threshold of the door. The remaining, or more properly, surviving Indian fired at random, and ran, doing no injury. The mother and the daughter, with the rifle and the axe, then went to the river, took the canoe, and in six days arrived among the old French settlers at St. Louis. A party of about a dozen men crossed over into Illinois, and after an unusual search, returned without finding either Parker or the boys. They were never found.

There are yet some of the old settlers in the neighborhood of Peoria, who still point out the spot where Parker, the Squatter lived.—Sketches of Frontier Life.

## LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

NUMBER TWO.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Your readers have been informed how your correspondent got to sea and how the time of the passage was whiled away with cards, books and conversation.—It remains for him to tell how he got on shore, and to relate his first steps and mishaps in a foreign country. Cards were getting distasteful, books were getting uninteresting, conversation was getting tedious to him, when, one fine Thursday morning, he awoke to find himself—not famous, as Lord Byron did—but in Cowes, where the steamer stops to land mails, freight and passengers. As he emerges from the companion-way, the first object that meets his eye is the beautiful Isle of Wight, so near to which is the ship anchored, that it seems as if he could jump to it. He feels a strong inclination to do so, but is deterred by the Dr. him of the six languages, who draws him away from temptation to the other side, where we can witness the debarkation of the passengers, mostly of the first cabin. Their eyes are very red as if with weeping. Your correspondent pointed out this fact to the Doctor, remarking that he hardly thought it possible that they could be so deeply moved at parting from us. "It is not grief," replied he, "it is wine. They all got very drunk last evening in celebrating their last night at sea." Thus ruthlessly was shocked a beautiful fact grounded on the finer instincts of our human nature. In the course of about five hours the mails, the kegs of filthy lute, and the red-eyed heroes of the bottle are safely stowed away in the little steamer by our side. We weigh anchor and continue our course through the English Channel, having the cliffs of England constantly in sight. Late in the evening we pass through the narrowest portion of the straits and can see the lights of Dover and Calais. The next morning finds us out of sight of land, furrowing the muddy looking waters of the North Sea, in which we miss the heavy swell of the Atlantic: the ship has no perceptible roll, and the huge swell can make every turn tell. Everybody is on deck discussing the time of our arrival in Hamburg; none put it later than 12 o'clock the next day: many hope to spend Sunday with their families. Your correspondent amuses himself with imagining the greeting that awaits these wanderers, the rapturous glances that the nuggets of the returned Californians will awaken, the embraces of sons that went away boys and return men, the multitudinous questions about "the land of the free and the home of the brave" but the picture upon which his imagination dwells most of all is that of the joyful and yet, so sorrowful, meeting on the borders of Poland, where the banished brother may upon the threshold of his native land, recount the history of his ten years' exile.

Early on Saturday morning we pass the port of Cuxhaven and enter the mouth of the Elbe. As the passengers come upon deck one observes a metamorphosis more striking than any described by Ovid. The sea-negligé has given place to full promenade toilette, the torn and stained calico to glistening crinoline-distended silk, the vizard cap to the glossy beaver, the old slippers to the new boots, in short every one's outermost wrappings had undergone a complete transformation, with a view to making the best possible impression on the good people of Hamburg. To a student of the philosophy of clothes this was a rare spectacle. Your correspondent was so far carried away by the general current as to pull up his collar, and tie his neckerchief with extra care. Further than this, neither his principles nor his wardrobe allows him to go. Even the ship seems to share in the

general vanity; every inch of deck has been washed; every inch of brass has been scoured; every yard has been squared with mathematical exactness; and the figure-head of the goddess, Teutonia, seems to wear a smirk of self-satisfaction, as if to say—"Now I've got my best-clothes on." The favorable state of the river allows us to steam along the Schleswig-Holstein side quite up to Hamburg. We pass along the eastern shore so near that we can read the signs on the stores that front the river, by picturesque villages, elegant country houses built on the adjacent heights, multitudes of vessels of all nations that are coming down stream with a fair wind, by charming landscapes culminated with windmills enough to challenge an army of Don Quixotes,—by all this we pass with hardly a glance at it, for all eyes are directed to the forest of masts that indicate the end of our journey—Hamburg.

As we approach the pier, your correspondent places his valise before him with a determination to defend it while strength shall last.—A literal example of the "vir propositi tenax," and awaits his coming fate. An army of porters boards the ship his fate is Number Four. Number Four addresses him in abominable Low German: he answers "ja," not knowing but that by so doing he has promised him his second daughter in marriage. Number Four speaks again more earnestly: answer, more earnestly, "ja wohl," (yes, indeed). As it afterwards turns out, the questions are concerning the hotel to which the defender wishes to go. Number Four probably begins to think that he is not talking to a German. It is said that with stupidity even the gods cannot contend; so the porter is obliged to yield to ignorance, where denial, anger, or menace might have failed. Even, if in the nature of things, it were possible, your correspondent cannot, after such an experience, speak highly of Low-German. Greek has been called the language of the gods. Whether or not this be the fact, it is impossible to determine; one thing is pretty certain, that Low-German is not the language of the gods, or, at any rate, not of the gods celestial. On the pier are "droschkes" in readiness to carry us into the city. These look as though they might have done similar service for Noah on his landing from the ark, and have seen hard usage ever since. A party of us chatters one of these vehicles and we are soon driving through the narrow, Boston-like streets of the city, to the Hotel Bartels, in Postrasse. Everything is new, and your correspondent indulges in a prolonged stare until his eyes assume the size and shape of miniature saucers. The women are walking the streets with nothing on—beg your pardon, with nothing on their heads; peasant women, with petticoats whose scanty length is compensated by their number, and with head-dresses of artistic ugliness, are bearing huge baskets of vegetables to market; milkmen, with their pails suspended from wooden yokes, are crying out for customers; the ear is saluted with a constant jingling of bells, for no one can enter a Hamburg door without at the same time ringing a bell that is connected with it: here a company of soldiers is marching to parade without a single ragamuffin at its heels (to a New England eye something very striking) and so through a constant succession of strange sights, sounds and smells, your correspondent is driven to his hotel. In the payment of the hack-driver, he has his first experience of Hamburg currency. He finds it not quite so difficult as the Greek language, but not intending to remain many days in the city, he determines to consume no midnight oil in learning it, but to adopt the following table: 40 Shillings make a Rix-dollar;—and to utterly ignore the existence of all other denominations. If a thing is to be sold to him, its price must be expressed in shillings or dollars. This plan is confidently recommended to all travellers who wish to keep their patience in Hamburg. The moment one thinks of "marcescence," he is lost.

Bartel's hotel is a very good sample of German hotels in general, which are universally good. One does not find, to be sure, the bar-room, (that peculiarly American institution,) where our youth pour down their "modest quencher." The practice of "going in to take a drink" is unknown here. Nor does one meet with the luxurious drawing-rooms of our first class city hotels, with their magnificent pier-glasses, velvet upholstered furniture, and carpets that yield to the tread. (Indeed, none of the rooms are carpeted.) For real, solid comfort, however, at a moderate price, no public houses can surpass the German. Here are the prices in the Russischer Hof, in Frankfurt on the Main: room for one day, from 32 to 40 cents, according to location; breakfast which one takes in his room, from 20 to 24 cents, dinner, with wine, 50 cents, light 17 cents, service ditto, in all about \$1.50 per diem. The Russischer Hof is a first class hotel; in those of the second class, in all respects equally good, one pays about a third less. A very satisfactory thing in the European system, is that one pays for just what he has and nothing more. Another good point is that he has just what he pays for and nothing less. Every German town of 4 or 5 thousand inhabitants has at least one, generally two or three good public houses. The table d'hôte at Bartel's is at half past three, so we shall have time to eat dinner, and take a walk on the Jungfernstieg before the opera commences. Your correspondent is somewhat fearful that these particulars may be tedious to your readers. He recollects, however, that he has been much disappointed in reading books of travel, to find a meagerness of detail in respect to the very things he wanted to know, and he is determined to err if at all, upon the right side.

## For The Wizard.

### A Voice from the Mountains.

"God made the country, and man made the town."

So Cowper sang, the poet of the New Testament, and he might have added, each bears the image and superscription of its author. From the hurry, bustle, and nervous unrest of our crowded cities, it is plainly evident that man, weak, short-sighted man, is the master spirit at work there. No person can go from one of these seething cauldrons of excitement into the country, without being struck with the contrast. Nature there meets him with her blandest smile,—so calm in her loveliness,—so majestic,—so solemnly serene, that you seem to hear her siren voice, as it comes, bosomed in the far-off mountains, gently whispering, "Why, oh mortal man, in such haste! The world was not made in a day, neither can fame, nor fortune, be acquired in that space of time. Come, lay your throbbing temples and agitated hearts, torn with distracting anxieties, upon my placid breast. Learn of me, for I am strong, without rage, gentle yet not dull, ever moving but unperturbed."

There is indeed a useful lesson to be gained from observing the movements of Nature's ponderous machinery. How noiselessly and steadily her invisible forces move on, working out their varied and mighty results, from month to month, and from year to year! There is nothing like passion, excitement, or confusion, in all her operations, but onward—onward, is her orderly, silent, and majestic tread, in the everlasting round of ceaseless changes, from light to shade, from bloom to decay, from death to life, in fixed obedience to unerring laws, keeping step to the music of Heaven's orchestra!

With what wonderful precision do her mighty pulses beat! The astronomical clock in the Greenwich Observatory, it is said, varies less than half a second a day—but the earth in its daily revolutions has not varied half a second since it first rolled robed in beauty from the Creator's hand!

When will vain man give heed to the divine precepts written as plainly upon the brow of Nature, as upon the pages of Revelation,—  
"Study to be quiet and to do your own business. fret not thyself in any wise to do evil."

Such were the reflections in the mind of the writer, as he took a short ramble a few weeks since, among the "White Hills" of New Hampshire. No one can gaze on these lofty "palaces of nature," without being reminded of numerous passages of Holy Writ, which seem to open, fresh as the morning, and expand in the center of the heart, like full-blown roses, shedding a rich perfume through all the chambers of the mind, and "firing the faculties with glorious joy."

What an air of grandeur and sublimity environs these "monarchs of earth," as they repose in apparent conscious security on their everlasting foundations, their barren scarpes ever and anon garlanded with the restless drapery of the clouds.

"Like laurels on the first bold Caesar's head." As these ethereal visitants float around the summit of Mt. Washington, in foul weather and sometimes in fair, they assume all sorts of fantastic shapes, now resembling the Arch Fiend, described by Aird, in his "Devil's Dream on Mt. Akabeek,"—traversing the "Thunder Hills of Fear," his giant form wrapped in a dusky mantle, and his wild locks streaming in the wind of hell; then, twisting themselves into the appearance of cloud-woven cars with winged steeds, driven through the empyrean by cherubim and seraphim for choristers, bringing forcibly to remembrance that sublime passage in Psalms, "The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels: the Lord is among them, as in Sinai, in the holy place."

The notes of David's Lyre seem to have peopled the very air of these regions with their echoes, ringing in the ears of men from generation to generation,—"He by his strength setteth fast the mountains being girded with power: He watereth the hills from his chambers: His righteousness is like the great mountains. As the mountains are round about Jerusalem so the Lord is round about his people."

A fine view of the whole range of White Hills is afforded at North Conway, which is only about 20 miles from Mt. Washington. This town is almost entirely hemmed in by mountains, "hills peeping over hills" thrown together in the wildest confusion, some leaning this way, and some the other, as if Nature, while rejoicing in the smile of her Author before the Fall, had been struck suddenly aghast at that fatal act, and stopped short in the middle of her mountain waltz, leaving these hills standing mute and motionless in their present irregular positions.

A lively imagination might easily fancy this to have been the battle-ground of Milton's angels, whom he represents as grasping the mountains by their shaggy tops, and hurling them at each other through the air like huge cannon balls.

On the top of Mt. Kearsarge, 3400 feet above the level of the sea, stands a large Hotel—but unoccupied. The reason for this is, that the parties owning it can neither agree to buy nor sell, nor loan nor let; and thus while they are disputing about certain matters, the property is fast going to decay—a very apt illustration of the great Democratic party in this country. For while the two wings into which it is divided are engaged in a quarrel among themselves, the scepter of power is about to be wrenched from their grasp.

"by an unlearned hand,  
No son of theirs succeeding."

A. B.







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# THE WIZARD.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1860.

## Hon. D. W. Gooch.

As this is the only Republican paper published at this eastern end of the Seventh Congressional District, we deem it proper to state that, so far as we have information, the desire is strong and unanimous that he shall remain in the position where he has won so much honor to himself and conferred so much credit on his constituency. We have before had occasion to speak of his masterly and logical arguments in the House of Representatives on the political questions of the day. To the large views and sound opinions of a ripe statesmanship, he adds the popular requisites of a ready speaker and off-hand debater. We only wish that he may become better known, personally as well as politically, to our citizens, and we trust that he will, ere long, consent to gratify them by a discussion before them of the great principles involved in the coming election. Knowing him to be the personal as well as political friend of Hon. E. S. Poor, the President of our Lincoln and Hamlin Club, we trust no proper efforts will be wanting to induce him to present himself, under the auspices of that organization, before this portion of his constituents, as soon as may be after the present "heated term" of this season. The "heated term" of political agitation must soon follow, when we hope to be greeted by the fire of his eloquence. Once more we must express the hope that he will continue to hold his present official position, although we are aware that he has held it against his own pecuniary interests and private inclination. We extract the following notice of his late address to the Republicans of Malden:

The Representative of the seventh District, Hon. D. W. Gooch, was then introduced and received with loud applause. He said that on a night so oppressive, he should have but little to say. He had been introduced as their Representative—it was an introduction which any man might be proud of. He proceeded to review the political field, taking up each party in order and examining its claims for support from the people. Every man should examine the great political questions of the day for himself. No man could vote intelligently without such examination. He disliked to speak the name of a political opponent, but as parties now stood divided, it was not possible to speak in an intelligent manner. He reviewed, first, the Breckinridge party, then said his respects to Mr. Douglas, showing up the falsity of squatter sovereignty. His exposition of Mr. Douglas' anti-slavery principles for the North, and his slavery principles, was most thorough and searching. Then, by logical deductions, and by an unanswerable argument, he evidently to the satisfaction of the audience, demolished the whole foundation on which Mr. Douglas has placed himself to secure the Presidency. He showed also the inconsistency of Mr. Douglas' want of feeling, not caring whether slavery—that sum of all villainies, that which is a curse to the human soul of all its heavenly birthright—was voted up or down.

There was another party which had made its nomination, but had declared no principles. He could not find time to speak of such a party, which, in such a momentous time as the present, where the greatest of all principles was at stake, could adopt no principle of action. Mr. Gooch then gave a brief exposition of Republican principles, and spoke of the character of Lincoln in a manner which brought round applause. An allusion to the services of Senator Seward was responded to by applause, which showed how much that noble statesman is beloved by the people. But, said Mr. Gooch, the Republican party has chosen another leader for the sake of overthrowing the Democratic party—not that they loved Seward less, but their principles more; and no one would more rejoice in the success of the Republican party than William H. Seward, the great defender of its principles.

Mr. Gooch was repeatedly cheered throughout his speech and at its close.

## Damage by Lightning.

We have to record the following incidents as the result of the storm of the 8th inst.

In Middleton, a new two story school house situated on the Andover turnpike, near the center of the Village, in process of finishing, was struck by lightning. The fluid passed through the roof at one corner, thence along one side and round the back end, splitting off clapboards, splintering several window-frames and casings, breaking a number of lights of glass, throwing off the plastering in several places. A portion of the fluid took a direction to the cellar, splintering the sill, and passing off. There were five or six men at work in the building at the time. One of them, Mr. N. Woodbury, had just finished nailing the last piece of casing to one window, when in the next instant it was shattered in pieces. Some of the men were partially paralyzed for a while. But on the whole, they concluded that they came off very lucky, to say the least. There were no lightning rods on the house.

At the same time, the rods on the house of Mr. Merriam, (a short distance from the school house above-mentioned) were struck and the fluid carried off to the earth without the least damage. The rods on this house were copper, put up by T. Trask of So. Danvers. Some carpenters at work upon a house in the rear of Mr. Merriam's at the time of the storm, saw the fluid pass over the rods, and they describe the appearance of it as very beautiful. The top of the rod at the points appeared to them to throw off sparks, resembling those flying from a very highly heated iron when struck by the smith's hammer. Mrs. M. who was in the house at the time, felt the shock very slightly.

At Danvers, on the Newburyport turnpike, a very valuable cow belonging to Mr. Very, was killed by the lightning. The cow was standing under a large tree, and the fluid passed down through the branches, apparently not touching the same, and killed the cow instantly.

At West Danvers, the house of Mr. Warren Russell was struck by lightning and damaged considerably. The house was one and a half story, nearly new, with two chimneys, furnished with the North American Corrugated Lightning Rods. The fluid struck the rod on the Eastern chimney and passed into the house through the roof in two or three places, and out at the eaves, splitting off the clapboards both sides of the house, throwing off the window casings, and splintering the window frames. Continuing its course, it then entered the kitchen just below the window, broke the glass in the same, threw off and splintered by one entire side of the wood ceiling on the eastern end, cracked and started off the plastering for several feet near where a clock was standing on a shelf, literally shattering the clock case in fragments around. A watch hanging under the shelf was directed at its crystal, but was left otherwise unharmed. A four feet table was attacked and the full jar was torn from its hinges and thrown across the room with great violence. The fluid then

took the direction of the iron sink, passed down the lead pipe to the wood conductor outside, splitting that in pieces, and thence to the cess-pool, where it spent its force. Several of the family were in the house, but no one was injured.

## GREAT ENTHUSIASM AT THE WEST! Monster Meeting at Springfield, Illinois! 75 000 REPUBLICANS IN COUNCIL!

We have had an interview with two gentlemen just from the West, who were at the great Republican Meeting last Wednesday at Springfield, Ill., the home of "Honest Old Abe." They declare that they never have witnessed political enthusiasm at all equal to what was evinced at this great gathering. They say that all the displays here in the "Tippecanoe times" of 1840, were not a circumstance to be compared with it. They confess themselves utterly unable to give any adequate idea of the multitudes present or of the earnest enthusiasm by which they were animated. The great Procession six miles long; was a marvel of itself, and it took two hours and thirty-five minutes to pass the point where they stood, which was in the yard of the house of Old Abe himself who stood and received the loud congratulations of the people.

Of the component parts of the procession, we will only mention in our limited space, the Cavalcade of a sort of some hundreds of ladies and gentlemen, a little army of Wide-Awakes of 5000 in their picturesque uniforms, impromptu carriages filled with ladies in gay dresses of stars and stripes, banners with numerous, with quaint devices and mottoes, some with queer caricatures of Douglas, a Mississippi Flat Boat with athletic rail-splitters mauling rails, a long platform, drawn by twenty one pairs of oxen, on which the various trades were represented some with steam power from an engine on the same platform. Weavers were at work making cloth, Tailors were cutting it out and making an inauguration suit for the President of 1861. Printers and men of various other trades were busy at their several callings, the large carriage well representing the industrial interests of the country. Large delegations came in from remote places with their local and patriotic emblems and banners. One of these delegations, very numerous, came from Hannibal Co., Missouri. Eighty car-loads of Republicans came from Chicago, bringing 10 000 persons and in like manner they came in from all directions. Teams of all kinds poured in with their loads of human freight, and as the city could not accommodate all these patriotic visitors, they encamped about the city in wagons and other places of shelter.

As to Illinois, there is no question now mooted but the probable majority, whether it shall be 40 000 or only 30 000 for the rail-splitter. His advocates will not compromise for a vote less than 80 000. As goes Illinois so will go the whole of the North West. Of Old Abe himself, our informants who had the pleasure of a personal interview with him and his accomplished lady, speak in the highest terms. To them he grew absolutely handsome when animated and enlivened by conversation. He evidently has all the elements which go to constitute a great man in the best sense of the word greatness. It is a good sign that he is most admired nearest his own homestead, and that his bitterest political enemies are forced to speak of him with respect, and find nothing lacking in him but personal beauty.

LEAD ORE.—We have received from Dubuque, Iowa, by the hands of Messrs. Dan'l C. Haskell and Joseph F. Walden, some fine specimens of the Lead ore of that city, the gift of a friend there, in whom we feel much interest. It yields from 75 to 95 per cent of pure metal. We are also indebted to those gentlemen for political news of much interest which will be found elsewhere in our columns.

THE TAX LIST.—We find a few omissions accidentally taken in our copy from the Assessor's books.—One error also occurs in which the Peabody Institute is reported as taxed. That Institution is not taxed, the amount against its name being the tax of an individual citizen. It is proper to say that the rate of taxation, one per cent, is enhanced by a low valuation of the property of the town in comparison with what prevails in other municipalities. By a higher, yet not extravagant valuation, the rate might have been reduced 10 or even 20 per cent.

WE write with a golden pen from that palace of Aladdin, the store of J. J. Rider, No. 188 Essex Street, Salem. We always feel the richer for going into such a place, where brightness is reflected from the precious metals in all their forms of taste and beauty. We are not alone in the belief that we are the richer when we come out, even if we do leave some of the rag currency in place of the bright gems we bring away with us. Do not, dear reader, think that our auferent pen is leading us away into the land of fairy and fiction, but when you next go to Salem, stop in and see if our words are not those of truth and soberness. Our old townsmen, Mr. C. Derby, is with Mr. Rider.

STATE REFORM SCHOOL.—The recent examination of this Institution, by the Governor and Council, has discovered facts of a character demanding the most rigid scrutiny. It appears that boys of the age of 17 or 18 years have been corrected there by being shut up in dark cells for months, with the most meagre supply of food and the convenience of life. Is this the way to make useful citizens of them? If those who control this institution do not know any better than this, it is high time they were excused from the service. We commend the matter to the Grand Jury of the County, whose duty it is to inquire into all such abuses.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS the Prince of Wales is having a triumphant reception in the Colonies. It is quite uncertain when he will come to Mouth Danvers, the arrangements for his visit not being yet completed by Lord Lyons. We hope good quarters will be provided for him during his stay. His Royal Highness, whatever may be the heat of the weather, always sleeps in the same bed with Lord Newfrew, the Duke of Saxony and the Earl of Chester, all young gentlemen of his own age. They have not been separated during the tour.

SATURDAY CAMPAIGN REPORTER.—We have received a spicy paper with this title, published at Boston, Mass., by A. Morgan. It advocates with great zeal, the election of the "Little Giant," and can be had for only 25 cents for the next three months. Each number is embellished with pictorial illustrations of a political character.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

The first LINCOLN and HAMLIN flag flung to the breeze in So. Danvers, was displayed last week at the residence of Mr. James Perkins, on Washington St. It bears the honored names of our candidates who will receive an overwhelming vote at the November election all through the Northern States. We are not unmindful of the speeches made, the songs sung, or the strains of music which accompanied the raising of this Republican banner.

A grand Picnic was held at Union Grove on Thursday last. It was an entire success in numbers and enjoyment. The dancing in the evening was strikingly picturesque. More than a hundred were engaged at a time on the ample platform in this pleasant pastime. The music from Goodale's Quadrille Band, was pronounced to be superior to that often employed on like occasions, and the scene presented while the whole group was in motion, was decidedly attractive. The hall-room with its leafy canopy, was brilliantly lighted by lamps and candles suspended from the trees. The company remained until ten o'clock, and the utmost order and decorum were preserved. A party was present from Danvers which comprised some fine gleemen who had ridden the homeward ride.

Mr. George Brown, Jr., late of So. Danvers has obtained a Patent for improvement in machines for cutting glue.

THANKS.—We have to acknowledge the receipt of a stout and handsome volume of the Covode Committee's investigations, from our young townsman, Mr. A. Byron Reed. This volume writes the Epitaph of the present national administration.

OUR WESTERN CORRESPONDENCE.—We have the pleasure of commencing a series of letters from the very far West, the first of which will be found on the outside of the paper. From what we know of the writer and of the region of his travels, we think a very readable and pleasant narrative may be promised. We trust these letters will come along at not very long intervals.

MINISTERS AT LABOR.—A majority of the ministers of our Village are now absent on their Summer Vacation. The School Masters are also abroad. We do not wonder that ministers are glad to have a month's release from the cares and close application required of them while engaged in their parochial duties. We know very well how difficult it is to write editorials in dog days, and it must be much worse to conduct sermons. We should be very loath to hear a sermon written at this oppressive period knowing it as such. It would be a sad source of discomfort and malady, of the buzz of flies, and the hum of mosquitoes, of languor and sleepiness, and all kinds of all-over-iness. We write this paragraph with the thermometer at 90, one of our hands constantly employed in driving off the flies, and slapping mosquitoes, while ineffectual perspiration covers our whole frame. Our frame of mind is also far removed from the angelic and not in the best state for sermonizing. Believing that all clergymen partake somewhat of this dog-day feeling, we go strongly against dog-day sermons. That they must partake of the purgatorial of original sin and the fogginess of transcendentalism none will deny. We are doggedly and dogmatically opposed to them.

MONA CURRANTS.—We have received a box of ripe white currants, of mingled acid and sweetish taste, from a gardener on Webster Avenue near Fremont St. The gift was accompanied by the following lines:

"These currants are not very nice.  
But then you have them without price;  
Accept them then, just as they lie,  
As a present from your friend, D. P."

We accept with gratitude both the currants and the poetry, not having before been aware that South Danvers possessed such a Parnassian garden of the Muses.

PROF. J. B. BUTLER.—We learn that this gentleman has been solicited to visit Boston and other New England cities, to lecture before Lyceums, and similar associations the coming lecture season. Should he consent to do so, we think our community would be gratified to hear him. We are happy in the belief that he would be received among us with all that cordiality as well as courtesy which it is becoming to extend to men of high intellectual acquirements who devote their talents to the instruction of the people.

TALL CORN.—Our friend Shillaber of the Boston Evening Gazette, need not quiz us about our tall corn. Since last week our corn has splindled, and it is now twelve feet high—a true fact. We have also some fine growing weeds in the same garden, which rival the corn. If we don't get the premium for weeds at the next Cattle Show, there's no justice in the awards of the Committee on Farms.

TALL CORN.—Our friend Shillaber of the Boston Evening Gazette, need not quiz us about our tall corn. Since last week our corn has splindled, and it is now twelve feet high—a true fact. We have also some fine growing weeds in the same garden, which rival the corn. If we don't get the premium for weeds at the next Cattle Show, there's no justice in the awards of the Committee on Farms.

THE Democratic party is hopelessly split up in all the towns as well as in the State. In one town where there is but one Democrat, he has tried hard to split himself, but only succeeded when he split his side by laughing at the idea of Douglas being elected, or obtaining a single electoral vote in the Northern States.

GREAT CATTLE.—We had the pleasure recently of seeing and feeding too, of Col. Upton's great oxen. These elephantine animals would have rejoiced the eyes of the late Daniel Webster if he could have seen them. They were so gentle that a child may fondle them. They were quietly feeding or chewing their ends on the fine hay in front of the Col.'s house. His famous cow was also feeding on the same ground. She is a beautiful animal, as glossy as velvet, but as lean as a rake. That she gives milk as good in quality as it is great in quantity, we have the best of reasons for knowing. It is a natural consequence of a great yield of milk, that the animal must be thin. Another proof of the advantages of leanness. Mr. Reed's cow of which we spoke last week, is also thin in flesh. Either of these cows would be dog-cheap if they could be had for \$100—but that money would hardly buy either of them.

BALEEN PIC-NIC.—This engine company, the winners of the prize Tripot, have a picnic at King's Grove, to-morrow afternoon and evening. Music by Wyant & Parsons' Band. Fare to the Grove from the Square, 6 cents. For further particulars see posters.

We are happy to learn that Mr. W. J. Thompson, the principal of the Peabody High School, has recovered his wonted health, and will enter on his duties at the beginning of the fall term which is two weeks from Monday next.

## Trip to the White Mountains.

Intent upon a temporary escape from the cares of business, and fancying a trip to the White Hills of New Hampshire, and an opportunity to inhale the invigorating atmosphere of their rugged sides, we take a seat in the Salem and Lawrence cars at 6 o'clock, A. M., and soon find ourselves whirling through the flourishing town of Middlebury, receiving no salute from the Navy yard, we passed quickly on and soon the conductor called out "Sutton's Mills!" The village of the conductor sprung up here under the influence of a large which has peculiar appearance, and we saw the Lawrence is itself again. As we passed, and presenting a new Pemberton Mills slowly rising, and we think we substantial and majestic appearance, and we think we can say from the character of its present proprietors, that it will not again fall. As we waited a few minutes for the train, we met our old townsman Joplin, who stated his belief that the next two years would show an increase of 10 000 in their population.

All aboard again. Nothing very interesting until we reach Manchester, which is decidedly a manufacturing village, and it has peculiar advantages for that. The conductor greets us next—the capital of the state, and the place where the "Key-notes of the Democratic actors, and also of the Bell & Everett performers, are given.

Next comes Weirs station. Here we meet the genial countenance of Capt. Walker, who takes us across the picturesque Winnicaukee in his fine steamer, the "Lady of the Lake." Landing at Center Harbor, we repair to the "Center House," where the gentlemanly proprietors, Messrs. Gilman & Huntress make us feel at home at once. After partaking of a good dinner, we find a party of ladies and gentlemen ready to ride to the hill to wait for us to come up; when we ride to the top which is quite a romantic one. The view from the summit is very fine, and it is considered by many better than the view from Mt. Washington. The Lake dotted with numerous islands, and the surrounding hills with their rugged sides, present a picture to the eye of one who loves to see the works of nature, which is truly grand. We get a view of the very top of Mt. Washington about as big as a man's hat; and with a glass it can be seen very distinctly. Satisfied with gazing, we commence the descent of the hill which we find much easier than the journey up. To the Hotel, feeling just about tired enough for a good night's rest. Upon the next morning, after a good breakfast we return by stage to the Railroad, and are soon aboard the cars on our way to Littleton, which we find to be a very picturesque village, winding as it does through the valleys and gorges of the mountains.

At Littleton we take the stage for the Profile House over a road which is decidedly rough, up hill and down through dark ravines, along the ridges of mountain peaks where you look down hundreds of feet upon broken forest and gigantic boulders. The distance from Littleton to the Profile House is twelve miles. The road has a beautiful location, lying between two high mountains about three hundred feet apart. It is the most attractive place in the mountains, on account of the many objects of interest in the vicinity.

On Friday morning a party of fifteen started for the Profile House, on the road to which we see the "Old Man of the Mountain," the Wash Bowl, the Old Man's Head and Redoubt, besides other objects of general interest. After a ride of three miles and a half, we arrive at the Profile, which consists of a large opening in the mountain about twenty feet wide and seventy or eighty feet high through which runs a stream of water now running over a sloping rock which the action of the water has worn into the shape of a profile. The water being at this time of the year very low, we are enabled to walk up on the sides of the bed of the stream. The water running over craggy rocks and down projecting cliffs, presents a scene most awfully grand and sublime. All the accounts that I had heard of it utterly fail to present its grandeur to the mind. After returning to the Profile House, we take a fresh start on foot to the Basin which is a half mile from the house through a fine shady wood. Arrived at the brink, we descend by a long, steep stairway, and find ourselves in a large natural basin about one hundred feet in diameter. We also find a man who for a quarter of a piece takes us in his boat and sails us round in the basin and tells us many strange stories, especially in geography—he having an entirely new system. Soon returning to our carriages, we start for the Profile House and arrive in season to dine. In the afternoon we take a ride to Bald Mountain. We proceed to the foot, and then ascend by a long stairway up its rugged sides to its summit where we have a fine view.

On Sunday we have services at 11 o'clock in the parlor, sermon by Mr. Gilman, a theological student. He selected for his theme the mountains round about Jerusalem, and spoke of the love Jesus had for them, and how they should inspire in us love for him. Our singing was fair, all joining in the song. As it rained very fast in the afternoon, we took a siesta, and soon heard the gong for tea. Monday morning we start all afresh for Crawford's distance about thirty miles. Being foggy weather, we did not have so good a view as we wished, and the clear atmosphere of one day on this route a fine view of Mount Washington. Arriving at the White Mountain House at one o'clock, we take dinner. Nothing very attractive here but the Bear; and by the way, the bears are quite an institution among the mountains. We found two or three chained at nearly all hours. Some of them looked as though they would hug a man rather close if they could get hold of him. Arrived at Crawford's at three o'clock, and after resting awhile, we take a carriage and ascend Mt. Willard, at the summit of which one has a fine view of the Willey House in the valley below, looking as it were the foot of the mountain. But our guide tells us it is two miles and a half distant. A hop in the evening concluded the day's adventures.

On Tuesday morning comes the grand event of the trip, the ascent of Mt. Washington. At 8 o'clock we find forty-three horses all saddled and bridled for their riders, being the largest number for the season. Now is presented a scene that will long be remembered. Forty-three horses with their riders more than half of whom were ladies, stages starting for different parts of the ascent. The band discoursing sweet music as we wended our way single file to the foot of the mountain. Now comes the ascent, gradual at first, but soon more abrupt, its flights of stairs between huge boulders through a dense forest that has never been disturbed by the hand of man. After traveling two miles the bald mountain. Not forgetting to give our wife, we venture to look behind. A grand panorama of the whole country around presents itself to the view. The little villages and farm houses scattered along the valleys, the tops of the neighboring mountains, the great unbroken forest wholly undisturbed by the foot of birds, are before us. I think we did not see a bird in any of our travels through the mountains, except the solemn crow who kept an eye out for the corn patches in the valleys below. Here one of the ladies had a faint that was a hard road to travel. But we had not lost her far behind before we again saw her following us, thinking no doubt that a "faint heart never won," &c. The path until we came to the dome of Mt. Washington is pretty much the same—one rather hard plateau of the dome to the summit is one broken mass of rocks that look as if at some time they had had a good shaking up. This is the most difficult part of the time in the ascent, and part of the time catching our breath.

There are two houses or shanties on the top where we dined. We did not not have all the luxuries of the season, but good beef steak, bread and coffee were not unacceptable after our rough ride. Our view here was of the time cloudy, getting only for a few moments at a time so good as we could have had. They look really like a mass of liquid silver glittering in the sun.

Disappointed in procuring horses for the descent on the Glen side of the mountain, we started on foot, soon finding ourselves caught in a hail and rain storm which luckily did not last long. The sun soon coming out

got up for our own special benefit a splendid rainbow far down in the valley below us. Jogging along, we soon came to the carriage road which is the process of building to the top of the mountain. We found a carriage and very gladly availed ourselves of the opportunity of riding the remainder of the way. Arriving at the Glen House, our journey over the mountain ends.

## Sons of Temperance Picnic.

In this age of picnics, something special should exist to warrant a particular notice through the newspaper medium; but impressed, however, with the belief that, the one last week in Danvers under the auspices of the Holten Division of the S. T., was one of the few deserving such notice, please permit a hasty sketch to occupy your columns.

On Wednesday the first day of August, arrived in regalia and with banners flung to the cool breeze of the morning, the Sons and Lady Visitors formed in procession in front of the hall in the Bank building, numbering as near as could be ascertained almost three hundred persons. In the rear and in connection with the division, a Band of Holte composed of children, numbering more than a hundred, with badges were drawn in order. At about ten o'clock word was given to march. Under the direction of efficient marshals, and with thrilling music discoursed by the Boston Brigade Band, the procession moved along the principal street through Danversport to Putnam's Grove, on the road leading to Beverly, a most delightful and well adapted spot for such a purpose. With a glorious sun, a crystal sky above, with joyous hearts, in excellent order the procession moved on to the beautiful grounds, where the picnic was to be held. After tea for the weary, and modest preparations, at about one o'clock and about half past, was dispensed from bountifully loaded tables to the multitude which were from eight to twelve hundred in all. Each and every one sheltered in an unobtrusive retreat from the then scorching heat of the sun, gratified and satisfied the material wants by a temperate use of the profuse refreshments the ladies had furnished. The assembly was presided over with ability by the W. P. of the division, Edward Tyler, who prior to the repast, introduced the Rev. J. W. Putnam of Danvers to invoke Divine blessing. After the earthly man had been satisfied, the spiritual and intellectual faculties were fed and invigorated by the wisdom, wit and eloquence that came from above, uttered by speakers from abroad, who were called on by Hon. J. D. Black, through appropriate sentiments which if I had them I would here present. After the Rev. of Newburyport, Rev. W. Spaulding of Salem, and Rev. S. Barden by their powerful, ready and eloquent addresses, won for themselves a high reputation as public speakers and electrified their audience.

For several hours the company enjoyed a rich feast of reason and flow of soul. Then came the tripping on the light fantastic toe,—of course highly pleasing to all who engaged. And with dancing came that somewhat startling performance (the subject of which you I believe, Mr. Editor, were shocked very badly in the learning in Salem not long since) called Copehagen. Hundreds seemed highly pleased with these and its other recreations and sports of the occasion. At about six, order was given to form and march back to the Hall, which was executed in an orderly and becoming manner to the step of some of our popular dancers performed in a grand style by the band. The band remained until eight o'clock, diffusing their rich and stirring music on the still air of evening, all around. Those of the division who wished retired to the hall and continued the mirth-provoking play of Copehagen. In a word, Mr. Editor, it was one of the very best picnics ever enjoyed. So I say, and so they all say.

TANNING IN NEW BEDFORD.—They have established a stock Co. for the manufacture of boots and shoes in New Bedford, also an extensive tannery to be fitted out with all the modern improvements and equipped with a large business. It is situated in the Shoe and Leather Reporter that the tanning interest of New Bedford was once very important but has now completely died out, and as a measure of benefit to the place they are trying to establish it. In 1856, there were eight tanneries in New Bedford, all of which were since given up.

Some thirty-five years ago the tanneries of Haverhill were quite important, and done for that time a large business, but they have gradually died out, until we have but one now in this town—it is all Hoses. A good tannery could be started here with a certainty of success and profit, there ought to be enough tanning done here to supply the home market. A great many kinds of business for the support of the home market could be started here profitably, and no better way by stock company. We ought to grind our own flour, and we need a cotton factory here, also a wooden ware factory and a laundry. A paying business could be done with any one of the above, and it would induce families to settle down here. Now our population is too unsettled, floating, coming and going, which causes our traders many losses, prevents the town from obtaining any permanent character.—Haverhill Banner

THE August Elections.

NORTH CAROLINA.—On Thursday, August 24, at election took place in North Carolina, for State Officers. Ellis, Democrat, was re-elected Governor by about 6000 majority over his opponent, a Bell and Everett man. This is a Democratic loss of 12 000 compared with last year. As Ellis was nominated before the National Democratic Convention, the Douglas wing deemed it inadvisable to break off, thereby keeping the State out of the hands of the Opposition. They have now called a State Convention, and will have a separate electoral ticket, which will give the State to Bell.

KENTUCKY.—Gen. Leslie Combs, the Bell and Everett candidate for Clerk of Appeals, has been triumphantly elected by a majority ranging from 28 000 to 30 000 over the Breckinridge candidate. This is a terrible blow to the Administration party. Their vaunted assertions of marching up to Mason and Dixon's line with 120 electoral votes falls to the ground, Kentucky is sure for Bell.

MISSOURI.—C. L. Jackson (Douglas Democrat) is elected Governor, over Orr (American). The Breckinridge candidate received scattering votes only. The most gratifying part is the election of Hon. Francis P. Blair and Mr. Mollins to Congress, both staunch Republicans.

REFORM DISCIPLINE. Language fails in describing the barbarity of the treatment of offenders at the State Reform School in Westboro', as stated in the report of the Executive Council. If such treatment is to be suffered with impunity, better do away with Reform entirely. We have read the report with mingled emotions of horror and disgust. Did the generous Lyman contemplate such a use to be made of his bounty? Humanity shudders at the thought.

There is to be a grand regatta at Gloucester on Friday next, and it is confidently expected that there will be a goodly gathering of fast yachts from along shore.

GRANULAR FUEL.—It is just as we supposed it would be about this article. Everybody, and his next neighbor, are after it, and find it the very best kind of kindling. It is a "real blessing to smokers."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are grateful to our friends who have kindly furnished articles for the Wizard in this oppressive weather. Some valued communications which are crowded out to-day will appear in our next.



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# THE WIZARD.

VOL. I.

SOUTH DANVERS, MASS., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 22, 1860.

NO. 38

## THE WIZARD

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY,

At Allen's Building, So. Danvers Square,

CHAS. D. HOWARD, Proprietor.

F. POOLE, Editor.

Terms \$2.00 a Year; for Immediate Payment, \$1.50.

### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Half a Square, 3 wks. 5 mos. 1 year.  
One Square, 1.00 2.00 3.00  
Quarter of a column, .50 1.00 1.50  
10 lines of Nonpareil type are equal to a square.  
50 cents per line will be charged for notices of meetings for political, civil, or religious purposes, notices of societies, cards of acknowledgments, &c.  
The privilege of Annual Advertisers is limited to their own immediate business; and all advertisements for the benefit of other persons, as well as legal advertisements, and advertisements of real estate, or auction sales, sent in by them, must be paid for at the usual rate.

Book and Job Printing  
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,  
Executed with Neatness and Despatch,  
AT THIS OFFICE.

### Cards.

A. A. PUTNAM,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
CORNER MAPLE AND ELM ST.,  
DANVERS.

THOMAS M. STIMPSON,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
104 ESSEX STREET, SALEM.  
Residence Lowell street, South Danvers.  
Jan 4-ly

H. C. PERKINS,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
So. Danvers—Office in Allen's Building.

H. O. WILEY,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
Office, Allen's Building, So. Danvers.

LYES & PEABODY,  
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,  
Have removed their Office to  
Rooms formerly occupied by Hon. Otis P. Lord,  
No. 27 WASHINGTON STREET, SALEM.  
STEPHEN B. LYES, JR. JOHN D. PEABODY.  
December 7, 1859.

ALFRED A. ABBOTT,  
Attorney and Counsellor,  
Office, No. 221 Essex Street, Salem;  
House, Main St., So. Danvers.

SIDNEY C. BANCROFT,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
27 Washington Street, Salem.  
Mr. Bancroft may be found mornings and evenings, at his  
home office, near his residence in South Danvers.  
December 7, 1859.

JOHN W. PROCTOR,  
has taken rooms, in the  
2d, Story of the Union Building,  
nearly opposite the Monument.

Where he will be found from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., ready to at-  
tend to any business that may be entrusted to his care.  
South Danvers, Feb. 22d, 1860.

A. S. CRAWFORD,  
DENTIST,  
No. 4 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS SQUARE.  
Mechanical Dentistry Neatly Executed.  
Teeth Extracted by Electricity without Extra Charge.  
dec 7

W. L. BOWDOIN,  
SURGEON DENTIST,  
No. 208 Essex Street, Salem, (Opposite the Market).  
Residence—No. 37 Washington street.  
Jan 11-ly

F. POOLE,  
INSURANCE AGENT,  
Allen's Building (up stairs),  
Deaths drawn, and other common forms.

SAMUEL DAVIS,  
HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING ROOM,  
7 MAIN ST., SOUTH DANVERS.

E. S. FLINT,  
DEALER IN  
WEST INDIA GOODS, COUNTRY PRODUCE,  
No. 2 Main Street, South Danvers.

EDWARD C. WEBSTER,  
ONE PRICE  
HAT, CAP and FUR STORE,  
231 ESSEX, and 34 WASHINGTON ST.

HENRY L. WHIDDEN,  
PAINTER, GLAZIER,  
AND PAPERER,  
Central Street, South Danvers, Opp. South Church.  
All orders promptly and faithfully executed.  
dec 14 ly

WHIPPLE & FRIEND,  
PAINTERS,  
GLAZIERS AND PAPER HANGERS,  
88 Main street, opposite Monument, S. Danvers.  
All orders promptly attended to; a share of patronage solicited  
J. J. WHIPPLE. A. FRIEND.

JOHN MOULTON,  
LIVERY & STABLE,  
Main St., (opp. Danvers Bank), So. Danvers.

## Selected Poetry.

### "WHEN OUR SHIP COMES IN."

BY G. F. ORRIN.

A little child dwelt by the flowing sea,  
And her home was the home of poverty.  
She ran with bare feet o'er the golden sands,  
And gathered shells with her small, brown hands.  
Gay strangers came in rich robes of light,  
But the little maiden shunned their sight;  
And, shaking her curls o'er her blushing face,  
Sped away like a fawn that flies the chase.

When the strangers were gone, said the mother mild,  
"What was it dismayed thee, my darling child?"  
"O mother! my feet were bare and brown,  
I had no bonnet, and then—this gown!"

She held up the skirt of her faded frock,  
Sadly rent by the jagged rock,  
And she said with a deep and a long-drawn sigh,  
"Will I have such dresses as they and by?"

Her mother smiled with a grave, sweet grace,  
As she smoothed the curls from the half-grown face,  
And said, "When our ship comes in from sea,  
You shall have garments and all things free."

"When our ship comes in!" said the little one,  
And away to the highest rock she ran,  
And watched till night-shadows dimmed the shore,  
For the freighted ship and its treasured store.

Long and often she watched in vain,  
No ship for her sailed over the main,  
How many watchers in life there be  
For the ship that never comes over the sea!

—Cambridge Chronicle.

### [For The Wizard]

### Love among the Puritans.

BY MR. PALMER.

Dea. Brewster, who over a hundred years ago lived within half a mile of the Parish meeting-house in old Salem village, was reputed to be a man of wealth, rich in this world's goods, and rich, as he and his witch-hanging neighbors deemed, in spiritual gifts. To nearly a square mile of ground in a good state of improvement, with several shares in vessels sailing from Salem harbor, he held the title deeds to have and to hold the same to him and his heirs forever, while none in the congregation lived more devout lives, could make a longer prayer, a better or more pious exhortation than Dea. Brewster. Strictly honest and very successful withal was the Deacon, and every thing he did was done properly and in order, till at length he acquired such a character for probity and uprightness of conduct that his neighbors, for miles around, when in trouble with reference to matters of this world or doubt about the next, sought his counsel and advice.

As in answer to many prayers, the Deacon had one son, born to him in his old age, of whom he hoped much, and to whom morning and evening were taught the doctrines of the law and the covenant as by him understood. A bright, promising youth, learned in all the learning thought conducive to his growth in spiritual things, was Master John. At his birth prayers were said, and he who ministered in holy things had blessed him. Neither did the women folk fail to observe signs that prognosticated for the young child a long and prosperous career. And growing daily in grace and stature, his father deemed that happily when he himself should be called to the rest above, his son would fill his place in the congregation of the elect below, which in the eyes of the worthy Puritan was the height of human attainment in this world and the surest way of securing a safe position in the next.

Thus till his son was nearly twenty years of age, the old man dreamed dreams. Pleasant dreams they were, doubtless, but dreams from which he was destined to awake, that his son, a dreamer like himself, might also dream his dreams. And so the old man awoke over a hundred years ago. And his son dreamed the old dream, that comes but once in a life-time. And in his dream he dwelt in his own Eden, with his own Eve, in the light of whose eyes all the ways of life were ways of pleasantness and all its paths were peace.

They were not all Puritans who dwelt in Salem Village even then. Something over two miles from the residence of Deacon Brewster, lived the Quaker, Joel Page, with his wife, two sons and a daughter. From one place after another, in the Colony, he had been driven by the liberty-loving, long-visaged Puritans, till at length he had built him a house, and was now living in an out-of-the-way sort of place in the very outskirts of the great forest.

Of course, one of the proscribed race, known in the mild language of the Colonial law, by the name of the "Damnable sect of the Quakers," could not, even while governing his life by the peaceful tenets of his creed, live in the neighborhood of such men as Parris and Cotton Mather wholly unmolested; and more than once the man of God had suffered fines, stripes and imprisonment at the instigation of the "unco good" among his neighbors; and never behind-hand in prompting and defending these persecutions, was Deacon Brewster, full of righteous indignation that this child of the Devil should dwell so near the habitations of the saints.

Joel Page, though a Quaker, was also a man, with all the feelings, loves, hatreds and asperities that belong to that peculiar but somewhat vulgar and unspiritual being; and though he strove, perhaps earnestly, to keep his thoughts and life in harmony with the pure principles of universal love, taught him by his creed, he could not at all times subdue the old Adam within, or stifle the rash humors that his mother gave him. He thought, perhaps, that of all his persecutors, and there were few who were not such, he hated none, yet could not, even to him-

self, claim that he loved any,—Deacon Brewster least of all.

For several years prior to the opening of our story, he had lived unmolested and in comparative security, clearing his grounds, providing like a good father which he was, for the wants of his family, and growing stronger as he grew older in his peculiar but not unreasonable belief.

In the low wood-colored and somewhat solitary house of her father, unnoticed and almost thoughtless of the great world, Ruth Page had grown up as the flowers grow in the forest, gathering the light of the summers as they passed by, in her clear blue eyes, to whose vision the world without seemed fair as the beautiful soul within. Youth, health, and innocence are always beautiful, and with these Ruth Page had a clear complexion, a graceful form, deep blue eyes, and long wavy auburn hair, "brown in the shade and golden in the sun," a combination of excellencies which do not always like to stay at home; and which, even in a Quakeress, are not apt to be contented with their own applause.

John Brewster, who was of about the same age with Ruth, beside the other excellent qualities which he possessed, was withal a well-looking youth, tall, of good proportions, and a countenance like that of King David, fair and ruddy. Living such near neighbors, in a thinly populated country, what more natural than that these two young people should meet,—that meeting they should fall in love, like two very sensible human beings as they were. And the very thing which was so greatly to the scandal of the Puritan community in which they lived, came to pass.

The exact circumstances under which the falling in love took place, were these. It is well in such matters to be particular, as every body wishes to know. Ruth was wandering in the woods. So was John. John saw Ruth;—Ruth did not see John, till Satan who finds some mischief still for idle winds to do, so governed those which were abroad in this particular time, that after disclosing to the before-mentioned John a dainty little foot set upon a well-rounded ankle, they took a not very quakerish straw hat from Ruth's head and lodged it among the branches of a tall tree. Ruth was in trouble. John saw it, and like a good Knight came to her assistance. With the aid of a fishing rod, for John was out fishing, he soon brought the hat to the ground and saw it once more upon the head of its owner, which head, to say the truth, was not at all improved by the addition.

John had been taught and doubtless thought he believed that Joel Page and his family being in a state of nature and unregenerate, were given over in their hardness of heart and blindness of mind, to be dealt with as that Prince of Darkness, the Devil, might see fit. But when a pair of the sweetest lips in the world parted and in a bashful sort of way thanked him for the service he had rendered, he would gladly have personated Satan, cloven foot and all, for the remainder of his days but to secure the possession of this small portion of his property.

Alas, for long sermons and the daily admonitions of Deacon Brewster. Creed, and custom, and prejudice, it is true, are very strong; but nature, and love, and beauty, are stronger than they.

To the Puritans and Quakers of the olden time it seemed, doubtless, a sad commentary upon the evil tendencies of the natural heart, that the young men and women should prefer quiet rambles in the woods with one another, to the long prayers and longer sermons, by which their elders were so much edified.

Yet such and so wicked were the young people in their days: little better let us hope for human nature's sake, are they in ours.

It was accidental, of course, but after the first meeting in the woods, John seldom went hunting or fishing in the direction of the Quaker's house,—and some how or other it happened that he went in that direction, oftener than any other, without meeting Ruth before his return.

"Love, love, love, love is a dizziness,"  
It will not let a poor man go about his business."  
John must have been in love, for he did little else than go hunting or fishing in the direction of Joel Page's.

Perhaps they were not conscious of it, but in John and Ruth there was a great change. They began to act at least upon the belief that other services might be acceptable than fastings and long prayers. That pleasure itself was praise.

For them there was a new heaven and a new earth. The old men prophesied as was their wont, but the young people dreamed dreams.

We are curious about kings, but we are interested about lovers, and many weeks had not elapsed before the attachment of John and Ruth was talked of in every house in the village.—The Deacon of course was not pleased. He remonstrated in vain. A Quakeress, and the daughter of Joel Page! Not only were the interests of this world, but those of the next, at stake. Something must be done, and that at once.

Long were solemn eyes turned toward heaven on the Sabbath in which Deacon Brewster requested the prayers of the Godly, that his son whom he tenderly loved, and whom he had hoped was gathered into the fold of the Lord, might be rescued from the snares of Satan. Long was the conference held with the Pastor and elder brethren after the congregation had departed, and fervent were the prayers offered for the strayed sheep. The prayer of the righteous man availeth much. And as he walked slowly home, the Deacon saw or thought he saw, the course pointed out by the hand of the Lord for

him to pursue, and from his breast was lifted a great weight, and the mind of the Deacon was at peace.

The course of true love, it is said, never did run smooth. But be this as it may, it certainly did not in the case of John and Ruth. Indeed its channels seemed to be completely blocked up by opposing obstacles. And by some strange coincidence it happened that on the same still Sabbath day in which the conference of the elder brethren was held, the two lovers as hand in hand they sat beneath the tall trees and the clear sky, were dreaming rather than thinking, if possibly they might find a path leading out of the difficulties by which they were surrounded. They were young, and to the young all things are possible. With so little experience and so much hope, it were singular indeed if some scheme could not be suggested, at least promising success. The living together in peace in the neighborhood of Salem village, was beyond the bounds of things to be hoped for.—And they at length resolved with some mixture of wisdom, it must be acknowledged, to go to Providence, where under the tolerant institutions of Roger Williams, Puritan and Quaker might live together in peace. To be sure it was a great way off, but all along the route were settlements; and this journey, difficult as it seemed, they resolved at the earliest possible opportunity to undertake. Something was accomplished—a course determined upon, and from their minds as from that of the Deacon was lifted a great weight, and when they arose to depart, old things had passed away. Creed and Covenant, Puritan, Baptist, and Quaker had melted into thin air, and all was dress but love.

As it is now, it was then. If youth is bold, generous and strong, age is cold, thoughtful and crafty. In the present instance age won. John had intimations of a coming storm. But he thought he had only to dread the thundering words, and not the lightning deeds. In this he was mistaken. There was nothing said, but on the day preceding that which the lovers had set apart for their departure for Providence, John, by the authority of his father and the local magistrate, was placed on board a vessel bound for England; and on the evening of the next, as the ship before a favorable breeze was speeding on her way, he caught a glimpse, as it were a cloud on the verge of the horizon, of the land which contained every thing for which he cared to live.

The days of that voyage to John Brewster, were long and sorrowful. Life, at the best on ship-board, is dull and monotonous. There is little by which one can be interested or amused. John had never been from home before, and his thoughts went constantly back to the happy hours he had spent with Ruth in the woods, or forward to the time when his own master, he should return to claim her as his own—a period which to his homesick thoughts seemed a great way off—as it was. Upon his arrival at London, he was received by an old friend of his father, who treated him as a member of his own family, and did what he could to make life agreeable. Society in London was not so strict in its outward display of morality as it had been in Salem village, and the contrast to him was very pleasant. London was another world. He loved its bustle and excitement, its crowded streets and the glare of its shops; and as month after month wore away, amid its pleasures and fascinations, new associations and interests usurped the place of the old. Every day in society and in the streets, he met those who seemed and who doubtless were in almost every respect superior to the rustic Quakeress of New England, till he began almost to laugh at his former love and former self. He lived in London four years; and when at the age of twenty-two he returned home he hardly thought of Massachusetts as containing other persons than his father and mother in whose well-being he felt the slightest interest.

With Ruth Page, matters had been different in form only. Her love and disappointment had been the two events of her life. Like most events, the one had been the occasion of a short and troubled joy; the other of a long enduring sorrow. Yet to this, as to the other, there was an end. Upon learning of John's forced departure, she cried of course, all the time, which is the way with women. But time with her as with her lover over the sea, passed on. The duties of daily life began more and more to engross her attention, while among those of the religious creed of her father, there were many to suggest that mere human love was sinful in the sight of God,—one of the snares set by Satan to draw souls to perdition. This idea she at length adopted. She gave her attention entirely to religious matters, and sought to make expiation for her sinful love by banishing its object from her thoughts. This of course was no easy task. Her life was of necessity somewhat solitary—her experiences few; and often in the still summers, when from her low window she saw the sun go down and night seal gradually over the earth, a tear, hastily brushed away, would come to her eye as her thoughts wandered back to the brief season of love and hope.

It is a fact which all observing persons must have noticed, that what is termed the religious sentiment, when constantly active, instead of softening, humanizing and rendering more genial the character, tends rather to make one hard, sour and angular,—turns the sweet milk of kindness into curds. This effect at least it had upon Ruth Page. The current of her love at first, warm, gushing and human, turned into a desert of dogmatic theology, and dry sands sucked it up.

Years rolled away. Joel Page, as had his fa-

ther before him, died, and Ruth lived with her brothers, the same quiet quaker life as ever, taking now and then with them a short journey to visit some brother or sister in the faith; at other times dispensing a generous hospitality to the poorer members of the sect who visited them.

Deacon Brewster also after attaining a good old age, passed away, and John succeeded to his estates, to his position in society, and in process of time, as if in answer to his father's prayers, became like him a Deacon of the church, a position he graced with quite as lengthy exhortations as his father had done before him.

Deacon Brewster the younger, had never married. With a house-keeper, three or four negro slaves, and a stalwart Scotchman, who acted as overseer, he lived upon his farm; grew year by year in wealth and reputation for godliness, and spent much of his time in discussing with the brethren some old questions of theology about which neither he, they, or any body else, knew any thing at all. On one point they differed, and that beyond a hope of compromise. In the Deacon's opinion, a Quaker might by some special interposition of Divine grace be saved. It was a grievous error, but those of the church who were familiar with his experience only shook their heads and passed it over in the hope that the same grace would be sufficient even for such looseness of creed as this.

"Thirty years upon the face of the earth and the face of a man, leave their mark," muttered Deacon Brewster, as just thirty years and a day from the time he sailed upon his unwilling voyage to England, he rode slowly toward the residence of the Pages. He was thinking of Ruth, and perhaps his thoughts wandered back to the last parting in the woods—those same woods on whose crest the last rays of the sunset at that moment lingered—perhaps, but who shall tell his thoughts, for it is over a hundred years since he dismounted from his grizzle brown horse in front of the low quakerish house. Certain, however, it is, he had come to see Ruth. "Miss Ruth Page," said the Deacon, in a solemn voice, after the weather, public health, and other indifferent matters had been duly disposed of, "there is something I have been thinking of lately and have rode up here to speak about, if you will allow me."

Miss Ruth Page nodded assent. "Thirty years ago," said he in a still more solemn voice, "we promised to marry one another. I have thought of late we never could do so at a more proper time than this."

It was very plainly speaking, even for a Deacon, but Ruth was not startled—did not even blush. She only crossed her hands in her lap, and looked into the Deacon's face.

"The ways of the Lord are past finding out," he continued, anxious to make an impression, "we have lived long in the world, Miss Ruth Page, and he has led us thus far by lonely paths into the wilderness and through the desert, that evil desires and lusts of the flesh might be purified and we better fitted to walk together in the holy communion of marriage."

The Deacon lifted his eyes towards heaven—Ruth looked somewhat confusedly with hers upon the sanded floor, and answered in this wise, "If it be the will of the Lord, and his handmaiden has found favor in thy sight, let it be even as thou sayest." Then she was silent, and sat with folded hands in her quiet quaker way. Then the Deacon prayed—a long prayer, full of unctious and Scriptural quotations. His visit lasted just forty-five minutes.

In accordance with old and established usage, there should be a marriage at about this point; but, unfortunately, we have none of the material out of which weddings are made. The Deacon, it is true, visited Ruth once more to settle the preliminaries for an event of this kind. A sheep pasture, and no hard-hearted father, interferes in this way. In consideration of the large interests his wife would have in his estate should she survive him, the Deacon asked that the Pages should make over to him in fee, a certain pasture of about fifteen acres adjoining his land. To this proposition Ruth, who from long habit had learned to look upon the interests of her brothers as her own, refused to assent. The Deacon insisted upon the conveyance as a condition precedent to the marriage. Ruth was obstinate in her refusal. The result was that the wedding was indefinitely postponed, and the parties ended their days in a state of single blessedness.

This is all. It is not much of a story but it has a moral—which God knows—I do not.—I only know that here were two human beings who when young were capable of the most devoted attachment—of a noble, generous and self-sacrificing love; who walked for many years upon the face of this beautiful earth—to whom came "the sweet return of morn and eve," of seed time and harvest, only to make them hard, cold and selfish—in whom the experiences of life had extinguished every noble aspiration, every generous impulse—who stood in their old age, as indeed do many of us, hugging their bodies round them like their shrouds, in which their souls were buried.

There is a meaning in this, perhaps, which He who knows the meaning and mystery of life, understands. All blackness and darkness it seems to us, but so it may not seem to the ken of purer spirits.

"Who watch like God the circling years,  
With other, larger eyes than ours."

"Love," says Jean Paul, "may sometimes slumber in a maiden's heart, but it always dreams."

Curses, like chickens, come home to roost.



# THE WIZARD.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 22, 1860.

## Dred Scott Decision.

Much comment has been made upon the recent decision of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case, and many eminent jurists regard it as a palpable deviation from propriety; a departure from its true province into the sea of political strife; assuming the right in an extra-judicial manner and in a way hitherto unknown, of deciding a strictly political question, a proceeding unprecedented in the annals of Court history.

This arbitrary mode of procedure on the part of the Supreme Court for the purpose of furthering political ends, will serve to bring into contempt such acts, and lower its dignity, to a level that will call out the strength of the people to apply the proper remedy. Expediency is the excuse given to justify yielding to the despotism of slavery; by asserting a once honest opinion based upon fundamental law, and substituting therefor, the modern notions contained in perverted judgments, made so by the influence of slavery—as announced from the Supreme Bench. The Supreme Court, by Chief Justice Taney, is in the memory of all—viz. that negroes have no rights which white men are bound to respect. In his earlier days before the black veil of slavery had been drawn over his legal spectacles, the Chief Justice was engaged to defend the Rev. Mr. Gruber, formerly a distinguished Methodist minister in Maryland, who for his boldness in condemning the wrongs of slavery, was subject to persecution, and brought to trial on a charge of inciting an insurrection.

"Hear ye him!" The following extract from Mr. Taney's speech, is taken from a memoir of Mr. Gruber, published a short time since:

"There is no law that forbids us to speak of slavery as we think of it. Any man has a right to publish his opinions on that subject whenever he pleases. It is a subject of national concern, and may at all times be freely discussed. Mr. Gruber did quote the language of our great act of national independence, and insisted on the principles contained in that venerated instrument. He did rebuke those masters who, in the exercise of power, are deaf to the calls of humanity; and he warned them of the evils they might bring upon themselves. He did speak with abhorrence of those reptiles who live by trading in human flesh, and enrich themselves by tearing the husbands from the wife, the infant from the bosom of its mother; and this we are instructed, was the head and front of his offending. Shall we content ourselves with saying he had a right to say this? that there is no law to punish him? So far is he from being the object of punishment in any form of proceeding, that we are prepared to maintain the same principles, and to use, if necessary, the same language here in the temple of justice, and in the presence of those who are the ministers of the law. A hard necessity, indeed, compels us to endure the evils of slavery for a time. It was imposed upon us by another nation, while we were yet in a state of colonial vassalage. It cannot be easily or suddenly removed. Yet while it continues, it is a blot on our national character, and every lover of freedom confidently hopes that it will be effectually, though not gradually, wiped away, and earnestly looks for the means by which this necessary evil may be accomplished, until the time shall come when we can point without a blush to the language held in the Declaration of Independence. Every friend of humanity will seek to lighten the galling chain of slavery, and better to the utmost the wretched condition of the slave."

Mr. Gruber was triumphantly acquitted.

The other day, seeing a number of persons in the yard of Mr. Townsend, the Express-man, looking curiously at some object on the ground, we joined the group and found out the mystery of the gathering. There was a singularly looking animal, about two feet long, not half horse, but more than half alligator, running about or remaining dormant as suited his convenience. While we were there, a Maltese kitten, rather too young for a mouse, approached the reptile, cautiously, snuffing then gently touching his horny covering with her velvet paw. At every motion of the animal, she would start back and then approach, and even attempt to turn him over. Her feminine curiosity overcame her fears, and a kind of fascination seemed to keep her about the animal. This youthful alligator is a recent arrival from the swamps of Florida, and he probably belongs to the party of Secessionists. He lyes on toads, frogs, and other small game, and catches flies by throwing his upper jaw, letting them collect upon it, and then springing the trap. In like manner, many Douglas Democrats have been caught by that other voracious animal at Washington.

JAUNTINESS.—We learn from Mr. Marshall of the Express, that during the storm on Saturday afternoon last, the house of Mr. John O'good in Danvers, was struck by lightning. The electric fluid running down the top of the chimney passed through the roof of the house and left traces of its power in all the rooms but one. Mrs. O'good was prostrated by the shock, and her daughter was somewhat burned. In several of the rooms lath and plaster were torn down. Damage to the house estimated at about \$70.

During the storm of the 8th of Aug. the house of Mr. Daniel Cummings at Andover, was struck in a very peculiar manner. The fluid struck the house about three feet from the ground, and about eight inches from the lightning rod, leaving the appearance of a bullet hole on the clapboard. It first entered two closets, setting fire to some clothing in one, and leaving its mark upon knives and forks in the other. It then passed to the kitchen tearing up a narrow strip of the floor. Fortunately no one was in the kitchen and no one was injured. The lightning rod—put up this summer by the North American Company—seems to have had no influence whatever.

The first picnic given this season by Eagle Engine Company, came off last Thursday, at King's Grove, and proved a very pleasant and successful affair. It being a very pleasant day, a large number of our citizens availed themselves of the opportunity to pass a few hours in social enjoyment, listening to the music of Wyatt & Parson's celebrated band, playing Coughlins, &c. The Company have been at considerable expense to prepare the Grove, erect a platform for Quinlan, &c., and will give another picnic on Wednesday next, Aug. 29.

## Stephen in search of his Fathers.

When the report reached our ears that Senator Douglas was about making a trip to the North, for the purpose of visiting the graves of his fathers, we regarded it as an unimpeachable evidence of the dawning of new and more beneficent influences upon the mind and heart of the little giant. It did not surprise us that after receiving at Charleston a blow from his friends as steadily fast to his political life, and suffering so many other aggravated assaults from the Democracy, he should become a wanderer among the graves, where one so brief of stature must anxiously lie. Of nothing were we more certain than that the sober god sense of the New England communities which he might visit, would prevent all people from attempting in any manner to lionize him, while his whole soul must necessarily be absorbed in mournful musings upon his departed friends. We have been disappointed, grieved and pained. Our distinguished visitor had hardly reached the Metropolis of Massachusetts—that Athens of America and Hub of Creation, before the privacy in which he had intrenched himself, was ruthlessly invaded, his incognito snatched from him, and the weed torn from his hat. Seized upon by the rabble of Boston, hurried about the principal streets at an unusual pace, shown up to curious men, women and boys as that *lusus nature* so often described by naturalists, but so seldom seen—a "quatter-overgrown"; absolutely compelled to make a speech or go without the needful "drinks"—it is no wonder that he was unable to pursue his funeral researches, even if in his distraction, he had not entirely forgotten the grand object of his tour. Let the last treatment he received from the Bostonians, be properly considered before we too severely condemn that insanity which drove him to Cambridge to make a "Commencement" of his researches for relics of his departed friends, in a city less remarkable for careful searchers than for zealous Medical Students. Preposterous as appears to all of us, the idea of searching for graves that contain nothing, in the vicinity of a Medical College, can we not find if we will only search hard enough for it—some palliation for this vagary of the great Senator?

Passing on to New Hampshire, where he supposed he might enjoy more favorable opportunities for exploring the cemeteries, the same course of lionizing and speech-making were forced upon him. Some idea of his feelings as he stood weeping at the political grave of his fellow-democrat, Frank Pierce, may be gathered from his exclamation, "O dear departed Shade! I shall join you in November! We were lovely in our lives," (yours by Hawthorne—mine by Sheehan of the Chicago Times), and in death we shall not be divided." The current of his thoughts was here disturbed by a telegram headed him from Rhode Island, intimating that the graves of his ancestors were probably to be found in that State. Arriving in Little Rhody, the State which Docticks when on a visit there, walked around several times before breakfast, the people turned out with great enthusiasm to assist their celebrated visitor. Their efforts, however, resulted only in the discovery of large beds of clams, a great number of bushels of which were baked for a feast, and becoming clamorous over the ill-luck for a less fishy treat, the Islanders "betrayed Stephen into a speech, in which singularly enough he forgot the fathers and endeavored to ingratiate himself with the sons, as he would probably have done with the daughters, had not Mrs. Douglas who is acquainted with him, been present to keep a sharp look out for him. Suddenly disappearing from the ken of the Rhode-Islanders, Stephen turned up in the city of Bangor, Down East, where for a change he was made a lion with a flowing mane, and in that form made another speech. Here for the present terminates our account of this grave affair. Long live Stephen to prosecute his researches, or he never will find what he is in search of."

## Westboro' Reform School.

Mr. Henry O. Wiley, of Danvers, now agent for contractors who provide labor for the boys has communicated to the public a statement signed by 16 of the inmates. As this statement is made without the privity of Mr. Starr, it is well worthy of consideration before a definite decision is made in relation to the discipline of the school. We publish the following extracts concerning Mr. Starr:

"We have ever found him to be a kind and humane disciplinarian, honored and loved and respected by every well-disposed boy in the institution, and we challenge the committee or any one else to pick out any boy who has any honor or self-respect to say anything to the contrary."

All our necessary wants have been immediately attended to, on application to him. He has done everything in his power to promote our happiness, and make our stay here a pleasant and agreeable one."

We will not at this time undertake to refute the charges made against Mr. Starr, but if any one doubts that our treatment is just, or thinks "the punishments unprecendented, excessive and barbarous, not calculated to reform and amend, but to degrade and brutalize," let him come up and visit us, and we will show him that it does not tend "to render the school, its discipline and teachings hateful, nor neutralize any good there to be derived."

In conclusion we would add that some of the boys who have received such "barbarous treatment," regarding the committee of "the dark and semi-barbarous ages of religious intolerance and persecution," have cheerfully and of their own accord affixed their names to this paper.

And if the mind of all the boys was taken in regard to this matter, it would be unanimous and conclusive in favor of our worthy Superintendent.

SALEM POST OFFICE.—The new incumbent, John Ryan, Esq., has entered on his duties as Postmaster of Salem. He will bring to this position a courteous manner, a spirit of accommodation and great fidelity in the performance of his duties. Our objections to Mr. Ryan are solely those of a political character. We entertain no prejudice of nationality or of any other kind, and cordially wish him a successful career during the short period he is to hold the office, when we know he will resign it to the incumbent of Old Abe's appointment with becoming grace and good nature.

APPOINTMENT.—We are always glad to record appointments to offices where we know them to be appropriate and judicious. We have just appointed our special Committee on Fruits, and are now ready to receive specimens from the best cultivators. We have just received some early apples from Danvers, and also the earliest specimen of a good pear from a cultivator on Park St., who has become so famous for Bananas and Shinghals as for fruit.

Our neighbor Mr. B. F. Stevens has lately received an assortment of watches and jewelry, which we commend to the attention of our readers. Among the watches are some new patterns of American manufacture from Waltham.

## Flag Raising.

Mr. Editor:—As you assert yourself ignorant of the ceremonies which accompanied the raising of the first Republican flag, I will apprise you of the leading facts concerning that most interesting occasion.

On the third day of last week, the aforesaid flag was drawn from its place of concealment, which it had hitherto and unconsciously assumed when the first news of Buchanan's election reached the ears of its surprised and disappointed owner. By the aid of alothes-poles and other poles, it was raised, quite silently to be sure, for as yet no names graced it. Having applied to your accommodating printer, on the noon of the next day the names were soon impressed in glowing capitals. Needles and thimbles were soon in requisition, and preparations made for a celebration which was to take place in the evening.

At about seven o'clock, the flag was raised in the midst of cheers and great excitement. When it was fairly flung to the breeze, a part of the company assembled around a post and called for the citation.—The speech which was very patriotic, was not made by Mr. Charles E. Brown. That gentleman was sent for at a proper time, but we were sorry to learn that so worthy a citizen had been suddenly taken to Ipswich by his friend, Mr. Stiles. Sentiments and quotations followed next. "Live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration!" "Liberty and Union, one and inseparable," and other remembered sentences rose at intervals upon the air; and far more frequently upon hats, caps and water-proofs, which descended only to be thrown up again more furiously. In fact, so great was the enthusiasm that the Moderator was obliged to call the meeting to order. When the darkness and dampness prompted a return to the house, the demonstrations were continued. Our National March was played, and the dancing which closed the evening's entertainment, was of a high order, including polkas and double gals.

The order of the flag-raising was somewhat chilled the next day by a Democratic friend, who provokingly asked "why that little bit of red and white upon which was hung out in the back-yard?" and if it was "doomed to hang there till Lincoln's election?"

With regard to the flag, I would further inform you that it did good service on the day of the Peabody Reception, that it floated long for Fremont, still floats for Lincoln, and that it will wave for every Republican candidate till it wears out in the cause.

On this I part.

If we can find room, we shall be glad to furnish this excellent speech in our next.—E.

ONIONS.—The Onion-growers have not sowed half the breadth of land that was common in former years. The pestilent maggot now makes his appearance every year, but not in all fields alike. No other beast, fish or reptile, except man, (perhaps we ought also to say woman), will eat this vegetable, and we do not admire his taste—neither do we admire the taste of the vegetable.

Reading the above item by the Editor, reminds us of an onion experience of ours in 1850. Touching upon our good schooner the *Civilian*, at Valparaiso S. A., to take in a supply of water, purchases were made at that port of potatoes and onions—some of the latter by far the largest specimens we had ever seen. Though we had never fancied onions before, as an excellent, the appetite-provoking sea air and the lack of sauce upon the ocean, overcame our prejudices, and we found cooked onions delicious to the taste. Upon arrival at San Francisco, our little craft was boarded by shrewd jobbers in provisions, seeking what they might procure at a rate to allow them a good margin of profit in the retail market. A barrel of onions which remained attracted the longing eyes of one of these speculators, who expressed his willingness to purchase. After some chaffering, the onions were sold for the benefit of our "Cochituate Company," at as near as we can recollect, seventy-five dollars (\$75.00) the barrel. A barrel of potatoes of inferior quality, which had not been considered worthy of honoring our tables, having asserted their dignity by bringing us about \$20.00. At the time of our arrival at San Francisco, onions were exceedingly scarce in the market, and in great demand doubtless by those citizens who in their yearning for the beloved vegetable, cared little about the price they were compelled to pay for it; though at first thought one would suppose such expensive onions to be possessed of greater potency to draw tears from the buyers than from the sellers. A longer experience of the extravagant prices ruling in that market, opened our eyes a little. Our first personal impressions were that the onions were purchased to minister directly to the gastronomic enjoyment of mankind, but from the fact that the milk-man compelled us to pay fifty cents per quart for the lacteous and watery fluid, we inclined to the belief, that the cows were fed upon them. We were the more confirmed in this theory because we so perfectly accounted for the amazing and Samson-like strength of the California butter.

"SPARE THE ROD, AND SPOIL THE CHILD."—This was the advice of the wisest of men. The recent events at our Reform School have brought it to mind more than once. With such boys as are there committed, it is clear that discipline of some kind is necessary to be applied. Moral suasion will not answer where the moral sense is extinguished.

Can there be any better mode of correcting a bad boy, than by confining him away from his companions for a reasonable time? Suppose the boy, fully grown, in charge, shall such a boy be permitted to go without reproof? Shall the Superintendent order him to be flogged—order him to be imprisoned—or shall he say to him "do not do so, it is naughty"? This Quaker mode of reproof may answer in some cases, but we think it will not do with such boys as at this School—boys bred in sin, and through their whole career, steeped in iniquity.

MAINING.—We find many persons who declare they can make a bullet hole through their hand, and see through it. They say the operation causes no pain, but the hand is immediately restored the same as before. The fact is done by taking a paper tube six or eight inches in length, an inch in diameter at one end, and a half inch at the other, and then placing the larger end to your eye. By thus looking straight with both eyes, if you hold the hand before the eye without the tube, you will apparently see through the hand.—The experiment is a simple and interesting one.

The whirlwind of Saturday afternoon last, appears to have been more severe at No. Salem than it was here. The north side of the roof of the Pickering School House was ripped up and the other blown off.

## SINGULAR DISCOVERY.

Mr. Editor:—As you appear to have finished your interesting series of Chronicles, I send you the following Chapter which I lately transcribed from a table of stone recently discovered at Rockville. Although the stone recently discovered at Rockville, cannot possibly be of great antiquity, it might be interesting to yourself and some of your readers. I would suggest to such persons as are lacking in a taste for antiquarian lore, that they omit, if they please, the first thirty-six verses. The stone table has been deposited in the hall of the Essex Co. Natural History Society, at Salem, where it attracts much attention.

## FIFTH BOOK OF CHRONICLES.

### CHAPTER V.

1. It came to pass in the 4th year of King James, after the naming of Breckinridge to be King, that a man named Mexico, who was of the tribe of Breck, returned to his home that he might gather to himself fighting men to war against the hosts of the Patriarch and the little Goliath.

2. And Mexico dwelt in a city by the sea-side, called Salem, which is in the Greek tongue Na-un-ke-ge.

3. Now in Salem was a temple of the rulers of the House, and King James appointed the rulers of the Customs, and did with them whatever was in his heart.

4. And the King made Mexico to be his Counselor, and gave him authority that he should watch over the priests of the Customs, and of the Post, lest that any of them should rebel against the King.

5. And Mexico commanded to be made by cunning in the temple of Customs, that the men of his tribe might bow themselves, and eat dirt moistened with the pap of the Treasury, and worship before the image.

6. And the front of the idol was of brass, and the color of the hair was the hair of a black sheep. His countenance was turned to the South, and the priests at his altar lifted up their voices and ceased never by day or night to cry aloud—

10. And to whatever people ye come, that it may be fulfilled which was spoken by Istanton, the prophet, Strike the tunp; blow the lugug; and let sound the loud hoganah; moreover, sing tural-lural-loo, and bid all the worshippers of Breckinridge the King (that would be) assemble themselves at the hall of the Customs, and do the bidding of the King.

11. And when the people heard thereof they longed with an exceeding great longing; and they moved the players, and they twiddled their fingers at their nose, and showed them in the Greek tongue, Sola-and-get-the-money! for they looked upon them as men drunk on or lunatic.

12. And they said one to another, Can no one cast the evil spirits out of Mexico and his men, for behold, they twiddle their fingers!

13. Now when the worshippers of Breckinridge had gathered themselves together, they multiplied the worshippers, and lo! there were six and four of them, and some murmured and said, there are six and five of them, but peradventure one hid himself.

14. And Mexico lifted up his voice to the multitude of the ten or twelve, and he exhorted them first he was a man of many words. And it came to pass, that when after a long time Mexico had made an end of his exhorting, that there were no cheerings in that place where the cheers should have come in,—no, not so much as a *tiger*; for the disciples of Breck, were gone into the land of No.

15. So the speeches of Mexico were attended with power.

16. Now when Mexico beheld this, he marvelled and said, Verily, I am too much for them.

17. And when with exceeding uper Mexico had awakened the men, he asked them, Of what dreamed ye? And they answered with one accord, Of leaves and fishes.

18. And the Chief Cook said unto them, It is well, be ye faithful to Breck, and ye shall be stuffed. And said among themselves, Truly the last speech of this Mexico is the first.

19. Now there were of the Democracy a certain Benjamin-ite, who had been in peril of lightnings and in prisons, and had bound up the wounds of the captives; and one Nathaniel a lawyer, in whom there was no guile, and they would not bow to the homely idol.

20. And the people loved them, and they loved them, they saying, in these men are of our kin and we know them; but as for this Breckinridge whose image Mexico hath set up, we know not what flesh he is of. The light of his countenance is darkness, his legs are set in the midst of his feet, and his understandings are as the fishes that when the tide is out, are of the bottom.

21. And when Mexico saw that the chief men of the intertribed came not into the synagogue, neither would they worship Breck, he was exceedingly wrath and he rent his upper garment.

22. Now there was a certain Perkins, a just man, whom Mexico had set over the temple of the Post, to spread abroad the letters of the Seribes and Fair-ree.

23. And Mexico went unto Perkins, and said unto him, Hear O Perkins, the commands of the nighty King James. Forake the counsels of Stephen, anoint thy head and wear it by day, and put on sack-cloth and coal-shoes, and bow thyself in the dust before the idol of Breckinridge, and take fire into thy mouth, and eat dirt, and it shall be well with thee and thy house.

24. But if thou refusest the commands of the King, the sword shall roll down the temple of the Post Office. Take heed to the words of the King.

25. And Perkins trembled not, but looked boldly in the face of Mexico, and said, O Chief Cook, is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing? My countenance constrains me that I bow not to your Dagon of a Breckinridge. Verily I shall come to pass that I will see you and Old Buck—blessed, first! And Perkins shouted aloud, Long live the Little Goliath!

26. Now when Mexico heard these words, and saw the King, he was exceeding above the commands of sword from a centurion who was standing by, and he snatched a sword and claved his neck, so that the head of even as Mexico lay blood down the steps of the temple.

27. And great indignation seized upon the people of the city which is called Salem, for they loved Perkins, and the damns who were of exceedingly fair countenances, and they looked upon this wicked man, as much as they looked upon him—until now had no such manness been heard of—no, not in all the generations of Naumkeag.

28. Now when Perkins was gathered to his fathers, Mexico appointed one Jones, who sat at the receipt of Customs, to be priest of the temple of the Post.

29. And the name of this Jones was RYAN, because he approved of the Old Rye, which King James had sent him for a peace-offering.

30. Now John was a stranger in the land, and was come hither in a ship from an island of the great Sea, even Erin go bragh! which is, being interpreted, these Irish have a tradition from their fathers that they must go abroad to be at home.

31. And John was of a pleasant countenance and fair speech, and held fast to his integrity, and for that he kept the mails regular, the females loved him and made much of him, and all the people said, Forasmuch as this John is honest and sound discretion and understanding, he will see the error of his ways, and repent and be converted, and he will be saved—he and all his (Customs) house.

32. Now it came to pass, upon the day following the smiling of the officer of the Post, that as a great company were assembled in the market-place, Perkins appeared suddenly in the midst of them, sound every whit, without scar or blemish, and divers who looked upon him, went unto him and asked him, saying, Is not this, Perkins, the former priest of the Post, whose head the unjust Medico cut off?

33. And he answered them, Men and brethren, Of a truth, it isn't any body else!

34. And all who heard these words, shouted aloud and threw up their hats, and rejoiced with exceeding great joy, for they looked upon Perkins as one risen from the dead.

35. And the fame thereof went throughout all Boston street and the region round about.

36. The remainder of the memorials of the tribe of Breckinridge, and all that they tried to do but were not able, are they now recorded on the tables of stone at the Book of the Dungeon, in the place called Lynn, where the High Priest Marble ministers before the altar?

## HORSE RAILWAY AGAIN.

### Emma to the Wizard.

My Very Dear Wizard: It does seem as if some people were bent on preserving and perpetuating every antiquated inconvenience, and presenting every possible obstacle to commodious and elegant locomotion,—for the sole purpose I sometimes think, of keeping at home the ladies, and of restricting our shopping facilities.

From this point of view, opposition to the projected railway, seems at first glance sensible, inasmuch as every other point, most groundless. I must in candor admit, that if access to the trading shops is made easier to us, our fathers and brothers will have to face larger bills on our account; but, on the other hand, our selections will be much more judicious, and hence comforts to the men themselves, will be as greatly augmented. So this apparent evil will be compensated by superior good.

I declare, I have no patience with those fossil "deans" of papers that would growl down every new enterprise, however successful when elsewhere tried, and who lift the heads of their Jilbs, with rumors about non-dividend-paying-stocks and other nonsense. But their opposition can avail nothing in this Young American age of progress. While they grumble and sleep, the work goes on, and the projected enterprise becomes an established institution.

As well attempt to check the falling meteor, as to stop the progress of any beneficial enterprise in this wide-awake age. Arouse! ye Rip Van Wicks. Look about you! Do you not see that this is the 19th Century, not the 17th? Do you not see with the eye gridded with electric nerves, and the lightning-harness to do our bidding? Do you not see that the Atlantic is but a river, and that the Japanese are our next-door neighbors? Do you not hear the cry echoing from every city on this continent, and from several on the other, "Down with Slow Coaches!" "Five to the Horse Railway!" Yours enthusiastically,

P. S. I see that Julia warmly and openly advocates horses. I know some people that can be sufficiently accommodated in this regard without abusing.

Yours again, blushing,

P. S. Please excuse Postscripts. A woman's privilege you know.

P. S. No. 2. How I wish the men would let the girls rate, and hold the purse strings. Wouldn't that be a moving and a shaking among the dry bones of fegy-dom? Wouldn't the lumbering, noisy, unsocial, inconvenient, sea-sickening, insufficient omnibuses give way to the commodious, noiseless, social, and safe carriage in which one can enjoy the ride, and the driver, of course I mean, without straining one's lungs so, and in which there is always room for every body, and one more? Julia seems concerned that the men cannot be permitted to smoke in the railway cars; I don't care if they can't smoke. Terrible accidents sometimes result from this unseemly practice. It was only the other day that my brother Edward, who is addicted, I am sorry to say, to this horrid vice, in attempting to favor my dearest friend Lizzie (you know our Lizzie, some call her *belles Lizzie*, well, I do not know, unless because her tongue is never still), well, as I was saying, my brother Ned in helping her to a "lous", neglected to remove the lighted cigar from his mouth, and left open her lips a warning, instead of the either intended or desired. Melancholy!—was it not?

What Next?

A procession of sensations! Was there ever the like? How they've fled along! Pleuro-pneumonia, Japanese, Great Eastern, Heenan, Hicks, Zouaves, Douglas's Wife, Clam Bake, Prince of Wales! What next? Anything, so it be great—great silly or silly great. We venture to suggest. Let the Great Eastern-Railroad Company pick out on their route a place where they go between two big hills. Announce that at a certain hour on a certain day two monster trains, under full speed, will meet between said hills in grand smash-up! Tickets fifty cents—front seats reserved for ladies. No postponement on account of weather. 'Twas paying business for the Company.

Or, how is this? Build a Bunker Hill monument somewhere. Fix it so that, by pulling out a plug, the thing will tumble. A yoke of oxen may pull the plug out. Pull it out, and let Bunker tumble down on the innumerable bomb shells or extra size torpedoes. Terms the same as at the sensation aforesaid. Or this? A stupendous fuse. None of your school-boy tricks but a regular Colossus, ton-of-powder one, gotten up by the celebrated pyrotechnist Monsieur Charivari, to be touched off with unequalled effect at a time to be indicated by the juxtaposition of certain stars, according to the calculation of Monsieur Charivari, who, for the last twenty years has been devoting himself in the Universities of Europe with a view to this single grand exhibition! The touch-off to be preceded by "Hail Columbia," performed on a thousand small drums, and to be closed by an Address to the Stars by Monsieur Charivari, delivered in true Paris French.

Wouldn't one of these things pay? In the absence of others, the sensationists are welcome to either.

SHARP PRACTICE.—Not a hundred miles from Danvers, Mr. W. bargained with two Irishmen to quit and make his hay for the sum of fifteen dollars, and (Mr. W.) would assist if needed at the low rate of ten cents per hour. It happened to be rather embarrassing weather, and our friend W. was called upon frequently to aid them, and when he did so he took with him a pitcher of cider for the men. When the job was completed, some backwardness was manifested in settling the bill and it was left with an attorney for collection, who accordingly notified the party, who appeared and fled his account in offset, upon examination of which, it was found that the charges for time and cider exceeded the bill left for collection by one dollar. The attorney merely hinted to the retailer of cider, that he had violated the law and made himself liable, but that he insisted he would allow the account. Our sharp friend, seeing the dilemma in which he had placed himself, gladly paid the fifteen dollars and costs, and withdrew his account, losing his time and cider.

On Saturday last, the Catholic priest entered a house situated in that part of the town called "Dublin," and spilled two barrels of "the critter," much to the disgust of the owner, who had no liking for such kind of practical temperance lectures. That's the kind of preaching that does good.







2 West Block—188 Essex St.



# THE WIZARD.

VOL. I.

SOUTH DANVERS, MASS., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 29, 1860.

NO. 39

## THE WIZARD

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY,  
At Allen's Building, So. Danvers Square,

CHAS. D. HOWARD, Proprietor.

F. POOLE, Editor.

Terms \$2.00 a Year; for Immediate Payment, \$1.50.

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101 ESSEX STREET, SALEM.  
Residence Lowell street, South Danvers.

B. C. PERKINS,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
So. Danvers—Office in Allen's Building.

H. O. WILEY,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
Office, Allen's Building, So. Danvers.

IVES & PEABODY,  
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,  
Have removed their Office to  
Rooms formerly occupied by Hon. Otis P. Lord,  
NO. 27 WASHINGTON STREET, SALEM.  
STEPHEN B. IVES, JR. JOHN B. PEABODY.  
December 7, 1859.

ALFRED A. ABBOTT,  
Attorney and Counsellor,  
Office, No. 224 Essex Street, Salem;  
House, Main St., So. Danvers.

STUDNEY C. BANCROFT,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
27 Washington Street, Salem.  
Mr. Bancroft may be found mornings and evenings, at his  
home office, near his residence in South Danvers.  
December 7, 1859.

JOHN W. PROCTOR,  
has taken rooms, in the  
2d, Story of the Union Building,  
nearly opposite the Monument.

Where he will be found from 9 A. M. to 1 P. M., ready to at-  
tend to any business that may be entrusted to his care.  
South Danvers, Feb. 20th, 1860.

A. S. CRAWFORD,  
DENTIST,  
No. 4 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS SQUARE.  
Mechanical Dentistry Neatly Executed.

Teeth Extracted by Electricity without Extra Charge.  
dec 7

W. L. BOWDOIN,  
SURGEON DENTIST,  
No. 218 Essex Street, Salem, (Opposite the Market).  
Residence—No. 57 Washington street.

F. POOLE,  
INSURANCE AGENT,  
Allen's Building (up stairs).  
Deals drawn, and other common forms.

SAMUEL DAVIS,  
HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING ROOM,  
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Central Street, South Danvers, Opp. South Church.  
All orders promptly and faithfully executed.  
dec 14

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PAINTERS,  
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88 Main street, opposite Monument, S. Danvers.  
All orders promptly attended to; a share of patronage solicited.  
J. A. WHIPPLE. A. FRIEND.

JOHN MOULTON,  
LIVERY & STABLE,  
Main St., (opp. Danvers Bank), So. Danvers

## Original Poetry.

### ALICE.

How softly falls the silver light  
Of even o'er the silvery sea,  
While lone I sit and dream of her  
Forever gone, alas! from me.  
For 'neath the locust's sylvan shades  
Where whispering breezes murmur low,  
All undisturbed by sorrow's tones  
My "Alice" slumbers sweetly now.  
How oft my memory wanders back  
Unto those dear, bright days of yore—  
To the low white cottage in the vale,  
With ivy clambering o'er its door;  
Where first, when Spring-time flow'ers rets wild  
In beauty decked the fragrant len,  
I breathed those hallowed vows so true  
And Alice smiled in love on me.  
Oh, swiftly passed those golden hours  
So bright we never dream'd they'd cease,  
For freighted then the future seemed  
With never ending days of peace.  
But Summer came, and Autumn chill  
In rust-robed the dreary bowers,  
The blossoms with'd o'er the len,  
And Alice faded with the flowers.  
And now while softly fades the light  
Of even o'er the silvery sea,  
I sit alone and dream of her  
Forever gone, alas! from me:  
For 'neath the locust's sylvan shades,  
Where whispering breezes murmur low,  
All undisturbed by sorrow's tones  
My Alice sweetly slumbers now.

Epewich, Aug. 14, 1860. H. G. E.

### To —

I know that the rose will fade,—  
All earthly must meet that doom;  
But memories fresh are ever stayed,—  
In the heart they ever bloom.  
'T is true you thought not of me,  
When you culled the "favorite flower,"—  
Still its presence here brings thoughts of thee,  
Sweet thoughts of a pleasant hour.  
And though we'er again we meet,  
The rose shall treasure be,—  
The fragrance gone, but memory sweet  
Will lend it charm for me.  
And may I, who its beauty made,  
Guard thee through life's brief way,  
Until to where flowers never fade,  
He bids thee haste away.  
New York. L. G.

### MIRABEAU.

With your permission, Mr. Editor, I will give a  
short sketch of the life and character of this most cele-  
brated French Statesman. He was the master-spirit of  
that bloody Revolution which commenced in 1789  
or '89, and closed some six or seven years after. He  
died some two years before the death of the King.—  
He has been called the John Adams of the French  
Revolution. He was born in 1732, and died in April  
1791, aged 52 years.  
He served some time in the army; was very profligate  
and extravagant; deranging his pecuniary affairs,  
until his father procured an act of lunacy against him.  
The Revolution presented a vast field for the  
activity of his terrible mental energies. On the day  
when the States-General opened, he looked at the  
Monarch, who was covered with the crown jewels, and  
said, "Behold the victim already adorned." Near the  
close of his life, he strove hard to effect a reconciliation  
between the King and the Commons, and many believe  
that had his life been spared, neither the King nor  
Maria Antoinette would have been beheaded  
but the reign of Terror would have been checked,—  
so great was his power in whatever he undertook.—  
When on his death-bed, he said openly to his friends,  
"I shall carry the Monarchy with me, and a few fac-  
tious spirits show what is left." He was of medi-  
ocre stature; his face was disfigured by marks of the  
small pox; and the enormous quantity of hair on his  
head gave him some resemblance to a lion. He was of  
lofty character and extraordinary talents. He el-  
luded unrivalled in the felicity of his diction, and  
possessed a profound knowledge of the human heart.  
He was influenced by the least resistance, and when  
most irritated he commanded the greatest attention by  
his most terrible and fiery eloquence. It was thought  
by some that he was poisoned by the Jacobins to pre-  
vent the salvation of the King and the restoration of  
order under the old Regime; but this suspicion was  
not warranted, as a critical post mortem examination  
detected no marks of poison in his system. He bore  
much of his character on his countenance and in his  
person. Figure to your mind, he said in describing  
his countenance to a lady, "a tiger who has had the  
small pox." When about to pounce upon his foes in  
the Convention, he used frequently to exclaim, "I will  
show them my bear's head. Let them beware of his  
tusks."

After the close of the King's Address to the Deputies  
on one occasion, Mirabeau rose and said: "Gentle-  
men—I admit that what you have just heard might be  
the salvation of the country, if the gifts of despotism  
were not always dangerous. The ostentatious display  
of arms,—the violation of the national temple—  
to command you to be happy! Where are the enemies  
of the nation? Is Cataline at our doors? I demand  
that, covering yourselves with your dignity, you adhere  
religiously to your oath; if forbids you to separate be-  
fore you have framed the Constitution." The grand  
master of ceremonies returned and said, (addressing  
Bailly the President of the Deputies) "you have heard  
the orders of the King to separate." Bailly re-  
plied, "I am going to take those of the Assembly."—  
Mirabeau stepped forward: "Yes sir," he exclaimed,

"We have heard the intentions that have been suggest-  
ed to the King; but you have neither voice, nor place,  
nor right to speak here. However, to avoid all delay,  
go and tell your master that we are here by the power  
of the people, and nothing but the power of bayonets  
shall drive us away."

Mirabeau in connection with the charges against the  
Duke of Orleans by the Court, exclaimed, "Yes, the  
secret of these infernal proceedings is at length laid  
bare; it is yonder whole and entire (pointing to the  
right side); it is to be found in the interest of those  
whose enemies and calumnies have formed their tissue;  
it is in the resources which they have furnished to the  
enemies of the Revolution; it is—44 is in the heart of  
the judges such as it will soon be given in history by  
the most just and the most implacable vengeance."

He exclaimed on another occasion, "I swear," (here  
he was interrupted) "That popularity," he resumed  
in a voice of thunder, "to which I have aspired, and  
which I have enjoyed as well as others, is not a feeble  
reed; I will thrust it deep into the earth; and I will  
make it shoot up in the soil of justice and reason!"—  
He astounded the Assembly and over-awed his ene-  
mies. His end was now drawing on apace—his race  
was almost run. He said on the day of his death to  
his numerous friends in attendance, "That Pitt is the  
minister of preparations; he governs by threats; I  
would give him some trouble if I should live." He posi-  
tively declined seeing the priest of the parish, saying  
very pleasantly, he would gladly have accepted him,  
if he had not in his house his ecclesiastical superior—  
the Bishop of Autun. "You have promised," said he  
to his friends, "to spare me needless suffering." He  
then begged for opium. His friends gave him a cup,  
which they said, contained opium. He swallowed its  
contents composedly, supposing it mortal, and in a mo-  
ment afterwards he expired!—Thus died one of the  
most powerful and distinguished statesmen of his  
time. The continuance of his existence would doubt-  
less have essentially changed the fate of Europe and of  
the world. His star had not reached its zenith  
when it went out, as it were, in mid heaven. It daz-  
zled the world and threw its vivid flashes over the  
nations while it blazed; but a horrible darkness of dark-  
ness enveloped France when it had gone down! He  
enkindled the fire of the Revolution, but was not  
spared to quench the merciless and bloody course of  
its cruel vengeance. He sowed the wind, and died in  
his great effort to manage the whirlwind! His death  
left it raging furiously. It ceased not until it had de-  
luded France in blood, and filled her with widows and  
orphans whose agonizing cries reached the very vault  
of heaven.

### The Reform School.

Rarely have we known a stronger feeling of indigna-  
tion than was at first awakened by the Committee's  
publication of the discipline applied to inmates of this  
Institution. This feeling has since been much mod-  
ified by the statement of facts made by the Trustees,  
who appoint the Superintendent, and supervise his  
government. The fact of their being such calls there  
as were described by the Committee is not denied, nor  
is it denied that they were used as described; but it is  
denied that they were used as much, and for so long  
periods as two months or more. The only evidence of  
such use seems to have been derived from the officers  
themselves—not the most reliable authority. We cannot  
avoid expressing our surprise that no record is  
made of such punishment—not that we have any dis-  
trust of the wisdom or humanity of the Superintend-  
ent. We hope this matter will be fully investigated  
by an impartial tribunal, if such can be found; and if  
there has been error, that care will be taken that there  
shall not be any more. We are in favor of wholesome  
discipline, and believe it sometimes necessary—but not  
of barbarous cruelty. We forbear to say more, having  
confidence that the Executive authority of the State  
will take care that justice is done, even to those who  
are so unfortunate as to have no friends to care for them.

A curious circumstance occurred a few days since.  
A young man in this village procured a clergyman to  
marry him, and after the guests had all assembled and  
the knot about to be tied, the would be bridegroom was  
called out of the house, and soon, informing the clergy-  
man and guests that he would be back in a moment,  
mysteriously disappeared, and after waiting an hour  
the clergyman left for the Sunday School celebration,  
leaving the intended bride and friends in doubt as to  
the mysterious disappearance of the bridegroom. It  
subsequently appeared that a person to whom the bride-  
groom had loaned \$25 was about departing in the cars  
for New York and that a friend had informed him of  
the fact just as the clergyman was about tying the knot,  
and thinking that his intended wife was safer than his  
money, left for the depot to collect his borrowed money  
before the train should depart. He got there just as  
the train was starting, got on board the cars to find  
his debtor friend, and was carried off to Northampton.  
He, however, collected his lent money, went to the tel-  
egraph office to inform his intended bride where he was,  
but could not find the operator, and started for Green-  
field about on the track. At Watley the train overtook  
him and he got into the cars and reached Greenfield at  
half past three o'clock, to the great relief of his intend-  
ed and her friends. He immediately took his intended  
to the clergyman's residence and had the knot tied.—  
Greenfield Gazette.

TALL OAKS FROM LITTLE ACORN GROW." In a  
recent lecture, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher  
gave an account of his first year in the ministry, the  
first flock which he gathered consisting of only nine-  
teen poor women. He was then not only the pastor but  
the sexton of the church, filling and lighting the lamps,  
which he was compelled to buy himself, kindling the  
fires and sweeping out the church. He did not ring  
the bell, because he had none to ring. Such was the  
humble beginning of the most popular preacher in the  
Union.

Is He Fat? One of the most remarkable cases of  
sudden cures of disease, of long standing, was that of a  
rheumatic individual, with which is connected an  
amusing ghost story.

There were a couple of men, in some old settled part  
of the country, who were in the habit of stealing sheep  
and robbing church-yards of the burial clothes of the  
dead. There was a public road leading by a meeting  
house, where there was a grave-yard, and not far off  
the road was a tavern.  
Early one moon-light night, while one of the miscre-  
ants was busy robbing a grave, the other went off to—  
steal a sheep. The first one, having accomplished his  
business, wrapped a shroud around him and took a seat in  
the meeting house door, to wait for his companion. A  
man on foot, passing along the road toward the tavern,  
took him to be a ghost, and alarmed almost to death,  
ran as fast as his feet could carry him to the tavern,  
which he reached out of breath.

As soon as he could speak, he declared that he had  
seen a ghost robed in white, sitting in the church door.  
But nobody would believe him. He then declared  
that if any of them would go back, they might be con-  
vinced. But incredulous as they all were, no one  
could be found who had the courage to go. At length  
a man who was so afflicted with the rheumatism that  
he could not walk, declared that he would go with him  
if he could only walk or get there. The man then of-  
fered to carry him on his back, and took him up and  
off they went.

When they got in sight, sure enough that it was as  
he had said. Wishing to satisfy themselves well, as  
get near a view as possible of his ghostship, in the  
dim light, they kept venturing up nearer and nearer.  
The man with a shroud around him, took them to be  
his companion with a sheep on his back, and asked in  
a low tone of voice,  
"Is he fat?"

Meeting with no reply, he repeated the question—  
raising his voice higher—  
"Is he fat?" he asked.  
Still no reply. Then in a vehement tone he called—  
out—  
"Is he fat?"

This was enough. The man with the other on his  
back replied—  
"Fat or lean, you may have him!"

And dropping the invalid, traveled back to the tav-  
ern as fast as his feet could carry him. But he had—  
scarcely arrived there, when along came the invalid on  
foot, too!

The sudden fright had cured him of rheumatism;—  
and from that time forward he was a well man.  
This is said to have been a real occurrence.

"BEATS THUNDER." Mr. Willis has an extraordinary  
run of luck in the way of adventures. Travelling out  
West, recently, he had a race with a thunder shower,  
and of course came out ahead! Our Highland people  
bent anything which has to do with water. Hear him  
tell the story, as nobody else could tell it:  
"To overtake a thunder shower, whirl through it,  
was the first of the day's exciting novelties. We saw  
it ahead of us, on the prairie, as you see a single black  
cloud in the sky with sunshine all around it. It was  
moving in the same direction as ourselves, probably at  
about twenty miles an hour; and we soon began to  
overtake it with our better-harnessed thunder and  
lightning. The conductor pointed the dark mass out  
to me, some ten or fifteen minutes before we entered  
the outer skirt of the shower; and we were in a pelting  
rain, with lightning and peals of thunder, for perhaps  
ten minutes, in fair on the other side, and leaving the  
storm to lag after us, like the "slow coach" that it was!  
But, certainly it was very queer thus to give thunder  
and lightning the go-by. It seemed to me, somehow  
anticipatory of another state of things. When we got  
telegraphing about, at the beginning of our spirit travels  
in the next life, I am sure I shall have a vague im-  
pression of having done something of that sort before—  
this experience of distancing a well trained thunder  
cloud being laid away in my memory."

The New York Tribune thus groups three ladies  
whose husbands occupy prominent positions:

The letter-writers describe Mrs. Lincoln as a lady  
about 35 years old, and a zealous Presbyterian. Mr.  
Lincoln attends the same church, but is not a member.  
He, however, is a moral man, and a strict teetotaler.  
A temperance President, with a Presbyterian lady to  
preside at the White house, may effect some changes in  
Washington manners. Mrs. Bell is a lady of decided  
character, energy, and is not bitterly Pro-Slavery in  
principle. At the murder of the waiter at the hotel in  
Washington, by Herbert of California, she took the oc-  
casion to express her strong abhorrence of the manners  
of Southern ruffians who chance to obtain seats in the  
National Legislature.

Mrs. Douglas has been for a few years—ever since  
her marriage, in fact—one of the queens of Washing-  
ton society. Whatever people think of the Little  
Giant, it is settled by a unanimous vote that Mrs. Doug-  
las is charming. If she were a candidate for nomina-  
tion, no convention would ignore her claims. If she  
were running for President she would unite all suffra-  
ges, unless some fanatics went against her on religious  
grounds; for Mrs. Douglas is an earnest, practical Ro-  
man Catholic.

It is an interesting fact in connection with the sev-  
eral candidates for the Presidency, that they all have  
Southern wives. Lincoln married a lady of Lexington,  
Ky., where his opponent, Breckinridge, was born and  
married; Mr. Bell's wife is, we believe, also a native  
of Kentucky; and Mr. Douglas married a native of  
Maryland—his first wife was a native of North Car-  
olina.

In Wisconsin the owner of a dog is taxed \$1  
thereof. Some persons having appealed to the Gov-  
ernor, in regard to the law, he answers them that a  
man who is liable to own a dog, which costs as much  
to keep as to keep a cow, is liable to get a collar for  
him.

## A Popular Preacher on Smoke.

Mr. Spurgeon was invited by a wealthy gentleman  
in the country, some forty miles from London, to come  
to his place and preach. Arriving there he found a  
huge tent erected in the park, with bales of hay ranged  
round for seats, a pile of bales for the pulpit, and  
three or four thousand people waiting to hear him.—  
He preached, and the people thought they had never  
heard such preaching before. The services over, he re-  
turned to the gentleman's house to dine, accompanied by  
several ministers of his own order, and followed by  
hundreds of his hearers. The conversation at the table,  
in which the young preachers took the lead, was on the  
sin of needless self-indulgence, and the Christian obli-  
gation of self-denial. After dinner an old minister, whose  
hearing was rather limited, pulled out his pipe, seced-  
ed anxious to light, but evidently felt somewhat em-  
barrassed from the preceding conversation. He looked  
at his pipe, then at the fire, then at Mr. Spurgeon, at  
the fire, at the pipe. At length he said:

"Brother Spurgeon, do you think it would be wrong  
for me to smoke?"

"Have you any scripture to justify the practice?"  
asked the preacher.

"Well, I think I have," added the venerable father  
in Israel.

"I shall be glad to hear what it is," rejoined Mr.  
Spurgeon.

"Well, brother, David was certainly a smoker."

"Ah, how do you make that out?"

"Well, he speaks, you know, in one of the psalms, of  
going through the valley of Baca (Bacra), and I made  
no doubt that it was a private plantation for his own  
particular use."

Spurgeon cast a funny side-glance towards his host,  
and keeping the serious half of his countenance towards  
the old man, replied gravely:

"You can smoke, Father Spikenard."

WIFE'S COMMANDMENTS.—A Sunday paper publish-  
ed in Cincinnati, gives the following as a correct ver-  
sion for the use of all doubting husbands:

1. Thou shalt have no other wife but me.
2. Thou shalt not take into thy house any beautiful,  
bronzon image of a servant girl, to bow to her, for I am  
very jealous, &c.
3. Thou shalt not take the name of thy wife's name.
4. Remember thy wife to keep her respectable.
5. Honor thy wife's father and mother.
6. Thou shalt not fret.
7. Thou shalt not chew tobacco.
8. Thou shalt not find fault with thy wife.
9. Thou shalt not be behind thy neighbor.
10. Thou shalt not visit the rum tavern, thou shalt  
not covet the tavern keepers' ruin, nor his brandy, nor  
his gin, nor his wife, nor anything that is behind the  
bar of the rum seller.
11. Thou shalt not visit billiard saloons, neither for  
worshipping in the dance, nor in the heaps of money  
that is scattered on the table.
- And the 12th commandment is that thou shalt not  
stay out later than nine o'clock at night.

CHINA'S SUBSTITUTION FOR COFFEE. Liebig, (the illus-  
trious German chemist) says that asparagus contains,  
in common with tea and coffee, a principle which he  
calls "taurine," and which he considers essential to  
the health of those who do not take strong exercise.  
Taking the hint from Baron Liebig, a writer in the  
London Gleaner's Chronicle was led to test asparagus  
as a substitute for coffee. He says: "The young shoots  
I first prepared were not agreeable, having an alkaline  
taste. I then tried the ripe seeds, and these, roasted  
and ground, made a full flavored coffee, not easily dis-  
tinguished from fine Mocha. The seeds are easily  
freed from the berries by drying them in a cool oven,  
and then rubbing them on a sieve." In a good soil as-  
paragus yields seeds abundantly; and if they are  
charged with "taurine," and identical with the seeds of  
the coffee plant, asparagus coffee may be grown in the  
United States at less than half the cost per pound of  
the article now so largely imported.

Grace Greenwood says of dress reforms: I have  
had my heroic moments, when I even dreamed myself  
equal to the part of Joan of Arc and Grace Darling;  
but never, in my most exultation, have I felt capable  
of leading in this desperate effort to row against the  
wind and tide, perhaps the mountainous billows of ridi-  
cle. I might be tortured by the pin-pricks of news-  
paper wit, and smile amid my pain; I might be cut by  
high fashion, and survive; but I must confess "Young  
America" on the street corners would applaud me!

A picture in Punch shows two respectable citizens  
very much "out" after dinner. Both look extremely  
happy and rumpled, and hold a test conversation as  
follows:

Host—"I say, my boy, shall we join Ladies in draw-  
ing-room?"  
Guest—"I sh'inkso."  
Host—"Can you say, 'The scenery's truly rural  
'bout here?"  
Guest—"So-Scentry too-terrestrial."  
Host—"All right, come along."

We find the following remedy for the Pity-  
nips, a disease which troubles the Western people  
and some this way, in the Cleveland Plaindealer, to be  
taken when the disease is coming on: "Spiritus Vini  
Ostardi, z. i.; Spiritus Vini Jamaicae, z. ss.; Sagarum  
Whitum, q. s.; Tinctura Finis, q. r.; Siccum Pinappell,  
Strawberry; Shaktis violent; Suckito dulciter cum  
strawum."

When John Loring Austin was sent to Phila-  
delphia with dispatches announcing the capture of  
Burgoyne, he sent a note to Dr. Chauncy, requesting  
the prayers of the church for a safe passage. The doc-  
tor, full of the spirit of patriotism, added to the  
prayer, that "whatever became of the young man,  
the package might arrive safe."















# THE WIZARD.

VOL. I.

SOUTH DANVERS, MASS., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1860.

NO. 40

## THE WIZARD

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

At Allen's Building, So. Danvers Square,

CHAS. D. HOWARD, Proprietor.

F. POOLE, Editor.

Terms \$2.00 a Year; for Immediate Payment, \$1.50.

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OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,  
Executed with Neatness and Dispatch,  
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Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
Office, Allen's Building, So. Danvers.

IVES & PEABODY,  
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,  
Have removed their office to  
Rooms formerly occupied by Han, Otis & Lord,  
No. 22 WASHINGTON STREET, SALEM.  
STEPHEN B. IVES, JR. JOHN B. PEABODY.  
December 7, 1859.

ALFRED A. ABBOTT,  
Attorney and Counsellor,  
Office, No. 221 Essex Street, Salem;  
Houses, Main St., So. Danvers.

SIDNEY C. BANCROFT,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
27 Washington Street, Salem.

JOHN W. PROCTOR,  
has taken rooms, in the  
2d, Story of the Union Building,  
nearly opposite the Monument.

Where he will be found from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., ready to attend to any business that may be referred to his care.  
South Danvers, Feb. 20th, 1860.

A. S. CRAWFORD,  
DENTIST,  
No. 4 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS SQUARE.  
Mechanical Dentistry Neatly Executed.  
Treated by Electricity without Extra Charge.  
dec 7

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Residence—No. 57 Washington Street.  
Jan 11-2y

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HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING ROOM,  
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WEST INDIA GOODS, COUNTRY PRODUCE,  
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PAINTER, GLAZIER,  
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Central Street, South Danvers, Oppo. South Church.  
All orders promptly attended to; a share of patronage solicited.  
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83 Main Street, opposite Monument, S. Danvers.  
All orders promptly attended to; a share of patronage solicited.  
J. A. WHIPPLE. A. FRIEND

JOHN MOULTON,  
LIVERY & STABLE,  
Main St., (opp. Danvers Bank), So. Danvers

(For The Wizard.)

### "Chanson d'epousailles."

Your notes have my ears oft ravished,  
Then why may not I sing for thee?  
On me oft your voice you have lavished,  
I would as benevolent be.

Pray, scorn not the lay that I bring thee,  
Though somewhat in minor it be,  
I'm not sharp enough yet to sing thee,  
A tune in a different key.

To-day, without any rehearsal,  
You take the plow for a new part  
In that grand old hymn universal,  
Sung since first a heart beat to heart.

May the music run smoothly and even,  
Not high, and yet not too low,  
May no accidentals e'er come in,  
And sweetest of melody flow.

Applause may you win without measure,  
And think me not free, *cara mia*,  
In adding, I shall hear with pleasure,  
Your *dut* is changed to a *rio*.

August 28th, '60. D. F.

Mr. Editor:—I send you a little gem in the language of poetry, hoping some day to see it sparkle in the setting of the Wizard's ring. The author is unknown.

### ALLEN ASHTON'S EPITAPH.

"It is one of those chaste and simple pieces, the full richness and finish of which does not appear on first perusal. Very beautiful is the thought in the first stanza, in which the dripping of the rocks, usually associated with ideas of gloom and repulsion, as connected with the tomb, is made a simple and touching expression of mute grief. Nature herself from the insensible rock, weeping for the withered flower at her feet."

Here in this little cave,  
The prettiest work of this most grassy vale,  
All amid lilacs pale,  
That turn

Their head into my little vault and mourn,  
Stranger, I have made my grave.

I am not forgot;  
A small hoarse stream murmurs close by my pillow,  
And o'er me a green willow,  
Doth weep;

Still questioning the air, "Why doth she sleep—  
The girl, in this cold spot?"  
Even the way winds  
Come to my cave and sigh; they often bring  
Rose leaves upon their wing,  
To strew

Over my earth, and leaves of violet blue:  
In south, leaves of all kinds.

Fresh in my mossy bed,  
The frequent pity of the rocks fall here,  
A sweet, cold, silent tear:  
I've heard

Sometimes, a wild and melancholy bird  
Warble at my grave head.

Read the small tablet o'er  
That holds my epitaph upon its cheeks of pearl;  
"Here lies a simple girl,  
Who died

Like a pale flower plucked in its sweet spring-tide  
Ere it had bloomed"—No more.

### SONG BY FATIMA.

Oh, and are they who know not love,  
But, far from passion's tears and smiles,  
Drift down a moonless sea, and pass  
The silvery coasts of fairy isles.

And sadder they whose longing lips  
Kiss empty air, and never touch  
The dear warm mouths of those they love—  
Waiting, wasting, suffering much!

But rich is love to those whose hearts  
Touch, and beat sweetly to the close,  
Like happy cyphurs. Blessed are they!  
The bud and bloom of life for those!

For clear as amber, sweet as musk,  
Are those twin souls in their own light!  
They walk in Allah's smile by day,  
And nestle in his heart by night.

HOME.—Happy is the man who has a little home and a little angel in it of a Saturday night. A house no matter how little, provided it will hold two or so—no matter how humbly furnished, provided there is hope in it; let the winds blow, close the curtains.

What if they are called, or plain white border tassel, or any such thing. Let the rains come down, heap on the fire. No matter if you haven't a candle to bless yourself with, for what a beautiful light glowing coal makes, rendering clouding, shedding a sunset through the room; just enough to talk by, not loud as in the highway, not rapid, as the hurrying world, but softly, slowly, whisperingly, with pauses between, for the storm without and the thoughts within to fill up.

Then wheel the sofa round before the fire, no matter if the sofa is a settee, unadorned at that, if so be it is just long enough for two and a half in it. How sweetly the music of silver bells from the time to come falls on the listening heart then! How mournfully swell the chiming.

Under such circumstances and at such a time, one can be at least sixty-nine and a half statute miles nearer "kingdom come" than any other point in this world laid down in the geography.

May be you smile at this picture; but there is a secret between us, viz; it is a copy of a picture, rudely drawn, but true as the Pentateuch, of an original in every human heart.

From the Gloucester Telegraph.

### LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

NUMBER FOUR.

Topography of Marburg—Historical Sketch of the City.

The University—Dionysius Papin.

Mr. Editor:—Your readers are hereby informed that this letter is going to be exceedingly stupid, and they are therefore recommended not to read it. It will be stupid, because it will be chiefly geographical and historical. The railroad which connects Cassel and Frankfurt on the Main enters in the vicinity of Kirschstein, the valley of the little river Lahn, following this for a distance of about eighteen miles and leaving it at Giessen, where the river makes an abrupt turn and continues its course nearly due west towards the Rhine. The traveler through this valley enjoys a most charming landscape from the car window. His way lies through a fertile plain of varying width, divided irregularly by the winding course of the silvery stream and hemmed in on both sides by a continuous line of lofty hills. Picturesquely situated on the easterly slope of one of these hills in the western range lies the little city of Marburg, half encircled by a graceful bend of the Lahn, and directly opposite to Spiegelberg the high hill on the other side, which rises to an elevation of 600 feet above the level of the sea. So sudden is the slope on which the city itself is built, that for a considerable distance, the principal street, the Steinhweg, is constructed in three terraces, so that the house doors on one side are several feet lower than those on the other, and in some cases one may enter the front door, go up a couple of flights of stairs and make his exit from the windows in the back part of the house into a garden or another street. A still more striking illustration comes within the writer's daily experience. From the Pilgrim-stein, the lowest street of all, he ascends by 80 stone steps to the back door of the house in which he lodges; another flight of twenty brings him up to the main entry and from there he can go by the front door into the Steinhweg. It is still a question in his mind in which story he lives, for while from the Steinhweg it is the fourth, from the Pilgrim-stein it is certainly the sixth. The character of the buildings combines with the oddity of their location to make Marburg one of the quaintest old places in Germany. The march of improvement has made but slight innovations here. A better taste has in most other cities given to the houses a lighter and more cheerful appearance by a covering of masonry; but here, they stand, just as they were built hundreds of years ago, the frames of solid oak are filled in with coarse, large bricks, which, never of a very brilliant red, have grown dark from the exposure of centuries—but not so dark that the wooden timbers do not still show out in bold relief. If one adds to this a multitude of lanes, so narrow that the sun can get a look at them only in his zenith, lined on both sides with melancholy, tumble-down looking houses, a few public buildings coeval with the foundation of the city—a beautiful church built in the Gothic style, and an uncastled like castle on the summit of the hill, he can get a pretty correct idea of the exterior of Marburg. But little as the city can pretend to elegance of interior construction, it enjoys a natural position that makes it a most charming place of residence in the summer time. The lover of the picturesque can, from the summits of the neighboring hills, enjoy a multitude of delightful prospects—all diverse and all beautiful—and the landscape painter might find enough here to employ his pencil for a lifetime. From Spiegelberg, especially, the view is unusually wide and varied—embracing not only the lovely valley and the whole of the city opposite, but extending far out into the distance and bringing within the scope of the observer's vision no fewer than nine important towns, with the most countless villages belonging to them. At the risk of wearying your readers, your correspondent will attempt a slight historical sketch of the city.

The authentic history of Marburg commences with the year 1067, when the castle above mentioned was erected by Otto von Meissen, a son of Louis the First, Landgrave of Thuringia and Hesse, and from a little brook that flows about the northern side of the hill, was called Mar-Castle (Marburg). The castle gave its name to the village, which thenceforth was known as Marburg. In A. D. 1103, we learn that it was burnt by troops from Mainz and Cologne, and that it possessed a chapel dedicated to St. Cilian, in which the priest of Oberwiemar (a village five miles distant), was wont to hold religious services. In former times the inhabitants used to bury their dead in Oberwiemar, and we still have traces of the custom in the name of the road which leads thither, Todtenweg (way of the dead) and of the crossing at the brook, which is still called Parson's-crossing (Pfaffen-steig). On the site of St. Cilian's chapel stands the present School for Girls. In 1227, the village was raised by the Landgrave Louis to the rank of a city, and after his death the castle was destined to become the residence of his wife Elisabeth. Instead, however, of occupying her residence, she followed the bent of her religious feelings and erected a hospital in which she spent the remainder of her life in the relief of the sick and poor. Influenced by her confessor, she did not deem that her duties were completed in alleviating by her nursing the most loathsome forms of disease, but chastised herself by fasting and scourging, to such a degree that her tender constitution was soon undermined, and she died in A. D. 1241, in the twenty-fourth year of her age. The troops of knights and pilgrims that came to visit the grave of this noble woman added materially to the growth of the city. In 1233, the institutions which Elisabeth had founded were given over to the knights of the German Order, who erected between the years 1235 and 1238 the beautiful church before alluded to, of St. Elisabeth. The city seems to have found its greatest enemy in fire, for we learn that in 1261 it was nearly laid in ashes, and in 1279 experienced the same fate. In 1291, a chapter of Franciscan monks erected a monastery which now serves as the Lutheran church. In 1810, Marburg was burnt again and in 1297 lost a great number of her citizens, who, in the endeavor to recover their cattle, which had been driven off by the

soldiers of Mainz, were drawn into an ambuscade and slaughtered. The year 1482 marks the erection of a new church by a chapter of monks, bowl-men, (Kugelherrn) so called from their bowl-shaped caps. This building is now devoted to the Catholic service.

In the time of the reformation Marburg played an important part. Philip Landgrave of Hesse was a devoted adherent to the Protestant religion and a devoted personal friend to Luther—willing to give up land and people, property and blood, rather than the truth he had acknowledged. It was in the desire to propagate the new doctrines of Luther that he founded in the year 1527 the University of Marburg, the first Protestant University in Germany—the first which obtained its privileges, not from Emperor and Pope, but from the Emperor alone. The Catholics found their quarters in Marburg too hot for them and the two chapters of monks left the city, while the buildings which they had erected were dedicated to the use of the University. In 1529, the Landgrave invited Luther, Melancthon, and other prominent leaders of the reformation to a religious discussion in Marburg. The houses in which Luther and Zwingle lodged are still standing, in good condition in the neighborhood of the marketplace. It was in the Rectorial of the castle, at Philip's hospitable board that took place the famous discussion between Luther and Zwingle concerning the sacrament, which ended in the irreconcilable alienation of those two great reformers. The stout old German dogmatically wrote on the table "Hoc est corpus meum," and declined to budge a hair's breadth from the literal interpretation of the text. This was the only occasion on which the two greatest men of their times met, and Marburg derives a certain celebrity from being the place of their meeting. From 1529 to 1629 the city suffered terribly from repeated visits of the plague and the university was several times removed to neighboring cities in order to avoid the pestilence. In 1664, it lost 10,000 inhabitants, a very large fraction of the entire population. But far more destructive than disease were the devastations occasioned by the "Thirty years' war" and the contentions between Hesse Darmstadt and Hesse Cassel. These two electorates were at war for several years, and Marburg, being a border town, had to stand the brunt of the fight. We find that in 1617, the city was taken by storm and no less than 105 houses were destroyed and a third of its citizens perished. The year 1677 broke out the seven years' war, which brought a long series of misfortunes in its train for the city. Changing from the French to the Germans and from Germans to French again, it suffered as much perhaps from friend as from foe. Obligated constantly to maintain a garrison, its resources exhausted by a rapacious soldiery, frequently bombarded by besiegers, it is really a wonder that anything was left of the town, at the conclusion of the peace. When Napoleon amused himself with carving Europe into kingdoms, Marburg was included in Westphalia under the rule of Jerome. On two occasions the people rebelled against the French domination, once in 1803 and once in 1809. In the latter year, the market-place was the scene of a desperate struggle, in which the insurgents were defeated, while the leaders were taken to Cassel and shot. The dissolution of the kingdom in 1813 brought Hesse Cassel again into the hands of its legitimate owners. What portion Marburg furnished of the Hessian mercenaries that Washington caught so cleverly at Princeton, your correspondent does not know. It knows, however, that the memory of the prince that the memory of the prince that sold his subjects at so much a head, and complained to George of England that enough of them did not get shot, is held in detestation by the subjects of his successors. This atrocious act has fixed a stigma upon his family which the reigning prince does not seem at all inclined to remove by a just and wise administration.

The University at Marburg enjoys no transatlantic reputation; perhaps it deserves none. It is the misfortune of the smaller and less richly endowed institutions, that they are unable to retain professors of eminence. As soon as a teacher distinguishes himself he is at once summoned to Heidelberg, Bonn, Berlin, or some other of the principal universities. While Marburg gives instruction in Medicine, Law, Theology and the Natural Sciences, it is only in the first of these departments that she can present any extraordinary advantages. The student of medicine finds a very fine anatomical collection—one of the most complete in Germany, and the very best schools of practical surgery. The Hessian public hospital, which is located here, furnishes ample opportunities for practice. As might be expected, by far the greater proportion of the students are devoted to medicine. Instruction is conveyed entirely by means of lectures. The student has none of those meager incentives to industry which the recitation system offers. The presumption is that all are willing and eager to learn and direct compulsion is unknown. The discipline is in the hands of the faculty. No student is amenable to police regulations. No student can be arrested but by University officers. It may be asked "What stimulus does the student find to exertion?" The answer is simple—examinations. These are not, as in Cambridge, a mere farce, but stern realities. Before a student can get his degree he must show that he knows something. In order to become a doctor of medicine he must pass through six of these ordinals, in which his acquisitions are exactly measured and, if he be found wanting, nothing can prevent his rejection. German education, like everything else German is solid. There is little in the history of the Marburg University that would prove of interest to the general reader. Its founder, Philip, seems to have exercised a pretty severe discipline, if we can judge any thing from the following: "No student shall walk the streets in the evening after 7 o'clock in the Winter time or 8 o'clock in the Summer, under penalty of imprisonment." Again, "No one, whether student or citizen shall carry fire arms by night under penalty of his head!" Perhaps, in those times the college law was as much a dead letter as it is, in some points, now in Cambridge. One of the Cambridge regulations is to the effect that, "no student shall visit a theater without consent previously obtained!" It may be al-

lowed to make a short extract from the University annals, illustrating the gentleness of student manners in 1797. It was in celebration of the second centennial anniversary of the foundation of the University, that among other festivities, a feast was prepared in the lower hall of the senate-house for 500 students. The annalist goes on to say that "they had a merry time of it, and several were admitted as spectators into the great dining room, but no disorder was committed, but all passed off without the slightest accident, since all were obliged to give their swords in keeping of the fighting-master—except that they smashed in pieces all the windows, bottles, glasses, tables and benches, doing about 200 thalers' worth of damage!" The reader will be glad to learn that the prince paid for this little act of playfulness out of his own pocket. The University suffered less of the hardships of war than the town; since, in the distribution of the soldiers, the university buildings were left unmolested and the houses of the professors exempted. History has at least one act of grace to put to the credit of Tilly, the merciless general of the Catholic League, for it was by his express command that the above mentioned favors were granted. Among the list of professors who have at different periods occupied positions in the Marburg University, is one name that is decidedly deserving of mention—that of Dionysius Papin.

Papin, professor at Marburg from 1687—1708, was the first who succeeded in enclosing steam securely in a boiler and regulating its pressure at will. The so-called Papin-boiler, with its safety valve, constructed in 1681, which solved this problem, must be considered the first high-pressure steam boiler. Moreover, Papin is the first who brought elastic fluids (mixture of atmospheric air and steam), to work in the cylinder against the piston, in such a manner that by its movements other machinery might be set in motion. His atmospheric steam engine was constructed between 1688—1690, and although on a small scale, was found to work perfectly. He must also be considered the inventor of the "high pressure steam engine," for after inventing the atmospheric engine in 1690 and another machine in 1698, which serves as an intermediate step from that to the high-pressure engine, he constructed a third in 1707, which is in all essential respects similar to the locomotive engine now in use on our railroads.

The cylinder of the last engine is still preserved at the Henscheid machine-shop at Cassel. It may not be out of place to give some sketch of the life of this distinguished man. Dionysius Papin was born at Blois, in the Loire, in the department of Orleans, about the middle of the seventeenth century. In the year 1676 he went to London and was there admitted a member of the Royal Society. In 1681 he answered the summons of a certain Sarotti, who desired his assistance in the Academy at Venice. After a three years' residence in this city, Papin returned to London and from thence was called in 1687 to the chair of Mathematics in Marburg. From 1691—1693 he left the university on account of religious differences with Dr. Gaunter, which resulted in his exclusion from the communion for an entire year. At the intercession of the Landgrave, he was again admitted to the church and once more commenced his professional duties. He is said to have been dismissed from his position on account of his last two undertakings, the first of which was, "to sail upon a ship without oars or sails, and with wheels alone." The second, to shoot with water as with powder, seems even in this age chimerical. In carrying out the first design he came very near losing his life on the Fulda. The second was followed by still more deplorable consequences, for the machines which he had prepared burst, and not only knocked his laboratory to pieces, but mortally wounded several bystanders. Whether he went after his dismissal is not certainly known; probably, to England. He is said to have died in 1710, but that is not certain. It is only too probable that this great man spent the last year of his life in poverty and neglect.

There, Mr. Editor, your correspondent has indicated his ability to write a very stupid letter, and has amply redeemed the promise he made at the beginning. He must confess that he is no historian, and he confesses it without a pang. He will be glad to go back, in the next letter, to his own personal experiences.

O. A. P.

NEW STATE MAP. It is proposed to publish in superior style the complete map of the State of Massachusetts as perfected by legislative authority. No ample and accurate map of our whole territory has ever been put in general circulation. Indeed such a work has never before been prepared. The state map published in 1844 was issued in limited numbers only and was quite imperfect in its topographical features. In 1852 the subject of the thorough revision of the topographical portion of this map was strongly agitated and finally decided upon, and Henry F. Walling, Esq., a man of great practical as well as scientific ability, in Civil Engineering, received the legislative appointment to superintend the work. Since that time nearly every town in the State has been carefully resurveyed under his direction. No appropriations have been made by the State to defray the expenses of the publication of the map as revised, and it now rests entirely with the people. Messrs. H. and C. T. Smith & Co., gentlemen of large experience in the publication of works of this description, have consented to undertake the publication of the work, if sufficient encouragement can be obtained. This map will give the comparative size, exact shape, and relative position of every town in the State; also, the true direction and distance of every road, together with the location of the houses in the rural districts, the topography of the ponds and streams, the height and position of the principal elevations, &c.

The margin of the map will contain the Geological Surveys of Dr. Hitchcock (of Amherst)—our accomplished State Geologist—prepared under his special direction, and comprising all his new discoveries in Geology, down to the present time, also a Meteorological map, showing the variations in temperature—the isotherms having been traced with great care ex-



pressing for this work. Statistical and Distance tables will also be given—the former to be compiled from the census of 1880, together with separate plans of the cities and large villages, which lend their aid in securing its publication.

It will be issued in the best style of modern maps, colored in townships, with county lines shaded, and at a price which places it within the reach of the masses. It will be sold entirely by order, and we hope to see a general interest in its success. No gentleman's library can be complete without a copy of this work, comprising as it does a larger amount of information than has ever before been embodied in a State Map. It should find its way into all our Banks, Insurance Offices, Counting Rooms, Public Schools, and even private families.

Mr. Treat, one of the gentlemen connected with this publication, is now in this city, and we hope to see his work well received and patronized by the citizens of Salem and vicinity.

## THE WIZARD.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 5, 1860.

### MUSICAL ASSOCIATION PICNIC.

Through the courtesy of the officers of this Association, we had the pleasure of attending one of the pleasantest gatherings of this kind we ever witnessed. It was held at the grove near the palatial residence of Hon. E. S. Poor, through whose grounds we passed on our way to the charming spot where the society and their friends began to assemble. These grounds are beautifully and tastefully laid out and kept in the neatest order, the lawns and embankments being close shaven, showing a carpet of the richest verdure and bordered and spotted with fine growing trees, shrubs and flowers so disposed as to delight and fully satisfy the most cultivated eye in landscape gardening.

The Grove itself is scarcely less charming in its natural beauties, looking as our imagination has always pictured an English gentleman's park, wanting only a herd of deer to make the likeness perfect. Even this finishing touch was hardly wanting, as the grounds on this occasion were well stocked with deer of another and better kind. It was a sight animating and "good for sore eyes" to stand on the elevation by the pleasant rustic summer-house, commanding a view of the whole grove, and witness the groups as they successively arrived, bearing their covered baskets, and the strollers over the grounds. Near by was the neat platform where a band of music attracted the polite dancers to make their graceful movements, and on which the procession was formed to march to the table spread in another part of the grove, where a company of about 200 partook of the solids and sweets spread so bountifully by the ladies for the guests and themselves.

After the banquet and while the setting sun in all his glory was above the horizon, the dancers again assembled on the platform and pursued their merry pastime in larger numbers until twilight came and departed, and the full moon cast the shadows of the trees over the ground. The platform was then illuminated by lamps, adding to the picturesque beauty of the scene.

Nor was this the only pastime of the evening. While the merry dances were going on, other sports were engaged in by other groups, among which was the old game of "Fox and Geese," in which male and female, young and old, children, fathers and mothers and grandfathers, all joined in the highest glee. It was amusing to see how often the slightest leynard was disappointed of his expected prey and to witness the laughter and shouts which accompanied his discomfiture.

Another most animating and joyous game was that which was attended with singing, the only way at which music indulged in by the Society at this gathering. In this game called "Jogging along," about twenty couples, a lady and gentleman each, follow each other in a circle, a lady being inside the ring as the old maid. As they go round they all sing some thing like the following lines:

"Come, all ye old maids, in your wicked ways,  
And sing your wild waltz in your youthful days;  
You shall be happy, you shall be free,  
And when you grow old, life shall jog merrily;  
The day is far spent, the night's coming on,  
So give us your arm, and be jogging along."

Jogging along,  
So give us your arm, and be jogging along."

As the singers came to the words "give us your arm," all the ladies took their partners, and fit forward, and take the arm of the gentleman before them. The lady representing the old maid, takes the opportunity to seize the arm of some one of the gentlemen, which, if she succeeds, leaves another lady within the circle as the old maid. She in turn remains in the ring until an opportunity offers to secure herself a partner at the expense of a new victim. Sometimes the gentlemen take the inside track, and one of them represents the "old bachelor," and these words take the place of "old maids in the doggerel."

The humor of the game consists in the measured tramp of the players as they "jog along," so ludicrously corresponding with the words of the rhyme, and the simultaneous flight of the ladies for their new partners, with the struggle of the "lone one," to rob some one of her rivals. In this case the fun was enhanced by the uneven state of the ground, rendering it by the projecting borders, or the holes where they had been, like the route to Jordan, a hard road to travel.

Thus passed the hours of this merry festival, from which we retired at a time too early to hear some congratulatory speeches by B. C. Perkins, Esq., and others, and a response from Mr. Eben S. Poor, the chief host of the occasion.

### Politics.

For the coming sixty days, the public mind will be much occupied with the great political questions of the day, and we shall devote a limited portion of our paper to their discussion. We shall be careful not to take up so much room as to deprive the paper of its true character of a family and local journal, and yet enough to show that it has also a decided political character, that it supports the principles of the Republican party, and the candidates State and National, which it places before the people. After the election of LINCOLN and HAMILIN, and ANDREW and GOODRICH, less space will be devoted to politics and more to subjects of domestic interest.

We would be quite willing to have the opinions of our political opponents expressed through our columns within such space as we assign to ourselves, which is as much as can with reason be asked, believing that political like other truth never suffers defeat by open controversy.

A. The Horticultural Show is postponed, growers of fruits can leave their specimens at this office, where their merits will be impartially discussed.

### South Danvers Chess Club.

At the annual meeting of this Club, held on Saturday evening, at the Horticultural Rooms in Sutton's Block, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

George A. Osborne, Jr., Sec'y and Treas.  
Thomas M. Simpson, Vice President.  
Fitch Poole, President.

We place the officers elected in reverse order of their appointment, to indicate their true rank in Chess Championship. This rank may possibly be reversed in the course of the coming year.

The meeting was well attended and enthusiastic. The late incumbent of the Chair, Mr. Thomas E. Proctor, declined being a candidate for re-election, probably from fears that he should be beaten; and so he wisely preferred a draw game to a stalemate. We infer this from the fact that he persistently held the Chair after the Club had given it to his more worthy successor. The new President was elected after frequent balloting when at last he succeeded by the triumphant majority of half a vote.

After the Ex-President was forcibly ejected from the chair, S. C. Baneroff, Esq., (the unsuccessful candidate for Vice President), was appointed to install the new President according to the ancient and immemorial usages of the Club.

Seizing that distinguished functionary, he placed him bolt upright in front of the chair he was to occupy, and facing the retiring President, he then proceeded to make a most ferocious speech at his victim. In his apologies for the lameness of the majority vote, he thought it appropriate to the lameness of the candidate. He attributed his own defeat for the Vice Presidency to his muscular development and complained of the supremacy in the Club of bone over muscle. He forgot to assert that if he had not been a Musclem he might probably have been elected. He then proceeded to omit to inform the President that he held the higher title of King in the Club, where he would always find able Bishops, heroic Knights and faithful Pawns about him, and Castles for refuge in times of danger; also, to congratulate him on his elevation to the head of a Society whose members were so illustrious for their virtues and achievements on the checked battle-field of life. When he alluded to the editorial and literary position of the President, his remarks were surpassingly eulogistic, hyperbolic, ironical and diabolical, and elicited thunder and lightning and tempests of applause, which shook the building to its foundations.

We wish we were able to report more fully this remarkable inaugural speech, so logical and paradoxical, so eratic and extatic, and so full of genuine panegyric and paragon. At its conclusion, the speaker sat down in a storm of unbounded and unmerited approbation.

To this excellent speech, the Ex-President replied in behalf of the President elect, who was so overpowered by the high honors so unanimously and unexpectedly thrust upon him, that he was incapable of expressing his feelings on the occasion. He alluded to the fiery eloquence which had just electrified the club, such as could only have been kindled by the granular fuel of chess enthusiasm. He enlarged upon the achievements of the illustrious Morphy, and hoped our Club would imbibe something of the morphia of that great champion. Warned by his subject, the orator, in the most gymnastic and gum-elastic manner alternated from the didactic to the pathetic, and from the epigrammatic to the bombastic, until the feeling of his audience was aroused to such intensity that it broke forth in the most tremendous burst of enthusiastic and prolonged silence.

When the silence had somewhat subsided, the orator proposed nine toasting cheers in honor of the new President, and proceeded to give them, all alone, but with diminishing energy, until he had given two cheers and a half, when he wisely deferred the remainder to the next meeting of the club, when he will commence where he left off.

The President now took the chair, and the club proceeded to business.

After the inauguration, a Committee was appointed to see what suitable accommodations could be procured for the Club, and report at the adjournment next Saturday evening at the Horticultural Rooms. It was also voted that the proceedings of the meeting be published in the Wizard.

### South Danvers Agricultural Library.

This new enterprise which has been established through the instrumentality of Mr. Reynolds, is now fully organized by choice of the following gentlemen as officers:

Kendall Osborn, President.  
M. O. Stanley, Vice President.  
Wm. Wolcott, Sec'y and Treas.,  
Amos Merrill, Librarian.

This is an excellent institution and it is creditable to our citizens that they came forward so readily in its favor. It will at first with a library of about 300 volumes on agriculture, horticulture and subjects connected therewith, which will be interesting to the general reader as well as to the agriculturist.

The establishment of this library, devoted to a special interest, shows the self-sustaining and propagating power of the diffusion of intelligence. The existence of a free public library already established, instead of being an obstacle, seems to have been promotive of the new enterprise by the taste for reading which has been cultivated. We learn that in the hundred town Agricultural libraries which Mr. Reynolds has established, only two, those in the cities of Worcester and New Bedford, are larger than ours. In those cities there are free public libraries, which fact goes to establish our position.

The books will be accessible to members at all times, day and evening, which will be a great convenience.

ESSEX INSTITUTE FAIR.—This fine exhibition of the products of Nature, and the handy works of art opened yesterday afternoon at the Mechanic Hall and will continue during the week. The hall is decorated with much taste, and its interior presents an attractive and fairly like appearance to the visitor on his first entrance. The tables are finely arranged, and the goods are displayed in the most attractive way to invite the observation of the visitors and purchasers. They are tended by the most bewitching witches of Salem, which is only saying that they eclipse the beauty of their charming wares.

This afternoon is the jubilee of the juveniles, who will be admitted at this time for the diminished fee of ten cents each. To all we would say, select the earliest day for your visit, before the goods are removed by the purchasers. You will then want to go again.

### Letters from the "Boss"—No. 2.

GERMANTOWN, PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 28, 1860.

DEAR POOLE.—Since my last letter, the Wizard has had time to look around a little and see how things this way compare with ours at home. As horse-railroads here traverse every principal street, (and I might say, every lane) you are not obliged to wear out shoe-leather, for 6 cents will carry you seven or eight miles. Even here, in Germantown, (the 22d ward of Philadelphia,) a sort of country place, you hear the jingling of the horse car bells almost continually. Everything being so convenient it does not take long for you to see every place of note and interest and observe the customs of the people. The markets here are very neat and tidy. On entering one, you will see a great many fashionably dressed ladies with their covered baskets, making purchases of meat and provisions for their families. This, I understand, is quite a custom here. How would our South Danvers ladies like that? Another thing, too, a New Englander notices, is, females tending these places. I saw one the other day using the cleaver with as much dexterity as our neighbor Fairfield uses his; but enough on markets. I will turn now to the barbers. If you are troubled with tooth-ache, or want any teeth applied or cupping done, just step into this business as advertised in bold letters on their signs—handy very. Just imagine our two tenorial operators (Samuel and John) applying the grippers to a man's jaw after shaving. These barbers are Germans. One of them asked me, if Massachusetts prolonged to England—I didn't dare to ask him who he was going to vote for.

Of course it would be no news for me to tell you that the Quaker City is laid out in squares; that it has a population of over 700,000, and that it is distant New York with giant strides; that it contains Independence Hall, where American Liberty was first proclaimed; the mansion of Robert Morris, one of the signers of the Declaration, who spent his last fortune to help secure our liberties, and passed the latter years of his life in prison for debt; Girard College—almost an exact counterpart of one of the ancient Grecian temples—a legacy from Stephen Girard for poor white children, a structure which cost \$2,000,000 and is 163 feet long by 110 wide, three stories high and encircled on all sides by massive marble pillars, which cost \$13,000 each; that the Fairmount Water Works are a wonder, and the scenery around picturesque; that you can here take a sail up the Schuylkill four or five miles to Wissahickon, the upper part of the city, and see the two trained black bears (true Native Americans) who will uncoil a bottle of sarsaparilla, and pour the contents down their throats quicker than you can wink, standing bolt-upright on their hind legs at the time; that you can take a steam car and go to Gloucester, N. J., or to Red Bank, enjoying a ride in the city on the horse cars for 10 cents, etc. etc.

If you ever come this way, you must visit the battle field of Germantown, where on the 4th day of October, 1777, Gen. Washington made an unsuccessful attempt to dislodge some 600 British troops from the summer residence of Judge Chew, a distinguished American Jurist, and a tory during the Revolution. The mansion, built of heavy stone, (a fortification in itself) still stands in all its antiquity and in a good state of preservation. It is now in the possession of the great grand-children of Judge Chew; but for most of the time has been unoccupied, and surrounded by neglect and decay. Everything in and about the house, is the same now as in the Revolution. Marble statuary, defaced by bullets and time, still rest on the ancient pedestals; faint traces can be seen of the old carriage drives, now overgrown by weeds; on the shutters which open on the outside, can be seen traces of bullets and grape-shot, and on stepping into the large old-fashioned entry, you are shown the marks of the balls as they glanced from wall. A portrait of a young lady in a dingy frame looks down on you now, as it did then on blood and carnage; you tread on the same marble floor and sit in the same old substantial chairs that were then used. Having no heavy guns, in fact, nothing larger than common four-pounders, Gen. Washington could not dislodge the British, and was obliged to retire, which he did in good order, but with considerable loss. Judge Chew did not occupy the house after this, the sight of the blood and the confusion having served to prejudice his family against it ever after.

Being engaged in spreading light and knowledge through the "Wizard," I feel an interest in all matters tending in the same direction, and had the curiosity to visit the publishing house of J. B. Lippincott & Co. yesterday. Although I expected to find an extensive establishment, my mind was not quite made up to find such a mammoth affair. Occupying two buildings each six stories in height, and thirty by at least one hundred and fifty feet, or say two and one half acres of floor room, it presents with its six hundred employees, its dozen Adams presses, its steam-driven machinery, and its constant traffic—extending to all parts of the United States, Canada, and to some extent, to Europe, a pleasing spectacle for the lovers of either of literature or art or enterprise.

No one has a conception of the vast number of books issued until he has visited the large book houses of which several are in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. But while I accord to several houses in each of the above-named places a due meed of commendation, I must admit, the great Philadelphia house surpasses them all.

The political cauldron is boiling in good earnest. Processions with torches, and meetings, are of nightly occurrence. The Republicans are making a desperate effort to carry the State, and I think they will be successful. They are starting up the old tariff question again, with protection to American industry, and the Republicans are making the most of it. On board the Round boat, on my way out here, a zealous Republican offered to bet seventy-five dollars that Lincoln would carry Illinois; he was immediately taken up, and the money deposited in the Captain's hands; and they are both "waiting for the wagon."

Y. M. CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.—The lecture before the Association on Sunday evening last, was given by Rev. Professor Tatlock of Williams College, who has been supplying the pulpit of the South Church with great acceptance. The subject of the lecture was Work, and the adaptation of it to the circumstances of the individual.

GREEN GAGES.—That box of delicious plums directed to the "Wizard and his wife," from Holten, is received, and the donor will please accept the thanks of Mr. and Mrs. Wizard.

### [Correspondence of the Wizard.]

#### Brattleboro' Water-Cure.

Brattleboro', Vt., Aug. 27th, 1860.

MR. EDITOR.—Without waiting for the sentence of invalids to be passed upon us by friends or M. D.'s, by an easy movement known to travellers, we found ourselves on the right track for this place via Fitchburg Road, the train leaving Boston at 11 A. M. After being ticketed, labeled and sealed, including a privilege of riding two rails instead of one, we expected to be put through the entire programme without any inconvenience, accidents excepted. Hardly had the annihilation of space commenced by the iron horse which had the train in tow, before the insensate thing, the Mt. Vesuvius in miniature, threw out from its crater a "ferocious compound" made up of gas, smoke and fire, which came rushing into the cars through the windows, regardless alike of the passengers' comfort, or the regulation of the Corporation—"No Smoking in the Cars." Will not you Mr. Wizard, or some other inventive genius, invent a contrivance for consuming smoke, and thus confer a favor upon the travelling community? Whoever should succeed would be immortalized, and ranked among the benefactors of the human family.

We arrived at Brattleboro' about 5 o'clock P. M., and soon found ourselves in the hands of P. B. Francis, the proprietor of the Weselhoeft House or Water Cure. A prolonged attack of hunger was cured without the aid of water; and visitors here give evidence that they fare sumptuously every day on something better than Adam's ale. It seems almost incredible, and is worthy of note in these days of excessive rates charged by all the Summer hotels of any note, that this one should be an exception to the usual tone of two fifty per cent, by moderating the price to one dollar.

While many, like your correspondent, come here only to hover without lighting, the major part spend the warm season here. New Orleans and New York are well represented. Among them are not a few of wealthy Germans. All appear to be enjoying away the Summer in a comfortable and home-like style. There are here no specimens of faded gentility, none on exhibition to "be seen of men," but those who have left their homes for the purpose of having a season of true comfort and rest. Brattleboro' should be seen to be appreciated; it differs from White Mountains, Saratoga or Niagara, and has charms peculiar to itself. The salubrity of the air invites the invalid away from the numerous diversities of climate, caused by its close proximity to the sea-shore; many can testify to the good effects produced by the change. In superb drives over hill and dale, through the forest, by the side of rivers, in view of the mountains with their imposing scenery, all conspire to produce in the mind a love of the grand and sublime, as marked out by the hand of the Creator. The purity of its water has given it a celebrity known throughout the land. Water-cures have been established here with a view to relieving the afflictions of humanity by a process both natural and sure.

It is related that a gentleman coming here sometime since, (one of the "push along, keep moving" kind), applied to be cured at once of his complaints. Being on an impetuous turn, he readily submitted to all the different degrees incident to the ablation process, and was put through a "course of sprouts" and came out by daylight so completely metamorphosed, that he declared he was not the same person but had been swapped off for somebody else. Confronting the looking-glass did not reveal his own self to him so radical was the change.

The political atmosphere of Vermont is clear of the cold, dead abstractions of Douglas and they regard his position as an equivocal one by giving the people power to introduce slavery but not to exclude it. The Bell and Everett party are here considered out of date—a sort of fossil remain. If you ask one of them what he believes in politics, his answer is, "I believe as the Constitution does." "What does the Constitution believe?" "The Constitution believes as I do." This is the whole length and breadth of their political creed.

The political strength of Vermont will be given to the coming man of the age and times,—as Washington was once,—the hope of the nation. So Lincoln has come forth at the call of his countrymen, as the defender of Liberty, and glories in the declaration that LIBERTY is national,—not Slavery, as declared by the Breckinridge party.

B. S. You will hear from me next at the Illinois Park of Essex County.

SOUTH DANVERS.

#### Ayrshire Stock.

We were pleased to see the statement of produce of Mr. Poor's Ayrshire heifers, as published in the Salem Gazette, Aug. 10th. We understand their yield to have been about 16 quarts each daily of milk of "excellent quality," on grass feed only through the month of June. How this will compare with other milkers, we have no means at hand to determine. The public are under obligations to Mr. Poor, for the zeal he has manifested to bring forward these specimens of Ayrshire stock. Those introduced two years since by the Mass. Society and fed on the Treadwell farm, failed to show their superiority as milkers,—as we were informed by Mr. Brown, the superintendent of the farm. P.

#### Bell and Everett Meeting.

Pursuant to a call as above, there was a full attendance at the Town Hall, on Saturday evening last. Miles Osborn, Jr. was chosen Chairman, and B. S. DANIELS, Jr., Secretary.

A committee appointed by the Chair, reported the following as Delegates to the Worcester Convention, Sept. 12:

At Large. Francis Dane, John A. Lord, Rufus H. Brown.

To Represent the Voters. Henry C. Poor, Miles Osborn, Jr., B. S. Daniels, Jr., Warren Wilson, John Clement.

A Bell and Everett Club will soon be organized.—The meeting was adjourned to Friday, Sept. 7.

A MYSTERY.—We were somewhat startled yesterday morning to find placarded about town a large "Herald," or what the printers denominate a "flat." What does it mean? Associating it with the printer's designation, we concluded it was a private notice to pugilists that the feats of the Prize Ring would come off at some place known to them but unknown to the public and police. Not quite satisfied with this solution, we asked a small boy, who was gazing intently at the emblem, what it meant? He replied confidently, "It's a Bell-averett." This appeared reasonable as it looked as if it was striving unsuccessfully to reach up to the bell-rope. We next thought it might be that the invisible "Sam" was again "round." We are as far from the solution of this enigmatical hieroglyphic as ever and ask for light. Until we have it we shall interpret it as a sign of the upward tendency of Republicanism and a token of the sure elevation of Old Abe to the Presidency.

We noticed that one of these hands pointed downward. We suppose this was intended to represent the course of the Democratic party.

ROBBERY IN DANVERS CENTRE. The shoe manufactory of Messrs. E. & A. Mudge, in Danvers Centre, was broken into last Sunday night, and stuck, consisting of rubber goring, kid, goat and binding skins, to the amount of \$1000 stolen. The building was entered by breaking a window in the rear.

### Letter from Daniel Fitzwick Babb.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 31, 1860.

RESPECTED WIZARD: I have seen your paper and like it, and, as my friend Pickax, of "Coward Sentiment" fame, has retired from active and inactive business, suggest that I shall make a fitting correspondent to fill his place. How do you like the suggestion?

The Prince of Whales is coming here! He is said to have large pedal fins and flippers, and to have blubbered a great deal when his mother shook him off.—There will be a great sensation among the big and little whales here. He despises the Codfish, et tater, et phat et phish-bol! The spermacti-real-whale-buck-bone of society he likes, and will, doubtless, flap his caudal fin around among the American whales to their gratification and his own amusement.

He sports by rule: a given quantity of spout, for a fixed amount of blow! The surgeons, ichthyologists and old whalers, who have him in charge, find but little difficulty in transporting the young leviathan from place to place; in fact the only trouble is in preparing his drink, which requires a stick. By means of this they keep "salty" and "half-seas-over." Just the condition of the Prince of Whales.

Seriously, he will be very kindly received and gently treated. His mother you know is a true type of a true wife and sovereign, for our sovereign wives to imitate. His father,—God bless him!

When the Prince gets here, I shall treat him to the best in the house when he calls, and will hasten to report our conversation. I shall ask him if he heard of J. B. Japanese and "Breck." Shall add him to visit Robbers' Cave and read the undiscovered chronicles of the great brass, black and woolly vixen. BACK.

#### Miss Marcia Foster.

This lady, whose decease we announced in our at an advanced age, was the youngest daughter of the late Gen. Gideon Foster, of Revolutionary memory. This family, of which only a single survivor, Mr. Foster, remains, was in some respects remarkable for the talent and intelligence of its members. Miss Marcia, or Mercy as she was commonly called, was born in 1815—20, and was distinguished for her well-cultivated intellect and accomplishments, as well as for beauty of person. In 1838 when the Danvers Light Infantry was ordered to the new company, and Miss Foster was selected by them to deliver the presentation address. It was thought that by her dignity of manner and happy possession, she would perform the ceremony in a manner. The result proved that her nerves were sensitive for her entire control although she went through her address, but with a faltering voice address, written by herself, was published in paper not long since.

Of late years she has been a helpless invalid, and passed much of her time in reading books from the substitute library, generally selecting old authors who treated of the personal history of distinguished characters in the early part of this century and close of the last.

AGRICULTURE.—Hon. N. S. Poor has published in the Salem Gazette, a communication on the subject of Dairy animals, which evinces much good judgment and practical knowledge of the subject. It is well at this time, when we are to have a Cattle Show, to show of cattle, to discuss the good points of the different breeds and thus bring out information upon the subject. It is a thousand pities that owing to the absurd jangle about the cattle disease, we are not to have an exhibition this year. We hope we shall see some fine cattle on the ground, as we believe there is yet no law to prevent their being driven to South Danvers. We would like to see Col. Upton's pair of ornate elephants once more.

HORTICULTURE.—It will be quite a novelty to have an Exhibition of Horticultural products in South Danvers, and we think the approaching show of the new Society will be well worthy of the attention of our citizens. We hope the contributions of fruits and vegetables will be large, although the season is early for many of the varieties. Our gardeners never look at the subject. The tomato, the cabbage, the squash and all the root vegetables for which our gardeners are famous all over the vicinity, will be seen in great variety and perfection.

THE SCHOOLS.—On Monday last the eight or nine hundred scholars of our Schools assembled in their respective school houses for the autumn term, no doubt to the great gratification of their parents and friends who will not regret the diminished number of tattered, dirty garments, noisy howls and mud puddles. Teachers and pupils will take hold with renewed alacrity, and more than make up for the time spent in a long vacation, by the fresh vigor acquired by this necessary interval of rest.

CURRENT WINE.—The abundant yield of currants this season, has turned attention to the use of this fruit for making this pleasant beverage. Many families have long been in the habit of annually making a quantity of this agreeable wine for domestic use, in health and sickness, and if the aggregate quantity was known, it would probably excite some surprise. Mr. Kendall Osborn has a small mill for crushing and pressing the fruit, from which full 200 gallons have been made this season by himself and his neighbors.

THE SECOND PICNIC given this season by the Eagle Engine Company last Wednesday, was, like the first one, a complete success. They will give one more at the same place on Wednesday next, and will make their annual fall parade in connection with the same, instead of going out of town as first proposed. They will appear in the forenoon in uniform with music, have a dinner, and then march to the Grove.

BOSTON JOURNAL.—This establishment has been removed into the new building on Washington and Water streets. A glowing description of the new quarters is given in the paper, which exhibits the enterprise and energy of the manager, and the large circulation of this leading Republican paper. We rejoice in the well earned prosperity of such a journal.

ROWDYISM.—We hear of cases of senseless rowdy conduct in young men who are stimulated by rowdy water, which it is sickening to contemplate and painful to record. It would seem that respect for the mortified feelings of their friends, if no other motive, ought to keep their feet from the paths of the tempter.

BASE BALL CLUB.—The Bonolia Club, of Rockville, and the Base-ball Club of Lynn, met at Rockville, on Monday last, and had a trial of skill in this athletic sport.







[illegible]



# THE WIZARD.

VOL. I.

SOUTH DANVERS, MASS., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1860.

NO. 41

## THE WIZARD

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY,

At Allen's Building, So. Danvers Square,

CHAS. D. HOWARD, Proprietor.

F. POOLE, Editor.

Terms \$2.00 a Year; for Immediate Payment, \$1.50.

### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Half a Square, 3 wks 3 mos. 1 year  
One Square, 1.00 2.50 5.00  
Quarter of a column, 1.00 2.50 5.00  
10 lines of Nonpareil type equal to a square.  
60 cents per line will be charged for notices of meetings for political, civic, or religious purposes, notices of societies, cards of acknowledgments, &c.  
The privilege of Annual Advertisers is limited to their own immediate business, and all advertisements for the benefit of other persons, as well as local advertisements, and advertisements of real estate, or auction sales, sent in by them, must be paid for at the usual rates.

Book and Job Printing  
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,  
Executed with Neatness and Dispatch,  
AT THIS OFFICE.

### CARDS.

A. A. PUTNAM,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
CORNER MAPLE AND ELM ST.,  
DANVERS.

THOMAS M. STIMPSON,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
101 ESSEX STREET, SALEM.  
Residence Lowell street, South Danvers.

B. C. PERKINS,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
So. Danvers—Office in Allen's Building.

H. O. WILBY,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
Office, Allen's Building, So. Danvers.

IVES & PEABODY,  
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,  
Have removed their Office to  
Rooms formerly occupied by Hon. Otis P. Lord,  
NO. 21 WASHINGTON ST. DANVERS, MASS.  
STEPHEN B. IVES, JR. JOHN D. PEABODY.  
December 7, 1859.

ALFRED A. ABBOTT,  
Attorney and Counsellor,  
Office, No. 221 Essex Street, Salem;  
House, Main St., So. Danvers.

SIDNEY C. BANCROFT,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
27 Washington Street, Salem.  
Mr. Bancroft may be found mornings and evenings, at his  
home office, near his residence in South Danvers.  
December 7, 1859.

JOHN V. PROCTOR,  
Has taken rooms, in the  
Ed. Story of the Union Building,  
nearly opposite the Monument.

Where he will be found from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., ready to at-  
tend to any business that may be entrusted to his care.  
South Danvers, Feb. 25th, 1860.

A. S. CRAWFORD,  
DENTIST,  
No. 4 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS SQUARE.  
Mechanical Dentistry Neatly Executed.

Teeth Extracted by Electricity without Extra Charge.  
dec 7

W. L. BOWDOIN,  
SURGEON DENTIST,  
No. 208 Essex Street, Salem, (Opposite the Market).  
Residence—No. 51 Washington street.

F. POOLE,  
INSURANCE AGENT,  
Allen's Building (up stairs),  
Deeds drawn, and other common forms.

SAMUEL DAVIS,  
HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING ROOM,  
7 MAIN ST., SOUTH DANVERS.

E. S. FLINT,  
DEALER IN  
WEST INDIA GOODS, COUNTRY PRODUCE,  
No. 2 Main Street, South Danvers.

EDWARD C. WEBSTER,  
ONE PRICE  
HAT, CAP AND FUR STORE,  
231 ESSEX, and 81 WASHINGTON ST.,

HENRY L. WHIDDEN,  
PAINTER & GLAZIER,  
AND PAPERER,  
Central Street, South Danvers, Opp. South Church.

All orders promptly and faithfully executed.  
dec 14

WHIPPLE & FRIEND,  
PAINTERS,  
GLAZIERS AND PAPER HANGERS  
88 Main street, opposite Monument, S. Danvers.  
All orders promptly attended to; a share of patronage solicited.  
J. J. WHIPPLE. A. FRIEND.

JOHN MOULTON,  
LIVERY & STABLE,  
Main St., (opp. Danvers Bank), So. Danvers

## Selected Poetry.

[From the Randolph Transcript.]

### IN MEMORIAM.

Our esteemed and revered instructor,  
MR. WM. L. THOMPSON.

Please listen to our thoughts in union.

The Grecian youth, when going forth from home,  
A stranger in a foreign land to roam,  
Ere leaving all that memory renders dear,  
Salutes the God his fathers most revere;  
Implores his blessing and protecting care,  
And in his smiles finds strength and courage rare.  
So go we forth,—and ere we break the spell,  
And here speak to you, Sir, our sad Farewell,  
Each fond remembrance will we bring to light,  
Review the Past, still beaming clear and bright;  
Each dearly cherished scene we'll bathe anew  
In Memory's fountain, ere we bid adieu;  
Each sparkling joy and mirthful hour recall,  
And with a life-long impress stamp them all,  
A heartfelt gratulation, ere we go,  
On you—our youthful guardian we bestow!

We meet to part—no common meeting now—  
But one of sadness, shading every brow,  
Our teacher's hand, which here to-day we grasp  
In hearty fervor we no more may clasp;  
Words uttered now, of buoyant hope and cheer,  
May be the last that we as scholars hear.

We meet to part—Like some fair city famed,  
Its wealth and power in distant lands proclaimed,  
Standing alone upon an ocean shore,  
Where many rivers priceless treasures pour,  
As such a city teems with wares of trade,  
Of busy life and bustling turmoil made,  
So stand we here to-day,—with laden heart,  
And soul overflowing, as the crowded mart,  
The River of the Past with hurrying tide  
Is floating many a precious scene with pride,  
Whose sails in memories breezes play,  
And bring rich cargoes of the by-gone day.  
The Present, too, a cove, now rough, soon smooth,  
Is filled with scenes, whose freight must rouse or soothe;

While from that unknown ocean which we call  
The future, thick as wintry snow-flakes fall,  
Huge cares, and heavy-laden, coming near,  
Are bringing joyous hope and anxious fear;  
And though the crowd of thought no utterance find,  
And though the gush of feelings undimmed,  
Can summon to its aid no voice to tell  
How deep and strong within the breast they dwell;  
The seas of feelings in our bosoms roll,  
Their waves of sorrow are beyond control.

We meet to part.—We reach the spot to-day,  
When school mates here will know another's sway,  
To-day, the mantle which you've worn so long,  
No more protects this young and ardent throng;  
To-day we linger, but the morrow's dawn  
Will bear you hence, by other impulse drawn.  
What need you then to-day? A soul as pure  
As you were here, yet brave and strong to endure;  
With aspirations towering And high,  
As grand and noble as the vaulted sky,  
With heart unmoved before all wrongs and ills,  
With eye of faith, with stern and iron will,  
As rightly here you've passed the time away,  
So guide your pupils, as ourselves to-day,  
Bead on your charge with care!—and let no spot  
Be found thereon, unfounded or forgot!  
Who hopes to mend neglect in after life  
Must work amid its dangers, storms and strife.

To-day is ours,—fit time to wake anew  
The slumbering Past—its lights and shades review,  
Secluded late within this calm retreat,  
Safe from the World, its burdens and its heat,  
The wheels of school have rolled their circles round,  
Now still and noiseless, not with jarring sound,  
No notes of discord ever reached the ear,  
No wild tumultuous scenes of gloom and fear.  
The clouds have vanished and our hearts were gay  
With festive joy, as terms have passed away.  
An untired future now we would not dare,  
Without a parting blessing and a prayer;  
Upon this altar of our school-day life  
Formed of commingled pleasure, toil and strife,  
We come—a farewell offering to lay  
Of rich remembrance, never to decay;  
This Lesson our mother tongue unfolds,  
And our best wishes, in this gift behold;  
Because the heart's deep, overflowing store  
Its full libations of our love will pour,—  
O, think of us! and we will ever pray  
For your best interests when far away;  
And now we go,—we break the spell,  
The word is spoken, Sir—FAREWELL!

This address, written on the occasion of a parting  
gift from his pupils to Mr. William L. Thompson, late  
Principal of the Grammar School No. 8, is now given  
to the public, by a special request.

A SMASHER.—The New York World tells the follow-  
ing anecdote of a well-known author:  
"It is related of a personage, more or less mythical,  
named Fanny Fern, that, stopping at the office of a  
Philadelphia hotel to pay her bill, on the eve of her  
departure, she found a charge for breaking of her toi-  
let set. She admitted the breakage of one piece, and  
desired to pay for that, but for no more. The price of  
the whole set, however, was demanded, because the  
"set" was broken. The carriage was at the door; the  
train soon to start. There was no time for discussion,  
little for thought; but enough for action. Hastily pay-  
ing the entire demand, and directing the carriage to  
wait a moment, she went directly back to her room,  
and taking up the poker, inconspicuously broke every re-  
maining piece in the set."

[For The Wizard]

## THE BETTER WORDS.

When hand in hand heart beats to heart,  
And eyes with tear drops swell,  
Which are the better words to speak,—  
Good bye, or fare ye well?

Good bye has ever been a prayer,  
God be with you, it says;  
Both going out and coming in,  
May He keep all your ways.  
Farewell, what is it but a wish  
For one's welfare expressed?  
For health, contentment or success,  
When taken at the best.

A prayer is better than a wish,  
Though made unconsciously;  
For if it falls from sincere lips,  
Unheard it will not be.

Then let us never say farewell,  
But evermore good bye;  
Knowing that they must needs fare well,  
To whom the Lord is nigh.

D. F.

For the Wizard.

## FAREWELL ADDRESS OF JAY BEE, DANIEL FITZWICK BABBS.

"Thy death to me to be at enmity,  
I hate it; and desire all good men's love."

FELLOW CITIZENS:—I beg your indulgence, for a  
few of the last moments of my humble career as your  
servant in the Presidential chair, while I make you an  
affectionate farewell. The scenes through which by  
the grace of God, I have safely brought our common  
country, have been so trying, and the success which  
has attended my feeble, yet earnest, efforts for the  
welfare and happiness of our great nation, has been so  
signal, that I cannot retire to private life without first  
publicly acknowledging the assistance of Divine Provi-  
dence, and the love and esteem of my fellow citizens  
who have so faithfully supported me.

It may not be unprofitable to take a glance at the  
history of our country during the last four years; not  
that the events which have transpired during that in-  
terval have passed from your memories, but that we  
may, each and all, recapitulate our troubles and tri-  
umphs, and the better appreciate the Divine blessings  
which have attended us in every undertaking of those  
eventful years.

On assuming the duties of my office, I found the af-  
fairs of the country in a most deplorable condition.—  
Anarchy within and aggression without seemed to  
menace our very existence.  
Measures, which had been adopted by a previous  
administration under the influence of Mr. Webster of  
Massachusetts, Mr. Clay of Kentucky, and several others,  
were waiting us onward to destruction. This  
maelstrom, in whose borders we had been so entangled,  
was gradually drawing the nation into its dreadful  
vortex, and with energy and tact I sought to sail from  
its embrace. Soon the only alternatives presented  
themselves,—either to see our glorious national super-  
structure annihilated, or to offer up a sacrifice to the  
boiling maelstrom's anger. With that love of country  
which distinguished our sainted Washington, and  
which, I pray, may ever continue to actuate me, I  
chose the latter, and the Democratic Party was re-  
solved on forever.

Dreadful as this sacrifice was, I fervently hope and  
sincerely trust, that it has met with the hearty appro-  
bation of a majority of my fellow citizens. And es-  
pecially agreeable at this time is the reflection, that I  
have been the instrument for settling all the vexing  
questions relating to slavery in the Territories, and  
that all other questions which had arisen, misman-  
aged, from the mis-legislation of previous administrations,  
have been, during mine, fully, fairly and permanently  
adjusted.

The foreign policy of the United States, never well-  
defined, has now been clearly traced out for the guid-  
ance of those who may be lifted to the dignity of the  
Presidential chair. In the acquirement of territory,  
has our policy been particularly laid down, the San Juan  
affair (where we seized upon the island, and then  
magnanimously gave it up), the purchase of Cuba and  
Spanish noblemen (which I recommended to Congress)  
the demonstration against Paraguay (by which we ob-  
tained satisfaction) the recognition of the Liberal gov-  
ernment of Mexico, and the consequent negotiations of  
Mr. Forsyth, the operations of our Naval authorities  
in stopping depredations upon the peaceful inhabi-  
tants of neighboring countries, and the invitation to the  
Prince of Wales, preceded, however, by the visit of the  
Nipponese, have, each and all, so definitely fixed our  
foreign policy, as to excite the admiration of the world.

In the late troubles in Italy, Sicily and Syria, we  
have constantly maintained in the Mediterranean one  
ship of ten guns. In the Gulf of Mexico, ten ships of  
more than three hundred guns. It will thus be seen  
that the naval forces have been judiciously employed  
to protect our citizens, and to carry out our foreign  
policy.

Believing as I do, with our illustrious ancestors,  
that standing armies are a menace to free institutions  
I have endeavored to keep our army employed in trav-  
ersing the western wilds. In this way, their attention  
has been drawn from political questions, and their  
numbers decimated by disease and Indian warfare.—  
Could I be permitted to pursue my policy in this re-  
spect for another term, I should be able to congratulate  
the country on the total annihilation of the army, so  
that their peace would be no longer threatened from  
within.

Two years since, an insurrection and invasion at  
Harper's Ferry, well nigh brought the country to a  
civil war. Ten men, black and white, armed with  
pikes and umbrellas, threatened the total subjugation  
of the people of the Southern States. I promptly plac-  
ed the management of this delicate affair in the hands  
of his Honor, Gov. Wise of Virginia, who, after a  
fierce battle in which one quadruped and one chattel

lost their lives, succeeded in routing and securing the  
other nine OUTLAWS. These were soon executed upon  
the scaffold, free of expense to the Government of the  
United States. By this management, conceived after  
hours of study, the invasion was arrested, the peace of  
the country restored, and the rights of the South vin-  
dicated.

Our agricultural resources have been steadily fostered,  
and developed, notwithstanding the detestable ef-  
forts of some persons opposed to the party by which I  
was mainly elected, to obtain a "protective tariff."—  
It has been my desire to impress the public with the  
conviction, that unless we raise upon our lands some-  
thing with which to pay our debts for railroad iron,  
sheetings, calicoes and other articles of importation,  
we shall be obliged to pay in gold, thus making the  
country bankrupt and her credit utterly worthless.

Having thus briefly set forth the acts which have  
resulted in so much good during my administration, I  
will draw my remarks to a close.

I shall retire to utter seclusion. The only company  
I desire is my conscience, which to-day is as clear as  
when I played about my mother's knee. My constant  
prayer shall be for my country—that she may remain  
free from corruption,—free from corruption,—free from  
discord,—free from harm. That the few friends I have  
rewarded and the many enemies punished will repent  
and be saved, and that all with whom it has been my  
pleasure to come in contact, may continue to share the  
blessing of the inheritance of a Free Government, and  
that the people of the United States may ever remain  
happy and prosperous under those institutions which it  
has been my sole pleasure to foster and consolidate.

May I die as I have lived,—under the enjoyment of  
the gratitude of a loyal people, and be buried in a  
Wheatland in simple manner, and where the joyous  
birds will ever carol their grateful lays, and the wild  
woods shade my resting place.

## Mr Jones' Visitor, and How he Got Rid of Her.

"But two letters more," thought Mr. Jones, late head  
clerk, now junior partner in the important firm of  
— & Co., Broad St., as he bent over the desk and  
dipped his pen in the ink afresh. "But two short let-  
ters more, and then I shall be ready to join Mrs. Jones  
in that delightful excursion upon which she has set  
her little heart. But two letters, and—as I live, it is  
half past three, and the steamer's masts close at four.  
John! John!"

No John responded.  
"Confound the fellow—he has gone and left me to  
look up," muttered Mr. Jones. "But time is precious  
now."

He was now, however, rapidly over the paper, until the last  
letter in the counting-room above or in the store below,  
and Mr. Jones supposed he was alone in the building.

"Buy a book, sir?" said a voice at his ear.  
"No," said Mr. Jones, mechanically, so deeply absorbed  
in his work as not to notice the singularity of the in-  
terruption.

"Buy a book, sir?" and this time a book—"Mother  
Goose's Melodies," he observed on the title page—was  
thrust between his eyes and the unfinished letter before  
him.

"No," said Mr. Jones, a little roughly, as he turned  
upon the intruder. "This is a woman, young and hand-  
some, though poorly clad."

"You had better," said the girl, with her sweetest  
smile. "Besides I need the money." "Well, there's a  
quarter for your beauty," said Mr. Jones gallantly,  
and now go, for I am in a great hurry." He took  
from his pocket the coin and handed it to her.

"Haden't you better give me half a dollar to buy me  
some stockings?"—(and she raised her dress just high  
enough to disclose a well formed, naked ankle,) and  
so, I've no shoes either."

Among Mr. Jones' most recent acquisitions was a  
lovely young wife, and he was deeply, virtuously indig-  
nant. "Ah! young woman, is that your game?" he  
cried, rising from his chair. "Leave the place instan-  
tly, or I'll put you out."

"Don't you lay your hands on me," said his visitor,  
stepping back with aloof defiance. "Don't lay your  
hands on me, sir, for if you do I'll scream, and whoev-  
er comes will say you are taking liberties. You had  
better buy a book, sir—only ten dollars."

Mr. Jones perceived at once that he was in a fix,  
but in a moment he decided what course to pursue.

"Scream as much as you like," he exclaimed, spring-  
ing to the door of the counting-room, "I'll do a little  
screaming too. John! John!"

The woman also approached the door, but he kept  
her back so far as to prevent her looking down the  
stairs, and continued his calls for "John!"

"There is now-oh there," said the girl mockingly,  
"you had better buy a book, sir, it's only twenty dol-  
lars now."

"Ah! you've come at last," said Mr. Jones, talking  
down stairs to an imaginary John, "run for a police of-  
ficer as quick as you can. I've got a thief here."

Then turning to his visitor with an air of confident  
assurance, "Now, Miss, you can spend your time in ne-  
gociating for the sale of 'Mother Goose,' or in scream-  
ing, just as you please, you'll not pass this door till an  
officer comes."

The girl began to look frightened. She evidently  
had not counted upon the sudden re-appearance of  
"Oh, sir, let me go, I didn't mean any harm," she  
said.

"Didn't mean any harm!" echoed Mr. Jones angrily;  
"why, here are your shoes in the hall! what have you  
been stealing down stairs?"

The girl protested that she had stolen nothing, and  
begged that he would not have her arrested, and prom-  
ised never to molest him again.

"Mr. Jones detained her till she was thoroughly  
frightened, then pretended to relent, and bade her go  
quickly or she would meet the officer.

The girl lost no time in making her exit, and Mr.  
and Mrs. Jones finished his letter just in season for the  
mail.

On his way home in the Fourth Avenue car, he men-  
tioned his adventure to his friend Mr. Smith, whose  
place of business is in the same street.

"Good heavens," exclaimed Smith, "why I was vic-  
timized exactly in the same way this afternoon, and  
didn't get off so easy as you did. I had to give her  
ten dollars, and did not even get 'Mother Goose' in  
return."

Upon comparing notes the friends ascertained that  
they had been visited by different persons, proving that  
the "Mother Goose" dodge is not the enterprise of a  
single individual. Each congratulated the other upon  
having learned an entire new kink.

When Broad street gentlemen stay in their counting-  
room, alone, of an afternoon, they should see that  
their front doors are locked, or they may be visited by  
angels unawares.—N. Y. Evening Post.

JOHN PHENIX IN THE LADIES' CAR. John Phenix,  
the inimitable wit, thus tells an incident connected  
with a ride on the New York Central Railroad. He  
relates it in a letter to the Knickerbocker Magazine,  
and puts it on record to serve as a caution to future  
innocent travellers. He says:

"I had observed at each change of the cars, and they  
were frequent, a stalwart man, usually of the Irish  
persuasion, who, deaf to menaces and unsoftened by  
bribes, maintained his post for the benefit of the 'ladies'  
'Ladies car, sir, as you please; forred car for gin-  
tlemen without leddies."

"Need I say that this car was the most comfortable  
of the train, and in the firm resolve that ever distin-  
guished me in the discharge of my duty towards my-  
self, I determined to get into it. So, when we chang-  
ed cars at Utica, I rushed forth, and seeing a nice  
young person and a pretty face, urging her way  
through the crowd, I stepped up to her side, and, with  
a native grace and gallantry, offered my arm and assist-  
ance. They were gracefully accepted, and proud of  
my success, I urged my fair charge upon the platform  
of the ladies' car. My old enemy was holding the door.

"Is this your lady, sir?"  
"With an inward apology to Mrs. Phenix for the  
great injustice done to her charms, I replied 'yes.'—  
Judge of my horror when this low employee of a mo-  
nopolizing company said, with the tone and manner of  
an old acquaintance:

"Well, Sal, I guess you've done well, but I don't  
think his family will think much of the match!"

CIVIL CONTRACTS BETWEEN WOMEN.—With the in-  
crease of celibacy, it begins to be realized that single  
women may find it agreeable and convenient to live  
together—the masculine women with business habits  
retaining states of independence, and the more in the  
fulfillment of a pettiest friendship. The fol-  
lowing passage in Miss Muloch's late work seems to  
give ground for the probability: "In most friends (both  
female) whose attachment is specially deep and lasting,  
we may usually trace a difference, of strong or weak,  
gay or grave, brilliant or solid, answering in some  
measure to the difference of sex—the wonderful law  
of sex, which exists spiritually as well as materially,  
and often independent of matter, altogether; since we  
see many a man who is much more of a woman, and  
many a woman who would certainly be the 'better  
half' of any man who cared for her." Without this  
difference, Miss Muloch says: "A close, all encompassing  
friendship between two women would seldom last long;  
or if it did, by their mutual feminine weaknesses act-  
ing and reacting upon one another, would most likely  
narrow the sympathies and deteriorate the character of  
both." On this ground it is proposed that masculine  
women should "make offers" to those of their unmarried  
sisterhood as are too delicate and effeminate for the care  
and exposure of single life, and enter into a sort of  
"firm," pact or covenant, corresponding to matrimony  
in all spiritual reciprocities, and in those faithful to  
death. It is thought that by this modification of cel-  
ibacy, the great social evil of "poor lone women"  
would entirely disappear.

NIGHT AIR.—Many people are afraid of night air.—  
Here is what Florence Nightingale says:—"An extra-  
ordinary fallacy is the dread of night air. What air  
can breathe at night but night air? The choice is  
between pure night air from without and foul night  
air from within. Most people prefer the latter—an un-  
accountable choice. What will they say if it is pro-  
ved to be true that fully one half of all the diseases we  
suffer from, are occasioned by people sleeping with  
their windows shut? An open window most nights in  
the year can never hurt any one. In great cities night  
air is often the best and purest air to be had in the  
twenty-four hours. I could better understand shut-  
ting the windows in towns during the day, than dur-  
ing the night, for the sake of the sick. The absence  
of smoke, the quiet, all tend to make night the best  
time for airing the patient. A high medical authority  
has told me that the air of London is never so good as  
after ten o'clock at night."—World.

KILLING IN IRELAND.—Killing comes natural; half  
the places in Ireland begin with kill. There is Kill-  
boy—for all Irishmen are called boys,—and what is  
more unmanly, there is Killbride; Killbaron after the  
landlords; Killbarack, after the English soldiers;—  
Killcree, for the navy; Killbritain, for the English  
proprietor; Killcool, for a deliberate murder; and  
Killmore if that ain't enough.—Knickerbocker.

Vanity Fair thinks the re-appearance of the  
names of public men supposed to have been buried af-  
ter the year 1841, an evidence that the political as  
well as the natural world has seventeen year locusts.

THE LOVER PUNTS.—  
"I thee read see that tie,  
Love is down will I'll have  
But that and you have you'll  
One and up and you'll"



# THE WIZARD.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 12, 1860.

## Republican Flag-Raising.

On Friday evening last, the Square was filled by an enthusiastic multitude assembled to witness the raising of the Republican Banner, bearing the honored names of LINCOLN and HAMMOND. The Salem Wide Awakes were expected to take a part in the proceedings, and soon the sound of their music was heard, followed by the approach of that gallant company, one hundred strong. The appearance of such a body of men in the night time, each bearing a lantern showing a blue, red and white light, and moving on to the measured tramp of music is grand and picturesque. As they approach, you see the regularly organized ranks moving in exact order under a perfect discipline. The glossy uniforms shine brightly as seen by the colored light of the lanterns and the easy movements of the men remind one of the Chicago Zouaves.

As the Wide-Awakes moved through the dense mass that occupied the front of the stand, they were received with frequent cheers. After making a circuit of the Square, they formed in regular order near the speakers' platform and gave three cheers in the peculiar manner adopted by all true Wide-Awakes.

Then, Eben S. Poor, President of the Lincoln and Hamlin Club, appeared on the stand and stated the object of the gathering, speaking words of high hope and encouragement for the sure success of the Republican cause, and concluded by introducing Hon. Alfred A. Abbott who enunciated the principles of the Republican platform, and spoke in eloquent and earnest terms of the Republican candidates and the encouraging tokens of victory. Mr. W. D. Northend, the commander of the Salem Wide-Awakes, was next introduced, and in his truly wide-awake and earnest manner aroused the Republicans to their proper sense of duty and the necessity of untiring action until the November election. He was followed by B. C. Perkins, Esq., who made an eloquent speech, straight to the point of earnest labor for the success of the cause, and full of telling hints, which kept the audience in the utmost good humor. He intimated that Mr. Douglas had probably heard bad news from his mother in Vermont, and might anticipate similar accounts from his friends in Maine. Mr. Thomas E. Proctor was now loudly called for and took the stand and made a spirited speech, describing the origin and objects of the Republican party, and appealing to a true Republicanism to do their whole duty.

This closed the speaking at the platform, all the speakers were well received and the speeches being from ten to fifteen minutes long, were just the thing for the open air, brief, pointed and rousing. A capital Republican song was capably sung on the platform and received with cheering. Indeed marks of approbation were continued at short intervals during the evening and the parting cheers of the Republicans and Wide-Awakes were particularly animated.

The Wide-Awakes now took up their line of march for home, passing through Tremont street to Salem, and calling at the house of Hon. Eben S. Poor, by whom they were hospitably entertained.

The flag thus so happily "flung to the breeze" to float until the election of the Republican Candidates in a noble and patriotic and is anticipated from the

## The Big Bell.

On Friday last, our citizens were surprised by hearing the ringing of a large church-bell which was drawn through the streets of a carriage drawn by four horses with plumes on their heads, both bell and carriage being labeled "Bell and Everett." Now we have no objection to party emblems, provided they have any significance. We remember very well having followed the Log Cabin in 1840, but that was emblematic of the simple habits and Cincinnati-like patriotism of our candidate, and the latch-string hanging out was a token of his ready hospitality. But what significance is there in drawing a church bell about the streets, raising alarms of fire and disturbing the quiet of our citizens? What is its meaning? What is there to atone for the silliness of such a spectacle? What token does the party adopting it, attach to the emblem? We know of nothing of the kind claimed by its friends. Its opponents may very readily attach meanings to it not very palatable to its friends. It may signify an attempt to make a great noise—it may symbolize hollow-ness—it may denote brazen assurance—it may remind them of the knell of despairing hope—but these are not in the minds of the Bell and Everett party. In fact we do not believe that the party is responsible for this caricature of its first candidate's good name. It must be the offering of the adrift brains of some of the young Boston members of the party, who love sound more than sense, and at their cost it is sent about the country to mortify the feelings of the better portion of the organization.

**LARGE FIRE IN LYNN.** At about 9 o'clock last Friday night, a fire broke out in a building on Breed & Thine's wharf, which spread to a now and very large shed containing a large quantity of coal and wood. Messrs. Breed & Thine lost from \$40,000 to \$50,000, the insurance being very small.

The Eagle Engine Company of this town were present at the fire until Saturday night, and rendered good service all the time. Saturday forenoon, while the tide was low, the Eagle took water near the Eastern depot, and played on the fire a distance of 1700 feet. The Company was well provided for by the different Companies, Engineers, and others.

## All Right on Washington St.

Mr. Editor:—As it has been currently reported that the Lincoln Flag attached to the Flag-staff and No. 2, Eugene House on Washington St., which was raised on the evening of the 7th, was torn down, I wish to correct the statement and say, that in consequence of the rain the line parted, and it was promptly attended to.

Yours, J. E. GOLDSWORTHY.

**REXUS INSTITUTE FAIR.**—This well managed enterprise, we are happy to say, was a splendid success in all its departments. Besides the pleasure afforded to the visitors, and the bargains made by the purchasers, the receipts to the treasury will enable the Institute to pay off the floating debt and leave a snug sum for pin money.

**ELECTION IN MAINE.** Accounts come in of an overwhelming Republican victory in the Pine Tree State. Mr. Douglas has by this time heard from his relations Down East.

## Letters from the "Boss"—No. 3.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 31, 1860.  
FRIEND WIZARD:—One hundred and eighty years ago the site of this city was a wilderness. The beautiful streets, now alive with the ceaseless hum of industry and the turmoil of commerce, was the hunting ground of the Indian. What a change! In the year 1681, the first settlers arrived from London in the ship "Sarah and John," Capt. Smith. William Penn, its great proprietor and founder, landed the following year. The object of this celebrated man in establishing the new colony was, using his own words, "to afford an asylum to the good and oppressed of all nations, to frame a government which might be an example, to show men as free and as happy as they could be." Thus everything connected with the settlement and early history of Philadelphia, indicates the enlarged and religious mind of its founder. The plan and limits were on the most magnificent scale. Had those original plans been carried out, it would now have been the most splendid city in the world. They were feared, however, to be too extensive, and the contemplated city was reduced to one-fourth of the original plan.

The first house erected was the "Blue Anchor" tavern, on the spot which is now the northwest corner of Dock and Front streets. In 1684 the population was 2500; and in 1781 it was incorporated into a city. It has continued to increase rapidly, and will soon contain a million souls! At present it is twenty-one miles long by an average of five wide.

Railroads and canals pour into her lap the treasures alike of her own mountains and the great valley of the giant West; innumerable steamboats travel along her shores, and merchantmen and packets bring her the wealth of the most distant climes. Philadelphia is a healthy city. The air is sweet and clear, the sky serene and seldom overcast. The streets are wide and airy, crossing at right angles; they surpass all others in the world in their convenience for trade and accommodation for passengers, and are kept remarkably clean. Although not celebrated for her palaces, yet she possesses some edifices remarkable for both grandeur and beauty. Most of the houses in the city proper are built on a uniform plan, being generally three stories high; but in the suburbs, or "outskirts," you will find palatial residences on a most magnificent scale.

In the original plan, Penn desired to preserve a clear view of the river Delaware from Front street, restricting the buildings east of it to the height of the banks. What a noble promenade and Exchange walk this would have formed! It was also his intention "that each house should stand in the middle of its lot, so as to leave room for a garden, etc., that Philadelphia might be a green, country town, which might never be burned down, and always be wholesome!"

Few relics of the past remain in Philadelphia; they are being swept away by the onward tide of modern improvement. Among the few memorials of olden times still remaining in this city is the "Penn Cottage," the first brick building erected in Philadelphia, and also noted as being the residence of Wm. Penn, during his first visit to this country. It is at present very much dilapidated, and falling rapidly into ruin.

## BELL AND EVERETT MEETING AT DANVERS.

We have received from a friend at Danvers the following account of the demonstration in that town on Friday last.

"The Bell and Everett rally, or the peripatetic and tinkling bell and Everett, as it is christened, arrived in this town on Friday afternoon. This novel expedient for drawing attention to the fact that a political demonstration was to be made by the Constitution and Union party drew together quite a large and miscellaneous crowd of the people of Danvers. A train came from Boston with delegations from Boston, Salem, South Danvers, and other towns of the county. The delegations left the train at Danversport, and under the marshaling of Albert G. Allen, Esq., marched to the public square at the Plains, to the music of the Lynn Cornet Band and the tinkling of the bell. Here a stand had been erected in the open air for the speakers. The crowd was somewhat noisy as usually happens in outdoor demonstrations. No serious disturbance however arose, and the meeting was called to order by Mr. Cleveland, the President of the Bell and Everett Club. He addressed the audience briefly and then introduced the Hon. Geo. S. Hillard who proceeded to address the meeting at length on the political issues of the day. We have no room to give a sketch of his remarks or those of Everett Saltonstall, Esq., who followed him in a brief speech. The meeting adjourned at about ten o'clock with cheers for Bell and Everett. But not of that enthusiastic kind which is equivalent to confidence and victory. The members assembled with the delegations from other towns, was quite large, the number of hearers much less, and the proportion of the voters of Danvers who participated in the meeting or showed much interest in its proceedings, least of all. Republicanism has too deep a hold upon the minds of the people of Danvers to be shaken from its property by Bells or any other false alarms about the constitution and the union.

The Hon. D. W. Gooch, the Representative from this District, is to speak here on Wednesday next, when the voters of Danvers will be on hand, and we bespeak for him such a reception as his valuable services in Congress merit.

**BELL AND EVERETT CLUB.**—The friends of these candidates held a meeting on Saturday evening at their head quarters near the Union Store, and organized a Bell and Everett Club. James W. Osborne was chosen President, and Robert B. Daniels, Jr., Secretary. There were also a number of Vice Presidents appointed, whose names we have not heard. Our informant states that the meeting was large and enthusiastic, and reminded him of old whig times.

**HOW TO SECURE A PREMIUM AT FAIRS.**—Says A. to B., "Are you going to the Fair this year?" "No, I guess not, there is no chance for me to get a premium if I go." "No certainty of that," says B. "Some things may be done as well as others," as I have heard it said. I tell you what it is, much depends upon who the committee are to make the award; and these are appointed or filled on the morning of the show, by nomination at large; and by a little management, it is easy to have a friend in the right place. If you will name me on breeding mares, I will name you on colts, and we will teach the young ones how to prance over the track. All is fair in politics—so in the exhibition of horses.

The Douglas Democrats of this town held a meeting at the Town Hall, on Monday evening last.

## The Horticultural Exhibition.

Although the regular exhibition of Fruits, Flowers, and Vegetables, which was to take place last Thursday was postponed, a really fine show was got up in a quiet way on the next day, free to the members of the Society and their friends. This impromptu affair astonished, by its quality and extent, both the visitors and contributors. Three large tables were filled with fruits and vegetables, numbering about 175 plates, and the articles were of the finest quality for the season. There were also some splendid vases of flowers arranged in the most showy manner and with excellent taste.

This grand array of the products of our gardens on such short notice, is but a foreshadowing of the splendor of the regular exhibition which will come off week after next, when the fruits will be nearer maturity. We are glad this show has taken place not only for the pleasure it afforded to the throng of visitors, but because it illustrates the truth of a remark made in our hearing by a lady, who said, "South Danvers can get up an exhibition at short notice, as handsome as can be done by any community."

We have been able to make out, with the assistance of Mr. W. H. Little and other officers of the Society, the following list of articles exhibited, with the names of the contributors. We hope it is nearly correct, although we may have mislabeled the names of foreign origin.

Lewis Allen.—Apples: Minister, Seedling, for a name. Gravenstein, Large apple (name wanting), Putnam.  
Benj. S. Wheeler.—Pears: Belle et Bonne, Golden Beurre.  
Stephen Blaney.—Pears: Wyman, for a name; Winter Nellis, Seedling, Bartlett, Beurre Bachelier, Bonne de Jersey, Andrews. Apples: Putnam, Striped Apple, for a name; Summer Harvest, Porter, Wyman.—Plum: German Prune.

Wm. T. Dole.—Pears: Bartlett, Apples: Williams Favorite, three plates, Gravenstein, two plates, Porter. Jonas Harrington.—Pears: Flemish Beauty.  
Amos Osborn.—Dearborn's Seedling, Early Sweet Bough.

John Shillaber.—Pears: Manning's Elizabeth. Sumner Southwick.—Pears: Belle Lucrative, Bartlett, St. Ghislain, D'Amalis, Flemish Beauty. Alexander Lewis.—Pears: Bartlett. Squiers Shove.—Summer Frank Real, the only specimen exhibited—very fine.

We wish Mr. Shove had exhibited some of those fine Bartletts which would have carried off the honors.

Stephen Osborne.—Pears: Bartlett, St. Ghislain, Beurre d'Amalis, Golden Beurre, Proctor's Seedling, Pope's Bartlett. Plums: M'Laughlin.

Edward Hammond.—Plums, German Prune.  
J. N. Eaton.—Pears: Bartlett, Belle Lucrative, Flemish Beauty, Stevens' Genesee. White Sugar Native Grape.

Geo. Bancroft.—Native Grapes.  
Sophia W. Wolcott.—Flowers—large Bouquet—Dahlias, Asters, &c.

Eben S. Poor.—Pears: Louis Bonne de Jersey, Sockel. Apples: Gravenstein, Greenings, three plates, Putnam, high-flavored.

Edmund A. Poole.—Stocks of Virginia Corn, twelve and a half feet high.  
E. H. Houghton.—Bouquet—Bergmonzier.

W. M. Jacobs.—Pears: Dearborn's Seedlings, Fine Specimen of Beurre de Suck'em or Jeremiah's Figs—Splendid Bouquets—Dahlias, Asters, Flax, Phlox, Geraniums.

Hiram Plummer.—One Pear, Louis de Jersey.  
Geo. C. Pierce.—Pears: Bartlett, Flemish Beauty, Maria Louise, Beurre de Amalis, Long Green.

Apples: Gravenstein, Mother, Pumpkin Russet. Wm. Sutton.—Pears: Dearborn Seedling, St. Ghislain.

John Pinder.—Pears: Beurre de Amalis. Andrew Porter.—Plums, German Prunes.

John V. Stevens.—Pears: Rostiezer, Dearborn's Seedling, Bartlett, Flemish Beauty, Belle Lucrative, L. B. de Jersey.

Apples: Pumpkin Sweeting, two plates. Fig Tomatoes, Ground Cherry, Yellow Gage Plum. Three Vases Beautiful Bouquets.

Wm. Wolcott.—Apples: Early Sweet Bough, Hubbardston's Nonpareil, Red Astrachan.

James Perry.—Pears: Bartlett, Flemish Beauty, Belle Lucrative. Yellow Plum Tomatoes. Victoria Hubbard, a mammoth stock.

Henry Poor.—Pears: Manning's Elizabeth. Apples: Sweet Bough, So. Danvers Sweeting, Minister.

Donnell Moore.—Gravenstein Apples, very superior. Black Cherries.

Geo. P. Osborn.—Pears: Tyson, two plates, Golden Beurre, Louis Bonne de Jersey. Plums: Green Gage, German Prune and M'Laughlin.

Samuel Newman.—Pears: Bartlett, Henry IV, Doyenne, Goubolt. Apples: Orne's Early, Margaret, South Danvers Sweeting, R. Island Greening. Two fine Bouquets.

C. P. Bomer.—Pears: Fondante d'Automne, Rostiezer, Manning's Elizabeth, Dearborn's Seedling, Summer Doyenne. Apples: Orne's Early. Cherry Currants, very large and ripe.

S. N. Mahew.—Bouquet.  
Dr. George Osborn sent a plate of plums from Oswego, N. Y., cultivated by Mrs. E. O. Archer—three varieties.

B. D. Hill, Jr.—Bouquet—Dianthus Heddowigii or new Japan Pink, Lilliputian or Boquet Dahlias, Extra fine Double Petunias, Verbenas, Asters, &c.

N. H. Poor.—Apples: Maiden Blush, very large and fine, sometimes called Walpole; Apple for a name—Cat-head, Putnam.

Kendall Osborn.—Pears: Fred. of Wirttemberg.—Apples: Sever Sweetings, Golden Pippin, Hubbardston, Caldwilville. From this last variety Mr. Osborn presented a delectable cider made the day previous. It possessed the color and clearness of wine, the apple being of a red hue from the skin to the core. Peaches, Seedling, only specimen.

A. H. Sanger.—Pears: Dutchesse de Berri, Pene for a name, Louis de Bonne. Apples: Putnam and Jefferson. Beams, large white variety.

John B. Clement.—Plums: Helme Claude Violet, Greening, Putnam. Grapes, Early black.

W. J. Walton.—Pears: Bartlett. Plums, Green and Yellow Gage.

Mrs. E. Saunders.—Putnam Apples.  
B. G. Perkins.—Pears: Bartlett. Apples: Porter.

Diph of Flowers.—Asters, Double Balsams, Dahlias, Fuschia and other varieties.

John C. Burbeck.—Apples: Fall Harvey, very large. Early Sweet Bough, Garden Royal, Yellow crab.

David Porter.—Apples: Golden crab. Potatoes, California and Early Jackson, very large and fair.

Joseph Fenderson.—Apples: Crab, red and yellow. Canada Plum. Lawton Blackberry. May's Victoria Currants, red; Dana's White Currants.

D. W. Osborn.—Pears: Bartlett.  
Mrs. Abbie Perry.—Apples: William's Favorite, (much admired.) Plums, Damson.  
W. H. and P. Little.—Apples: Bailey Sweeting, Pumpkin Sweeting, Lincoln.

Wm. Pierce.—Pears: Dearborn's Seedling, Beurre de Amalis, a d pear for a name.  
Wm. Bushby.—Pears: Bartlett. Plum, Imp. Gage.

## BASE BALL MATCH.

Mr. Borron.—The Return Match between the Benicia Base Ball Club of South Danvers and the Outlancheat of Lynn, was played in South Danvers, Saturday Sept. 1st, on the Benicia grounds, with 12 men on a side. The game commenced at 2 o'clock, P. M., and continued until 6, with the following result: Benicia 76 to the Outlancheat 31, with 45 innings. The playing for the first hour was very closely contested, neither club making ten tallies, but soon the Benicia Club began to lead in good style, and maintained their advantage to the end of the game.

The following is the result of the tallies made:—

| Benicia.          | Runs. | Outlancheat.      | Runs. |
|-------------------|-------|-------------------|-------|
| 10 O. L. Baldwin, | 4     | 10 O. L. Baldwin, | 4     |
| G. F. Shaw,       | 6     | 9 M. S. Nichols,  | 6     |
| B. A. Decatur,    | 1     | G. J. M. Merrill, | 1     |
| C. B. Warner,     | 1     | 4 H. G. Chase,    | 1     |
| A. W. D. Murray,  | 4     | 4 J. W. Howe,     | 4     |
| T. Woodman,       | 6     | 6 J. E. Rhodes,   | 6     |
| H. L. Larrabee,   | 6     | 6 T. P. Nichols,  | 6     |
| Geo. Twiss,       | 2     | 4 J. Foye,        | 2     |
| H. A. Williams,   | 1     | 7 F. Wilson,      | 1     |
| Asa Galucua,      | 0     | 7 N. S. Harris,   | 0     |
| Jacob Galencia,   | 2     | 6 S. L. Harris,   | 2     |
| Benj. Stone,      | 3     | 7 Geo. W. Lear,   | 3     |
| D. W. Larrabee,   | 70    |                   | 31    |

Umpire for Benicia, Wm. W. Reed. Umpire for Outlancheat, Frank Flegg.

Tally-man, Tally-man. Henry Taylor.

At the close of the game, the two clubs with their invited guests, formed a procession, and proceeded to a large tent erected on the field, to partake of one of those suppers prepared by Daniel R. Davis, the well known caterer of South Danvers.

Supper being disposed of, a speech was called for from the President of the Lynn club, Mr. Baldwin, who delivered a very interesting speech.

Mr. H. O. Wiley of So. Danvers was next called for, who spoke eloquently and did justice to the occasion. The West Lynn Glee Club then favored the audience with one of their favorite songs. Mr. Warner was then called for, who made a few brief remarks. Mr. Newhall of Lynn next read a poem prepared for the occasion.

Sentiments were then offered by Messrs Warner, Newhall, Wiley, Bancroft, Chase and Baldwin. The President of Granite Club next being discovered was called for, who made a speech and ended with a sentimental flourish.

Mr. Bancroft of South Danvers next made a very able and interesting speech. It now being nearly dark, the Glee Club was called for and sang one of their songs, after which the clubs evacuated the tent, the Outlancheat soon leaving for home highly pleased with the day's sports.

Benicia Club will play at Lynnfield, Saturday, 16th inst.

## The New Coalition.

"Things are working." The three political parties opposed to the Republicans, are at last becoming frightened at the prospect of the election of Mr. Lincoln, and are laying their heads together to devise some way to accomplish his defeat. Their plan is to combine and unite on one electoral ticket, containing the friends of each of the three anti-Republican candidates. Each of the parties will throw its materials into the same dinner-pot, in the hope that a political chowder can be made, of which all can partake. The mass is to be stirred up, neither party knowing whether Douglas, Breckinridge or Bell will swim on the top. Nothing could show more plainly the present desperate fortunes of the opposition to Lincoln and Tamm.

We have a curiosity to witness the effect of this fraternization. What confusion, what perplexity it will occasion! The Douglasites, Breckinridge-ites and Bell-ites—all merged in one. The individual politician will be lost in the mass. What a confusion of tongues! How easy to imagine among them a conversation something like the following.

## DIALOGUE.

Ben. Butler.—Well, Bailey, which ticket do you vote for?

E. C. Bailey.—I go for John Thugeneridge and Henschel V. Lane, subject to the decision of the Democratic Committee. How do you vote?

Butler.—Well, my ticket is about the same as yours. I vote for Breckinridge and Lanerett, unless I change my mind and go for Stephen A. Bell and Edward V. Johnson. Here comes Hillard—Well, George, how do you stand?

Hillard.—I go for Bellinridge and Johnscett. Any thing to defeat Old Abe. How's Buchanan about this time?

Butler.—He is veering round to Bellgias and Dougcret. Hurrah for the Little G!

Hillard.—How is South Carolina? I've a good mind to go and stump the old Palmetto State.

C. Cushing. [Just arrived.] Stay at home, George. We want you in Massachusetts to ring down the Rail Splitter. Put him down this time and Cuba comes in and plenty of blackbirds from Africa. Do you take, George?

Hillard.—Yes, I take Cuba well enough, but how about the blackbirds?

Cushing.—How stupid! Non-intervention on the sea, George; free trade in Rhony, Wool and Ivory in the raw state for the Southern States.

Butler.—Yes, that's the ticket! It's rather hard for us in Massachusetts, but the Democracy must come to it at last. Hurrah for Doug and Breck and Bell! I've forgotten, Laneridge and Johnscett forever! Union and the Constitution!

**MAN FOUND DEAD IN DANVERS.**—On Sunday afternoon at about 3 o'clock, as several young men were passing along the road, they discovered the body of Mr. Samuel Cummins, who lay dead upon the road side, near his own residence. A corner was sent for, but did not deem an inquest necessary, after being informed of the circumstances. It is supposed the deceased came to his death from the effects of poison, together with a very bad rupture which he had had for many years.—Gaz.

## School at Westboro.

We notice a controversy going on between the Executive Council and the Trustees of the State Normal School at Westboro. It is said to have assumed a serious form in the publication of the Report of a committee of the Council, in regard to the discipline applied to the punishment of the boys. We have heretofore spoken of this report as a hasty, ill-advised publication; and have seen no reason since to vary this opinion, by any facts that have been developed. It was hasty, because it was put forth without a thorough examination of the facts; it was ill-advised, because it was based mainly on the testimony of the boys themselves, without any notice to the Superintendent or the Trustees, that such evidence was to be taken or considered. Ex. Lieut. Gov. Brown, who is one of the Trustees, says that some of the statements made by the committee, are false. This among common men, is very like charging the committee with lying. If such things are to be done at the Council Chamber with impunity, it is high time its occupants were permitted to change their abode to Charlestown, instead of continuing to disgrace those arm chairs at the State House, which they were never fit to fill. J. W. R.

## Horrid and Fatal Fluid Accident.

We learn from the Manchester N. H. Daily Mirror, that Mrs. Eliza, wife of Mr. Hibbard Stevens, was burned to death by burning fluid on Friday last! Her daughter Aroline was in an adjoining room and hearing her mother scream, rushed into the kitchen and found that she was enveloped in flames and was trying to extinguish them by pumping water at the sink and throwing it over her clothes. Aroline also endeavored to smother the fire by throwing on blankets and water, and tried to tear the clothing from her, but only a small portion could be got off and the remainder was entirely burned upon her body. The flesh upon her lower extremities and as high up as her waist was burned to a crisp, and seemed to peel up in a most painful manner. Her hands were turned deep, and her arms were badly scorched. The neighbors rushed in and endeavored to render assistance but were too late to be of much service.

Miss Aroline had both hands burned badly; her clothing also caught fire and burned about one half of the front of her dress and through one or two skirts. Before it was extinguished. The cause of the accident is not known. A broken fluid-lamp was found upon the floor. It is supposed Mrs. S. had been down cellar and after returning up stairs dropped the lighted lamp when it broke and the blazing fluid spreading upon her set fire to her clothes. Mr. Stevens lingered in great distress, but in full possession of her reason, until two o'clock, when she expired. Mrs. S. is the mother of our respected neighbor B. F. Stevens, the Jeweller, to whom the sad news came with a crushing weight.

**SHAKESPEAREAN READING.**—We take great pleasure in calling attention to the announcement in another column, by W. W. Sylvester, that he will give a Dramatic Reading at the Peabody Institute on Thursday evening next. Mr. Sylvester's previous entertainments in this place have been so well attended and highly appreciated by the best portion of our citizens, that it seems superfluous in us to bespeak for him a full house on this occasion. The following criticism upon his rendering of Hamlet before the Salem Lyceum, last winter, is so true to our idea of his merits as an eloquist, that we cannot forbear inserting it:—

"The reading of 'Hamlet' by Mr. Sylvester, on Thursday evening last, gave more satisfaction to the large and intelligent audience than on any former occasion, notwithstanding the popularity of the accomplished Elocutionist from his first appearance before a Salem audience. The masterly rendering of the distracted prince's grief, and the egotistical garbality of Polonius were given with a most happy effect, with the startling revelations of the Ghost, in that uncanny monotony of intonation which the most renowned critics have pronounced to be the true intent of Shakespeare, hushed the breathless listeners into a staring silence. We have witnessed the presentation of the sublime tragedy by the most talented dramatic company, but we never realized the wonders of the story or appreciated the genius of its great author, more than on this occasion of its being read by a single artist."

Why is the Bell and Everett party like a jobber of fish?

Because they deal in tongues and sounds.

A novel match is soon to come off between Capt. Treris and one of his pupils, in Memphis. By agreement they are to shoot fifteen times each, the Captain's balls to first strike the floor, and rebounding, to lodge nearer the centre of the target than the balls from his opponent's pistol, who is to shoot in the ordinary way, taking deliberate aim.

James Stewart, aged 111 years, and said to be the oldest inhabitant on the peninsula, died on Oct. 1st at Neck, in Northampton county, Va., a few days since. During his life he married seven times, the wife of his last days being younger than the first.

## SKIVINGS.

The ladies down in Richmond, Me., lately turned out and cut the burdock all down upon Main street, smack and smooth. Smart folks, those "down east" women.

The Bridgeport (Conn.) Standard thinks there are too many grog shops in that city, and remarks that on Tuesday afternoon three lads under twenty years were lying dead drunk in the street together.

Miss Patterson, the widow of Jerome Bonaparte, is still living in Paris, and though nearly eighty years old, is still smart and active.

A Limerick paper claims Garibaldi as a son of Ireland, his father being engaged in the troubles of '48. The old man's name was Cuneo Baldwin—shortened to Garibaldi by Italian usage.

The hay crop has been very light in some parts of Vermont. One farmer in Shoreham was able to gather but one load from sixty acres.

We understand that a certain Mr. McAdams is about to wed a Miss Street. If this happens, she will then be "macadamized."

## Marriages.

In Danvers, Aug. 16, by Rev Mr. McLeod, Mr. E. W. Eaton to Miss Ellen M. Parley.

## Deaths.

In this town, Sept. 10, Mrs. Mary, widow of the late Dr. Joseph Shedd, 86 yrs 9 mos.

On the 11th inst. Capt. Benjamin Jacobs, in the 86th year of his age. Capt. Jacobs was an old and venerated citizen, much esteemed for integrity and uprightness of character as well as for his domestic virtues. He was long laborer under the infirmities of age, and although very feeble, walked out the day before last, and friends are joyful to state that he died peacefully.

[Funeral Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Friends and friends are invited to attend.]

In Danvers, 10th, Moses Putnam, Esq., 84 yrs 10 mos. In Salem, Mr. Thomas Bancroft, 99 yrs.



76 Federal street. sep 5

**ENGLISH PAPERS.**  
T 18th, received and for sale by  
**GEORGE CREAMER,**  
Brown Stone block, up town.

A lot of those superior Collars, 4-ply  
 and other styles, all sizes, just received at  
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 and Dealer in Men's Furnishing Goods,  
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For Serenades, Picnic Parties, &c. Apply at George  
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# THE WIZARD.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 26, 1880.

## Recollections of the Visit to Philadelphia.

Of all places which it has been our lot to visit, Philadelphia is in all respects the most attractive. Containing within its corporate limits about one hundred and five square miles, it has ample room for expansion, which is now going on at a lively rate. There is not, consequently, that crowding together of houses, and conglomeration of small streets, which you meet with in most large cities, but the streets are wide and clean, the houses of good size and neatly finished, and presenting a more comfortable and home-like appearance than is to be found in any other place.

If you desire to view fine buildings, the Academy of Music, the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, the Continental, and numerous others, will completely and bountifully satisfy you. Erected at enormous expense, each of the above structures presents in magnificence of proportions, and grandeur and purity of architecture, a feast for the eye, and language for the mind, never to be forgotten.

Our headquarters were at Germantown, on a high commanding a view of at least sixty miles of southern horizon, with a most beautiful foreground and perspective, consisting of the diversified country north of the city, the river Delaware and the azure blue hills of New Jersey in the distance. Near by, runs the romantic Wingochock, gurgling and singing its wild but subdued song, which not long since lulled the Indian babe to rest, or told the love of the timid wild girl for her stalwart chief, as they mused upon its banks. Here, too, are woods, dense and dark as when the deer bounded wildly through its shade.

Now that we have verged upon the *poesy* of our visit, the sounds of music strike our ear, sweet memories of that beautiful land! Like the lullaby of my cradle, they come upon us—sweet whispers of a spiritual world!

By the kindness of our friend, R. P. Morton, Esq., I attended a musical soiree given at his mansion in Germantown, upon which occasion Mr. Charles H. Jarvis, a young, but already quite noted artist, presided at the piano. Never till then did I appreciate the soul of Music! The very soul of Music was there, and captivated and held our senses for the whole evening. For two hours did Mr. Jarvis unceasingly play, and the longer he played the more enraptured he grew, until it seemed as if his Muse was whispering to him sweetly, as the music died in soft cadences away:

Hark! gently now, thou tuneful Harp,  
An angel's hand strays o'er the strings!  
While seraphs sing of other days  
And all their clustering memories.

Mr. Jarvis' execution was the most rapid and finished, his touch the most elastic, that we have ever witnessed, and but few, even among the profession, have seen its superior. The entertainment commenced with a "Nocturne" by Chopin, continued with "Liszt's Somnambula," "Les Huguenots," Thalberg's "Don Juan," Paganini's, by Chopin, selections from Midsummer Night's Dream, and Toccata, and, last, Thalberg's "Home, Sweet Home," then which no finer arrangement has ever been made. In the Somnambula, the air "Still so gently o'er me stealing," is played with one hand, and "Ah! don't mingle," with the other, and when we say that he performed these difficult pieces with the utmost ease and precision, and from memory too, our musical friends will appreciate his great talent.

We hope he may visit New England ere long, when he will be sure to carry away with him the highest encomiums of our musical world.

There are many other events and persons which we fondly remember, and which may form a future "Recollection."

## Political Demonstrations.

There was a grand and spirited meeting of the Republicans of Danvers last Wednesday evening, at the Plains, at which our distinguished Representative in Congress, Hon. D. W. Goodrich, gave an interesting and powerful address. It was not in our power, owing to other engagements, to attend, but we learn that he acquitted himself in a handsome manner, and more than justified the high expectations which had been raised of the logical power and stimulating effect of his oratory.

A vast assembly, estimated variously at from two to four thousand persons, surrounded the platform, which was erected in the open air, and the speaker presided in the Lincoln and Hamlin Club. The Salem Wide Awakes, under their energetic commander—W. D. Northend, Esq.—were there in increased numbers, and their march through the streets, with their variegated colored lanterns and the letting off of fire-works, gave brilliancy and animation to the scene.

We hope we shall soon have an opportunity to hear the voice of our honored Representative, in South Danvers. Our own appreciation of his career in Congress has been so frequently expressed that there is no necessity now to refer to it. His election will be a matter of course.

We are sorry to learn that attempts were made by outsiders to interrupt the proceedings of the meeting. If persons voluntarily attend the gatherings of political opponents, the least they can do is to be silent and allow the performances to go on unmolested. We trust all Republicans will set the good example of respectful quietness when other parties hold their meetings in their immediate neighborhoods. It is pretty good evidence that they do not set this example, when we find that other parties can hold their meetings unmolested, while theirs are exposed to interruption. We trust that as nowaday's acts by which they may suffer will prompt them to retaliation.

Since writing the above, we have the following particulars from a valued correspondent:

"It seems to be conceded that the meeting last Wednesday evening was the largest political gathering ever had in North Danvers." According to the best estimate, at least three or four thousand people were present. Never before has there been such a display in the way of illumination, etc. Nearly all the houses on the main streets of the Plains and Port were illuminated. Colored lanterns were hung from the large trees about the Square, and, as the procession passed, long Roman candles and other pyrotechnics illumined the way. The Salem Wide Awakes, accompanied by the Salem Band, together with the fire

companies, in torch light, and the new Wide Awake Club of Danvers, then numbering some thirty members, made one of the most imposing processions of the kind Danvers has ever witnessed. Mr. Goodrich surprised everybody. Our people have had not before heard him, and seemed to be entirely ignorant they had so able a Representative. His speech was one of much power, and abounded in facts and the Bell-Everett faction, and presented the Republican party as the only national and conservative party of the country. Candid, logical, and free from scurrility, it carried the reason of his audience with him, and won the most hearty applause. We feel that the meeting was a complete success, and that it was the means of no inconsiderable good to the cause hereabouts.

On Friday, another political demonstration took place in this town, the occasion being the raising of the Bell and Everett banner opposite their headquarters, near the Monument. The Everett Guard, from Boston, were here, numbering forty-six men, and acting as the escort of the Boston and Salem Clubs. The Danvers Club was also present, escorted by the Gen. Putnam and Eagle Engine Companies with their torches. These Companies, which met the Boston and Salem Clubs and preceded them into town, made a brilliant and handsome appearance, quite eclipsing by their numbers and showiness their Boston guests. Fire-works were freely displayed, and the scene about the monument was for a time exceedingly lively, as the procession marched and counter-marched to the music of the bands. As the banner was let out to the breeze, the music played plaintively, and there were cheers given by the drummers but none by the people.

The exercises at the platform commenced before the exhibition of the flag, and were partially interrupted by that event. James W. Osborne, Esq., the President of the South Danvers Bell and Everett Club, stated to the crowd the object of the gathering, in some well chosen remarks, clearly enunciated, in which he made allusion to the sacredness and appropriateness of the spot where they had assembled, and then introduced J. Murray Howe, Esq., of Boston, who made an effective speech of about three-quarters of an hour in length, and was followed by Mr. John S. Holmes of Boston, who made an eloquent address which occupied over an hour. A good part of it was a labored appeal in defense of slavery, and an attempt to show that its further extension was impossible under any administration. In personal appearance, Mr. Holmes strongly reminds one of Ben. F. Butler. He is a very fair campaign speaker, but indulges too freely in political shams to be at all convincing, even to an ordinary mass meeting.

Several campaign songs were sung by a Glee Club, and were well applauded. On the whole, we think our Bell and Everett friends have reason to be satisfied with this gathering as a political demonstration. It was respectable in numbers, the Boston Courier setting it at 3000, which may be nearly correct at the time of the arrival of the procession, although they diminished to a few hundreds before the first speaker had finished. It was respectable in its fine display of torches and fire-works, its illuminations, in its officers and speakers on the stand—and its promoters no doubt expect their candidates to be respectably beaten on the sixth day of next November.

## Stump Speaking Extra.

There was a ludicrous episode at the Union and Constitutional meeting on Friday evening last, which we did not mention in our notice of the proceedings, as we do not wish to hold the party responsible for the acts of one who may have been only an outsider, although the Boston Courier gives his name as one of the regular speakers of the occasion. After Mr. Holmes had concluded his address, and we were about to return to our home, supposing the proceedings had ended, we were recalled by hearing another voice from the platform. We returned to the stand, as we were unwilling to lose any opportunity of enlightenment on the political topics of the day, and there we beheld a man gesticulating violently and talking rapidly, but wholly unable to say anything! The "thread of his discourse" had got into a terrible tangle, and he was often obliged to cut it off. But then he could not find the ends, and didn't know where to begin. He would say "now I've got it," but in a moment he had lost it again. Still he kept on, in spite of the efforts of those on the platform to suppress him. He was not to be suppressed. The drum beat to stop him. He was not to be stopped. He hugged the post at the corner of the platform very affectionately, and continued talking. The drum was tried again, but he still kept on. He hung his right arm over the rope which ran from post to post, and told how he would like to show up and the "intimations from his friends" on the platform prevented him. He evidently thought he had got where the "society was torturing," and expressed a wish to "wet his whistle." He still kept on talking, but always omitting to say anything. The wags of the crowd encouraged him by cries of "go on," and on he went, until at last the band on the platform struck up a crashing tune, so that his voice was lost in the clangor of other brass.

At a meeting of the Republicans of South Danvers, at their Head Quarters, on Wednesday evening, the following gentlemen were chosen as Delegates to the District and County Conventions:—Eben S. Poor, Andrew Porter, John Bailey, Jr., R. G. Nelson, John S. Torr, Jefferson Putnam.

Measures were also taken to organize a company of Wide Awakes. A good spirit prevailed, and a sufficient number of names were offered to ensure a good company; and a meeting for organization will be held at the Republican Head Quarters on Friday evening.

THE MAINS ELECTION.—The vote in 474 towns and plantations in Maine falls up as follows:—Washington (Rep.) 69,480; Smith (Dem.) 51,378; Barnes (Union) 1,530. Washington's plurality is 18,001. In 1856, Fremont (Rep.) had 67,179; Buchanan 39,080; Fillmore 3,326.

BANK DIVIDENDS.—Danvers Bank, South Danvers, 4 per cent. Warren Bank, South Danvers, 4 per cent. Village Bank, Danvers, 3-1-2 per cent. We learn that the Village Bank might have safely declared 4 per cent., but concluded to add their excess of earnings to the reserve fund.

SHELL ANOTHER LINCOLN AND HAMLIN FLAG.—On Wednesday evening last a splendid banner, bearing the names of the Republican candidates, was hung to the breeze at Danvers.

## HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION.

The First regular Exhibition of Fruits, Flowers and Vegetables, by the South Danvers Horticultural Society at Sutton's Hall, was a most gratifying success, and must have exceeded the most sanguine expectations of its members. Not only the Hall, but the large room of the Society in the second story, was filled with the best productions of our gardens, and the decorations of the hall and general arrangements were creditable to the officers of the Society.

Not only the quantity but the quality of the articles exhibited and the taste with which the flowers were arranged, attest to the interest manifested by the contributors. By the kindness of the Secretary, Mr. Miles O. Stanley, we are enabled to give a list of the Contributions, and the Premiums and Gratuities awarded. As might have been expected, the labors of the Committee were arduous and it was often exceedingly difficult to satisfy their own minds of the exact comparative merits of different specimens exhibited. The difficulty was in the great number of contributions, as will be readily appreciated, when it is known that they had over 960 plates of fruits on which they were to come to a decision in a few brief hours.

### FRUIT CONTRIBUTIONS.

Lewis Allen, 16 dishes Apples, 1 dish Pears.  
W. T. Dole, 8 do Apples, 17 do Pears, 6 do Grapes.  
H. Plummer, 1 do Apples, 37 do Pears, 2 do Grapes.  
G. P. Osborn, 19 do Pears.  
F. Barker, 1 do Apples, 7 Pears.  
A. H. Sanger, 3 do Apples, 18 do Pears.  
W. D. Northend, 1 do Apples, 20 do Pears.  
J. S. Torr, 2 do Apples, 12 do Pears.  
Kendall Osborn, 6 do Apples, 4 do Pears.  
Stephen Blaney, 1 do Apples, 22 do Pears.  
G. C. Pierce, 11 do Apples, 23 do Pears.  
M. O. Stanley, 88 dishes Pears.  
Summer Southwick, 18 do Pears, 3 do Grapes.  
John Pinder, 1 do Apples, 14 Pears.  
James Perry, 4 do Apples, 7 do Pears.  
W. H. & Little, 2 do Apples, 22 do Pears.  
Franklin Osborn, 9 do Apples, 1 do Pears.  
Stephen Osborn, 6 do Pears, 1 do Plums.  
John O. Poor, 1 do Apples, 1 do Pears.  
R. H. Brown, 8 do Pears.  
James Cook, 2 do Pears.  
Jefferson Putnam, 4 do Apples.  
Mrs. A. Perry, 1 do Apples, 1 do Grapes.  
J. E. Goldthwaite, 1 do Apples, 1 Peach.  
S. S. Parsons, 1 do Pears.  
Mrs. James Thurston, 1 do Figs.  
A. A. Ward, 3 do Apples.  
J. Shillaber, 3 do Pears.  
D. H. Haskell, 5 do Apples, 1 do Pears.  
Horace Tibbets, 3 do Apples.  
John Abbott, 1 do Pears.  
Benj. Goodridge, 5 do Pears.  
T. N. Barnaby, 3 do Apples, 2 do Pears, and Currant Vine.  
Henry Cook, 9 do Pears.  
M. H. Roberts, 8 do Apples, 1 do Pears, 3 do Peaches, 1 do Cranberries.

W. M. Jacobs, 6 do Pears.  
Sylvester Osborn, 1 do Apples.  
W. L. Pray, 1 do Apples.  
J. S. Dodge, 1 do Apples.  
M. H. Little, 3 do Pears.  
Wm. Sutton, 9 do Pears.  
Caleb Currier, 1 do Apples, 2 do Pears.  
Wm. Volcott, 3 do Apples.  
S. J. Trufanter, 4 do Pears, 2 do Apples, 1 Quince.  
T. B. Kingsley, 2 do Apples.  
David Porter, 1 do Apples, 2 do Pears.  
T. A. Sweetser, 3 do Pears, 3 Peaches.  
Jefferson Taylor, 1 do Pears.  
Wm. F. Perry, 2 do Apples, 1 do Pears.  
J. Frank, 1 do Apples, 1 do Pears.  
J. P. Bunker, 1 do Apples, 1 do Pears.  
G. W. Bancroft, 6 do Apples, 4 do Pears.  
Benj. Huntington, 1 do Pears.  
Joseph Becket, 2 do Apples, 2 do Pears.  
A. L. Pearson, 4 do Pears.  
J. A. French, 1 do Apples.  
A. B. Cowley, 1 do Pears, 1 do Plums.  
D. Moore, 2 do Apples, 1 do Grapes.  
F. M. Osborn, 4 do Pears.  
E. S. Poor, 4 do Apples, 1 do Pears.  
Abel Preston, 2 do Apples, 1 do Grapes.  
Benj. Wilson, 1 do Apples, 2 do Pears, 1 do Peach.  
H. C. Tur, 3 do Apples, 4 do Pears.  
J. Walton, 2 do Apples, 1 do Pears.  
Joseph Poor, 3 do Pears, 3 do Apples.  
D. W. Osborn, 5 do Pears, 3 do Apples, 1 do Peach.  
Daniel Buxton, Jr., 1 do Apples, 1 do Grapes.  
E. Winchester, 5 do Apples.  
Edward Buxton, 1 do Pears.  
Mrs. Mary L. Osborn, 1 dish Figs.  
Hazen Ayer, 3 do Pears, 3 do Apples.  
H. A. King, 1 do Apples, 2 do Pears, 1 do Plums.  
Benj. Wilson, 1 do Apples.  
Gen. P. Daniels, 1 do Pears, 1 do Apples.  
David Daniels, 1 do Apples.  
George A. Osborn, 4 do Pears.  
B. S. Wheeler, 6 do Pears.  
John H. Clement, 4 do Pears, 3 do Apples, 1 Plums.  
John Poor, 4 do Pears, 3 do Apples.  
Asa Bushby, 1 do Pears.  
Robert S. Daniels, 4 do Pears.  
John Reith, 1 do Apples.  
Dr. Choate, 1 do Peaches.  
Phen. Dutton, 1 do Pears.  
Alex. Lewis, 2 do Pears.  
J. S. Hodgkins, 4 do Pears, 4 do Apples.  
W. F. Morrell, 1 do Pears.  
O. E. Pope, 1 do Grapes.  
M. H. Davis, 1 do Apples.  
Benj. Wilson, 2 do Apples.  
Henry Newhall, 2 do Apples.  
A. S. Crawford, 1 do Seedling Peaches.  
Abner Sanger, 2 do Apples.  
Ward Poole, 1 do Apples.  
H. F. Buxton, 1 dish Lemons.  
H. F. Buxton, 1 do Pears, 1 do Apples.  
Wm. Verry, 1 do Pears, 1 do Peaches.  
Peter Eaton, 2 do Apples.  
James P. King, 2 do Pears, 1 do Apples.  
N. H. Poor, 2 do Pears, 1 do Apples.  
Andrew Porter, 1 do Apples, 1 do Pears.  
Lyman H. Osborn, 1 do Apples.  
Samuel Newman, 5 do Pears, 4 do Apples, 2 do Grapes.  
Caleb P. Bomer, 5 do Pears.  
Thos. B. Proctor, 25 do Pears.  
A. K. Abbott, 16 do Pears.  
Levi Spaulding, 1 do Pears, 4 do Apples.  
John V. Stevens, 33 do Pears, 5 do Peaches, 2 do Grapes.  
Richard S. Rogers, Basket of Splendid Black Hamburg and Wilmot Grapes, and dish of fine Bartlett Pears.  
Wm. Maloum, 9 do Pears, 1 do Apples, 1 do Grapes.  
N. H. Ives, 2 plates Specimen Pears.  
Mrs. E. H. Dutton, 2 do Pears, 1 do Grapes.  
Joseph Henderson, 3 do Pears, 1 do Apples, 1 do Blackberries, 1 do Currants, 1 Seedling Peach.  
Chas. E. Brown, Large bunch of Seckel Pears.  
Mrs. Dr. Osborn, 4 dish of fine Drop d'Or Apples.  
Mrs. P. Dane, 1 do Pears.  
B. C. Perkins, 1 do Pears, 1 do Apples.  
A. Hammond, Seedling Apples.  
J. M. Ives, 1 dish of very fine Belle Lucratif Pears.

### Premiums and Gratuities.—for Fruit.

First Premiums.  
Flemish Beauty, A. H. Sanger. Belle Lucratif, R. H. Brown. Bartlett, Benj. Goodridge. Marie Louise, James Perry. Seckel, Geo. A. Osborn. Louise Bonne de Jersey, Hiram Plummer. Urbaniste, M. O. Stanley. Winter Nellis, Benj. Goodridge. Lawrence, A. H. Sanger. Beurre Rose, R. H. Brown. Beurre Clairgaut, John Pinder. Beurre d'Anjou, Thomas Stimpson. Beurre Diep, A. H. Sanger. Beurre Langlier, A. W. Bancroft. Beurre de la Reine, A. K. Abbott. Duchesse d'Angoulême, J. O. Stanley. Glout Moreau, Wm. Peirce. Passe Colmar, H. Plummer. Hiver Nouveau, H. Plummer. Doyenne d'Eté, J. V. Souck, Francis Baker. Paradis d'Automne, J. V. Stevens. Beurre Bachiller, Stephen Blaney. Tyson, Geo. P. Osborn. Tongra, Hardy & Osborn. Swans Orange, Isaac Hardy. White Doyenne, H. Plummer. Soldat Labourier, J. V. Stevens. Washington, A. H. Sanger. Beurre Sterkman, A. W. Bancroft. Noyau Pitou, Joseph Henderson.

Gravenstein, Lewis Allen. Porter, T. N. Barnaby. Baldwin, W. T. Dole. Danvers Winter Sweet, W. D. Northend. Hubbardston Nonsuch, G. C. Pierce. Ladies' Sweeting, Kendall Osborn. Minister, H. Poor. Williams Favorite, W. T. Dole. Greening, E. S. Poor. Roxbury Russett, Lewis Allen.

Black Hamburg, W. T. Dole. Victoria, W. T. Dole. Bowker, W. T. Dole. Concord, H. Plummer. Delaware, H. Plummer. Hartford Profite, J. V. Stevens. Sweet-water, Summer Southwick.

Jenny Lind, J. V. Stevens. George Fourth, T. H. Sweetser.

Best Plate, STEPHEN OSBORN. Second best, John B. Clement.

Lawton, Joseph Henderson. Best Basket of Fruit, S. Southwick. Second best, T. A. Sweetser.

LARGEST NUMBER OF DISHES OF FRUIT.  
40 Varieties, H. PLUMMER. 2d largest, 39 Varieties, J. V. Stevens. 3d largest, 33 Varieties, M. O. Stanley. 4th largest, 28 Varieties, Stephen Blaney. 5th largest, 28 Varieties, T. N. Proctor.

GRATUITIES.  
Pears.  
Gnani Bergamot, H. Wheeler. Vicar of Winkfield, B. Goodridge. Napoleon, J. V. Stevens. Sterling, M. O. Stanley. Buffum, J. Baker. Triumph d'Jodogne, T. B. Proctor. Gratin, Hardy & Osborn. St. Nicholas, J. V. Stevens. Beurre Superfin, A. H. Sanger. Belle Epine Dumas, L. Hardy. Figue d'Alencon, J. V. Stevens. Long Green, W. T. Dole. Beurre Rose, H. Cook. Bartlett, Geo. C. Pierce. Belle Lucratif, Wm. Sutton. Seckel, James Perkins. Beurre Clairgaut, 1 Hardy. Flemish Beauty, Amos Osborn. Beurre d'Anjou, M. O. Stanley. Marie Louise, Stephen Blaney. Andrews, A. K. Abbott. Duchesse d'Angoulême, Geo. P. Osborn. Beurre Diep, Jos. Poor.

APPLES.  
Roxbury Russett, W. H. & P. Little. Killham Hill, J. S. Hodgkins. Gann Sweeting, Kendall Osborn. Hunt's Russett, John Pinder. Fall Harvey, J. Henderson. Drop d'Or, H. A. King. Margaret, S. Newman.

DELAVARE, J. V. Stevens. Black Hamburg, S. Southwick. Linwood (Native) S. Newman. Carter, Abel Preston. Carter, J. B. Clement.

SEEDLING PEACH, J. C. Burbeck. Seedling, Joseph Osgood. Crawford's Late, John Pinder.

II. A. King. Daniel Osborn. Upland Cranberries, M. H. Roberts. Cider, Kendall Osborn. Currant Wine, T. N. Barnaby.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THE VEGETABLE DEPARTMENT.  
Nathan Bushby: Hubbard and Marrow Squashes, Long Parsnips, French Turnips, Potato Onions, Danvers Yellow and Spanish Red Onions.  
M. P. Batchelder: Tomatoes and Melons.  
M. O. Stanley: Mammoth Tomatoes.  
Henry Poor: Blood Beets.  
Eben S. Poor: Marrow Squashes, Sugar Beets, Globe Mangold Wortzel, Jackson White Potatoes, Worcester Seedling Potatoes.

Hardy & Osborn: Marrow Squashes, weighing 338 lbs. all grown on one vine.  
A. H. Glines: California Squashes, Ruta Bagas. James Perry: French Turnips, Hubbard and Marrow Squashes, Drumhead, Savoy, and Purple Cabbages, Blood Beets, Cucumbers, Marynines, African Beans, Yellow Plum Tomatoes, Carrots, Onions.

John V. Stevens: Noveltty Squash, Turbine Squashes, Mexican Cuslaw Squash, Egg Tomatoes.  
M. H. Davis: Carrots, Blood Beets, Turnip Beets, Drumhead, and Savoy Cabbages.  
W. H. & P. Little: Hubbard Squashes.  
A. H. Sanger: Col. Porter Corn matured in 105 days from planting.

J. S. Ingalls, Gardner Potatoes.  
Robert Buxton: King Philip Corn, matured in 105 days from planting.  
J. S. Ingalls: Gardner Potatoes.  
Robert Buxton, King Philip Corn, Eastport Potatoes, Jackson White Potatoes.  
Daniel Osborn: Marrow, Summer, and Hubbard Squashes, California Corn.  
W. F. Cowley: Norway Corn.

Joseph Poor: Cranberry Squashes.  
Benj. Huntington: Turnip Beets, Carrots.  
Alex. Lewis: Artichokes, Cranberry Beans, Topping Corn, Davis Seedling Potatoes.  
Wm. Volcott: Turbine Squashes.  
N. P. C. Patterson: Lincoln & Hamlin Squash, Marrow and Hubbard do., Carrots, Turnips, Sugar Beets, Blood Beets.

Benj. Becket: Box of beautiful Honey in the comb. Specimens of Scotch Winter Wheat, Rio Grande Spring Wheat, and Black Oats 40 lbs. to a bushel. T. E. Keely.  
Richard S. Rogers: Basket of Mammoth Cucumbers, and several varieties of Gourds.

Premiums, &c. for Vegetables.  
First Premium for the largest and best Variety, JAMES PERRY. 2d best, to E. S. Poor.

Gratuities: Wm. T. Dole, for Mammoth Squashes weighing 338 lbs., all grown from one vine. Daniel Osborn, for Squashes. H. Poor, Squashes and Beets. J. V. Stevens, Squashes and Tomatoes. Robert Buxton, Potatoes and Corn. A. H. Sanger, Corn. Hardy & Osborn, Squashes and Cauliflowers. Wm. Volcott, Squashes.

Flower Premiums.  
Best Display of Chrysanthemums, E. H. Houghton. Splendid plant of Brugmansia, W. M. Jacobs. Best dish of cut flowers, J. V. Stevens.

For a very finely arranged bouquet of wild flowers, J. Stiles.  
Mrs. E. S. Poor: 2 fine Bouquets.  
Abel Proctor: several very fine Bouquets.  
MARTHA O. BARRETT: VASE OF FLOWERS.  
Mary Abbott:  
Mary J. Buxton, fine plant of Staphelia.  
C. H. Trufanter, fine plants of Double Princess Feather Grass.  
Mrs. E. W. Jacobs: 2 Hanging Vases of Flowers.

Besides the above, fine bouquets were exhibited by Mrs. B. C. Perkins, Mrs. G. F. Osborn, Mrs. S. N. Mahow, Mrs. Summer Southwick, Mrs. H. Cook, Mrs. Jos. Henderson, Mrs. Abel Preston, Mrs. J. S. Torr, Amariyllis, by Mrs. D. Pierce, Dwarf Dahlias, J. Reith, Jr., Carnation Pinks, Eliza F. Osborn, Sun Flower, W. H. Little. Mrs. E. E. Willie's Wax Fruit was temptingly rich, and we think the Committee might well have been deceived into granting it premiums as a natural production.

Two noble trees of the splendid flower Brugmansia, were exhibited by W. M. Jacobs and E. H. Houghton. The Bowditch School, Central St. sent in a magnificent Pyramid of Flowers, nearly six feet high, which added much to the beauty of the tables.  
Benj. Reed exhibited a pot plant, Salvin.  
Jos. Moore's Pyramid of Fruits attracted much attention, making a temple of Pomona with Apples,

Pears, Grapes, and crowned with Peaches of the richest appearance of any in the room. They were the Crawford's.  
Major Allen presented a plate of Ribstone Pippin apples from a tree set out last May!

Hardy & Osborn's De Tongres pears were very fine and well deserved the premium they obtained. This pear is better than it looks, and ought to be more cultivated. Joseph Worth put in some Egyptian Corn, a great curiosity. Chas. E. Brown sent clusters of Seckel pears which were trying hard to crowd each other off the limb. Alex. Lewis's Davis Seedling potatoes, very prolific. He raised 24 bushels on 80 square feet of land.

PREMIUMS ON FRUITS.—As self-constituted Committee on Fruits, we are pleased to be enabled to report Premiums to Squires Shove, Samuel Parsons, John V. Stevens, and George Hancock, on Pears, and to M. C. Oby, Esq. on Apples, all of which were found to be of excellent quality and in good quantity. We also award the very largest Premium to Mr. Stephen Osborn, for Jefferson Plums, the same that won the premium at the Horticultural Society.

We take this opportunity to announce the gratuity of our warmest thanks to others who have kindly submitted fruit to our inspection. Entries of fruits may continue to be made at the Wizard office or at our house on Main St.  
The above Premiums are payable on the day after the election of Bell and Everett to the Presidency.

UNION FLAG.—Upon the evening of the Bell-Everett demonstration, our neighbor DANK unfurled to the air a Union Standard, to float in the breeze until the November election. That flag which like the head of this item "bears the BELLS," is suspended from a flag drawn from the Warren Bank building across Main St. to Mr. D's brick block, attracts great admiration by the beauty of its material, and its tasteful adornment by the beauty of the flag is inscribed in neat characters, "THE CONSTITUTION, THE UNION, THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS"; and in the Union among the stars, are the words, "BELL & EVERETT."

Intrinsically, we believe this is the handsomest flag in the vicinity, and it is also an ornament to the public square, and a credit to its public-spirited and large-hearted owner, who never does anything by halves. Enamored of its loveliness, the golden sunshine bathes it in a flood of glory, and the Autumn winds waft it gracefully heavenward as they enfold it in loving embrace. Aside from its party-motives, all may gaze with patriotic pride upon this beautiful banner, and feel with thrilling heart that under whatever disguise, "Our Flag is there!" the glorious ensign of Republican Liberty.

"Forever float that Standard Sheet,  
Where kneels the free, but falls before us,  
With Freedom's soul beneath our feet,  
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!"

BUTCHER CARTS.—Our readers, we think, can hardly have failed to notice, that the progressive tendencies of the age are no more surely indicated in electric telegraphs and Union tickets of fire and water, and political cut-and-dug fusions, than in the perfecting and adorning of Butchers' carts. Compare one of these construction—gracefully proportioned, ornamentally painted, and scrupulously neat, with its appetite-provoking contents tastefully arranged, with the old-fashioned, clumsy, lumbering, ragged vehicles which were formerly too common. If the present handsome vehicles in use by the provision dealers, who as a class have always constituted so respectable and well-to-do a class in our community,—are as much evidence of their prosperity as of their enterprised, we heartily rejoice at their good fortune. To be sure Crouker says he sees no signs of improvement in the carts. BUT-MAN! we exclaim to our unreasonable neighbor, a good north wind! As we behold not only the stylish vehicles but also the sleek and fast horses of our provision dealers, it strikes us that with the present FAIR FIELD for their operations, the men of the same craft in towns around us, could not safely run a "Trot on them." They are always faithful to duty through WHEELER whom! and in any fair contest for premiums we would wager any amount that our butchers would carry off the first A. WARD. We saw yer enterprised and prophesied its success.

ROPE WALKING.—This kind of public exhibition is no new thing. Full forty years ago we witnessed in this town such a performance. The rope was stretched from the top of the old Synodists tavern which stood where Mr. Dane's store now is, to the chimney of the house of Mr. Fairfield. The feat was performed by a man dressed in regimentals, a red coat, buff breeches and Chapeau with a plume, and he carried a long balance pole. He walked across and returned with what was carried about in the crowd below to receive their contributions. It was thought at that time to be a great exploit. Many refused to witness it, as they thought it was "tempting of Providence."

STARTLING.—Mr. Willis says that when he was at the Chapel of Antioch College, the other Sunday, seated in a very adolescent assemblage of under graduates of both sexes, he was a little startled, on the rising of the Reverend President (Dr. H. H. H.), the pulpit, to hear the brief scripture adjuration, "Love one another," given out separately, and with emphatic repetition as the text of the discourse!

"Do the admirers of pretty Milliners know why they are called so? Not one in a million. The name comes from Milan, the city from which Millinery goods were first imported into England."

THIS WIZARD.—The great grain growing portions of our country are fast emerging from the depression caused by the years of the failure of their crops. Our late fellow townsman, Mr. ADINO PAON, who is now in this neighborhood on a business tour, informs us that great buoyancy is felt at the West on account of the recent productive crops, and all feel that brighter days are dawning. Our old friend has lost nothing of his geniality or rotundity, so that we are almost afraid to say, "May his shadow never be less."

TRAMPERS' MAGAZINE.—We are indebted to A. Williams, No. 100 Washington street, Boston, for the October number of this valuable work. Mr. E. B. Wallis, of the Danvers Periodical Store, has them for sale, together with all the popular literature of the day.



... indebted to Mr.  
Boston, for the Oc-  
rk. Mr. E. B. Waitt,  
has them for sale, to-  
... of the day.

Fancy Goods, 152 Essex st., Bowker Place  
sep19











# THE WIZARD.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1860.

OUTSIDE.—Our readers will find another letter from Mr. Dabson and other matter of interest on the first page. We have received another communication from our Far West correspondent.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—By reference to our advertising columns, it will be noticed that Messrs. LUNT & HUNT, a young but enterprising firm, have extended their business, and in addition to Foreign and Domestic Fruit, now keep a supply of choice Groceries.

EM. F. BURNHAM, having transferred his express business to his son, Webster F. Burnham, now announces himself as sole agent for the unrivaled Magic Soap, which for washing clothes, removing grease spots, cleaning paint, etc., has no equal.

E. UPRON, well known to our citizens, will open a Dancing School for juveniles and young ladies at Sutton Hall, on Saturday, October 20th.

GEORGE P. DARTMOUTH (three doors east of the Monument), advertises that he has just received a new lot of Prints, De Laines, Lyonsese Cashmires, and Ribbons, which he is selling at very low prices. He has also on hand a good supply of Ready-Made Clothing, Hats and Caps, Carpeting and Rubber Goods.

JOHN P. PARSONS, having taken a new store at No. 220 Essex street, Salem, now announces a "Grand Opening" of new goods of all kinds usually found in a ladies' furnishing store.

GEORGE S. WALKER, No. 152 Essex street, Salem, respectfully invites the attention of his friends and the public to his stock of Men's Furnishing Goods. See Advertiser advertisement.

## Hon. Geo. S. Hillard.

The eminent position which Mr. Hillard occupies in the world of letters, his unblemished integrity as a man, and the high esteem in which he is held by those whose associations are such as to enable them to appreciate his character and worth, invest his views upon the political questions which now engross the attention of the American people, with no small degree of interest. With little inclination either from taste or habit to participate actively in the excitements and disputations of a political canvass, he is now perhaps, the most active and influential opponent to the candidates of the Republican Party in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

This general respect which is entertained for his character and the charitable spirit which he exhibits in pronouncing upon the opinions of others, ought certainly to temper the tone of his opponents, but should not exempt the opinions he may entertain or those of the Candidates who receive his support and advocacy, from that careful examination which the importance of the present crisis demands of every citizen of the Republic.

Our limits do not permit any extended review of the course of political action which he has recently advocated in this vicinity and in other parts of the Commonwealth, and at this time we can only glance at a single point which he makes in the progress of his argument. Mr. Hillard, formerly a Whig, and of that class of Whigs who claim to have manifested a uniform hostility to the extension of Slavery, contends that the repeal of the Missouri Compromise was really a boon to the North, and that the restoration of that line would be a misfortune to the interests of Freedom, through the implied dedication to slave labor of all of the territory of the United States south of 36 d. 30 m.

The obvious answer to all such arguments is, that the Territories of the United States situated south of that line do not hold out the same inducements to immigration and settlement as those which girt the central part of the country and are situated immediately north of it. The South have secured Texas to Slavery by the conditions of its annexation, if the people so elect, and those conditions are such that they have been pronounced by Mr. Webster to partake of the nature of a contract and are consequently under the protection of the Constitution. Where is the territory south of 36 30, that will be available at any near period of time for the purposes of settlement? It is neither to New Mexico or Utah that the Southern slave-holders are disposed to go in any considerable numbers. But Kansas they wished to secure and the rich agricultural territories lying north of the line of the Compromise and protect before its repeal by legislation which has preserved to Freedom the ample regions of the Great West; legislation which was not considered as unnecessary or inexpedient.

It is not necessary now to say that it was in 1787, if positive law was thought important to secure the territory of the North West from Slavery when the Statesman of the country were almost unanimous in their hostility to the institution, what shall we say now when laws are repealed not in order to extend the area of Freedom but for the obvious purpose of doing away with restrictions to the spread of Slavery? The Dred Scott decision has explained that repeal to the people of the North and if the power of Congress over the Territory of the United States has not been entirely swallowed up by that judicial act, the policy of prohibiting Slavery by law will, with the sure triumph of the Republican party, supersede an over-weening confidence in the efficiency of the laws of self or climate to protect any part of the globe from the avarice and cupidity of man. If Mr. Hillard objects to the Republican Party that they do not propose to restore the Missouri Compromise, he will be satisfied, we trust, with their larger purpose that looks to the prohibition of Slavery in all the Territories and the restoration of the policy of the general government upon the question of Slavery to the practice which prevailed in the early periods of our national history.

## Mrs. E. E. Willey's Wax Fruits.

FRIEND WIZARD:—In your notice of the South Danvers Horticultural Exhibition, in your last issue, you seem to imply that the Committee did not take suitable notice of the above-named lady's skillful and beautiful counterfeits of nature's fruit. I am pleased to inform you that, although it was the intention of the Society to give no awards outside the Society, this was made an exception. Also, Flowers which were so skillfully arranged, and beautifully supplied, by the ladies.

ONE OF THE COMMITTEE.

## South Danvers Wide-Awakes.

The first meeting of the Wide-Awakes last Monday evening at the Town Hall was a rouser. The Committee reported that 138 had enlisted, and that many more recruits were expected before the first public parade. It was the most really wide-awake meeting we have witnessed in this town for a long time. The true spirit was manifested which is to overthrow the present corrupt administration of the general government and establish an honest and capable one in its stead. Seldom have we seen more patriotic ardor and determination. The whole seemed actuated by one impulse, as if diffused by electric fire. They were as explosive as gunpowder. All the proceedings were marked by unanimity and the utmost good humor. Benj. C. Perkins, Esq., was elected Chairman of the meeting, and Mr. Francis A. Baker Secretary. The following is the official account of the Officers of the Association elected:

Commander, R. G. NELSON; 1st Lieutenant, Frank T. Arnold; 2d Lieut., John O. Poor; 3d Lieut., Alfred McKenzie; 4th Lieut., Louis A. Manning; 5th Lieut., William Stanley; 6th Lieut., James Pope. Sergeants: Augustus Tucker, William Hammond, Henry H. Proctor, Albert W. Woodbury, Edward T. Floyd, T. S. Trask.

On motion of Hon. E. S. Poor the Company voted to attend the demonstration of the Republicans at Melrose, next Thursday evening, in compliment to our distinguished Member of Congress, Hon. D. W. Gooch. The Company meeting broke up with three cheers for the Captain, and three more for Lincoln and Hamlin, each trio closing with a "Wide-Awake."

## Union Party.

MR. EDITOR:—The party bearing the above cognomen is a strange anomaly in the political world. It professes to be distinct from all other parties—but we have endeavored in vain to ascertain in what this pretended distinction consists. It professes to be in favor of the Union. And what party, we ask, does not? Is Mr. Breckinridge in favor of disunion? Nobody pretends that he is. Is Mr. Douglas? Just as far from it as Mr. B. Is Mr. Lincoln? No one has ever charged him with holding such an opinion. What reason, then, is there for styling the Bell-everetts, by way of distinction, the Union party? We can think of but one, and that is the great anxiety which that party has manifested to unite with any other party that would consent to join it. The Boston Courier, the organ of the party, has not said in so many words, "Do come and join us, or let us unite with you, in order that we may make something of a show in the political world," but its sentences have had a double meaning—like the Widow's advertisement, written beneath her shop-window—"No reasonable offer refused here."

Do the members of this party really believe that the Union is in danger? But from what source does this danger arise, when every political party in the country is opposed to it? The individual who can persuade himself, that the Union is in danger in these circumstances, would (as Dr. Johnson once remarked) "have raised an alarm of fire amid the Deluge."

The idea therefore, of getting up a party at the present time, for the express purpose of saving the Union, is about as sensible as the course pursued by Owen Whim's officers (as related by Rabelais) two of whom were stationed on the top of a tower, to watch the moon, and guard it against the attack of wolves!

Again, this party professes to be based upon the Constitution. And is there any party in the country that does not put forth the same claim? We know of none. There is however, this difference between the Bell-everetts and all other parties. Each one has drawn up a platform of principles as its belief of what the Constitution contains. But the Union party maintains a "boisterous silence on the subject." It treats the Constitution just as the whale did Jonah, swallowing it without digestion.

It is impossible to get a Bell-everett to define his principles, (he is ashamed to commit himself in favor of Slavery) and thus make it appear, wherein he differs from other parties. He will commit himself no further than this—"he stands upon the Constitution." Ask him what the Constitution teaches in regard to the extension of Slavery. He still reports, "I stand upon the Constitution." He resembles the man who claimed to be a Christian, but being too lazy to pray himself hired his minister to write out a prayer for him, which he said must be just right, for he could not spend time to examine it. Having procured the document, he called it to the head-board of his bed, and every night before dropping asleep, would lift his eyes solemnly to heaven, and pointing with one hand to the written prayer, exclaim, "Lord, them's my sentiments exactly."

What is the question which is the substance of the Union and all other political parties? Echo answers, Where?

## Fusion for the Defeat of Lincoln.

There are five parties in the field, and five candidates for the Presidency of 1861. Efforts are making everywhere to unite all of these parties, but the Republican, in opposition to the election of Lincoln. Four against one seems to be three too many. Let them unite if they can. We would like to see what kind of pandowdy such a union would make. Mix up Douglas and Bell and Gerrit Smith and John C. Breckinridge in one dish. Stir them well, and let them slumber, and what a scum would arise! What quantities of Disunion would come from the Smith and Breckinridge portion—what empty bubbles from the Bell part, and what settlements of humbuggery from the Douglas! Here we should witness the union of the "everlasting nigger" of Breckinridge and Bell with the same long-lived "nigger" of Gerrit Smith, Breckinridge disunionists would join hands with Douglas non-interventionists, and the Bell would ring merrily at their sepulchre, only to toll more dimly at the disintegration of their cherished hopes.

HORTICULTURAL SHOW.—Our friend Stillaber of the Boston Evening Gazette has opened a Horticultural Show and invites contributions. The fruits will be duly examined by a Committee consisting of Mrs. Partington, Dr. Spooner, the Brahman, Prof. Wildswarth, and like.

We take this opportunity to repeat our notice, that the Wizard Horticultural Show continues open for contributions until further notice. The "Show" has been added to the committee, and we may possibly soon take our "Q."

The American Board of Foreign Missions holds its meetings in Boston this week.

## Letter from Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 28, '60.

DEAR WIZARD:—As your readers, like "all the rest of mankind," are looking to the result of our election for Governor, on the 9th of Oct., with some interest, they will be glad to learn that not the shadow of a doubt now exists that this State will go for Curtin, the Republican candidate. A few weeks since, the visit of Douglas in search of the maternal bosom, and the meeting of the Douglas-Breck men in this city, seemed to give their party a galvanic shock and a promise of a nearly even chance at the election; but when a careful analysis had been made of what they said, and their hollow promises and arguments for a tariff had been exposed, it was found they had lost votes by the operation. There are many persons with tariff proclivities who would vote for Douglas (and Foster) anti-tariff as they are, and have been, for the sake of showing their fealty to their party, but they utterly refuse to vote for hypocrites. When Douglas said, "Pennsylvania ought to have a tariff," and when Foster took up the cry and declared that if his efforts had been successful she would have had a tariff years ago, even their friends said, we can't swallow that, but must leave with our principles for the camp of the enemy.

The Democrats made a great mistake too a few nights ago, by getting up a Bell and Everett meeting, and getting all of their own forces to attend and make a big show. It was previously supposed that the "B. E.'s" would go for Foster anyhow, but this meeting was to make it sure. But alas for human, and especially Democratic calculations! the men forgot all about B. & E., and cheered for Foster the whole evening; which so disgusted the real B. & E.'s, that they have in large numbers gone over to Curtin.

Thus lays the field, and so stand the signs. A great battle is raging here between "Webster and Worcester." Webster has all the advantage of superior merit, popularity and gentlemanly defenders. Worcester is pushed by indomitable energy, but accompanied by personalities, which betrays weakness and foretells defeat.

We have had a few nights of the Opera with Miss Patti as the chief (but smallest) attraction. Forrest's engagement for several weeks the coming season, is looked forward to with much pleasure.

The Prince will arrive when he gets here, but people will not know it until they find it out, as no display is to be made.

## Letter from Washington.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 26th, '60.

DEAR WIZARD: There is still a dearth of news in this, the federal metropolis; nothing happens of any particular interest to break the monotony of the Congressional recess, yet there are many visitors arriving from day to day, and the avenue is enlivened by the strangers who stop long enough to do the town, and then are off again. The Hotels are doing a fine business on account of the travel southward—which is now very great.

Cooper's American Opera Troupe is now here for a short season; last evening Bellini's Opera of Norma was presented in a very satisfactory manner to a fair house. There was wanting, however, the elaborate toilets and flashing diamonds, that make up so much in the appearance of an audience during the "gay season." Still, many of the fair and fashionable were present. The principal roles were supported with considerable merit, especially Norma, by the Prima Donna, Miss Annie Milner. Adalgisa, Orsola, and Polina, were also well rendered. Unfortunately the Orchestra was very poor, which in a measure spoils the effect of the piece.

The weather is now getting to be quite comfortable, making it pleasant to stroll about, and we are tempted to a walk through the public buildings to note the sights and improvements. First we will take a hasty survey of the principal rooms in the Capitol building.

Commencing with the north (Senate) wing, our attention is called to the beauties of art so lavishly displayed upon the walls and ceiling of the lower corridors. Panels with beautiful landscapes, cornices and borders richly ornamented, form a pleasing panorama. The eye is bewildered by the excellent colorings of the flowers of all descriptions, and birds of every plumage, all painted from nature, by the best artists. We pass on up the private stairway, which is guarded by heavy and beautifully wrought bronze railings, to the "President's Room" in the rear of the Senate Chamber. This room though small, is a perfect little jewel, and long could we linger in admiration. Upon the panels of the walls are life size portraits of Washington and his Cabinet—Jefferson, Hamilton, Knox, Randolph and Ogden. Upon the ceilings are representations of Christopher Columbus, Ben. Franklin, Wm. Brewster and Amerigo Vesputius. There are also allegorical pictures, the "Executive," represented by the goddess Wisdom, with two cherubs Law and Philosophy; "Legislation," represented by a mother of the revolution with a drawn sword, teaching her children the Constitution; "Liberty," with a halo of stars about her head; "Religion," represented by the pious mother with her children and bible, her eyes turned heavenward showing wherein is her trust. Other pictures representing War and Peace, Agriculture and Mechanics, Art and Science, &c., are beautifully portrayed.

The floor is a beautiful pattern of the encaustic style imported from Stoke-upon-Trent. A great amount of it is used about the building, all the rooms and corridors in the new wings being laid with it.

We now pass into the Senators' Retiring Room, or what is called the "Marble Room." The walls and ceilings are of highly polished Italian, and colored Tennessee marble. There are no gaudy decorations—all solid marble, and it has a rich and solid appearance which makes it very attractive.

Next in order comes the Senate Reception Room, called the "Gold Room," from the fact that the vine scroll and other work upon the walls and ceilings are covered with pure gold leaf. It is a very fine room.

The Senate Post Office has some pretty frescoes upon the ceilings. We will leave it and pass on through the new Senate Chamber, but as there is nothing particular to attract our attention, now that the Senators are away, we will make no stop, but keep on to the Rotunda.

On the way, we can scarcely restrain a sigh of regret that the workmen should thus demolish the old Senate Chamber, which echoed to the eloquence of those great statesmen who live only in remembrance and history. The Hall is being remodelled for the use of the Supreme Court. We now enter the Rotunda and find ourselves among many visitors who are examining the large and beautiful paintings set in the circular walls. The principal ones are the Surrender

of Lord Cornwallis, Washington resigning his commission, Embarkation of the Pilgrims, Landing of Columbus, Declaration of Independence, &c., the figures all life-size. There are also portraits of several of the Presidents. When the new dome is finished, and the present temporary ceiling removed, the Rotunda will present a much better appearance. Passing through the old Hall of Representatives, now occupied as a store room for the pieces of statuary rescued from the progress of civilization, to be placed over the porticoes of the wings,—we enter the new and spacious Hall. It is a magnificent room—well arranged not only for the comfort and convenience of the members, but also for the visitors. It is lighted by day and by night from above, through stained glass windows, where are representations of the coats of arms of the several States.

In the House wing, the principal apartment is the Speaker's Room, which is beautifully finished and furnished, but we miss the good natured face of the old Jersey gentleman, who when not engaged in the official chair, receives his friends with a smile of welcome, and whose genial manners put to flight all ideas of intrusion which visitors might think themselves guilty of.

There are many Committee Rooms that are attractive, but we cannot now visit them, as the waving branches in yonder park seem to beckon us to their friendly shade. So we will leave these halls where patriotic men vie with Demosthenes in their eloquence, as they slaughter the poor speech-blown "American Eagle" and enshroud his remains in the folds of our "Star spangled banner,"—where excitable members almost use *ardentia verba* when shouting with all their power, "Mr. Speaker! Mr. Speaker!" in vain endeavors to gain the floor during some angry debate;—yes, we must leave this, the arena of so many interesting scenes, and join the promenaders in the Park.

Anon we may look through some of the other public buildings; till then, Adieu.

Yours truly, OCCASIONAL.

## Letter from Vermont.

NEWPORT, VT., Sept. 24, 1860.

MR. EDITOR:—It is a trite saying that Massachusetts people beat all the world and "the rest of mankind" in making improvements out of the immediate vicinity of the "City of Witches." This has been fully demonstrated in this wilderness by the energy and efforts of S. D. & Simon Pender, who have commenced building one of the largest hotels in Vermont, which will be completed, and furnished throughout, ready for the fashionable and traveling public early next spring. It may be unpleasant to you to know that the superintendence of it is under the charge of Mr. C. G. Folsom of South Danvers, and that the great body of workmen in all the various branches are South Danvers men; consequently much may be anticipated as to the perfection of the building.

Last Thursday, the 20th inst. was a great day for the good people in this vicinity. It was expected that H. R. II. the Prince of Wales would have been here to lay the corner stone of "Pender's Hotel," and early in the morning the crowd exceeded all expectations. On the arrival of the steamer "Mountain Maid," it was publicly announced that the Prince, owing to previous engagements, found it impossible to accept the invitation of Messrs. Penders, personally, but had deputed Lord Frederick Verisight to act in his behalf. The people, though greatly disappointed, were bound to make the most of it, and have a good time generally; and when Lord Frederick and suite landed from the steamer, the air resounded with the booming of cannon and the hearty cheers of over five thousand voices.

At half past two o'clock P. M. the corner-stone was settled in its place, with appropriate remarks by Lord Frederick, in behalf of H. R. II., and the company adjourned to a collation furnished by that apt caterer for the appetite, L. Buck, Esq., of the Memphrenagog House. Some three hundred sat at the table. The usual formula of eating and drinking, toasts and sentiments, were gone through, and at 6 o'clock, when all were surfeited with the flow of wine and flow of soul, his Lordship took his departure, amid enthusiastic cheers and the appropriate salute of big guns.

It may be well to say that within the corner-stone, and encaused with lead, were placed specimens of all the various coins of the United States and Great Britain made since 1850; also a parchment, upon which was written the names of the builders, and by whom the stone was laid, with the date "Sept. 20, 1860," together with an autograph letter of H. R. II.

STXX.

EMARR-UP.—Last Friday there was a smash-up of coal cars on the Lowell railroad, near the South Danvers station. As a train was backing down across Central street, the advancing cars ran off at a diagonal switch, and the rear cars came on, cracking and crushing, and piling themselves up in most admired confusion. No person was injured, but the scene presented a picture of the horrors which would have occurred had cars loaded with passengers been thus promiscuously thrown into heaps.

We learn that the bad habit prevails on this road of sending trains of cars to Salem by the impetus of the descending grade, and without an engine. We think this practice a dangerous one, and it ought to be discontinued.

JUVENILE PARTISANS.—The frequent political demonstrations in our streets have found imitators in the boys, who parade with their lanterns and nothings, led off by a little drummer beating on sheepskin with great energy. It is amusing to see how they ape their seniors in shouting cheers for "Linkling and Hambleton," or "Bullenverett," at the same time poking up their little forefingers in the most approved style. They "also" sing out to the breeze, their little partizan flags in the back yards, and shout lustily at the raising. These young patriots generally adopt the politics of their fathers, although some of them are politic enough at any rate to choose the majority side. Those who adopt the sentiments of their mothers are generally Republican, as the ladies are known generally to admire our handsome rail-splitter candidate.

REVOLUTIONARY RELIC.—We have been permitted to see a bullet which was shot by the British into the hand of an American in the Revolutionary war. It went through the palm and after several weeks, while the sufferer was a prisoner, it was taken out of the back of the hand. It was preserved by the wounded man, Mr. Jacob Reed, until his death, in Jan. 1835, and is now in possession of his family at No. 4 Andover St. in this town. Mr. Reed originated in Salem.

## LAST PICTURE OF THE SEASON AT UNION GROVE.

There will be a social picnic at Union Grove, West Danvers, this (Wednesday) afternoon. Wyatt & Parsons' Band (on brass and string) have been engaged for the occasion, which will play for about an hour in South Danvers Square before starting for the Grove. A coach will be run to accommodate the band and others desirous of attending. Should the weather be unfavorable it will be postponed till the next day.

PERFUMERY.—Hoylingberg keeps his show case well supplied with all the new perfumeries. One of the latest is the "Prince of Wales," probably the same kind used by the son of his mother and by the mother of her son. The Prince is supposed not to have had a father. Mr. Hoylingberg is appointed agent for the sale of all Mr. Barney's celebrated cosmetics, among them the genuine Bear's Oil. Mr. H. keeps his bears in his shop cellar.

DANVERS.—The following gentlemen have been elected Officers of Holden Division, No. 160, S. of T. for the ensuing year:—T. C. Everett, W. P.; A. R. Sanborn, W. A.; Harrison Gray, R. S.; S. F. Gray, A. R. S.; E. F. Putnam, F. S.; A. S. Howard, T. J. P. Margeson, C.; Nathan T. Putnam, A. C.; Lewis C. Batson, I. S.; J. Otis Tyler, O. S.; John Burns, Chaplain; Eri Hayward, Chor.; James Inman, As. Chor.

BOSTON COURIER AND SALEM REGISTER.—These two papers have had a passage-at-arms, in which the Courier was handsomely floored by our spicy neighbor, as we may judge by the weak defense of the Courier of yesterday. The latter paper has a laborious and up-hill work to perform, and it must be very careful how it pitches into the Republican journals.

NEW MUSIC.—By the politeness of George Creamer, of the Up-Town Bookstore, 243 Essex street, Salem, we are indebted to several pieces of choice music, viz: "Through Life's Desert Lone and Weary" (a ballad), "Still in my Dreams," "Gathered Leaves" (a collection of popular melodies), "To Mary—a Dream of Youth" (serenade).

ROBBER.—Mrs. Abby Duxton, of this town, was robbed of a gold watch and chain, in Boston, on the 20th ult., while sitting in the ladies' room at the Boston and Maine depot. By making known her loss to the police, the thief was caught and the property recovered.

AUCTION SALES MADE BY T. TRANE, S. DANVERS. Small house and land on Old Boston Road to Joseph Nelson, for \$1000.

Sept. 27. About six acres of land on Andover St. John Wilson for \$2000 cash.

THAT SACRILEGE.—Some unknown person has clandestinely and presumptuously been guilty of depositing a nice large squash, of the Hubbard family, in our entry. We shall overlook the offense this time, but we would like to have the fellow repent it!

## Essex Agricultural Fair.

The 42d Anniversary of the Essex Agricultural Society took place in this town on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week, and was well attended, but not by so large a crowd as in some former years. The absence of the usual show of cattle may have been one cause of this. The show in other departments was very fine. Francis Dane of this town exhibited his pair of Black Hawk horses, weighing twenty-two hundred pounds. Mon. R. S. Rogers exhibited his fine pointer, the Chester hog, which weighed 41 lbs. at 2 years and 5 mos. Eben. S. Poor exhibited his recently imported Ayrshire Bull, Heifers and Calf.

The Annual Address by Prof. J. L. Russell, of Salem, the eminent Naturalist, who reviewed the collection of his own specialty with that of the agriculturist, finding much in common in the two pursuits. The address was well and forcibly delivered and held the attention of a large auditory a full hour. It abounded in interesting statements and suggestive thoughts and will be an admirable production to add to the Society's published transactions.

After the Address, the Society and guests dined together in the great tent, where after dinner speeches were made by Col. Adams, the retiring President, Col. Davis of Plymouth, Prof. Russell, Dr. Geo. B. Loring, C. L. Flint, and Mr. Newton of Vermont.

Among the premiums awarded was the First Premium for Plowing, to Daniel Richards of Danvers, who won the Manny's Mower valued at \$75. E. G. Berry of Danvers and J. H. Lovett of So. Danvers also took premiums.

Frederick Parley of Danvers, took 1st premium, \$10, for Broad mares, and John Parley of South Danvers, for stallion horses, \$5.

For Swine, Daniel Richards took \$5, and Byron Goodale \$5, and \$3.

For Poultry, gratuities were awarded, to Daniel Duxton, \$1; to W. P. Wilkinson, for Black Spanish, \$2, and for Bantams \$1. Robert Duxton, \$2, and J. G. Burdick, J. Allen, Wm. Beckett, and Geo. F. Brock, \$1, each.

The show of Fruits and Flowers was large; although not greatly exceeding our Horticultural Exhibition in the number of places, they were more beautifully filled. In Pears, the show was hardly up to the Horticultural, but in Apples and Peaches, exceeded it. The Flowers were also more elaborately displayed. Of the household manufactures and fancy articles, we thought the display less in quantity than at Danvers last year.

GRATUITIES.—Adam Nesmith, H. & J. M. Perry, Wm. R. Putnam and Warren Sheldon, Danvers—\$1.75 each; Josiah Gray and Albert J. Spaulding, Danvers; Joseph Moore, Stephen Blaney, Lewis Allen, Samuel Newhall, Andrew S. Porter, Hiram Plummer, Benjamin Joseph, Stephen, A. P. Phillips, John B. Clement, S. Osborn, Stephen Fernald, Thomas B. Proctor and Samuel Blake South Danvers—\$1 each.

APPLES.—Amos Brown, Danvers, Ribston Pippin; Ira Foster, S. Danvers, Baldwin; Dan Richards, Danvers, Winter Sweet; D. Richards, Danvers, Greenstein; W. Sheldon, do, Minister; A. J. Spaulding, do, Sweet Baldwin; Peter Wait, do, Ramond's Red Sweet; W. L. Weston, do, Ladine Sweeting; Nathan Bushby, S. Danvers, Fameuse; S. P. Fowler, Danvers, Jonathan; J. Allen, S. Danvers, Red Russet of N. H.; S. D. Pender, S. Danvers, Fall Harvey; H. A. King, S. Danvers, do; J. F. Feltows, Danvers, Lycom; Warren Sheldon, do; J. P. Pippin; Lewis Allen, S. Danvers, Ben or Ruskin—\$1 each.

BASKETS Assorted Fruit—1st premium, J. V. Stevens, South Danvers, \$4; 2d, Danvers, \$3; 3d, Danvers, \$2; 4th, Danvers, \$1; 5th, Danvers, \$1; 6th, Danvers, \$1; 7th, Danvers, \$1; 8th, Danvers, \$1; 9th, Danvers, \$1; 10th, Danvers, \$1; 11th, Danvers, \$1; 12th, Danvers, \$1; 13th, Danvers, \$1; 14th, Danvers, \$1; 15th, Danvers, \$1; 16th, Danvers, \$1; 17th, Danvers, \$1; 18th, Danvers, \$1; 19th, Danvers, \$1; 20th, Danvers, \$1; 21st, Danvers, \$1; 22nd, Danvers, \$1; 23rd, Danvers, \$1; 24th, Danvers, \$1; 25th, Danvers, \$1; 26th, Danvers, \$1; 27th, Danvers, \$1; 28th, Danvers, \$1; 29th, Danvers, \$1; 30th, Danvers, \$1; 31st, Danvers, \$1; 32nd, Danvers, \$1; 33rd, Danvers, \$1; 34th, Danvers, \$1; 35th, Danvers, \$1; 36th, Danvers, \$1; 37th, Danvers, \$1; 38th, Danvers, \$1; 39th, Danvers, \$1; 40th, Danvers, \$1; 41st, Danvers, \$1; 42nd, Danvers, \$1; 43rd, Danvers, \$1; 44th, Danvers, \$1; 45th, Danvers, \$1; 46th, Danvers, \$1; 47th, Danvers, \$1; 48th, Danvers, \$1; 49th, Danvers, \$1; 50th, Danvers, \$1; 51st, Danvers, \$1; 52nd, Danvers, \$1; 53rd, Danvers, \$1; 54th, Danvers, \$1; 55th, Danvers, \$1; 56th, Danvers, \$1; 57th, Danvers, \$1; 58th, Danvers, \$1; 59th, Danvers, \$1; 60th, Danvers, \$1; 61st, Danvers, \$1; 62nd, Danvers, \$1; 63rd, Danvers, \$1; 64th, Danvers, \$1; 65th, Danvers, \$1; 66th, Danvers, \$1; 67th, Danvers, \$1; 68th, Danvers, \$1; 69th, Danvers, \$1; 70th, Danvers, \$1; 71st, Danvers, \$1; 72nd, Danvers, \$1; 73rd, Danvers, \$1; 74th, Danvers, \$1; 75th, Danvers, \$1; 76th, Danvers, \$1; 77th, Danvers, \$1; 78th, Danvers, \$1; 79th, Danvers, \$1; 80th, Danvers, \$1; 81st, Danvers, \$1; 82nd, Danvers, \$1; 83rd, Danvers, \$1; 84th, Danvers, \$1; 85th, Danvers, \$1; 86th, Danvers, \$1; 87th, Danvers, \$1; 88th, Danvers, \$1; 89th, Danvers, \$1; 90th, Danvers, \$1; 91st, Danvers, \$1; 92nd, Danvers, \$1; 93rd, Danvers, \$1; 94th, Danvers, \$1; 95th, Danvers, \$1; 96th, Danvers, \$1; 97th, Danvers, \$1; 98th, Danvers, \$1; 99th, Danvers, \$1; 100th, Danvers, \$1; 101st, Danvers, \$1; 102nd, Danvers, \$1; 103rd, Danvers, \$1; 104th, Danvers, \$1; 105th, Danvers, \$1; 106th, Danvers, \$1; 107th, Danvers, \$1; 108th, Danvers, \$1; 109th, Danvers, \$1; 110th, Danvers, \$1; 111th, Danvers, \$1; 112th, Danvers, \$1; 113th, Danvers, \$1; 114th, Danvers, \$1; 115th, Danvers, \$1; 116th, Danvers, \$1; 117th, Danvers, \$1; 118th, Danvers, \$1; 119th, Danvers, \$1; 120th, Danvers, \$1; 121st, Danvers, \$1; 122nd, Danvers, \$1; 123rd, Danvers, \$1; 124th, Danvers, \$1; 125th, Danvers, \$1; 126th, Danvers, \$1; 127th, Danvers, \$1; 128th, Danvers, \$1; 129th, Danvers, \$1; 130th, Danvers, \$1; 131st, Danvers, \$1; 132nd, Danvers, \$1; 133rd, Danvers, \$1; 134th, Danvers, \$1; 135th, Danvers, \$1; 136th, Danvers, \$1; 137th, Danvers, \$1; 138th, Danvers, \$1; 139th, Danvers, \$1; 140th, Danvers, \$1; 141st, Danvers, \$1; 142nd, Danvers, \$1; 143rd, Danvers, \$1; 144th, Danvers, \$1; 145th, Danvers, \$1; 146th, Danvers, \$1; 147th, Danvers, \$1; 148th, Danvers, \$1; 149th, Danvers, \$1; 150th, Danvers, \$1; 151st, Danvers, \$1; 152nd, Danvers, \$1; 153rd, Danvers, \$1; 154th, Danvers, \$1; 155th, Danvers, \$1; 156th, Danvers, \$1; 157th, Danvers, \$1; 158th, Danvers, \$1; 159th, Danvers, \$1; 160th, Danvers, \$1; 161st, Danvers, \$1; 162nd, Danvers, \$1; 163rd, Danvers, \$1; 164th, Danvers, \$1; 165th, Danvers, \$1; 166th, Danvers, \$1; 167th, Danvers, \$1; 168th, Danvers, \$1; 169th, Danvers, \$1; 170th, Danvers, \$1; 171st, Danvers, \$1; 172nd, Danvers, \$1; 173rd, Danvers, \$1; 174th, Danvers, \$1; 175th, Danvers, \$1; 176th, Danvers, \$1; 177th, Danvers, \$1; 178th, Danvers, \$1; 179th, Danvers, \$1; 180th, Danvers, \$1; 181st, Danvers, \$1; 182nd, Danvers, \$1; 183rd, Danvers, \$1; 184th, Danvers, \$1; 185th, Danvers, \$1; 186th, Danvers, \$1; 187th, Danvers, \$1; 188th, Danvers, \$1; 189th, Danvers, \$1; 190th, Danvers, \$1; 191st, Danvers, \$1; 192nd, Danvers, \$1; 1



D Northall, Sacois, Lawrence; S A Merrill, do, Glau  
Morrises; Jonathan Shillaker, S Danvers, Law-  
Hiram Plummer, do, Louis Bon do Jersey; Isaac Har-  
dy, do, Beurre Clairgus; M O Stanley, S Danvers,  
Howell; Isaac Hardy, S Danvers, Catillac; M O Stan-  
ley, do, Urbaniste; Andrew S Porter, do, Fulton  
Amos Brown, Danvers, St Guineas; J V Stevens,  
Danvers, do, Beurre Dial; J A Goldthwaite, Salen-  
Sheldin; Francis Baker, S Danvers, Doyenne Bone-  
sock; T Simpson, do, Beurre d'Anjou—\$1 each.

For largest numbers of the above varieties—Stephen  
Hanley, S Danvers Illustrated "Harri's Insect's Inj-  
urious to vegetation," John W Stevens, of, \$3.  
3d do, Isaac Hardy, do, \$1.

Flowers, &c.—*Gratuities*.—M Brookhouse, Bouquet  
of Grasses, and Mrs H Cummings, Pressed Flowers  
\$3 each; D Hill Jr., Dahlias and Cut Flowers, \$1.60  
M F Sank, Pot Plants; M O. Barrett, do, \$1.50  
S. D. Peabody, S Danvers, Wild Woods, and Pan-  
Bagley, Dahlias, and C T Winchester, Pressed Flowers  
\$1 each.

M J Huston, Pots and Baskets, and Jane I. Stevens  
Bouquets, 70 cents each; Mary S Moore, L H Huston  
L W Huston, S R Dodge, S P Huston, S A Moser  
and F J Nichols, Bouquets, Will Weeks, and Pan-  
ties; L Osborne, and H Johnson, Dish Flowers; I  
Stiles, and Dr George Osmond, Native Flowers; Mrs E  
D Hill Jr., Verbena Tyranid; and Mrs J M Perry  
Basket, 50 cents each.

FANCY ARTICLES.

*Gratuities*.—A. H. Porry, Salem, Skato; A. Bush-  
by, S. Danvers, Paintings; Abt Osborn, do, Hair  
Work; Mrs. S. B. Oliver, do, Embroidered Blanket;  
S. E. Martin, do, Wrought and Embroidured Work;  
S. N. Page, Danvers, Picture, \$2 each; N. Vickery,  
S. Danvers, Graft of Birds, \$1.50; Mary P. Proctor,  
S. Danvers, Wreath of Chiff and Willow Cover; Abby  
Torrey, S. Danvers, Embroidered Pillow Cases; Hat-  
tie L. Brown, S. Danvers, Mats and Bouquet; S. E.  
Hatchinson, do, Crevel Work; F. M. Wallis, do,  
Book Case; C. H. Truford, Salem, Fancy Frames;  
S. D. Peabody, S. Danvers, Pictures; M. H. Hanson  
do Picture, \$1 ea.

VEGETABLES (50 entries.)

*GRATUITIES*.—Wm J P Perry, Danvers, collection  
S. B. Osborn, Sulon, do, \$2 each; Howe  
Nourse, Danvers, Herbs, 1.50; W T Dole, Seth R.  
Hill, and J P King, So Danvers, Squashes; Robert  
Buxton, do, Potatoes, &c, \$1.25 each; E. G. Hyde,  
Danvers, Wheat and Barley, 1.00; J. H. Berry,  
Corn; Nathan Busby, do, collection; Wm. Sutton,  
do, Wheat; M H Davis, do, collection; E. G. Berry,  
Danvers, Wheat; Wan Price, So Danvers, do; John  
V Stevens, do, Squash; J W Putnam, do, Onions and  
Garlic; Jacob P. Goodale, So Danvers, Beans; E B  
Perry, do, Wheat and Barley, 1.00; J. H. Berry,  
A King, do, Squashes, \$1 each; John L Colvard,  
do cultivated Grantees, \$1.25.

DOMESTIC MANUFACTURES.

*Gratuities*.—Mary P. Proctor, Mrs Hardy, E M  
Edgerly, S. Danvers, \$1 each.

Rugs—Elizabeth Reed, S. Danvers, \$2.

*GRATUITIES*.—S J Moore, M Buxton, Hannah L Trask,  
Mrs O Wilson, Louisa F Skinner, Abigail Goodridge,  
A Osborn, and Mrs J. C. Davis, 50 cts each.

CLOTHES MANUFACTURED FROM WOOLLEN.

Francis Dean, South Danvers, Men's Browsers, \$2;  
same, Women's Coat Buttons, \$1 each.

THE FOLLOWING named gentlemen have been  
chosen officers of the Danvers Bank for the ensuing  
year.—Eben Sutton, President; W. M. Jacobs, E. T.  
Osborne, Joseph Osge-d, Jonathan King, A. A. Abbott,  
Isaac B. Elliot, Directors.

Warren Bank Directors.—Lewis Allen, President;  
Eljah W. Upton, Sylvester Osborne, Benjamin  
Whewler, Levi Preston, Franklin Osborn, Francis  
Daue, George Osborne, Miles Osborn, Henry A. Hardy.

ATTENTION! WIDE-AWAKES!

The SOUTH DANVERYS WIDE-AWAKES are re-  
quested to meet at the TOWN HALL, this (Wednes-  
day) evening, at 7 1/2 o'clock. A full attendance is  
requested, in order to make arrangements for our visit  
to Melr se on Thursday evening.

Per Order.

Dancing.

Mr. E. LYTON respectfully announces that he  
will open his DANCING SCHOOL for Juveniles and  
Young Ladies and Gentlemen, at BURTON'S HALL, on  
SATURDAY, Oct. 20, at 2 o'clock.

SOUTH DANVERS, OCT. 3, 1860. 4t

Noctosis.

If there be any disease calculated to drain away the  
life of a man, and weaken the mind and body by its  
painful distress, it is the death of any part of the hu-  
man THE PERUVIAN SYRUP gives support under the  
profuse discharging, induces separation of the decaying  
bone, and lessens the violent and irritatle ulcers  
consequent on the long continuance of the unhealthy  
suppuration.

PROVINCE-TOWN, MASS., November 19, 1858.

Gentlemen,—I have had a remarkable case of scrofu-  
lous affection of the bones and periosteum combined,  
which has been treated for more than a year by other  
physicians without success. I used the "Peruvian  
Syrup" altogether in this case, which effected a com-  
plete restoration to health. The patient was a boy  
about twelve years of age. The whole tibia and fibula  
of the right leg were entirely diseased; several pieces  
of bone have come from several openings since I  
have attended him, as well as before I saw him. The boy  
says that immediately on taking the Syrup, the fire  
burning, which has for a long time troubled him very much,  
immediately subsided, and his strength began to in-  
crease. If discontinued the Syrup for one week, he  
would begin to complain of the "anti-gone" sensation at  
his stomach, and on taking the Syrup again the resolu-  
tion immediately left him. For such diseases as this,  
I consider the Syrup an invaluable medicine.

Truly yours,

sept12-1m JEREMIAH STONE, M. D.

Unfil'd Freedom from her mountain height,  
Whither Freedom her standard to the air,  
She leads the azure ranks of wild, gallant youth,  
And set the stars of glory there.

When Dr. Han discovered the Invigorating Spirit,  
he announced his discovery to the world, and now zeal-  
ously works to fill the orders for this Dyspepsia-killer,  
which everywhere gives such pleasing satisfaction.

sept12 1m

Joseph J. Ripard,  
dealer in  
Jewelry, Silver  
and  
Plated Ware,  
Advertised in the

Read his advertisements, Call and examine his  
Goods, and Judge of quality, prices and styles for your-  
selves.

A Card to Young Ladies and Gentlemen.

The subscriber will send (*free of charge*) to all who  
desire it, the recipe and directions for making a simple  
*Tegestine Balsam*, he will, in from two to eight days,  
remove Pimples, Bores, Ulcers, Itch, Scallows, and  
all impurities and roughness of the Skin, leaving  
the same—as Nature intended it should be—soft, clear,  
smooth, and beautiful. Those desiring the Recipe, with  
full instructions, directions and advice, will please call  
on or address (with return postage)

JAMES T. MARSHALL,  
PRACTICAL CHEMIST,  
No. 32 City Buildings, N. York.

Je 20—3m

1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1998; 279: 1000-1005.

Received at  
sep26

South Danvers, April 25--11

SEP 10 192 ESSER ST, DOWNEY CALIF.







# THE WIZARD.

VOL. I.

SOUTH DANVERS, MASS., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1860.

NO. 45

## THE WIZARD

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

At Allen's Building, So. Danvers Square,

CHAS. D. HOWARD, Proprietor.

F. POOLE, Editor.

Terms \$3.00 a Year; for Immediate Payment, \$1.50.

### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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One Square, 1 mo. 3 mos. 1 year.  
Quarter of a Column, 1 mo. 3 mos. 1 year.  
16 lines of Nonpareil type equal to a square.  
61 cents per line will be charged for notices of meetings of political, civic, or religious purposes, notices of societies, clubs, or associations, &c.  
The privilege of Annual Advertisers is limited to their own immediate business, and all advertisements for the benefit of other persons, as well as legal advertisements, and advertisements of real estate, or auction sales, must be paid for at the usual rates.

Book and Job Printing  
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,  
Executed with Neatness and Despatch,  
AT THIS OFFICE.

### Cards.

A. A. PUTNAM,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
CORNER MAPLE AND ELM STS.,  
DANVERS.

THOMAS M. STIMPSON,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
101 ESSEX STREET, SALEM.  
Residence Four B Street, South Danvers.  
Jan 4-ly

B. C. PERKINS,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
So. Danvers—Office in Allen's Building.

H. O. WILEY,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
Office, Allen's Building, So. Danvers.

IVES & PEABODY,  
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,  
Have removed their Office to  
Rooms formerly occupied by Hunt, Otis & Lord,  
NO. 25 WASHINGTON STREET, SALEM.  
STEPHEN B. IVES, JR. JOHN B. PEABODY.  
December 7, 1859.

ALFRED A. ARBOTT,  
Attorney and Counsellor,  
Office, No. 221, Essex Street, Salem;  
House, Main St., So. Danvers.

SIDNEY C. BANCROFT,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
27 Washington Street, Salem.  
Mr. Bancroft will be found mornings and evenings, at his  
home office, near his residence in South Danvers.  
December 7, 1859.

JOHN W. PROCTOR,  
Has taken rooms, in the  
2d, story of the Union Building,  
nearly opposite the Monument.

Where he will be found from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., ready to at-  
tend to any business that may be entrusted to his care.  
South Danvers, Feb. 23d, 1860.

A. S. CRAWFORD,  
DENTIST,  
No. 4 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS SQUARE.  
Mechanical Dentistry Neatly Executed.  
Cash Extracted by Electricity without Extra Charge.  
dec 7

W. L. BOWDOIN,  
SURGEON DENTIST,  
No. 208 Essex Street, Salem, (Opposite the Market).  
Residence—No. 57 Washington Street.  
Jan 11-ly

F. POOLE,  
INSURANCE AGENT,  
Allen's Building (up stairs).  
Deeds drawn, and other common forms.

SAMUEL DAVIS,  
HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING ROOM,  
7 MAIN ST., SOUTH DANVERS.

E. S. FLINT,  
DEALER IN  
WEST INDIA GOODS, COUNTRY PRODUCE,  
No. 2 Main Street, South Danvers.

EDWARD C. WEBSTER,  
ONE PRICE  
HAT, CAP AND FUR STORE,  
231 ESSEX, and 34 WASHINGTON ST.,

HENRY L. WHIDDEN,  
PAINTER, GLAZIER,  
AND PAPERER,  
Central Street, South Danvers, Opposite South Church.  
All orders promptly and faithfully executed.  
dec 14-ly

WHIPPLE & FRIEND,  
PAINTERS,  
GLAZIERS AND PAPER HANGERS  
88 Main street, opposite Monument, S. Danvers.  
All orders promptly attended to; a share of patronage solicited.  
J. J. WHIPPLE. A. FRIEND.

JOHN MOULTON,  
LIVERY AND STABLE,  
Main St., (opp. Danvers Bank), So. Danvers

[Written for the Wizard.]

### LINES

Suggested by a Bootless Mosquito Chase.

What is it breaks us of our rest?  
What robs our life of all its zest,  
In summer, otherwise so blest?  
Mosquito.

Why, when we vainly try to sleep,  
Are we compelled strict watch to keep?  
What is it that makes strong men weep?  
Mosquito.

And as we battle all night long,  
We hear one tireless, hated song:  
What is it that hath done this wrong?  
Mosquito.

And when in utter weariness,  
Kind sleep essays our eyes to bless,  
What sends away all drowsiness?  
Mosquito.

And in the morning when we rise,  
And look around with many sighs,  
What do we seek with weary eyes?  
Mosquito.

And when one villain greets our sight,  
And, strong with vengeance, him we smite,  
What stings so proudly out of sight?  
Mosquito.

Ah! deadliest hatred fills my breast,  
And anger doth my soul inflame:  
Toward that vile enemy of rest,—  
Mosquito.

South Danvers.

M. H. T.

### LOVE'S REMINISCENCE.

Into my heart a silent knock  
Flashed from thy careless eyes,  
And what before was shadow, took  
The light of summer skies;  
The first-born love was in that look,  
The Venus rose from out the deep  
Of those bewildering eyes.

My life like some lone solemn spot,  
A spirit passes o'er,  
Grew instinct with a glory not  
In earth or heaven before;  
Sweet thought stir'd the haunted spot  
And shook the leaves of every thought  
Thy presence wandered o'er.

My being yearned and crept to thine  
As if in times of yore,  
Thy soul had been a part of mine  
Which claimed it back once more,  
Thy very self no longer thine,  
But merged in that delicious life  
Which made us one of yore.

There bloomed beside thee forms as fair,  
There murmured tones as sweet,  
But round thee breathed the enchanted air,  
'T was life and death to meet;  
And henceforth thou alone wert fair  
And though the stars had sung for joy,  
Thy whisper only sweet.

### KANSAS LETTER.

KANSAS TER., Aug. 20, 1860.

Mr. Editor:—Our arrival at the city of Leavenworth, was made with about the kind and degree of interest that usually attaches to places through which we pass merely to be forwarded on our journey, and not such as we feel when we reach a destination.—We would willingly have passed by it with all others that served to keep us from the luxury of this wild life. But this could not be done for the Missouri brings us upon its very heart—stone and here we must land. But as we walked the plank wished three several times that the river had run straight over the city to leave us beyond the region of houses and fenced farms.

Only touching at this point, however, it goes right on its course manifesting a spirit of inoffensiveness which is not so common all along its course, encroaching here a little and there a good deal, undermining trees and precipitating them into the stream where the roots landing with earth sink to the bottom, the trunks, floating at an angle of about twenty degrees with surface pointing down the stream—all looking out for the first boat up the river, which they hit if they can. This they are generally able to do if my experience in boating up the Missouri was no better than the average. Could never enjoy a reasonable after-noon dinner nap without being roused by a tank that seemed almost to reach one's ribs and would make our crazy craft wobble, suggesting a baptism or the possibility of one in a composition of mud and water, a process in no sense typical of cleansing. This was followed by a grating sound and an uncertain motion of the boat as it moved over the obstruction. In this chorus a few fine female voices generally joined on a high key, which grew "beautifully less" by cadences as the boat righted.

But these fond recollections must not detain us here. We were at Leavenworth contemplating the bend of the river. The disastrous consequences that must inevitably have overtaken these Sodomites had there been no croak in the river immediately suggest themselves. But we found it safe. The five righteous averted the judgment our rash wish would inflict. A hackman was standing by and heard the wish gave his own interpretation and added "that kind of salt wouldn't save us, cause its loss its sweetness if it ever was there," (there) intimating that the security which the city enjoys must be due to some other cause than the virtue of its inhabitants, and then angrily accounting for the facts in the case by supposing the river to have been built first and the town afterwards on its banks. Whether this explanation be the correct one I'm not

prepared to state, not having examined the geological formations in the site of the town nor inquired after the obsolete and fossil virtues of its inhabitants to determine the alleged priority. When there our time was occupied but little even with questions of its history of a recent character, our proposed expedition being uppermost in our thoughts. One could not look upon it however, without reverting to the fact that but a few years ago a waste place was to be seen instead of Leavenworth City, along whose streets ten thousand feet go daily to and fro. And yet it has hardly crossed the line that separates infancy from childhood—an infant of truly regal dimensions—but an infant of no phlegmatic temperament over fed and pampered, but a vigorous active specimen of its kind. The other cities of the West that have surprised everybody by their rapid strides in growth and population, have grown up under the influence of a kind of commercial hyperaemia occasioned by a revulsion from head quarters.

But without fostering care the city of Leavenworth was ushered into existence by the throes of a troubled State—nourished by two contending factions more untamed than the dam of the Alban brothers—rocked by the tempest of their bickering—early schooled to encounter danger and trained by the wild habits of its wild factions to the exercise of self protection, it stands forth with the nerve and muscle of a young Ajax, fit for any emergency.

Having atoned to this prodigy of inland growth, refreshed ourselves with a bath and partaken of dinner, we were prepared to take a view of the general outline of its developments, or as our diary has it—"took lodgings—took a bath—took a dinner—took a smoke, took a walk—returned—slept—awoke—supped—walked—retired with cigar, newspaper, light, all of which having been consumed, slept again to awake and repeat the programme of the preceding day." The remainder of the week was spent much in the same way with the variety that was added by a visit to the fort three miles away. Uncle Sam's fighting men, farm, mules, horses and hay-crops looked well in uniform.—The Government reserve at the Fort, although large does not grow enough grass to keep them moving the whole year round so they amuse themselves promiscuously the pastures shooting guns, beating drums and the like. Most farmers would prefer to have their workmen look a little more like work and a little less like pleasure, but "Uncle Sam" is a man of his own head and does pretty much as he pleases, so we shall not quarrel with him about that.

Sabbath—Attended Catholic Church in forenoon, Methodist in the afternoon; probably was not permanently benefited. Couldn't keep my mind in a devotional frame—thoughts got out after the uncertain issue of the week and will be occupied with secular things in spite of efforts to the contrary. Monday: Last night had an awful dream about Catholic intolerance and the Spanish Inquisition; thought it established here—myself a victim and adjudged to suffer the "Cast Iron Boot and Hot Nipper" torture. The wedges were already being driven into the unyielding boot legs while numerous active youth were dexterously pinching out morsels of my flesh with the points of hot irons, and throwing them in my face and asking me if I were hungry. Couldn't endure it any longer and in the struggle to get away awoke and found my feet under the foot board, beset on all sides by the whole constituency that had been sending me delegations on previous nights to regale themselves at my expense. They had evidently come to assert their rights as squatter, sovereign—genuine Douglas men, and now insisted upon perpetrating their bloody designs upon my person. Had to sound a retreat and give them the field. No more sleep in prospect—sat down to meditate. Thought after all it was better than the Spanish Inquisition and less likely to prove disastrous to the Protestant interest, although the ordeal in any way tended to foster patience, but rather to enforce long suffering, nothing being thereby added to the catalogue of Christian graces unless it be a virtue to exercise the saints in this kind of warfare which is well to understand if one has long to tarry with so perverse a generation.

The tactics we cannot now stop to explain. Suffice it to say, Milton's description of death after a certain battle, suggested itself. For once we were glad to see the light of day come early in the morning, and when it did come, set about making preparations for our trip westward which we were to undertake the next day. The first necessary was something on which to ride, which necessity was supplied by the purchase of a mule of satisfactory qualities. Bought a saddle and appendages in another part of town, didn't like to back them half a mile to the mule—didn't like to bring the mule out and make my debut in mule-riding publicly—didn't like to pay half a dollar to have them sent, and concluded to wait for something to turn up. Had scarcely turned on my heel when a wiry Mexican of a mule dashed by with a still more wiry Mexican rider. Back again it came, and the bystanders began to bid—five, ten, fifteen, twenty dollars. "I was too bad to see such an active creature go for that money. Besides she was just the creature to take my mule. I was caught fairly enough and thought to withdraw my last bid in favor of my chief competitor. Found him too willing; thought it best to stick—so took the mule—no you don't—the creature wouldn't be took—wouldn't ratify a sale without being acquainted with the purchasing party. Stepped back on the side-walk—took off my hat—looked around—put it on and buttoned up my coat; got wiry Mexican to put on my saddle, and summoning all the spunk in my possession, resolved to ride the thing at all hazards—not yet—wiry Mexican made drag wiry Mexican man down the street—voices, "I bet on the mule!" "I bet on the man!" Mexican man regards his feet and jumps the mule while yet in motion—voices, "the mule will win!" Rider brings her back and the crowd

volunteers to hold the mule by a rope which they tie round her neck. The mule found a dozen men too much for her and apparently submitted, allowing me to mount. Rope being taken off the creature whirled and taking the other end of the street which was being required and made a capital retreat over heaps of paving stones and excavations.

W. W.

### UNION PARTY.

Mr. Editor:—Your correspondent in your last makes some enquiries in regard to the Bell & Everett party. He asks why do they call themselves the Union party? It must have been seen by most candid observers if not by your correspondent, that within the past few years, there has grown up in the north and west a large party whose sole platform is hostility to slavery; not the extension of it into free territories, but against slavery as it is. They grapple with the moral question of slavery and by their actions seem to think it a new question now to be decided. Forgetting that this same slavery confronted our Fathers when they with prayers formed the union of the separate colonies differing as they did in soil, climate and interests, for the purpose of guaranteeing to themselves and their children those religious and thousand other blessings which we this day enjoy.

On the other side is the Democratic party rent asunder partly by internal fires of their own, and by crimination by northern abolitionists and re-criminations by southern fire-eaters, have led the southern portion of the party to utter disunion sentiments and avow the compact broken when the thousand John Browns that are prowling through the country are let loose upon them backed by a Republican administration.

It was then that a few patriots from the north and south, who like Webster thought it well for us to learn wisdom of the mariner—what after being tossed many days on a rough and tempestuous sea, takes the first advantage of the lull in the storm to consult his chart and see how far the elements have driven them from his true course. As they took for their platform, the plain Constitution, the Union and the enforcement of the laws of their country. That was platform enough for them. It is platform enough for every patriot who loves his whole country, with all its national and local sins. That is the reason why we take the name of the Union party—because we are the only party now before the country that is not given over to sectionalism.

Is the Union in danger? It is difficult to tell what lengths the passions of men will lead them when cut loose from restraint; when they plant themselves on the higher law doctrine before whose dictation constitutions and laws must give way; who agree to support the constitution just so far as it agrees with them as seen through the higher law glasses. What security have the Southern States when a party is in power that recognize no property in man—what security have they of their lives and property when this great higher law gets the power.

If this is not disunion it is one long stride towards its ultimate result. What does the Constitution teach in regard to the extension of Slavery? Absolutely nothing. It leaves it to those great laws of nature that are and ever have been crowding it farther and farther south and which will finally sweep it from our land, unless the seeds of destruction that lie within us as a nation are nurtured and made to bear the bitter fruit of dissolution. It does not teach the separate States to make laws that nullify any law of the United States; however repugnant it may be to them. We would have every man whether he professes Christianity or not nail it to the headboard of his bed if he chose so that his sleeping and waking eyes might read and re-read it and teach the constitution to his children and there mingle his prayers with those of the Fathers who framed it that it might be preserved pure and undefiled to the latest generations.

UNION.

[For The Wizard.]

### BOSTON: ITS INSTITUTIONS—No. 4.

#### THE LUNATIC HOSPITAL.

The daily operations of the Hospital are marked by incidents of note. Numbers come and go—come into new life and hope, some into life-long darkness, and others to the grave. Many go in with decided homicidal and suicidal propensities, yet no serious accident has occurred to officer or inmate.

With one third more admissions, the recoveries are more than double those of last year. The deaths have increased, but by one. More than half the deaths were from diseases which abound in institutions of the kind. The favorable results of the year have been attained by no change in the method of treatment, moral or physical. Employment, recreation and amusements have been freely employed, whenever opportunities have presented themselves. Amusements have been greatly increased by the addition of the billiard-table to other resources. The billiard-room is open from 11 A. M. till 9 o'clock P. M., and is rarely unoccupied. The looking-alley is in frequent use, and the Library, which has recently been considerably enlarged, is in constant demand. It is the opinion of Dr. Clement A. Walker, the efficient Superintendent of the Institution, that a *bagatelle-board* for the use of the female inmates, would prove a very profitable investment.

The event of the year, however, in matters of amusements, was the harbor excursion. The city steamer was placed at the disposal of the management, and many of the patients went down the harbor, where many for the first time, tasted the luxury of the undiluted sea-breeze, while all "experienced a new sensation," or as one of them quaintly expressed it, "went up to see good old 'Lijah'."

In these days, it is quite useless to talk of early hospital treatment for the insane. Equally futile is to enlarge upon the danger of too early a removal from hospital care, after convalescence commences. Cases have occurred where friends of the patients have had them removed, giving no heed to the warnings of the physicians, honestly believing, doubtless, that there

was no danger of a relapse. The sure results came—the patients are now in other hospitals, there to remain, for a long time, perhaps, a burden upon public charity. Surely, it is not too much to require that the patient should not be removed until complete recovery takes place.

Kindness is the rule of management here, and with rare exceptions, the officers and attendants have faithfully acted upon it.

D.

### ADDITIONS TO PEABODY LIBRARY.

|  |                        |
|--|------------------------|
| 7667 Mount Vernon Papers                               | E. Everett.            |
| 3772 Bible Explanatory Atlas                           | W. Jenks.              |
| 7684 Border War  | J. B. Jones.           |
| 7682 Martin Merivale                                   | J. T. Knowlridge.      |
| 7683 Piazza Tales                                      | Herman Melville.       |
| 7183 Zouaves, Reminiscences of an Officer.             |                        |
| 7184 Wild Sports of India                              | H. Shakespear.         |
| 8092 Boyhood of Great Men                              | J. G. Edgar.           |
| 8093 History for Boys, Modern Europe                   |                        |
| 7483 Classical Atlas                                   | W. Hughes and G. Long. |
| 7328-9 Index of Dates                                  | 2 v. J. W. Roane.      |
| 6791 Rush, Richard, Occasional Productions.            |                        |
| 7386 Colours, Laws of Contrast                         | M. E. Chevreul.        |
| 7665 Modern Painters                                   | Vol. 5, J. Ruskin.     |
| 7667-9 Stones of Venice                                | 3 v. "                 |
| 7671 Queens of Society                                 | G. and P. Wharton.     |
| 7672-3 Wesley, John,                                   | 2 v. Life, R. Southey. |
| 7675 Reason Why? Natural History.                      |                        |
| 7674 Animal Life, Studies of                           | G. W. Lewis.           |
| 7676 Crown of Thorns                                   | E. H. Chaplin.         |
| 7726 Geology of the Globe                              | Edward Hitchcock.      |
| 7727 Meteorological Essays                             | F. Arago.              |
| 7728 Astronomy, Introduction to                        | D. Olmsted.            |
| 7729-0 Chemistry, Elements of                          | 2 v. M. V. Regnault.   |
| 7732 Geological Observer,                              | H. T. De la Beche.     |
| 7677 Astronomy, Popular,                               | O. M. Mitchel.         |
| 7678 Astronomy, Compendium of                          | D. Olmsted.            |
| 7679 Prolegomena Logics,                               | J. J. Mansel.          |
| 7680 Chemistry, Principles of                          | J. A. Stockhardt.      |
| 7681 Creation, Course of                               | J. Anderson.           |
| 7617-8 Austria, Revelations of, 2 v. W. Koubnikiewicz. |                        |
| 7619-0 Europe, Northern Lit., &c.                      | 2 v. J. Howitt.        |

The following books are missing from the Library, some of them several years since. The holders are requested to return them. Clero's Offices, Nepos, De Tacite's Institutions of America, Margaret Smith's Journal, Bollingbroke's Works, 2 vols., Samuel Pepy's Diary and Correspondence, vol. 1, Evelyn Marston, 2 vols, Maiden Sisters, and Match Games, by Morphy.

Go-ABRAHAM.—Sir Charles Lyell, when in the United States received the following advice from a friend: "When you are racing with an opposite steamboat, or chasing her, and the other passengers are cheering the Captain, who is sitting on the safety valve to keep it down with his weight, go as far as you can from the engine, and lose no time, especially if you hear the Captain exclaim, 'Fire up boys—put on the resin!' Should a servant call out, 'Those gentlemen who have not paid their passage will please to go to the ladies' cabin!' obey the summons without a moment's delay for then an explosion may be apprehended.—'Why to the ladies' cabin!' said I. 'Because it is the end of the boat, and they are getting anxious for the personal security of those who have not yet paid their dollars, being of course, indifferent about the rest. Therefore, never pay in advance! for should you fall overboard during the race, and the watch cries out to the Captain, 'A passenger overboard!' he will ask, 'Has he paid his fare?' and if he receives an answer in the affirmative, he will call out, 'Go ahead!'"

An Indiana correspondent of the New York Times gives the following stamping feat of Owen Lovejoy:

"His famous 'Jury trial' is the most daring and brilliant exploit in the annals of popular oratory. Being in 'Egypt' he empannelled and swore twelve men out of his audience, and proceeded to defend the Republican party on a general Democratic indictment in due legal form. None of his Jury were Douglas men, but being men of character and under oath, they were forced to answer on their consciences, and the Jury returned a unanimous verdict in favor of the Republican party. That speech did make a number of converts.

"Customer:—I wish to purchase some very good eggs, to be used in making sponge cakes."

Shop-keeper:—Yes, I have some eggs that can't be beaten?"

Customer:—Can't be beaten?"

Shop-keeper:—No, ma'am; I defy any one in the market to beat them."

Customer:—They won't answer my purpose at all then. How can eggs be made into sponge-cakes without you can beat them?"

THE WRONG ROAD.—"Where are you going?" said a young gentleman to an elderly one in a white cravat, whom he overtook a few miles from Little Rock. "I am going to Heaven, my son. I have been on my way there for eighteen years."

"Well, good bye, old fellow!" If you have been travelling toward Heaven eighteen years, and got no nearer to it than Arkansas, I'll take another route."

"Douglas is to carry the following States:—the State of —, the State of —, the State of —, the State of —, and the State of —, which will give him 9,000 majority over all other candidates! Bell and Everett are to carry the New York Ledger!"

The Prince of Wales, according to the correspondent of a Buffalo paper, was so delighted with Bordin's feats at Niagara, that he gave the adventurous Frenchman a gift of one thousand dollars in hard cash.

Thus far, not one solitary Representative to Congress has been elected in New England, to oppose Lincoln's administration. Connecticut, Vermont and Maine have chosen their members—all Republicans.



# THE WIZARD.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1860.

## Second Senatorial District.

The Convention for the nomination of a candidate for Senator in this District, will be held next Tuesday in Salem, at the Republican Headquarters. As Mr. Osgood, the present member, has given no notice of intention to retire, we trust he will have the unanimous voice of the Convention to remain in the Senate, at least one more year. We heartily agree with the sentiment expressed by our respected contemporary of the Salem Gazette, and "we have no patience with the theory that would drive out good men from public stations, just about as they have fitted themselves, by experience, for the proper performance of their duties."

Among the evils of frequent changes of legislators, are the embarrassment of the public business by inexperience, the introduction of a host of crude schemes which never come to maturity, over-legislation, in framing unnecessary laws, and sometimes in re-enacting laws already on the statute book, and, what is a necessary consequence of the above waste of time and excessive cost to the treasury of the Commonwealth. Other evils quite as obvious will occur to the reader, while comparing the present practice of short terms with the more stable state of things in former years. Aside from our very favorable estimation of Mr. Osgood as a man and a legislator, we would be glad to have him again elected, if only as an introductory step to a more stable constitution of our highest State legislative assembly. This matter should be viewed entirely in its relations to the public welfare and without reference to personal interest or ambition.

SENATORIAL.—A correspondent proposes to submit the name of DEAN C. PERKINS, Esq. of this town as a suitable person to receive the nomination of the approaching Senatorial Convention, for Senator from this District. We have expressed our views in another place, in relation to the office, but if a vacancy should occur by the withdrawal of the name of the present incumbent, we would cheerfully lend our exertions to secure the nomination and election of our townsman to that honorable position.

Since the above was in type, we have been requested to suggest the name of Hon. E. S. POOR as a suitable candidate for this office. Another correspondent proposes ISRAEL W. ANDREWS, Esq. of Danvers, and we doubt not the names of gentlemen of other towns will be offered for the consideration of the Convention.

We may be allowed here to express our regret that our own name has been publicly used in connection with this office, as it was done entirely without our consent or knowledge. In withdrawing it we feel grateful for the commendations it has called forth both in private and through the press, and even from political opponents, but neither our tastes or inclination permit us willingly to occupy such a position before the public.

## WIDE AWAKES AT MELROSE.

The demonstration last Thursday evening in honor of Mr. Gooch, our Representative to Congress, was not "postponed on account of the weather," although it was quite unpromising in the afternoon and evening. The Company seem to have adopted as their motto, "any rain but the reign of the present administration," and after donning their picturesque uniform of drab capes and scarlet caps, in which they presented a fine appearance, they repaired to the Republican Headquarters and took their lanterns and from thence marched to the cars.

They arrived at Melrose in good season to participate in all the proceedings of the occasion, and we learn from private sources that they won high encomiums not only from Gov. Banks and other distinguished visitors, but from the residents of Melrose, particularly the ladies.

They partook of the generous hospitality of Mr. Gooch, whose elegant mansion as well as many other buildings of the place was brilliantly illuminated, and his garden hung tastefully with variegated lanterns.

A meeting was organized, and Gov. Banks, Mr. Gooch and others addressed the meeting. The parade of the numerous Wide-awakes forming a procession of half a mile in length, was said by observers to be a splendid sight.

They march with torches in their hands, their banners brightly displaying, And all the while their music bands Triumphant tunes were playing.

Notwithstanding the unfavorable weather at the time of starting, over a hundred of the Company fully equipped with uniforms and torches, joined in the excursion. They were joined at the South Reading Junction by their brother Wide-awakes from Danvers and the north part of the County and were here.

Although the opportunities for drill have been very limited, we learn that the Melrose residents complimented them highly for their orderly behavior and correct marching and the excellent time kept in their "cheers" and "wide-awakes." Gov. Banks remarked in his speech, when the Company gave three cheers that it seemed like "volleys of musketry." Our citizens had an opportunity on their return to verify the truth of this compliment, as the Company marched through some of the streets and gave our people a sample of this mode of cheering, in a manner to appear like a single voice. In the stillness of the night this simultaneous shout of ONE—TWO—THREE—HURRAH—HURRAH—HURRAH—Wide-awake! had a fine effect, so different was it from the ordinary irregular shouting to which we are accustomed.

This was the largest company of Wide-Awakes at the gathering, although many such organizations were present from towns much nearer than South Danvers. We think Capt. Nelson and his command have reason for congratulation at the success of this, their first public parade, and we hope there next will be under more favorable outward circumstances.

We forgot to mention the profuse display of fireworks at Melrose, which added brilliancy to the occasion.

Last night the Wide-Awakes had another parade about town, when many of the houses were illuminated. New enlistments to the Company are made every day.

The Company voted to attend the display in Salem next Friday evening, and also the great Boston gathering on the evening of the 16th inst.

Mr. George W. Howard, Jr., of Ipswich, has been appointed secretary of legation to China.

## Three Cheers!

Good, hearty, generous shouting is a capital vent for enthusiasm. It not only does good to the shouters but is animating and encouraging to the person who addresses a public assembly. We Yankees can make considerable noise in this way, but we are not half so enthusiastic as Englishmen, who often rise en masse on their feet, waving hats and handkerchiefs in their cheerings to compliment their guests and speakers. Even at their religious meetings and anniversaries, the clergy as well as laity, join in these shoutings. Rev. Dr. Kirk of Boston, has introduced this practice here, by leading off with "three cheers" and "three more" in honor of John B. Gough. There is no real dignity lost in these manifestations when the object of them is worthy, any more than in the act of King David when he danced before the ark. Whatever doubts may exist in regard to the practice in more solemn assemblies, we think they will not apply to political and social gatherings. Cheering implies cheerfulness and we have the authority of holy writ for saying that a cheerful heart is better than medicine.

## Our Name.

Mr. Wizard.—I am glad you are ventilating the subject of a name for our goodly town. At present we are without a name, or, if not wholly nameless, we have only a part of a name. What we have signifies only a part of a place, a sort of vulgar fraction. I know it is useless to regret the loss of our former good name, as we have traded it off and our neighbor has got it, but we ought to be looking out for another, which shall be whole and entire and not be mistaken for the old one. I like the name recommended in your paper well enough, but let us resolve to have a change and after this we can agree well enough, what the name shall be. I hope you will not let this matter rest until our people rise up as one man and resolve to have a name without an adjective hanging to it. Let us have a good substantive name, one that will belong to us and to no one else.

NOXES.

MAGIC SOAP.—This article, sold by E. F. Burnham, and which is found advertised in this paper, we can assure our readers is no humbug. In appearance, it resembles, and might be mistaken by its whiteness, for lard. We do not recommend this article without knowing something of its good properties. One of the best tests of its efficacy, is its power to remove the stains of printing ink. No other soap will do this effectually and every printing office must have a bottle of strong turpentine to remove ink stains from the hands. This soap removes the stains at once and the turpentine bottle is an abolished institution. It acts like magic, and has therefore fairly earned its name. We venture to state as our opinion, that in an ordinary washing, an hour's time may be saved, besides having the work done with greater ease and much better. The clothes too will last longer as they are not worn out by excessive rubbing. We congratulate all housewives upon this saving of their worst kind of labor, but we pity the poor washerwomen by profession, who will find their "occupation gone."

## Business Directory of South Danvers.

The publishers of the Salem Directory are preparing a new edition, to be issued about the first of December. As the population of South Danvers is insufficient yet to warrant the undertaking of publishing a full and separate Directory of the place, and the plan of inserting the business in connection with Salem two years ago having been received with favor, it is proposed to continue it in the present number, with such improvements and additions as may be found necessary.

We hope our business people will encourage the work by liberal subscription and advertising, in order to help the publishers defray the extra expense.

## Apotheosies.

Mr. Editor.—I see by the Boston papers, that nearly all of the Apotheosies in that city, have agreed to close their shops during the afternoon of the Sabbath. Perhaps there is no class more confined during the week than this, and why should they not have a little time for rest?

Could not our own Apotheosies follow such an example, and at least, close their stores on the afternoon of each Sabbath? If medicine should be wanted, it would be very easy to obtain it, for the doors of their houses are not closed. The Apotheosy could be as easily found for such a purpose, as the Physician, to make a call. The Church doors are always open on the Sabbath.

The same practice has recently been carried into effect in Philadelphia and other large places, where under no circumstances will the Apotheosy allow himself, or his clerks, to sell ANYTHING on the Sabbath, but what is absolutely required for medicine, or medicinal purposes.

What would be the effect of such a restriction here?

NEW ORGAN.—We learn that it is in contemplation to have a new organ at the South Church, and that a Fair is to take place at some future date, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to this object. The ladies of the Society have for some time past been busily engaged in making preparations for the Fair which promises to be on a more extensive scale and more attractive than usual. No time has yet been fixed for the event, but the time and place will be seasonably announced. So much labor and interest have been enlisted in the enterprise that there is every probability of a successful result.

EDITORIAL CHANGE.—Mr. MORRIS S. TRAILL, a native of Marblehead, who graduated from that excellent Institution, the Salem Observer Office, has assumed the Editorial charge of the Marblehead Ledger, in place of Mr. T. J. Hutchinson who retires to his office in Salem. We have had occasion before to speak in high terms of the Ledger while under the charge of Mr. Hutchinson, and we doubt not Mr. Truill will keep up the reputation of the paper and that his townsman will lend it a liberal support.

NOMINATIONS FOR CONGRESS.—At the Douglas Democratic Convention at Waltham, Hon. CHARLES A. WELCH of Waltham, was nominated for Congress, and at the Breckinridge Convention at Malden, GEORGE JOHNSON of Bradford was declared its nominee by acclamation. At this Convention, H. O. WILEY, Esq. of this town was one of the Secretaries.

## Republican Meeting.

The meeting of Republicans to elect delegates to the Senatorial Convention, will be held at their Headquarters this evening, at 7 1-2 o'clock.

## Letter from Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 5, '60.  
DEAR WIZARD.—Yesterday was a great day at the battle-ground of Germantown. Masses of the Republicans were there, addressed by Curtin, Pennington, Kelly, and others. Inspired by the associations connected with the hallowed spot, the speakers seemed to surpass themselves in glowing truths dressed with purest eloquence. They referred to the battle fought there eighty-three years ago for freedom, and reminded their hearers that a great battle was now being fought in the same cause, and that they were the instruments in the hands of our Creator for waging war until victory should crown their efforts.

Here, the tariff question exerts a great influence; and it is this question, mainly, which makes the contest so warm. Penna. needs a tariff, and is determined to have it. How would her old face lighten with happiness and prosperity, had she the protection which government should give her! On every hill-side would the furnace pour forth its iron product, while from every city, village, and hamlet, would issue the busy sounds of artisans at well paid toil, enlivened by songs of prosperity, peace and contentment. The mind fails to conceive, and the tongue to speak, the indescribable glories which would shine upon Pennsylvania under a proper protective tariff! The faded riches of the East!—the wealth of nations! I would bear no comparison to the real wealth which would be developed within the boundaries of this good old Penna. land! Her hills are stocked with diamonds, and her mountains with priceless metal! Her lands receives the favors of the great West; and with beneficent hand she scatters them to the far corners of the world!

Bureau Renfrore not arrived yet. I wonder what I shall treat him to? Layer is very good. He is to attend the Opera of "Martha." Tickets \$3.00. Guess I won't go. I'll wait till he leaves, and then go six times at fifty cents. He wouldn't give three dollars to see me! It's a poor rule 'twont work both ways!

BABBS.

## Dough-Face.

Mr. Editor.—We have just returned from a short voyage of discovery to ascertain the origin of the term which stands at the head of this article, and we think our search has been successful. We found it in that great store-house of all imagery—the Bible.

Every variety of human character is there represented by some appropriate emblem. Thus the patient man is compared to an ox—the man of keen, piercing intellect, to an eagle—the meek man to a lamb—the man of stern moral principle to a rock—and the weak, irresolute man, or the man of no fixed principle, to an unbacked cake. Save the prophet Ioses, "Ephraim is a cake not turned;" i. e. burnt on one side, and dough on the other, and good for nothing on either. Sometimes he is not for principle, and at others carried away with temptation; made up of inconsistencies and contradictions, always in one extreme or the other.

This was asserted of Ephraim of old, but some of his stamp are yet in existence. He was only the representative of a class that have lived in the world ever since. They may be found at almost every turn of life, but more particularly, about the time of Presidential election; and it is never at all difficult to identify them. The present generation of dough-faced Ephraims are the Bell-everetts, who call themselves the "Union Party." This party is for fusion, and against it—condemns it in Worcester, and practices it in Boston. It declares the great object to be, the overthrow of the Republicans on account of their Anti-Slavery doctrine, and yet supports a man as candidate for Governor, who is more anti-slavery in practice, than a majority of Republicans are in theory.

It professes itself to be an independent, national organization, and yet, stands waiting at the door of other conventions, to ascertain what is done there, before acting itself. It believes itself to be the only party in the country, capable or worthy of being entrusted with the affairs of government, and is yet willing to unite with any other party that will join it. It professes to be deadly opposed to Slavery, and yet supports a candidate for the Presidency who is one of the most virulent, rabid slaveholders in the South—a real fire-eater. It professes also, to be hostile to the principles of the Republicans, and yet makes no secret of its willingness to support Mr. E. B. Thayer, a gentleman who to this day, declares himself to be "a Republican of the Republicans"—that he stands squarely upon the Chicago platform, and prides himself in not being a conservative, but progressive abolitionist!

Now what can all this mean? This fusing right and left, or remaining in independence—this taking up a constitutional unionist, or dropping him—this blowing hot and cold with the same mouth, and in the same breath? We believe that two reasons may be assigned for this erratic, inconsistent course of the Bell-everetts. The first is, the party knows itself to be a mere intangible ghost, and being ashamed of the paucity of its numbers, is therefore willing, and anxious, to unite with anybody or anything, that will give it visibility in the political world. (The existence of this party, by the way, enables us to solve one of David Hume's most difficult philosophical problems, viz. how a thing may exist, and yet be no-where.)

Another reason is, the party seems to be smitten with a mania, to make itself appear as ridiculous as possible in the arena of politics. This disease sometimes attacks parties as well as individuals, and in the Union party at the present time, it appears to have risen to fever-heat. We have heard of a person, who under the influence of this complaint, went out into the public square, and in the presence of a vast multitude, knelt down and addressed his prayers alternately to the Devil, and the Deity. Not altogether unlike, is the course of the Bell-everetts at the present time.

But perhaps both of the above named reasons may be resolved into one, viz. this—the Union party, like Ephraim of old, is "a cake not turned." There is dough in its composition.

PHOENIX.

OFF THE TRACK.—The morning passenger train from Boston, on the Branch Railroad, ran off the track last Saturday, by reason of a mis-placed switch. It happened on the Square near the Freight Station, and had it not been for the careful attention of the Engineer who saw the danger and reversed his engine, there might have been a serious accident.

CLAM CHOWDER.—If any body wants to partake of this savory dish in its full perfection, let him call upon that capital caterer, Mr. William Southwick, who seasons it to a T, and gratifies the appetite with the highest skill of modern cookery. "Clam Chowder for one!"

## POLITICAL.

Hon. John B. Alley, of Lynn, has been nominated for re-election to Congress by the Republicans of the Sixth District. The Constitutional Union Party have put Judge Lord, of Salem, on the track, who will, it is said, secure the entire opposition vote. In 1858 the vote for Member of Congress was 10,743, a trifle more than one half of the whole number of voters in the district. Hon. John B. Alley received 5,587, Otis P. Lord, 3,017, George B. Loring 2,116, others 23. Mr. Alley's majority over all, 481.

Udolphe Wolfe has been nominated for Congress by the Democratic Convention of the Seventh District of New York. "Run did it."

Hon. Roger A. Pryor having said that he would be the Brutus of Lincoln, if elected, Prentice remarks that, if it comes to stabbing, they have a Cassius in Kentucky who will be after Brutus.

A Lincoln club in New York has been presented with a "picture of an axe," with "Abe Lincoln" inscribed on it. Is not this gloomy gift emblematical of "Abe's" political decapitation of his enemies in November.

Prentice says that between a Douglas fever and a Breckinridge sweat, office holders have a hard time generally. Their feelings lie on one side, their bread and butter on the other, and they themselves tie generally.

There will be a grand County Wide Awake demonstration, under the auspices of the Salem Wide Awake Club, in Salem, on Friday evening, Oct. 12th, which promises to be the largest ever seen in Salem. The South Danvers Wide Awakes, 150 strong, will be in attendance.

Hons. Charles Francis Adams, Alexander H. Rice, Anson G. Burlingame, Daniel W. Gooch, and Charles F. Train, are re-nominated for Congress from the 3d, 4th, 5th, 7th and 8th Districts.

An Everett Guard has been organized in Beverly—E. A. Kilham, commander.

The Republicans of North Salem raised a large and beautiful flag on Thursday evening, bearing the names of Lincoln & Hamlin, Andrew & Goodrich.

At the late Bell and Everett celebration in Albany, two mammoth bells were drawn in the procession.

An Alabama paper expresses its belief that Mr. Yancey's whole political life has been a curse to the country. We believe so, too. We don't wish Yancey dead, but we are sorry his mother didn't refuse to have his father. Mr. Yancey never stood upon the platform that we could approve. We presume he never will till he is about to be hung.—Prentice.

Charles Francis Adams and Stephen H. Phillips are to address the Republicans of Salem at Mechanic Hall on Thursday (to-morrow) evening.

The Newburyport Herald says: We are told that Judge Lord will resign his seat and canvass the Sixth District.

The Richmond (Va.) Enquirer is supposed to be serious in the following remarks about the Wide Awakes:

"It will be remembered that the front door of John A. Aldrich, of Jefferson, was broken open by Brown's party with a rail; hence we learn to interpret the peculiar equipment of these abolition cohorts; they parade at midnight, carry rails to break open our doors, torches to fire our dwellings, and beneath their long, black capes the knife to cut our throats."

## Young Men's Literary Association.

This Society so honorable in its aims and so creditable to the taste and public spirit of its young supporters, appears to be moving upon its gallant course upon the "full tide of successful experiment." Long may it pursue the noble career upon which it has entered, diffusing around an ardent love of intellectual and moral cultivation and inspiring in the respectable body of our adopted citizens—the countrymen of Curran Grattan, Sheridan and Emmett, those generous and patriotic impulses which have stamped these names in characters of immortality and made their fame wide as the world and fresh as the Shamrock of their native Isle.

At the Semi-annual Meeting of this Association, held in their Hall on Monday evening, Oct. 1st, 1860, the following gentlemen were elected Officers for the ensuing term:

President PATRICK O'CALLAGHAN. Vice Pres., Michael Lynch. Sec., Timothy Lyons. Book Keeper, John Thornton. Treas., Lawrence McDaniel. Lib., Phillip Molen. Franks, David Hassett, John O'Brien, Patrick Corcoran. Per order.

IMOTHY LYONS, Secretary.

"WHO SHALL DECIDE WHEN DOUGLAS DISAGREES?" An entire column of the last New England Farmer is devoted to an examination of the reasons given by the Executive for the removal of the old Board of Trustees at Westborough. The *Ex-Trustees* die hard. They say their fate was determined in Council long before the Report was made, on which it purports to be founded. If this be so, there is duplicity somewhere, altogether unbecoming such high dignitaries. That mistake were made at this Reform School, we have never for a moment doubted. The precise nature of them, and who was in fault therefore, remains to be shown. Better annihilate boys at once, than place them in position to be permanently corrupted. If the State can't do better than this, it had better do nothing.

REMOVAL—NEW STORE—NEW GOODS.—Mr. J. P. Penabody, who is always mindful of the wants of the public in his line of business, having removed to the new and commodious store, No. 220 Essex street, invites the attention of the ladies of South Danvers to his new and splendid stock of Collars, and Sleeves to match, which for beauty, taste and low price, cannot be excelled. He also displays a rich and varied assortment of new Corsets, Skirts, Handkerchiefs, Hosiery and Gloves. Call on him, and see for yourselves.

Mr. L. G. SWANEY, of South Danvers, will give a lecture by reading from Shakespeare, this (Wednesday) evening, October 10, at Lyceum Hall, Salem.

The authorities of Salem have contracted with the Portland Company for a new steam fire engine for that city, at a cost of \$2800.

## The Electoral College of 1860.

The Free States will be entitled to votes in the Electoral College as follows:

|                    |    |                 |    |
|--------------------|----|-----------------|----|
| Maine.....         | 8  | Michigan.....   | 8  |
| New Hampshire..... | 5  | Indiana.....    | 13 |
| Vermont.....       | 5  | Illinois.....   | 11 |
| Massachusetts..... | 13 | Iowa.....       | 9  |
| Rhode Island.....  | 4  | Wisconsin.....  | 6  |
| Connecticut.....   | 6  | California..... | 9  |
| New York.....      | 35 | Minnesota.....  | 4  |
| New Jersey.....    | 7  | Oregon.....     | 3  |
| Pennsylvania.....  | 27 | Ohio.....       | 23 |

Total,.....183

The Slave States will be entitled to votes in the Electoral College as follows:

|                     |    |                |    |
|---------------------|----|----------------|----|
| Virginia.....       | 15 | Louisiana..... | 6  |
| Delaware.....       | 3  | Arkansas.....  | 4  |
| Maryland.....       | 8  | Tennessee..... | 12 |
| North Carolina..... | 10 | Kentucky.....  | 12 |
| South Carolina..... | 8  | Missouri.....  | 9  |
| Georgia.....        | 10 | Florida.....   | 3  |
| Alabama.....        | 9  | Texas.....     | 4  |
| Mississippi.....    | 7  |                |    |

Total,.....120

Aggregate vote of Free and Slave States,.....303

Majority necessary to elect a President,.....152

THE NEXT AGRICULTURAL SHOW.—As the Trustees of the Essex Agricultural Society will soon hold a meeting to determine where the next Show shall be held, it behooves our citizens to make an effort to have it here next year. As there was no show of cattle this year, which somewhat diminished the interest of the occasion, we think the Society will see the propriety of having it repeated here next year. The facilities by Railroads from all parts of the County render our town easy of access with cattle and manufactures as well as visitors.

"All up" with Bell and Everett.

We notice a call advertised in the Salem Gazette, for a parade of the Everett Guard, to which is attached the index hand and under it the words, "All up!" It is just as we supposed it would be.

DANVERS.—All of the engine companies in Danvers three in number, have been disbanded by vote of the Board of Engineers, on Tuesday evening last, in consequence of the disturbance which took place between the companies at the burning of Calvin Putnam's barn on Sunday evening. There is now no organized Fire Department in Danvers.

Messrs. J. S. Black & Co., the enterprising Shoe Manufacturers of this town, are about introducing steam power into their establishment, for the purpose of carrying their various machines, consisting of leather stripper, sole out, bottom maker, &c., &c. They are now erecting a brick building in the rear of their shop for the engine house. The Messrs. Black & Co. do the largest business in town, mostly thick, heavy work for the southern and south-western trade.

DISTINGUISHED CONTRIBUTORS.—The enterprising Board of the New York Ledger has added to his list of contributors President Buchanan and Hon. George Bancroft. The former is to furnish a biographical sketch of William Lowndes, the eminent South Carolina statesman, and the latter an article descriptive of the Battle of Lake Erie.

WHAT COMES OF ADVERTISING.—Spaulding & Co. of New York, the great "prepared glue" men, have cleared \$60,000 within a year past on the sale of their glue, which they attribute, in the main, to the policy of extensive advertising. They went into it on the Bonner scale, and so satisfactory has been the result—the already immense demand for the article steadily and rapidly increasing—that they expect to boom up in still more magnificent proportions in the columns of the press during the ensuing year. So much for advertising, and bold and judicious action founded thereon.—St. Louis Dem.

CREDS FROM THE OCEAN WORLD.—We have received a book of travels with this title, abounding in descriptions, thoughts and reflections of a tourist who travels with open eyes and a thoughtful mind. The author's name is not on its title page, but we learn that it is from the pen of ALONZO TAFT, a teacher as well as traveler. We also learn that he contemplates giving a short course of lectures here on Napoleon III. and Garibaldi. The time and place will be made known at a future day.

VILLAGE BANK DIRECTORS.—Dan'l Richards, President, Joseph S. Black, John R. Langley, F. P. Merrill, Edwin Mudge, P. H. Putnam, John A. Putnam, Jacob F. Perry, John Wright. Wm. L. Weston, Cashier.

ALL UP!—At a meeting of the Bell-Everett party at their Headquarters on Monday evening, the following gentlemen were elected Delegates to the Council and Senatorial Conventions:

Francis K. Pemberton, Jno. A. Lord, Joseph Jacobs, Jr., Sam'l A. Lord, Frank Morrill, Robert S. Daniels, Jr., Frank Taggard, Eben S. Flint.

It was voted to form an Everett Club.

A WINDFALL.—We learn that the Baptist Society in this town, under the pastoral charge of Rev. Mr. Keely, has lately been the recipient of a gift of \$250 from an unknown source, which is to be applied to the removal of the floating debt of the Society, and which will, with other resources, place it in easy pecuniary circumstances. The generous donor, although unknown, may be assured that his timely bounty could hardly have been better bestowed or more sincerely appreciated. If to give is more blessed than to receive, the bestower of this gift must be thrice blessed.

BELL AND EVERETT DEMONSTRATION.—There was a Flag Raising last Monday evening at the junction of Federal and Boston streets, at which there was a large attendance. The Everett Guard were out in uniform, with about eighty torches and the Salem Brass Band, which played first the "Star Spangled Banner," and then "Yankee Doodle," after which nine cheers were given for the candidates. The Guard then marched down town.

BELL AND EVERETT.—We call the attention of our readers to a well written article on our first page from a "Union" source, and which will repay perusal. Although its sentiments are opposed to our own political principles, we are glad to give them circulation, as we fully believe the doctrine, that truth is always an over-match for error. We have frequently made generous offers of space in our columns to be used by our political opponents, reserving of course, our editorial right of remark upon what is admitted.











# THE WIZARD.

VOL. I.

SOUTH DANVERS, MASS., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1860.

NO. 46

## THE WIZARD

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY,

At Allen's Building, So. Danvers Square,

CHAS. D. HOWARD, Proprietor.

F. POOLE, Editor.

Terms \$2.00 a Year; for Immediate Payment, \$1.50.

### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Half a Square, 3 wks 3 mos. 1 year  
One Square, 1.00 2.50 5.00  
Quarter of a Square, .50 1.25 2.50  
16 lines of Nonpareil type are equal to a square.  
60 cents per line will be charged for notices of meetings for political, civil, or religious purposes, notices of societies, cards of acknowledgments, &c.  
The privilege of Annual Advertisers is limited to their own immediate business; and all advertisements for the benefit of other persons, as well as legal advertisements, and advertisements of real estate or auction sales, sent in by them, must be paid for at the usual rates.

Book and Job Printing  
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,  
Executed with Neatness and Despatch,  
AT THIS OFFICE.

### CARDS.

A. A. PUTNAM,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
CORNER MAPLE AND ELM STS.,  
DANVERS.

THOMAS M. STIMPSON,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
101 ESSEX STREET, SALEM.  
Residence Lowell street, South Danvers.

B. C. PERKINS,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
So. Danvers—Office in Allen's Building.

H. O. WILEY,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
Office, Allen's Building, So. Danvers.

IVES & PEABODY,  
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,  
Have removed their Office to  
Rooms formerly occupied by Hon. O. P. Lord,  
No. 27 WASHINGTON STREET, SALEM.  
STEPHEN D. IVEY, JR. JOHN B. PEABODY.  
December 7, 1859.

ALFRED A. ABBOTT,  
Attorney and Counsellor,  
Office, No. 221 Essex Street, Salem;  
House, Main St., So. Danvers.

SYDNEY C. BANCROFT,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
27 Washington Street, Salem.

Mr. Bancroft may be found mornings and evenings, at his home office, near his residence in South Danvers.

JOHN W. PROCTOR,  
Has taken rooms, in the  
2d, Story of the Union Building,  
nearly opposite the Monument.

Where he will be found from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., ready to attend to any business that may be entrusted to his care.  
South Danvers, Feb. 20th, 1860.

A. S. CRAWFORD,  
DENTIST,  
No. 4 MAIN STREET, SOUTH DANVERS SQUARE.  
Mechanical Dentistry Neatly Executed.

Teeth Extracted by Electricity without Extra Charge.  
dec 7

W. L. BOWDOIN,  
SURGEON DENTIST,  
No. 208 Essex Street, Salem, (Opposite the Market).  
Residence—No. 57 Washington street.

F. POOLE,  
INSURANCE AGENT,  
Allen's Building (up stairs).  
Deaths drawn, and other common forms.

SAMUEL DAVIS,  
HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING ROOM,  
7 MAIN ST., SOUTH DANVERS.

E. S. FLINT,  
DEALER IN  
WEST INDIA GOODS, COUNTRY PRODUCE,  
No. 2 Main Street, South Danvers.

EDWARD C. WEBSTER,  
ONE PRICE  
HAT, CAP AND FUR STORE,  
231 ESSEX, and 34 WASHINGTON ST.,

HENRY L. WHIDDEN,  
PAINTER, GLAZIER,  
AND PAPERER,  
Central Street, South Danvers, Opp. South Church.

WHIPPLE & FRIEND,  
PAINTERS,  
GLAZIERS AND PAPER HANGERS,  
88 Main street, opposite Monument, S. Danvers.

All orders promptly attended to; a share of patronage solicited.  
J. J. WHIPPLE. A. FRIEND.

JOHN MOULTON,  
LIVERY & STABLE,  
Main St., opp. Danvers Bank, So. Danvers

## Selected Poetry.

### THE LAMP AT SEA.

BY LONGFELLOW.

The night was made for cooling shade,  
For silence and for sleep;  
And when I was a child, I laid  
My hands upon my breast and prayed,  
And sank to slumbers deep.  
Childlike as then, I lie to night,  
And watch my lonely cabin light.

Each movement of the swinging lamp,  
Shows how the vessel reels;  
And o'er her deck the billows tramp,  
And all her timbers strain and creak,  
With every shock she feels;  
It starts and shudders as it burns,  
And in its hinged socket turns.

Now swinging slow, and slanting low,  
It almost level lies,  
And yet I know, while to and fro  
I watch the seeming pendule go,  
With restless fall and rise,  
The steady shaft is still upright,  
Poising its little globe of light.

O hand of God! O lamp of peace!  
O promise of my soul!  
Though weak and tossed, and ill at ease,  
Amid the roar of smiting seas—  
The ship's convulsive roll—  
I own with love and tender awe,  
Your perfect type of faith and law!

A heavenly trust my spirit calms!  
My soul is filled with light!  
The wild winds chant; I cross my palms,  
Happy as if to-night,  
Under the cottage roof again,  
I heard the soothing summer rain.

### THE STATE OF THE CANVASS.

A POLITICAL SKETCH BY DECATS.

NEW YORK.  
Matters and things in this State are more mixed up than they would have been if they had not been mixed up; but it is evident to all far-seeing politicians, that the masses are sound republicans, devoted to good Union men, and will illustrate true Democracy in such a manner as to elect the friends of Southern Rights. The conservative masses have adopted the following platform:

"In consequence of the great fall in the price of dry goods, the national men of this country feel called upon to elect Mr. Bell, who is only inferior to Mr. Douglas, and shall have our votes if we do not give them to Mr. Breckinridge. Mr. Douglas is eminently calculated to win the affection of all who love Bell, though the latter is only exceeded by Mr. Breckinridge. Therefore, he it resolved, that we will do this, if it costs us our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor, together with the pursuit of happiness."

New York State will remain true to the Constitution, and you may set her down as sure for Major I. T.

NEW JERSEY.  
The news from South Amboy is cheering. The New Jersey Railroad will carry the State by an immense majority at fifty cents both ways; children, half price. Since the arrival of missionaries at Newark, Trenton, Princeton, and other wild settlements, Pennington has gradually disappeared, and we find Wright in very small quantities. The irrepressible Conflict arrived in Jersey City a few days ago, with his carpet-bag and umbrella; but died for want of excitement, in less than an hour. The State is divided between Commodore Stockton and the Mayor of Hoboken.

PENNSYLVANIA.  
The State of Pennsylvania thinks it is as large as New York, and where folly is bliss, 'tis ignorance to be wise, as Edward Everett has beautifully remarked. Col. Forney told the people the other day that the time had come when they must "meet the issue."

They all went out with umbrellas to meet the issue, but found that the issue was Frank Blair. There is some difficulty about distributing speakers for the campaign, newly all the best orators refusing to operate in Philadelphia; because, they say, this is not a pleasant time of year to be in the country. It is to be hoped, however, that one or two will be found patriotic enough to disregard their own feelings when the compound interests of the Union are at stake.

DELAWARE.  
The people here are unanimously in favor of the man of their choice, and will vote for him, provided they exercise the unmitigated right of every American citizen. We are informed by telegraph, that at the last municipal election at Devil's Armpit, the Honorable Horatio Jinks was elected by a majority of five hundred and twenty-two thousand, six hundred and two and a half. The "half" was a small boy—Authentic returns may modify these figures; but it is tolerably certain that Delaware will cast her vote for the candidate who receives it.

THE CAROLINAS.  
A scheme to ship Carolina potatoes direct to Europe, from Charleston, so excites the people of these States, that they hardly think of any thing else. Carolina small potatoes are in great demand and a large stock is kept constantly on hand at the office of the Charleston Mercury. Latest advices state that North Carolina has appointed a committee, consisting of Major General Tompkins, Lieutenant-General Binks, Colonel Brown, Capt. Fish, and Lieutenant Rogers, to visit France, and make arrangements for an immediate line of frigates between Hell's Dought and Paris. If they succeed, the vote of the State will be given to the man who feeds the American Eagle.

GEORGIA.  
The Inexpressible Conflict rages dreadfully here, and several Methodist clergymen have been carried off by it. Stamp-speakers are afflicting the State with ill-

rections, breaking out—ruth men as they are!—all over the face of the land, and being pitted against each other. The friends of Mr. Douglas proclaim him to be "the coming man;" but their enemies refute this by asserting that he cannot be the coming man, when he is constantly on the go. The Breckinridge and Bell men may sue or refuse, we can't say which. But at any rate, the whole State will give a majority of several millions to that man, or any other man.

ALABAMA.  
The Credit-Mobilier, is in such a shabby condition, that funds for the campaign cannot be raised. In fact, the fundamental principle of politics is lacking; and of course where the principal is lacking, there can be no interest felt!

MISSISSIPPI AND MISSOURI.  
The statement that the Union would be dissolved, in case of Lincoln's election, originated in Mississippi; hence it is properly considered a Miss statement. The citizens of both States pick cotton in an inexpressible manner, and have established a fund of nearly five dollars, for the purpose of equipping an army to resist any President whatsoever. The friends of all the candidates are very rude of speech, though all are patriots who seek their country's good. That is, they are doing good offices for their country, and desire their country's good offices. I think both these States may be set down for Andrew Jackson.

LOUISIANA.  
New Orleans molasses is at a discount. People in the country districts have not recovered from the excitement caused by John Brown's Harper's Ferry raid, and hung a school-teacher, the other day, for eating Brown sugar. In New Orleans, the people are equally divided between Breckinridge, Bell, and the New Henry Clay monument. The State will give an overwhelming majority to the friend of Clay.

TEXAS.  
Much inexpressible conflict—strychnine—gigantic negroes seen at midnight with their pockets full of cannon—bloody abolitionists—anguinary slaves caught in the act of planting bowie-knife seed—twenty-five Methodist clergymen hung for speaking about the Northern lights. Put down the State for Sam Houston.

VIRGINIA.  
The Richmond Enquirer has broken out again, and rages so fearfully in some part of the State, that insensate committees are imminent. Governor Wise says that the old Dominion will prove true to the Union while second hand clothes can be bought so cheap in New York; and it is currently reported that the Hon. John Minor Botts is determined to stick to the confederacy, while those of his own household and blood are to be found in all parts of it. Mr. Botts, as his name denotes, is a great man for horses. Virginia will go solidly for the man she most approves.

KENTUCKY AND TENNESSEE.  
These States are strongly in favor of free speeches, free grace, free drinks, and free lunch. Cassius M. Clay made a speech two yards long, at Frankfort, the other day, and yet the health of the State is very good. Parson Brownlow is working for his party at Nashville, and succeeded lately in inducing three subscribers to his paper to take the pledge. They pledged themselves to kick him out of doors if he came round with his bill again. Put down both States for The Other Man.

MAINE AND NEW HAMPSHIRE.  
Much Lincoln. As the Great Eastern did not go to Portland, the former State is very indignant, and will vote in a promiscuous manner. New Hampshire expects every man to do his duty. Both States will do the right thing.

OTHER NEW ENGLAND STATES.  
Boston is going to have another speech out of Everett, and let Holmes read another of his poems before she decides who not to vote for. Of course, Boston dictates to Massachusetts, Vermont, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and Martha's Vineyard. Bostonians believe, at present, that the election of a conic-sectional President would endanger their liberties, their Atlantic Monthly, their frog-pond, and their Faneuil Hall—hence they go for a man favoring all these vestiges of creation. Latest advices from Naugatuck report Lincoln ahead and Douglas afoot, with Bell ringing in with the latter. All these States will go for the man whose public virtues never exceed his expenses.

OREGON.  
This populous State goes for Horace Greeley, or rather Horace Greeley went for it—to Chicago. Its military son, General Joseph Lane, is proverbially known as a long Lane that has no returning—to the Senate. Put down Oregon for Andrew Jackson.—N. Y. Mercury.

RAVING MOTHERS.—We wish it were possible to persuade some otherwise excellent mothers, how much trouble they would save themselves by exercising a little firmness towards their children. Of course it takes more time to contend a point with a child than to yield it; and a busy mother, not reflecting that this is not for once, but for thousands of future times, and to rid herself of impertinency, says, wearily, "Yes, yes, you may do it," when all the while, she knows it to be wrong, and most injurious to the child. Then there comes a time when she must say "No!" and the difficulty of enforcing it at so late a period of indulgence, none can tell, but "easy" mothers of self-willed children. For your own sake, then mothers if you have not the future good of your children at heart—for your own sakes, and to save yourselves great trouble in the future, learn to say "No!" and take time to enforce it. Let every thing else go, if necessary, because this contest must be fought out successfully with every separate child; and once fought, it is done with forever. When we see a mother, day by day, worried, harassed, worn out by ceaseless teasing and importunities, all for the want of a little firmness at the outset, we know not whether to be more sorry or angry. At any rate, we have no patience to stay by and witness such and mismanagement.—Maternal Counsels.

## ANECDOTE OF DECATS.

Many singular stories are told of Decamps, the illustrious French painter, and here is one as odd as it is true.

Among the habits of the little cafe in the Faubourg Saint-Denis was an amateur of painting whom the painters of that day have not forgotten: M. Jacques Lefort.

Lefort was a man of forty years of age, having an income of fifteen thousand francs, fond of painting, and an excellent landscape painter himself. He inhabited a third story apartment in the Rue de Provence, where Decamps went very often to see him, and where he felt quite at home. He passed many a long evening there, talking and smoking before an open window looking on the vast gardens of the Hotel de Laite and the Hotel de Rohan.

One day Lefort came into the cafe with an appearance of ill humor.

"What is the matter?" asked Decamps, on perceiving him.

"Well, I'm sorry at leaving our room."

"Do you leave it?"

"Yes, my landlord wished to raise my rent. I refused. He insisted, and I gave him notice that I should leave. I am quite sorry about it, for you were very fond of that room."

"Well, withdraw your notice."

"You are right; I will do so."

The next day Lefort was in still a worse humor.—He had offered to withdraw his notice, but the room had been let on a lease of nine years.

Lefort was to move in the month of October. His landlord obligingly notified him that the person who was to occupy the room would not return from the country till the middle of November, and that he therefore had ample time to seek another room. It was only necessary that Lefort should leave a portion of the room vacant to place the furniture of his successor. Lefort gladly consented to that and it was brought to the house.

Decamps, seeing him continually quite sad at leaving his room, said to him one day—

"There may be a means of arranging with your successor."

"Show me then his furniture," said Decamps, "that I may see what kind of a man he is."

Lefort conducted Decamps into the apartment, and showed him the furniture.

"Hum, hum," mused Decamps as his eye glanced over it, "all this is simple, comfortable, in good taste. The furniture denotes an income of twenty thousand francs—recently acquired. It belongs to a man of sense—or rather it is a woman! Look at these articles for feminine use—this toilette table, this work table."

"But the husband?"

"I don't see any signs of a husband here—no masculine furniture, so to speak. The bed is too small for two. We must find out now whether she is a young lady, a widow, or an old maid."

"How to know that?"

"Let us look."

He opened the drawer of a toilette table, and found a comb; between the teeth of the comb was some long hair of a golden color.

"Good. This hair doesn't belong to an old woman. Let us seek further."

He perceived a portrait with the face to the wall. He turned it, and took off the covering. It was the portrait of the young lady, a very pretty blonde, painted in 1825 by Herriot.

"It is the portrait of the lady," said Decamps. It is the likeness of a married woman,—the dress indicates it. This woman was about twenty-four years of age when it was painted, and she is therefore now a widow of thirty-four. She must still be very handsome.—She is an intelligent woman, and fond of the arts, I judge by the choice of books in this bookcase, and of music on the piano. She is a good woman, I judge by her face. My friend, you shall not leave this room."

"It will be necessary then to ask this lady to give it up to me."

"No, only to ask her to share it with you. You must marry her!"

"I can't do that."

"I speak very seriously. Your furniture seems made to go with hers. The room is too large for one, and quite right for two."

"But I don't want to marry."

"You are wrong, for you are forty years of age.—This woman pleases me, will suit you, and I want you to marry her. Leave me to arrange it."

"When the lady returned from the country, she was surprised to find her room occupied, and her furniture doubled. Decamps awaited her. He showed her the room arranged by himself, and the portrait of Lefort placed opposite her own.

"See, Madame," said he, "how marvellously this furniture harmonizes; what a fine companion this portrait makes for your own; it is the portrait of the husband you need."

The lady was good-natured, and did not get angry, but laughed. Lefort presented himself, and as he was a man of means, of intelligence and good looks, he pleased her. He married the widow, and did not leave the room.

He only quitted it last year at the death of his wife; whom he adored, and who made him the happiest of men. Decamps remained their friend, and both, whenever they saw him, thanked him for having married their furniture.—Translated for Boston Evening Gazette.

The valuation of the tobacco crop of Massachusetts for the present year is set down at \$200,000.—The culture is almost entirely in the counties of Hampden, Hampshire and Franklin, and the towns of Whately and Deerfield last year sold about \$80,000 worth.

The graves of those who fell in the Crimean war occupy twenty square miles of territory.

## WHY THE MILL WAS STOPPED.

In one of the older States once resided an infidel, the owner of a saw-mill, situated by the side of a highway, over which a large portion of a Christian congregation passed every Sabbath to and from church. This infidel, having no regard for the Sabbath, was as busy, and his mill as noisy on that holy day, as on any other.—Before long it was observed, however, that at a certain time before service the mill would stop, remain silent, and appear to be deserted for a few minutes, when its noise and clatter would re-commence and continue till about the close of the service, when for a short time it again ceased.

It was soon noticed that one of the deacons of the church passed the mill to the place of worship during the silent interval; and so punctual was he to the hour, that the infidel knew just when to stop his mill, so that it should be silent while the deacon was passing, although he paid no regard to the passing of others.—On being asked why he paid this mark of respect to the deacon, he replied:

"The deacon professes just what the rest of you do; but he lives also such a life, that it makes me feel here, (putting his hand upon his heart,) to run my mill while he is passing."

This incident illustrates the power of a holy, consistent life, and shows us clearly the kind of influence we should exert upon those around us. This good man, it appears, "walked in wisdom" toward those without the church of Christ, as the Apostle exhorts all Christians to do. He exhibited in his daily intercourse a temper and conduct corresponding with the principles which he professed; and while such deportment will not always induce a sinner to embrace those principles, it will go so far to disarm his prejudices that his esteem for one professing them may in the end lead him to a hearty embrace of the truth.

HINTS FOR THE FARMER.—Dig your potatoes when the ground is dry, you can then gather them free from dirt; then stow them away under cover, where the frost will not touch them.

Toads are the best protection of cabbages against lice. Plants when drooping are revived by a few grains of sulphur.

Sulphur is valuable in preserving grapes, &c., from insects.

Lard never spoils in warm weather, if it is cooked enough in trying out.

In feeding corn, sixty pounds ground go as far as one hundred pounds in the kernel.

Corn Meal should never be ground very fine, as it injures the richness of it.

Turnips of small size have double the nutritious matter large ones have.

Rats and other vermin are kept away from grain by a sprinkling of garlic when packing the sheaves.—Ohio Valley Farmer.

THE FIRST PRINTING PRESS IN AMERICA. The first printing press established in America was at Cambridge Mass., in 1639. Joseph Glover gave to the college a "font of printing letters," and some gentlemen of Amsterdam gave "forty-nine pounds and something more toward furnishing of a printing press with letters."

Glover died on his voyage to Massachusetts, and the college placed their press under the management of Stephen Dwyer, who superintended it for ten years.—The first thing which was printed was the "Freeman's Oath"; the next was an almanac made for New England by William Pierce, mariner; the next was "The Psalms newly turned into metre."

THE "LITTLE WONDER." At the N. H. State Fair at Manchester, the Watering Machine of Mr. B. D. Hill, Jr., was exhibited and entered for a Premium as garden engine.

A ROMANCE OF LIFE.—Quite a scene is said to have occurred on one of the cars of the Camden and Amboy line, just after leaving Princeton. Among those on the train was a lady about thirty years of age. She was good looking, and attracted much attention from her air of melancholy. A sun-burned but very handsome gentleman entered the car in which the lady in question was seated. No sooner had the parties gazed at each other than the lady swooned. On recovering her husband, whom she had just seen, she was informed, he going to California to improve his fortune, and she falling heir to a large southern estate left her by a member of the family in which she had been teaching. Mutual explanations ensued, and the happy couple set out on a second bridal tour.

A friend of ours received a circular from one of the lottery concerns, which very confidentially stated that if he would forward \$20, they would send him a package of tickets, and insure him a prize of \$100. He answered as follows:—

Gents:—Your circular was duly received. I think very favorably of your proposal, and you will please send me \$100, less \$20, which will obviate the necessity of my forwarding the amount for the package of tickets.

Respectfully Yours,

It is needless to remark that the money never was received.—Cape Ann Advertiser.

It is stated that two tea-spoonsful of finely powdered charcoal, drank in a half tumbler of water, will in less than fifteen minutes give relief to the sick headache, when caused, as in most cases it is, by superabundance of acids on the stomach.

Good counsel.—Always be at work for the attainment of an object. If the object itself is not important, the pursuit is. The fox, when caught, is worth nothing—he is followed for the pleasure of the following.

An attorney, on being called to account for having acted unprofessionally in taking less than the usual fees from his client, pleaded that he had taken a't the man had! He was thereupon honorably acquitted.



# THE WIZARD.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1860.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.—Mrs. F. D. Palmer, at rooms over 181 Essex st., Salem, announces "Dress and Cloak Making."  
R. C. Manning, 183 Derby st., Salem—"Coal, Wood, Bark, Hay, &c."  
Charles H. Adams—"Insolvency Notice."  
Lunt & Hart—"Butter, Cheese, Olives and Syrup."  
John P. Peabody—"New Goods."  
John Hunt, 16 Lafayette st., Salem—"Stoves."  
W. P. Phillips, Salem, advertises coal for \$5.50 per ton on wharf.

E. F. & J. W. Roberts, corner of Washington and Front streets, Salem, dealers in "Foreign and Domestic Fruits, Nuts, Confectionery, &c."  
Geo. P. Daniels, Main st., South Danvers, has received a large lot of "New Goods." See advertisement.

## Garibaldi.

The successful career of this chieftain is the astonishment of the world. All eyes are now directed to Italy as the stage upon which is now acting the drama of human progress and a nationality founded on liberal ideas. He has the true grit of a political reformer, and every step he takes shows that this fire of the flint is in him. In a few months, we might almost say weeks, he has moved with Napoleonic vigor from victory to victory until he holds the fate of the peninsula and islands of Italy in his grasp. Kings fly before him and the sovereign Pontiff trembles in his palace. The Pope will be wise if he abandons his temporal authority and retains only the spiritual. His spiritual influence is not small with some of the nations of Europe. If Garibaldi does not use his power with great discretion, Europe may be involved in a general war. Perhaps she will if he does, but we hope such a calamity will be averted. With a united Italy and Sardinia, there will be a great and powerful nation, almost equalling in population our own Republic. We hope that nation, which has so long been demoralized and down-trodden, has a germ of manhood which will lift her up to a station at the side of the most civilized nations of the world. Great events are transpiring in the south of Europe, but the end is not yet. A very few weeks or days may determine whether the nations will settle down in peace or be engaged in bloody strife.

## Quaker Meeting.

A meeting of Friends was notified to be held in the South Church on Sunday evening last, at which Mr. David, an approved preacher of that persuasion, was expected to speak, but on account of the rain the meeting was postponed. We remember that many years ago it was no uncommon occurrence to have such meetings in the original Old South Meeting-house. It is now many years since there has been a Friends' meeting in our village, although there are many of that Society living among us.

Those who have never attended a Friends' meeting can have but a very inadequate idea of the impressiveness of that simple mode of worship. If one would see and feel its influence most potently, go to the plain house where they are wont to assemble on a Sunday or Thursday. It is there that external circumstances assist in making the impression on the mind of the thoughtful visitor. You enter a plain room, severe in its simplicity, furnished with plain seats and without pulpit or orchestra. The women sit on one side of the house and the men on the other, and two rows of seats a little elevated are occupied by the elders of both sexes, and approved speakers, who sit facing the people. A solemn stillness reigns, which is most favorable to reflection and meditation. It seems almost sacrilege to break the silence by a cough or a whisper. The atmosphere of the room seems favorable to devotional thoughts and sacred musings. If you go with any feelings of levity they are at once dispelled and you find that this is no place for their exercise.

Perhaps your chief motive in going, may be to hear their preachers speak in their peculiar way. It may chance that on your visit no one is moved by that inward suggestion in which they hold belief, and that not a word is spoken. Yet if your thoughts have had a direction according with the spirit of the place, you will deem the meditations of the hour worth a dozen written sermons, although faultless in style and delivered with polished declamation. It may be that you will hear only a single text from the bible or a brief prayer, and this may be by a woman's voice. This isolated text and the offered petition strike deeper into the mind after the long preceding silence, and that which succeeds impresses the thoughts strongly on the memory for future meditation. It may be that one of the occupants of the raised seats is moved to speak more at length. He, or she, as the case may be, rises and speaks, and the assembly listen with an attention of a fervid appeal—it may partake of the same.

It will most likely, abound in apt quotations from the bible, it will possess the element of deep spiritual feeling, and although it may seem wandering and its thoughts slightly transcendental, there will be found a strata of strong good sense running through it. The critical hearer may be able if so disposed, to find fault with the tone of the preacher's voice and the quaintness of his language, but if he possesses common fairness he will acknowledge these defects to be more than counterbalanced by the evident sincerity and honest belief of the speaker in the truth of his message.

We have spoken of the impression made upon an occasional visitor, and not of that upon a constant worshipper. It may be that some of the effect may be lost by familiarity. It is not always easy to control wandering thoughts, even under the most favorable circumstances for concentration. By constant striving we doubt not members of this respectable Society do succeed in schooling themselves to the habit of shutting out the world and indulgence in devout contemplation during the hours of worship. To our shame be it said, that we have had our attention diverted from proper themes, by witnessing on the face of one of those venerable elders, a fly, traversing all over the broad disk of his countenance. Although the sight, in a hot summer afternoon, made us feel nervous, as the insect persistently travelled over cheeks, forehead and nose, and we longed to drive it off, that rigid face never moved a muscle, because the mind was engaged so entirely that no annoyance was felt. If our own thoughts had been rightly directed and fixed, they would not have been diverted to the fly.

We are indebted to Spicers Shove for a basket full of nice fruit.

## Second Parade of the Wide-Awakes.

Capt. Nelson's Company of Wide-Awakes turned out strong on Tuesday evening of last week, in response to a call from the officers, and mustered about 120 uniforms. After forming at the Town Hall, they marched through Stevens, Elm, Wallis, Tremont, Central, Lowell, Franklin, and Chestnut Streets to the Square, and then passed through Main and Washington Streets to Rockville as far as Mr. Baldwin's store, which was handsomely illuminated. After a short rest, during which they were addressed by Lieut. McKenzie on the political topics of the day, they counter-marched and returned through Silas, Holten, Sewall and Main Streets to the Salem line, where they counter-marched and paid their respects to Gen. Sutton, by three cheers and a "wide-awake." This brought out the General, who after expressing his thanks, informed the company of the success of the Republicans in Pennsylvania, which news was received with hearty wide-awake cheers. They then marched through Main Street to their Head Quarters and were dismissed with the thanks of their Commander.

All along this extensive route, the Wide-Awakes were everywhere greeted with illuminations, fireworks and cheers from the mer, and smiles and waving of handkerchiefs from the ladies. They were followed by crowds the whole extent of their long march, which was made pleasant by the tokens of approbation everywhere received. The enthusiasm of the members of the company, instead of flagging, seemed to increase, and their lively cheers became more frequent to the last moment.

South Danvers, we may presume to say, was never before in such a blaze of artificial light. Parades were brilliantly lighted, the curtains up and doors wide open as in the old log-cabin days, when "the latching was out." The lanterns of the Wide-Awakes, with their variegated colors, danced along the streets, rockets and Roman candles sent their fiery gleam in the air and Bengal lights and bonfires glowed on the ground. We hear but one expression from those who looked upon the scene, and that is, that such a sight has never before been witnessed in this place.

We would be glad to give a description of some of the scenes which occurred on that evening, but we hardly know where to begin, and we fear if we began, we should be at a loss where to leave off. We would like to particularize the bright illuminations in Washington and Holten Streets, Franklin, Elm, and Main, and particularly the house of Dr. T. A. Sweetser, which seemed like an enchanted palace—but we must forbear. Rockville lighted up far beyond our expectations, although we knew something of the go-ahead spirit of its population.

The mention of Rockville reminds us of an incident on the return, when the compliment of "three cheers and a wide-awake" was given to S. C. Bancroft, whose house and office were handsomely lighted. The company insisted upon calling him out and at length he appeared, and in a neat and fluent extempore speech thanked the Wide-Awakes in behalf of his friends and neighbors, for the fine demonstration so rarely witnessed, with which they were honored. He also expressed his approval of the Republican platform and cause, and his intention to vote for the Republican candidates. He was warmly applauded by the Wide-Awakes and spectators.

We ought not to omit to notice the splendid display of rockets and other fire-works in the neighborhood of the Gen. Foster Engine House, so gratifying to the Wide-Awakes and spectators as the procession passed and repassed that locality.

Another very pleasant incident deserves mention. As the Company passed the Bell and Everett Head Quarters, they found the room brilliantly illuminated. This unexpected compliment was so gratifying, that the Company halted and responded to it with hearty cheers. Such acts of amenity do much to soften the asperities of partisan feeling and cannot be too warmly commended. We noticed also that the houses of many of the leading Union men on the route, were illuminated. In contrast to this excellent state of feeling, we have to record only one case of insult, which took place in Washington Street, where some miscreant threw a stone into the procession, which struck on the head of the bearer of one of the transparencies. Although the contusion was severe, the man was able to continue the march to the end of the route.

It was in Washington St. also, that the Company became the recipient of a splendid banner prepared and presented by Mr. J. J. Whipple, of the firm of Whipple & Friend. This was a complete surprise and was a very pleasant incident of the march. Hon. E. S. Poor was called upon to express the thanks of the Company, which he did in a brief speech. The banner bears the following inscriptions:

LINCOLN & HAMLIN.

UNION.

WE ARE NOT ABLE, BUT  
WE WILL NOT ASK FOR  
LIBERTY.

ANDREW & GOODRICH.

Horse Railroad.

So far as we have been able to ascertain the state of public feeling on the subject of a street Railroad to Salem, it is decidedly favorable. It is more than this. There is an evident impatience to see the project in successful operation. As opportunities are afforded of seeing the conveniences of this mode of travelling, prejudices give way and it is considered a necessity of the age. Apprehended difficulties diminish or entirely disappear. We believe the vote of our population, if taken now would be nearly unanimous for the road. We understand that the present omnibus proprietors are so far convinced of the expediency and desirability of this improvement that they are ready to consent to any fair arrangements for selling out their live and rolling stock on the road. This is a great point gained and we hope, as soon as the elections are over, that public attention will be drawn to this subject.

YANCY'S DISUNION GUN SPOKE.—Mr. Yancy spoke to an immense gathering at Cooper Institute, N. York City, on Thursday evening last. During his speech questions were put to him, whether Lincoln's election would be the cause of a secession of the South, and he answered that he believed in the right of secession, and if Lincoln should bring in the federal bayonets to force his irrepressible conflict, he would join his State and resist them. As to secession, it was a question to be considered by the people of his State, and his opinion should be given to them alone.

Those interested will take notice that Mr. Up-ton's afternoon school for instruction in Danvers, will commence next Saturday, at Sutton Hall.

## Ralph Farnham.

DEAR WIZARD: I purchased yesterday a pamphlet, purporting to be a biographical sketch of the venerable Ralph Farnham, the sole survivor of the battle of Bunker Hill. The narrative relating to the old hero is very interesting, but the gross inaccuracies of the editor who compiled it, should not pass unnoticed. He says, the old gentleman set forth with others a few days before the battle of Bunker Hill for Charlestown, where Gen. Washington had taken up his headquarters, on assuming the chief command of the revolutionary army! That Washington previous to the battle, rode round the camp and reviewed the men, &c. Washington was not appointed commander in chief until the 16th of June, and set out from Philadelphia on the 21st of the same month to join his troops, and on the 2d of July following, at 2 o'clock P. M., he arrived at Cambridge. He first heard of the battle of Bunker Hill at New York. The compiler says Ralph Farnham entered Boston with the forces under Gen. Putnam, after the evacuation of the city by Gen. Gage. Gen. Gage sailed for England Oct. 10, 1776, and gave up his command to Gen. Howe, who evacuated Boston March 17th, 1776. Our author speaks of the defeat of the Americans at Long Island, commanded by Lord Sterling, by the forces under Gen. Lord Howe. Here he has evidently confounded two persons in one. Lord Howe was a naval commander, a brother of Gen. Howe, who commanded at the siege of Boston, and was appointed to co-operate with him in the reduction of New York. Lord Howe had in a short time previous, arrived from England and had in his pocket a commission from parliament, empowering him and his brother Gen. Howe to treat with the Americans. S. P. P.

South Danvers Wide-Awakes at Salem. The Wide-Awakes turned out 150 uniforms at the gathering in Salem last Friday evening, still retaining their reputation of being the banner Company of the County. They marched from the Town Hall to Salem by the route of the Salem Branch Road, with lanterns, transparencies, fire-works, and their new banners, presenting a truly martial appearance. The streets through which they marched were illuminated as on the former occasion. The Company, agreeably to previous arrangements, left the procession at the "Great Tree" on Boston St. to accept an invitation from Mr. Thomas E. Proctor, to partake of a collation at his residence on Sewall St. They reached that place at about half past 10 o'clock, where excellent refreshments, very bountifully supplied, were heartily discussed. Their host was handsomely complimented with nine of their cheers and a trio of "wide-awakes," and the Company marched off to a lively tune to their head quarters and were dismissed.

Mr. Enton.—The other evening I had the pleasure of hearing a lecture delivered by the young Shakespearean reader, L. G. SWANEY, of this town; and he astonished me and all present, by his power of eloquence. Mr. Swaney is a young man of extraordinary talent. He has given two lectures—one in Marblehead, and one in Salem. When he started to lecture, he thought of raising means to help him to an education, but he ran behindhand twenty-five dollars. He intends to give a lecture in South Danvers, when I hope the young men will turn out and give him a full house; and as the Peabody Institute was given to the old town of Danvers for the encouragement of learning and educating our children that were brought up at our common schools, without any other advantages, I think the committee ought to take this into consideration, and offer the young gentleman the use of the hall.

SOUTH DANVERS MIXTURE MEN. At a large and enthusiastic meeting of the "Mixture Men" of this town, at the Town Hall, on Saturday evening last, the following officers were elected:

- Commander—J. S. DANIELS, Jr.  
Adjutant—Frank Taggard.  
1st Lieut.—J. H. Tibbets.  
2d "—J. E. Harris.  
3d "—Simon H. Whipple.  
4th "—Richard Kimball.  
5th "—Wm. Sutton, Jr.  
6th "—Chas. Pinkham.  
1st Sergt.—J. P. Dodge.  
2d "—Benj. Southwick.  
3d "—Jas. H. Moreland.  
4th "—Geo. F. Buxton.  
5th "—Wm. K. Daniels.  
6th "—Geo. J. Winchester.

COFFEE.—There is no more healthy or agreeable beverage for the morning or evening meal, than a cup of good coffee. We mean the real coffee, made, not of peas or beans, but of the true coffee berry of Mocha or Java. There is so much of adulterated stuff in the market that we are glad to inform our readers where they can obtain the article in its purity and full strength. It is very now economy to buy the cheap kinds of adulterated coffee, as you must surely use more in quantity, while the beverage made is quite inferior in quality. We take pleasure, therefore, in recommending the continued JAVA AND MOCHA COFFEE, which is sold by Messrs Lunt & Hart at their store in Sutton's Block. Try it but once and you will be sure to want more of the same sort.

Messrs Lunt & Hart keep a fine assortment of the best Groceries, with many other articles not commonly found in a grocery store, but which are among the necessities of good living.

ROBBERY.—The house of Wm. H. Little in South Danvers, was broken into last Friday night, and robbed of about \$40 or \$50 worth of clothing. The rogues gained entrance by cutting through a pane of glass with a diamond and then unfastening a door. In this case there were two burglaries. The robbers obtained an entrance to Mr. Plummer or Little's house from the outside, but were probably alarmed and took no booty, although enough was at hand. It was found that Mr. W. H. Little's back rooms had been well ransacked and that the rogues provided themselves bountifully with refreshments. There is no interior communication between the two tenements.

Has any body lost a barrel of Apples? We have found one on the premises of the publisher of this paper, a full barrel of fine, handsome looking apples. We cannot speak of their flavor, as our publisher is quite too honest to meddle with them before the ownership is established. Will some one solve this mystery? The owner will please give a clear title to the apples or call and take them away, first paying for this advertisement—which amounts to just the value of the apples. We dare not avouch for the continued honesty of the publisher if this temptation is always before him.

## Letter from Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 11, '60.

DEAR WIZARD:—The "burly-burly" done, and the battle's won! 'Tis a glorious victory of glorious principles, and may glory be the ultimate effect. Curtin's majority, as far as heard from, is, in figures, 34,024! Unprecedented, unexpected and overwhelming. This is a rebuke which the head and horns of the mock-democracy will carry to his tomb. All the opponents of Curtin are (in the classic language of another) "knocked higher nor a kite." It is stated that some of them were knocked out of town, and will probably alight somewhere near the Treasury building at Washington. The few senses they have left would instinctively lead them to that plundered spot, where

Jerro Boam roareth,  
And corruption dieth not.

It is predicted that our Uncle Abraham will have a much larger majority. There is no particular necessity for any more, as a "clean sweep" has been made.

To symbolize this idea, about fifty men, with brush brooms, rode through the streets, yesterday, in a very long omnibus, drawn by six horses, to the music of a life and drum. They drank more than one health to Uncle Abe, and arrived at their homes too-coo-ee-fu! Another party drove around with banners, inscribed—"Silence that Bell where Ever-ett goes," "Another election by the Democrats to-morrow," "Abe is a hard rail to split," and many other curious devices. Several men swung bells with the tongues removed. Some proposed to send resolutions of condolence to the deceased. On the whole, a jubilant spirit pervades everything and everybody, and a few cases have occurred where men, "dumb-founded" by the first shock, have recovered their speech sufficiently to say "hurra for Curtin!"

Persons who have made bets in your vicinity may now settle up.

The Prince was received by the Mayor and British Consul only, and was driven to his lodgings. At once he required only thirty rooms to accommodate him and his party. He walked out in the evening and played his ten pins, and, they say, drank three mugs of beer. In company of the Mayor, he visited the various points of interest, including a horse race, and last evening attended the Opera. Three thousand persons had paid three dollars each to see him, and two thousand others paid from one to two dollars each for the sake of standing up or sitting on the floor. Great enthusiasm prevailed, but the performance was only fair.

O, what a power there is in royalty! How ready are we to bow down to it! I confess to a little weakness of that kind myself, and will confess a great deal more for it many others. What maiden, old or young, (and you may ask) whose wife would refuse a kiss from this youth's royal lips? On the whole, I'm glad he's gone! Hope he'll get married before he comes here again.

BELL AND EVERETT SENATORIAL CONVENTION. This Convention was held in Salem last week, Hon. Richard S. Rogers of Salem being President, and R. S. Daniels, Jr., of this town, Secretary.

FRANCIS DANB, Esq., of South Danvers, was nominated unanimously and by acclamation, as the candidate of the party for Senator. This is regarded by the Union men as a strong nomination, reliance being placed not only upon his acknowledged high character as a citizen, but also upon his extensive business connections with all the towns of the District.

Dr. S. A. Lord, of South Danvers, was appointed by the Convention Chairman of the District Committee.

DANVERS.—The Gen. Putnam Fire Association, of Danvers, Capt. Chas. H. Adams, accompanied by the Lynn C. net Band, and numbering in all about sixty men, arrived in Newburyport on Wednesday forenoon, and were received by the Eagle Engine Co., which escorted them to the various Engine houses and other places, with occasional interludes of good dinners, colations, &c., until Thursday afternoon, when they returned to Danvers, having left a favorable impression upon the minds of the Newburyport folks by their exemplary deportment.

A YOUNG HERO OF THE REVOLUTION.—The Boston Post has a correspondent who writes, that "John Goodnow, of Sudbury, a Revolutionary soldier, stated very correctly that his age was 98 years and 6 months." He further gives his impression that Goodnow was then at the Concord fight in 1775. It would seem then by the plain facts of arithmetic, that this aged veteran was 13 years old at the time of the Lexington battle. Now a man must be full a century old who participated actively in the Revolutionary struggle.

## Better Late than Never.

The Officers and Members of the "Onabimcheter" Base Ball Club of Lynn, would hereby return their hearty thanks to the "Benicia" Base Ball Club of Danvers, for their kindness and hospitality at our last Friendly Gathering. JOSE E. RHOADS, Sec'y. Lynn, Oct. 8th, '60.

CHEMICAL FRAGRANT SOAP. E. F. Burnham has sent us a sample of Sargent & Co's bar Soap which can be used with hard as well as soft water, and removes grease from paint or woolen and cotton cloth by application with a sponge. Since the introduction of this and the Magic Soap, and excellent article, the Granular Fuel, the labor in our kitchens has been materially diminished.

PENNSYLVANIA has lifted her "Curtin" and we can already see on the stage Abraham Lincoln seated in the Presidential chair. The Key Stone State gives a Republican plurality of THIRTY FOUR THOUSAND!

Otto too, the Buckeye State, gives the rail-splitter candidates a majority of 20,000, and INDIANA, the country of the Hoosiers, is safe for Lincoln and Hamlin to the tune of 10,000 or 15,000.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for November, is on our table. It is useful, ornamental and instructive; is embellished with many fine engravings—both steel and wood, and its contents are such as to make it "the book of the nation, and the art union of America." For sale by L. Chandler & Co.

In almost every community the following is as applicable as it is true:

"If you want to keep your town from thriving, turn a cold shoulder to every young mechanic or beginner in business; look upon every new comer with a scowl. Discourage all you can; if that won't do, doory his work, and rather go abroad for war of his kind, than to give him your money. Last, though not least, refuse to patronize the village paper."

## Senatorial Convention.

Just as we go to press, we hear of the proceedings of the Convention in Salem, called to nominate a candidate for State Senator.

FRANKLIN UPTON, Esq.

of South Danvers, was chosen President, and HARRISON GRAY, Esq.

of Danvers, Secretary.

At the first balloting, which was informal, 16 were for W. D. Northend, 10 for B. C. Perkins and 6 for I. W. Andrews. It was then voted to proceed to a formal ballot. Upon this a discussion arose in which the location and availability of the different candidates were discussed. Ballot:—

WILLIAM D. NORTHERD, 20,  
BENJ. C. PERKINS, 12,  
I. W. ANDREWS, 6.

and Mr. Northend was declared the nominee of the Convention. By vote of the Convention this nomination was afterward declared unanimous.

The nomination of a Republican candidate of this acknowledged ability of Mr. Northend is one which we hope will unite the whole party strength of the District, and should be responded to with a united vote of all Republicans. We believe each and every town in the District will give a strong Republican majority, so that no doubt can be entertained of the triumphant election of our candidate. This confidence should not cause any relaxation of our efforts to roll up an overwhelming majority, such as will astonish our too confident opponents, who, we are informed, are making rash calculations of success on supposed divisions in our ranks. Let us therefore be united upon our candidate, and disappoint all such expectations. Let the voters of South Danvers stand firmly by the regular nomination, and show that they appreciate the wide-awake Republican zeal of their former townsman.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, for November, is received. This popular monthly has now a circulation of 100,000. Its pictorial embellishments are rich, and its reading instructive. L. Chandler and Co. has it for sale.

## The October Elections.

The returns from Pennsylvania, Indiana and Ohio indicate that the Republicans have carried all these States by decided majorities. The returns received come through Republican sources and are undoubtedly much exaggerated, therefore a large allowance should be made for partisan statement. Yet we have no doubt that the Republican victory is complete, rendering it nearly certain that Mr. Lincoln will be the next President.

We have neither the time nor the inclination to go into an argument to show the causes which have produced this result; indeed, they seem apparent to the eye of every one familiar with political affairs. The every one who is familiar with political affairs, the South have thought proper to cut loose from the North Democratic party and make a demand which the North will never grant, viz: Congressional protection to slavery—and she will find out that Northern Democrats are not in the market for sale for the sake of office. The intelligence and patriotism of the people has been underrated, and an overwhelming defeat is the consequence. The Republicans should remember that though they may be successful in this campaign, their victory will be accomplished not because their extreme doctrines are acceptable to the people, but because there are thousands who will vote for their ticket in order to secure an election by the people and to prevent such a man as Joe Lane from being President, and thus perpetuate the present dynasty in power. The grateful subject now to be obtained is to show a bold front to the Republicans, and throw as large a vote as possible, which will operate to hold them in check and force them to respect the rights of every section of the country, should they succeed in obtaining the control of the national administration.—Boston Herald.

## From the Gloucester Telegraph.

LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

NUMBER SEVEN.

The Stranger's first impression of Frankfurt—the house in which Goethe was born—Goethe's statue—the Main bridge—observance of the Sabbath—the Judengasse—old clothes—cut-off shoes—Martin Luther's motto—the sights of Frankfurt.

MR. EDITOR:—Ancient watch-towers mark the extent of the precincts of the old city of Frankfurt-on-the-Main, which rests upon a broad plain imperially by lofty ranges of hills. Formerly a free imperial city, it is now as all your readers know, one of the free cities of the German confederation and the seat of the German Diet. Its great trade and especially the two fairs, held in the spring and autumn of every year, make it one of the most important cities of Germany. It is at the same time one of the gayest of German cities. The fine streets in the newer part, lined with palatial residences, the air of prosperity that every house and every body wears, give the sum of the impression that the city is a place of great comfort and ease. The origin of the name, Frankfurt, is readily suggested by the name itself—Franken-furt—the Franks' ford. The foundation of the city may be traced back to the times of Charlemagne, and the name of the city is said to have been given in 794 that monarch held here a gathering of the nobles and knights of his kingdom. By the famous Gospels and nobles of his kingdom. At the dissolution of the empire in 1806, it was given over to Karl von Dalberg as a Grand-duchy. By the Vienna congress it was declared a free city.

The first point to which we turn our steps on this lovely Sabbath morning is the house in which one of the greatest men of our century was born—Goethe. We pass down the Zeil, through the Rossmarkt, and thence into the Grosse Hirsch-garten (the great ditch), and identify the house by means of the white marble tablet over the door-way, bearing the inscription: "Hier ward Johann Wolfgang Goethe am 28. August 1749 geboren." The exterior does not correspond with the description which the poet, himself, gives of it in his autobiography. He speaks of "wooden lattice next to the door, by means of which we had immediate communication with the street and the open air." This lattice has been replaced by a solid wall. He also speaks of the upper stories projecting over the lower, but the house at the present day presents a smooth and solid wall. If any one is curious to learn the origin of the singular street-name of Goethe's autobiography. The coat of arms over the door, three lyres and a star, was chosen by the poet's father, the grandson of a blacksmith, on account of the resemblance to a horse state. He certainly could not have selected a more appropriate shield to transmit to his famous son, than these emblems of poetry. From the birth-place to the bronze statue, erected in the street leading from the Rossmarkt to the Theatre Place, is but a short distance. Goethe is represented in modern costume, but the artist has given his work the requisite classic air, by means of an ample cloak. The base-reliefs on the pedestal are hardly less deserving of notice than the main figure. In front are two representations of Natural Science, Dramatic and Lyric Poetry; on the left hand side Orpheus and Thales, Faust and Mephistopheles; on the rear Goetz, Egmont and Napoleon; on the right, Prometheus and the Titan, and Tasso, the Bride of Corinth, Prometheus, and Erl king with the boy in his arms; on the right, Herdman and Dorothea.

Going home to our hotel we stop at the parade place to listen for half an hour to the fine parade music of the band attached to the Austrian regiment. A native of pure New England finds himself confused in reckoning time in Germany owing to the absence of the Sunday land-mark. The people make this their











## NO. 48

2194







Popular Vote in 1860. Table with 4 columns: State, Dem, Rep, Am. Total. Rows include Alabama, Arkansas, California, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Vermont, Virginia, Wisconsin.

Philadelphia. DELPHIA, Oct. 26, '60. The election of Governor cent has satisfied the led hosts, deems further sary and, perhaps, un-

many votes by this de- surprised if Lincoln's votes thousand. The expan- sion loves Republi- canism. I should like to see it, but usual preceding Presi- dential election that has been a triumph: still, like a wad it's all over.

The official returns of have been published in the State. That in 1860-61 the largest pre- sident was of the 9th ad- ministrations of the 2nd ad- ministrations of the 2nd ad-

Warron Five Cents Savings Bank. The annual meeting of the Warron Five Cents Savings Bank will be held at the Warron Bank Rooms on WEDNESDAY, Nov. 7th, at 7 o'clock P. M., for the election of officers for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of any other business that shall legally come before them.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts. JAMES H. HILL, Esq., Judge of Probate and Insolvency, within and for said county of ALFRED H. HILL, Esq., in said county, trader, an insolvent debtor.

WEST'S IMPROVED PUMP. DOUBLE-ACTING, ANTI-FRIZING, LIFTING AND FORCING. THE reputation of this Pump is established as the simplest and most powerful in use. It is used by the best Engineers and Mechanics, and gives perfect satisfaction.

C. R. HILL & CO., 26 Union Street & 1 Friend Street, Boston. oct31-34

NEW STYLES FALL & WINTER DRESS GOODS, JUST RECEIVED BY PRESBY & FEARING, 228 Essex Street, Salem.

Bargains in Black Silks. 10 PR Black Silks and English Crown Black Silks, at bar- gains—75, 80, 100 and 125.

Domestic Goods. JUST opened, 200 yds Bleached Cottons, 6-14, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12.

White Quilts. 100 WHITE Quilts, from \$1.37 1/2 up to 150 new styles Plain Long and Square Shawls.

Watch Spring Skirts. 100 DOZ Watch Spring Skirts, opened this morning—100 prices, 20c, 25c, 30c, 35c, 40c, 45c, 50c and 55c—these are bargains!

FIRE PROOF SAFE. Manufacture is divided into two classes, viz: THE MARBLE PATENT—no other class.

Imitation of all Woods. CHAMBER SETS, BROOKS'S, 9 MARSHALL & 120 BLACKSTONE STREETS, BOSTON.

All Kinds of Mattresses, All Kinds of Featherbeds, All Kinds of Clocks. W. P. B. BROOKS, 9 MARSHALL & 120 BLACKSTONE STREETS, BOSTON.

WEST'S IMPROVED PUMP. DOUBLE-ACTING, ANTI-FRIZING, LIFTING AND FORCING. THE reputation of this Pump is established as the simplest and most powerful in use.

C. R. HILL & CO., 26 Union Street & 1 Friend Street, Boston. oct31-34

NEW STORE. WE have opened in our New Store with a new and very desirable stock of LADIES' FURNISHING GOODS, which have been bought for CASH and bought at low prices.

Collars! We have some extra bargains in offer in Wrought Collars of the newest styles, in prices from 25 cts. to \$3.50.

Edgings and Insertings. In Cambric, Mullin, Thread, Wove Thread Smyrna, Linen and Cottons, in all the best styles and prices.

Flouncings! We have a very large stock of Wrought Bands and Flouncings in lengths for Skirts and yard strips, from 25 cts. to \$1.50.

Handkerchiefs! Wrought Linen, Pona, Grass Cloth, Linen Cambric, Hem'd and Hemstitched—all sizes, kinds and prices, for Gents and Ladies.

Veils! Veils! We have a very fine assortment of French Lace and Chantilly Veils in every variety, and at very low prices.

Nets! Nets! Our stock of Nets is large and consists of Silk Twist, Silk Braid, Chenille, Floss, Beaded and Fancy, in prices from 10 cts. to \$1.75.

Gloves! Gloves! We can show a full line of Gauntlets and Gloves, in Gents', Ladies' and Misses' sizes. Also, our justly celebrated Kid Gloves, in every size.

Hosiery! In Gents', Ladies', Misses' and Children's sizes; Merino, Angora and Cotton, all colors and prices. In Children's Fancy Hosiery we have a pretty line.

Woolen Goods! In Hoods we can show Twenty styles, many of them new. We have a full line of the best Hand Knit Goods—Capitals, Hats, Sontags, Sleeves, Tippets, Mittens, Ties, Gaiters, Skating Hats, Hosiery, &c., &c.

MORE NEW GOODS. RECEIVED by the last steamer, ANN R. BRAY, 76 Federal Street, has a full assortment of all the desirable styles of Goods for Ladies' and Children's wear.

SPECTACLES, EYE-GLASSES, &c. JUST received, a new and well assorted stock of Spectacles, Eye-Glasses, Magnifying Glasses, &c.

GOLD, SILVER & RUBBER PENCIL CASES. GEORGE CREAMER has just received a fresh stock of Gold Pens, manufactured by Todd and Reynolds, which, with the old stock of Morton's, Foley & Co's., and others, makes an assortment which cannot fail to suit.

WHITE KID GLOVES. JUST received, a prime quality, at 75c— for sale by A. J. ARCHER & CO., 181 Essex Street.

FLANNEL SHEETING, 10-4. SHAKER Flannels, twilled and plain; Shaker Domestic Flannel; Ebenezer Shaker Flannel—for sale by A. J. ARCHER & CO., 181 Essex Street.

SPICE BOXES. JAPANESE Spice Boxes, at S. C. & R. SIMONDS', 32 Front Street.

TEA TRAYS. OVAL Tea Trays in sets, or single Tray, at S. C. & R. SIMONDS', 32 Front Street.

FALL REPAIRING. GEORGE CREAMER offers a superior stock of all the new Fall Patterns of Room Papers, from the cheapest to the highest priced goods.

COMMERCIAL AND LAW BLANKS. OF all kinds, constantly on hand, and for sale at GEORGE CREAMER'S, 345 Essex Street.

NEW GOODS. THOMAS W. DOWNING & CO. HAVE just received from New York, the largest and most attractive stock of FALL GOODS ever offered in Salem.

NEW FALL GOODS. A. J. ARCHER & CO. 181 ESSEX STREET. Have opened an extensive stock of RICH AUTUMN GOODS, comprising choice selections from all the most desirable styles in European Goods, received by recent arrivals, and in American Fabrics.

A. J. ARCHER & CO., 181 Essex Street. GEORGE P. DANIELS. Has this week received a large lot of NEW GOODS, Consisting of New Styles of PLAIDS, All Wool DELANES, Styles of SHAWLS, Plaid, CAMBRIC COLLARS, SETTS, SCARFS, CASSIMERES and DOESKINS, New Hosiery and Gloves for Women's Men's, Misses and Boys.

Choice Pigs for Sale. THE subscriber offers for sale nice PIGS of Muckle, Prince Albert and Chester County breeds, of which the Muckle is the first Premium at the late Cattle Show. Prices reasonable. BYRON GODDARD, Near Tapley's Brook, South Danvers, Oct. 10, 1860.

Salem and Danvers Aqueduct Company. ALL persons using the water of the Salem and Danvers Aqueduct are hereby notified that the water runs for the six months ending Nov. 1, 1860, are now due, and that they are required to pay the same, at the office of the Company, No. 32 Front Street, on the 1st day of October next. Should the due remain unpaid for thirty days, the water will be stopped, in conformity to the regulations of the Company. Office hours from 9 to 5 o'clock, and from 7 to 8 P. M. Per order of the Directors. WM. JELLY, Collector. oct30

E. F. BURNHAM, SOLE AGENT FOR SARGENT & CO'S MAGIC SOAP, For South Danvers and Salem. OFFICE—Central Street, opposite Lowell Depot, at Burnham's Express Office, South Danvers. Price \$3.50 per 100 Lbs. Orders sent by mail or otherwise to South Danvers will be promptly attended to. oct3

OVERCOATS! OVERCOATS! AUGUSTUS J. ARCHER & CO. have in stock a complete assortment of MOSCOW BEAVERS, PRESIDENT BEAVERS, TRICOTS, CASTOR BEAVERS, PILOT GLASS, HEAVY SILK MIXTURES, BROADCLOTHS, CASSIMERES, DOESKINS. They invite attention of purchasers at wholesale and retail. oct24 181 Essex Street.

TANNERY FOR SALE. WE offer for sale the extensive TANNERY, with the large Currying Shop, Barn, and other buildings on the premises, situated in South Danvers, and well known as the "Southwick Tannery." It is in every respect the most desirable location for a Tannery in South Danvers, being situated in the center of the village, and within a few rods of the different railroad depots, and the yard of the Boston & Lowell Railroad, 23 Water Street, mostly under cover. There are several valuable House Lots on Walnut Street, which will be sold separately or in connection with the Tannery. The property will be sold very low to close a concern. A portion of the purchase money can remain on mortgage, if desired. For further particulars apply on the premises, or to S. T. Osborne, Eben S. Poor, and Thomas K. Proctor, Trustees. South Danvers, July 15, 1860.

G. B. THOMPSON, DRAPER AND TAILOR, Allen's Building. Constantly on hand a good assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, AND MEN'S AND BOYS' READY-MADE CLOTHING. South Danvers, April 25-61

STOVES! JOHN HUNT, No. 15 Lafayette Street, Salem, Mass., RESPECTFULLY calls the attention of the citizens of SOUTH DANVERS and the neighboring towns, to his large and well selected stock of STOVES, consisting in part of "THE REPUBLIC," "THE WELCOME," And a great many others of the best and most improved patterns. Also, a large assortment of Parlor, Office and Store Stoves, Of the most excellent designs. Call and examine. "THE LAFAYETTE." This is a new and beautiful WOOD AND COAL STOVE, with a very large Oven, and of neat and choice design. There is a new patent principle introduced in this Stove, making a perfect fire burner, and thoroughly ventilating the oven. The air is admitted at the sides, carried between the two fire places, and after being highly heated, passes into the chimney, by an arrangement of double top oven pipes, carried in a full sheet across the top of the oven and into the fire place. I have thoroughly tested the principle, and in guarantee to you, it is superior to any that I know, and fully equal to the brick oven. I also keep this Stove with Extension Top and large Hot Water Reservoir, and large assortment of Lamps and FIXTURES. Lamps altered to burn Kerosene Oil. Furnaces Cleaned, Repaired, and put in perfect order. All work executed with dispatch, and warranted. Trade solicited. oct27

THOS. W. DOWNING & CO. HAVE just received a fine assortment of CASSIMERES, DOESKINS, VESTINGS, UNDER VESTS, STOCKINGS, HOSIERY, GLOVES, HANDKERCHIEFS, 179 Essex Street. sep19







## NO. 49

the commonest animal. Ground Squirrels, etc.,



and with molasses, as soon as molasses began to come from the West Indies to Boston, was *molasses pudding* in its primitive condition. In my youth I used to hear it said that, all over the country, and all over the world, New England men kept up the ancient custom of eating *salt fish* (cod fish) on Saturdays, not on Fridays, which would have been foolish. Forty years ago I was so situated as to know uncommonly well the habits of different classes of people in different parts of the country, and my observation accorded with this statement. Till a later period than this the most day (then the common dinner-party day) without the *dash-at-one-end-of-the-table*; abundance, variety, pomp of other things, but that unfailingly. It was a sort of New England point of honor; and luxurious livers pleased themselves, over their nuts and wine, with the thought that, while eating their palates, they had been doing their part in a wide combination, to maintain the fisheries and to create a naval strength.

## THE WIZARD.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1860.

### The Result.

We present to our readers so much of the returns of the popular vote as to indicate that the election of the Republican candidates is secured. If nothing in later returns should come in to change the apparent state of the vote, ABRAHAM LINCOLN will occupy the Presidential seat for the next four years! We can scarcely realize it, inevitable as it appears, and the intelligence seems almost too good to be true! We wish to moderate our exultations, but the shout of Victory will be heard along our valleys and upon the mountain tops. As Republicans we may well be indulged in our rejoicing that the principles for which we have long and earnestly contended, are to be adopted in the making and administration of the laws of our country. We rejoice that the blessings of liberty are to be secured forever to the future inhabitants of the national domain. We rejoice in the elevation of men to places of power who will administer the government in the spirit of justice and honesty which marked the times of its founders. In every view of the state in which our public affairs are involved, there is ground for rejoicing and heart-felt gratitude. We have no time nor space for the reflections which crowd upon us in view of these results but we give the returns.

### SENATORIAL ELECTION.

One of the most gratifying events of the election in this vicinity, is the choice of Mr. Northend by a very handsome majority to the State Senate. When we consider the personal popularity of his opponent and that all three of the opposing parties united in his favor, and further, when we see the extraordinary efforts made by disaffected Republicans in Salem to effect the defeat of their regularly nominated candidate, we cannot but rejoice that he has been so triumphantly chosen.

We have no heart to go into the particulars of the extraordinary means used to accomplish his defeat, as we believe that the sober second thought of the most unreasoning of his opposers will acknowledge that they were as impotent as unjust. Such virulent attacks are always sure to recoil upon the assailants and secure the public sympathy in behalf of their object.

### Splendid Wide-Awake Demonstration!

The various Wide-Awake parades of this vicinity culminated here last Friday night in one of the most successful exhibitions ever witnessed in Essex County. South Danvers, ever successful in her attempts to make a display worthy of any occasion in which her inhabitants feel a deep interest, went into this affair with a hearty unanimity which showed that the impulse of town pride was not wanting in the work.

Various estimates of the number in the procession have been made, all the way from twelve to sixteen hundred. We little care about numbers, so long as there were enough to set all our streets aflame, and no person could find a place where all could be seen at the same time. There were eighteen clubs represented, many of them by full ranks, but none of them equaling our own Wide-Awakes, which turned out 202 men besides three volunteers from Lawrence, who marched in the ranks. The non-appearance of the Marblehead Wide-Awakes was much regretted but the reason of their absence was subsequently accounted for by the fact that the Railroad train had run off the track, by which accident they were obliged to return to Marblehead. It was very satisfactory to know that their disposition was right and that they were with us in spirit although not in the body. The following are the various organizations represented with the numbers in each:—

Chief Marshal—Gen. Wm. Sutton.  
Lowell Cornet Band and Bannet Corps.  
South Danvers Wide Awakes, 200 men.  
Lowell Life Club, in a large wagon drawn by four horses.  
Danvers Wide Awakes, 70 men.  
Salem Brass Band.  
Salem Lincoln Guard, 142 men.  
Lowell Wide Awakes, 150 men.  
Beverly Wide Awakes, 120 men.  
Topsham Wide Awakes, 30 men.  
Malden Lincoln Light Guard, 61 men.  
Marblehead Lincoln Guard, 79 men.  
West Lynn Lincoln Cadets, 65 men, with a transportation on wheels.  
Salem Wide Awakes, 148 men, accompanied by the Guggenheim Band.  
East Saugus Wide Awakes, 60 men.  
Lynn Giant Killers, 36 men.  
Spanish Wide Awakes, 50 men.  
Lynn Wide Awakes, 91 men.  
South Danvers Rail Splitters, 54 boys.  
Salem Juvenile Rail Splitters, 48 boys.

A novel feature in the procession and one which attracted great admiration, was the monster Ball from Lowell. This was a large globe ten feet high upon which were inscribed the names of the States of the Union. By some simple machinery a few men easily set and continued this Lincoln "Ball in motion" over the route, a fitting emblem to all observers of the onward and triumphant progress of that glorious principle of Republican liberty which gaining fresh impetus and strength since the smoke and flame of '56, through which the gallant Pathfinder bore the radiant banner all unopposed, has rolled Fremont's more fortunate competitor—Old Abe of the West—into the honored Chair of Washington.

Of the illuminations we hardly dare to speak, much less describe, as they wholly transcend description. The whole populous part of the town was one glow of light from illuminated windows, Chinese lanterns, bonfires, *bonfires*, rockets, Roman candles and other fireworks. Add to this the brilliancy shed over the town by ten or fifteen hundred lanterns and torches

and you form some faint conception of the general effect of the display. But these general terms are quite inadequate to give an idea of the particular effect which marked the tasteful displays at various points on the route of the procession.

The central point of attraction was the Square, and the effect at the time of the arrival of the different delegations was most grand. The whole Square was glowing with light as if from burning buildings. All around from basement to attic, the houses and stores presented shining fronts of intense light. Gas-jets threw out their flame from the fronts of the Republican headquarters and from Symonds' Hotel, and from the latter a bright red light came which shed its brilliancy and color over the scene. The delegations came marching in with lighted torches and martial music from various points and were taken to their several positions in the line. When all had arrived, the procession took up its line of march under the direction of Gen. Sutton, Chief Marshal, and his Aids and Deputies. The procession proceeded on its prescribed route accompanied by its military bands and drum corps. At its terminations at Lowell and Central Streets, great taste had been displayed by lanterns and illuminations, and the counter-marching at those points, with the sending up of projectiles presented an animating scene. We were at an elevated position while the procession wound its way through Central, Elm and Wallis Streets, and its course could be traced by the flight of roman candles, the glow of fires and an occasional glimpse of the torches. Franklin and Chestnut Streets as well as the Square, were all ablaze with light. When the long procession filed Main street in a double line, as the column counter-marched, we had a view from the rising ground at the Salem boundary and it was a most magnificent spectacle. Holten and Washington streets showed great good taste in their decorations, illuminations and out-of-door fires.

But we must stop. Suffice it to say that the illuminations and decorations were so general, that it seemed as if our whole population had joined to make the demonstration creditable to the town as well as to the party with whom it originated.

### Republican Caucus.

On Saturday evening last, the Republicans held a caucus at the Town Hall for the nomination of a candidate for the next Legislature. The meeting was called to order by the Hon. E. S. Poor. Amos Merrill was chosen Chairman and A. L. White, Secretary. E. S. Poor addressed the meeting, that it was well known to all present whom we should honor—one who had served us so well and worthily in the last Legislature. He therefore moved that the nomination be made by acclamation. This was responded to by a shout that brought Mr. John V. Stevens to his feet, evidently surprised by this spontaneous movement on the part of his constituents. As soon as Mr. Stevens had recovered from the shock given him, he expressed his thanks in a feeling manner, and accepted the honor just conferred, with a deep sense of the obligation devolving upon him, to discharge his duties faithfully and acceptably to the town. In closing, he stated that his most ardent wishes had been realized in the present prosperity and success of the cause he had so long loved.

At the conclusion of Mr. S's remarks, Franklin Upton was called for, and met with a hearty reception from the audience. He commenced by saying, that the impressions of last evening would not soon be effaced from our memories. The festivities were called a demonstration—it was more; it was a practical illustration of the will of the people, and if we were so deeply affected by the scenes of last evening, how must it be increased, when the whole people shall practically demonstrate through the Republican hosts, that are to assemble on the fourth of March next, to confer upon our candidate the highest civil gift in the universe. What a proud day it will be for America, to have the hand of an honest man placed on the head of this pulsating, vibrating Nation, and to hear the benedictions of Liberty pronounced upon us all! But we may come nearer home in our congratulations, having the assurance that the candidate selected for the highest civil gift in the State, is every way worthy, and deserving of the title of Honest John A. Andrew. Fellow citizens, we have met here to-night to discharge a duty we owe the State and town—your choice of a candidate has been made in the person of Honest John V. Stevens. Yes, gentlemen, there is hope for the nation. Honesty at the head, honesty to guide the ship of State, and honesty at home—verily, this may be called the reign of honesty. The closing part of the speech was severe upon those discordant sounds, uttered by the timid ones that predict a dissolution of the Union.

Thomas E. Proctor followed in a strain of well chosen remarks, giving evidence that his zeal in the cause was not abated in the least. He regarded the nomination of Mr. Andrew as one eminently fit to be made. While at first it was received with some coldness, since then the more he had been abused, the brighter he shone, and the day would come when even his enemies' praises might be reckoned as strongly in his favor, as his friends now were. In concluding, the Wide Awakes were complimented for their manly bearing and spoken of as "those"

"Who hold and trim the torch of truth  
And waved it o'er the darkened earth."

Mr. Jacob Perley was loudly called for, and responded in his unequalled style, that brought the house down every time his sharp rifle was made to bear upon the opposition. His severe sarcasms aimed at the cry-baby disunionists, produced convulsions of laughter. In closing, Mr. Perley paid a handsome tribute to the Wide Awakes in general and Capt. Nelson in particular, and expressed the hope that all true Republicans would vote the entire State ticket, and not help our opponents by voting any part of their ticket.

After choosing thirty Vote-distributors for the next Tuesday, the meeting adjourned amid great enthusiasm.

THE SALEM ADVOCATE.—We are glad to learn from this paper that its editor intends to pursue a liberal course towards his party opponents and from his general fairness we have no doubt that what he promises he will faithfully perform. He says—"We are always ready to publish anything of a courteous character against our own party, ourselves not excepted. So that if our neighbor ever wants to pitch into the Democrats generally, or any body else particularly, we should be willing to give him the opportunity." He even goes so far as to be willing to admit into his columns our own doggerel. As to that matter, we commend his liberality, but we must be excused for not admiring his good taste.



## PRESIDENTIAL —AND— State Elections.

### ABE LINCOLN ELECTED!

### JOHN A. ANDREW, The Next Governor of Massachusetts.

### DANIEL W. GOOCH, Re-Elected to Congress!

### OUR COUNTY TICKET A CLEAN SWEEP, AND

### WM. D. NORTHEEND ELECTED TO THE SENATE, BY OVER ONE THOUSAND PLURALITY!

### ALEXANDER H. RICE RE-ELECTED!

### ELI THAYER DEFEATED.

Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire,  
Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode  
Island, New York, Ohio, Penn-  
sylvania, Michigan, and  
New Jersey,

### FOR ABE LINCOLN!

### GLORY ENOUGH FOR ONE DAY!

The News from abroad indicate that  
MAINE goes for Lincoln by about 30,000.  
VERMONT by 20,000.  
NEW HAMPSHIRE by about 10,000.  
MASSACHUSETTS—30,000.  
CONNECTICUT—9,000.  
RHODE ISLAND—6,000.  
NEW YORK—by 40,000.  
OHIO—by 30,000.  
PENNSYLVANIA—by 70,000.  
MICHIGAN—by 25,000.

These estimates may be modified by later returns, but we are confidently assured that the Union is safe and all is right!

VIRGINIA—it is said, goes for Bell.  
DELAWARE—for Breckinridge,  
MARYLAND—for Bell.  
NEW JERSEY—for Lincoln.  
ILLINOIS—so far as heard from shows a determination to give her electoral votes to Old Abe.

### VOTE OF SOUTH DANVERS.

For Electors.  
Lincoln and Hamlin.....592  
Bell and Everett.....141  
Douglas and Johnson.....81  
Breckinridge and Lane.....21.

### For Governor.

Andrew 593, Lawrence 145, Beach 80, Butler 21.

### For Lieutenant Governor.

Goodrich 591, Marston 144, Thompson 80, Carpenter 21.

### For Secretary of State.

Warner 591, Parsons 145, Bowerman 80, Comstock 21.

### For Treasurer.

Oliver 590, Elliot 144, Felton 80, Dennett 21.

### For Attorney General.

Foster 592, Morris 143, Lamb 80, Warren 21.

### For Auditor.

Reed 592, Hill 143, Batabrook 80, Mansur 21.

### For Representative to Congress.

Gooch 593, Welch 145, Johnson 21.

### For County Commissioner.

Kimball 577, Wilson 185.

### For District Attorney.

Daker 590, Corlies 100, Nutting 21.

### For State Senator.

Northend 535, Dane 295, Andrews 3.

### For Representative to General Court.

Stevens 592, Wilson 220.

### SECOND SENATORIAL DISTRICT.

Northend. Dane.  
Salem, 1298 1059  
Danvers, 641 188  
Hamilton, 77 66  
Middleton, 112 44  
South Danvers, 585 295  
Topsham, 155 84  
Washburn, 102 74  
Total, 2815 1810

### PRESIDENTIAL VOTE IN ESSEX COUNTY.

|               | Lin. | Doug. | Bell | Breck. |
|---------------|------|-------|------|--------|
| Amesbury      | 423  | 113   | 47   | 53     |
| Andover       | 489  | 87    | 55   | 14     |
| Beverly       | 739  | 72    | 120  | 23     |
| Boxford       | 113  | 4     | 27   | 7      |
| Bradford      | 174  | 58    | 20   | 23     |
| Danvers       | 569  | 90    | 95   | 16     |
| Essex         | 212  | 53    | 16   | 16     |
| Georgetown    | 259  | 74    | 18   | 9      |
| Gloucester    | 745  | 89    | 340  | 67     |
| Groveland     | 208  | 48    | 5    | 5      |
| Hamilton      | 101  | 12    | 12   | 13     |
| Haverhill     | 1113 | 377   | 79   | 63     |
| Ipswich       | 341  | 55    | 181  | 26     |
| Lawrence      | 1002 | 497   | 178  | 33     |
| Lynn          | 1693 | 722   | 343  | 28     |
| Lynnfield     | 98   | 21    | 15   | 10     |
| Manchester    | 187  | 25    | 33   | 13     |
| Marblehead    | 283  | 142   | 40   | 16     |
| Middleton     | 114  | 29    | 9    | 6      |
| Nahant        | 28   | 18    | 5    | 2      |
| Newbury       | 161  | 19    | 10   | 11     |
| Newburyport   | 939  | 393   | 184  | 142    |
| N. Andover    | 189  | 98    | 77   | 14     |
| Rockport      | 368  | 42    | 138  | 53     |
| Roxbury       | 133  | 00    | 46   | 26     |
| Salem         | 1574 | 334   | 541  | 70     |
| Salisbury     | 383  | 67    | 39   | 9      |
| Saugus        | 224  | 110   | 37   | 21     |
| South Danvers | 592  | 81    | 142  | 17     |
| Swampscott    | 159  | 38    | 17   | 1      |
| Topsham       | 161  | 44    | 58   | 13     |
| Wenham        | 131  | 25    | 21   | 3      |
| W. Newbury    | 331  | 63    | 9    |        |

### ESSEX COUNTY REPRESENTATIVES.

Dist. 1—Pettigill and Hale, Repub.  
" 2—A. N. Clark, Ed. L. Lummus, Reps.  
" 3—Geo. L. Tapley, Rep.  
" 4—Chas. Reding, Rep.  
" 5—Geo. W. Hopkinson, Rep.  
" 6—John S. E. Rogers and Addison Center, Rep.  
" 7—John W. Chase, Levi C. Wadleigh, Rep.  
" 8—Daniel E. Sanford, Rep.  
" 9—H. D. Clement, Rep.  
" 10—Thomas A. Parsons, Rep.  
" 11—J. F. Kimball.  
" 12—Gardner Tufts, Rep.  
" 13—T. T. Paine, Benj. K. Prentiss, Rep.  
" 14—J. Q. Hammond.  
" 15—Rogers.  
" 16—Coffin.  
" 17—Goodwin, Rep.  
" 18—J. R. Cole, Rep.  
" 19—Austin W. Stacy, Rep.  
" 20—Oso. Choate, Salem, Rep.  
" 21—Jas. A. Gillis, Geo. M. Whipple, Rep.  
" 22—Harmon Hall, Rep.  
" 23—John V. Stevens, Rep.  
" 24—Jonathan F. Phillips, Rep.

### Minute Men's Parade.

Our Minute Men, under command of Capt. Robert S. Daniels, Jr., turned out with full ranks last Monday evening, and by the inspiring notes of the Salem Brass Band, "kept step to the music of the Union." There were a goodly number of illuminations along the route, and fireworks in abundance. Some of the former were quite showy, particularly the stores of Francis Dane and B. F. Stevens, and the dwellings of Alfred Ward, Thomas Sawyer and others. In some of the windows we noticed the names of "Lincoln & Hamlin," "Douglas and Johnson," as much as to say, "We are perfectly willing to shed fight, but not for Bell & Everett." The "Breckinridge & Lane" men with a modesty highly commendable, concealed their strength, and showed no names. Our friend Symonds, the prince of landlords, showed his generosity by a grand display of fireworks; his house was also splendidly illuminated. Wm. Southwick, John Montgomery, J. C. Clough, E. S. Flint, Newman & Symonds, Welch & Fairfield, R. S. D. Symonds, Lunt & Hart, E. S. Howard, and F. Morrill did justice to the occasion by way of fireworks, illuminations, &c., and we might mention others if we had space. After marching through the route laid down in the programme, the Minute Men, together with invited guests, to the number of about one hundred and fifty, sat down to a sumptuous collation prepared for them by their friends. There was enough left after they got through to feed a young army. Short speeches were made by the commander and James W. Osborne, and hearty cheers and an "all up" given for Dane and Wilson. After leaving the hall, they called at the residence of Francis Dane on Chestnut street and serenaded him; then marching back to Hand Quarters were dismissed. This finished the campaign of 1860—so far as South Danvers was concerned.

The Minute Men of Salem visited us during the evening with drum and life. On account of a previous engagement, they were obliged to decline an invitation from our Minute Men, to sup with them.

### Lost their Supper.

At the recent visit of our Wide Awakes to Lowell, our friends there had provided an extra entertainment especially for their South Danvers guests. It so happened that the Chief Marshal directed one of his deputies to conduct the company to the place of refreshment, but he mistook the order and invited the South Danvers company to the hall, where they found a most excellent collation and a very bountiful one too, for they were less than half the number of the South Danvers company. The error was discovered just too late to rectify it without inequity to the former company, and they had the benefit of the feast while our company had to partake of the plainer fare provided for the general procession.

The above is only one of the blunders which continually happen in consequence of our unfortunate name. If our friends from Danvers had been there, they would probably have had the benefit of the feast. It is well known that many letters directed to this place are carried to South Danvers, a town on the peninsula of Cape Cod, where they are re-mailed at the expense of the receivers.

The Lowell Daily Citizen and News in a notice very complimentary to our Wide Awakes, in which it speaks of their "fine appearance and gentlemanly behavior" attracting general attention, calls them the "Danvers" Wide Awakes, the "Danvers Company" and Capt. Nelson of the "Danvers" Wide Awakes, &c. The editor candidly admits that our demonstration surpassed theirs.

DANVERS.—Our friends of Danvers illuminated their houses last evening for the first time with gas from their own gas-works. They will be quite likely to remember the date as the time when the light of a great government reform shed its light over the land.

The only crumbs of comfort to our Bell and Everett friends here is the defeat of Burlingame. Our regrets are as strong as their exultation.

MILLINERY AND DRESS MAKING.—Our lady readers are referred to the advertisement of Mrs. E. Gil-lingham, which will be found in another column.

GENERAL DISCOURSE.—We have received a copy of a Sermon delivered by Rev. T. P. Field of the First Church in New London, on the death of Rev. Dr. McEwen, senior pastor of the church. The discourse bears the marks of that vigor of thought and perspicuity of language common to the productions of Mr. Field, and contains much that is of historical as well as biographical interest. It closes beautifully thus: "The best time to die is indeed the time that God appoints; but if he permit, it is good to be a worker together with him even to the four score years. Each year gathering new treasures of wisdom and love. Each year kept fresh and young by a childlike spirit and a living interest in the kingdom of God, giving to gain new accessions to the kingdom of God, and preparing the spirit to shine as a star with brighter luster in the firmament of heaven. Well may we pray to live while we can so work, and sleep at last in peace with the fathers, 'buried in a good old age.' Our labors done securely laid  
In this our last retreat,  
Unheeded of our silent dust  
The storms of life shall beat.  
Yet not thus buried, thus extant,  
The vital spark shall lie,  
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise  
To seek its kindred sky."

THE HOUSE THAT SAM BUILT.—We notice that the Salem Register publishes a *jeu d'esprit* which originally appeared with the above title in this paper Sept. 17, and credits it to the Utica (N. Y.) Herald, where it appeared so altered as to be adapted to the meridian of that State. Where we had the "Boston Courier" they have substituted "N. Y. Express" &c. We had before seen the article going the rounds of the press without acknowledgement, so that it became public property. A very common case with newspaper articles.

### Grand Breckinridge Rally.

The Breckinridge Man of So. Danvers had a meeting a few evenings since, at a room in Allen's building and voted to form a club of gentlemen, if a sufficient number could be found to warrant the use of the plural. The members are to march every day in citizen's dress a sufficient number of miles to keep up the circulation of the blood: like decent citizens are to keep reasonable hours: are to drink little hard cider and no bad whiskey (when they can get such as is good); are not to knock one another down with their lanterns, which they are not to carry except for use in case, bearing the name of gentlemen, they are to conduct themselves accordingly. As all gentlemen are presumed to have learned to spell in their school-days, meetings are not to be held for the purpose of practising that useful art. It was not thought necessary to vote that all members should conduct themselves like gentlemen towards their political opponents.



### For Salt River!

The A 1 Ship Fusio, whereof Capt. John C. Breckinridge is Commander for the present voyage, will sail for the different ports on Salt River with all convenient dispatch. For freight or passage, she has room for her berth engaged, apply to her first officer JOHN BELL, or to GERRIT SMITH, Cook and Steward.

### THE BANQUET HALLS.—Mr. Upton's Glue Factory,

where the collation for the Wide Awakes was provided, is a new building and strongly built, but as the procession marched in, to the sound of the music, it swayed back and forth under the measured tread of 1200 men, so that the coffee was spilled from the vessels which contained it, until a gentleman who observed the fact, went immediately and stopped the music. The swaying then ceased at once, and those who noticed the occurrence breathed freer. The building is 200 feet long.

TAKING TIME BY THE FUR-TEE.—The Bell and Everett party held a meeting in Salem this evening to arrange for the elections of 1861! We are afraid it will result like the feast of Washington Irving's Dutchman, who took a start of three miles to jump over a mountain, but before he got to the foot of the hill, lost his breath and had to lie down and rest. We think it will find a mountain before it quite as formidable to jump over as the Dutchman's, and it had better save its wind by a shorter run, and look before it leaps.

THE FLAGS.—We are sorry to learn that the flag at the Bell and Everett head quarters, was left out in the storm last Saturday evening, and badly injured if not destroyed. The Republican flag at their head quarters is somewhat rent. Mr. Dane's flag and that of Lincoln and Hamlin on Foster St. still hold out almost as good as new.

PEMBERTON COMPANY.—This new Corporation, the successor of the unfortunate Pemberton Mills, is now fully organized and has for its President Eben Sutton, Esq., of this place, whose experience in manufacturing and business sagacity are a pretty sure guaranty of a prosperous career for the Company.

THE RAIL SPLITTERS.—The Juvenile Rail Splitters were out on Monday evening with good music, and were met by the Rail Splitters of Salem and escorted to that city to receive a collation. They returned at rather a late hour, but we suppose their "mothers" knew they were out.

GLAM CHOWDER.—At the late demonstration, Mr. Wm. Southwick provided a good quantity of his Lincoln and Hamlin clam chowder, and it went off rapidly. He keeps also some of the Bell and Everett kind, which is just as good, as it is all made in the same mess. He is ready to supply his customers with either sort.

CAN'T CROW.—Our friends of the Everett Club opposite, take their defeat good naturedly. They have hung out a dead Dughill Rooster in token of their inability to crow after the election.

LATE PRIZES.—Our acknowledgments are due to Mr. George Bancroft for those fine prizes. They were in excellent eating condition.

NORTHERN LIGHTS.—There was a slight attempt at illumination on Sunday evening by the northern lights, but it did not begin to rival the Wide Awake demonstration. Aurora must try it again.

We are pleased to announce that Mr. J. B. Watts, the popular Music Teacher, will give one of his grand entertainments in this town shortly. Prepare for some thing rich.







## BLACK & WHITE

At DANVERS, Vt.  
I have prepared a new and improved recipe for the best of the various styles, and of the very best quality, viz:  
**LEHIGH WHITE ASH**—the best, in most cases, for furnaces and stoves.  
**LOUGHEE MOUNTAIN**—a fine burning white ash the purest article mined.  
For **RED ASH**—the standard, East Portland, or Washington.  
Also the celebrated **FRANKLIN COAL**, the best in the world for cooking purposes.  
Office in South Danvers in the Square, at the South Reading Depot.  
July 25

**T. A. SWEETSER,**  
DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,  
87 Main St., So. Danvers,  
Vt.  
Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Foreign and Domestic, Shakers, Herbs, Dye Stuffs, Gum, Acids, Sponges, Shoulder Braces, Trusses, and Goggles.  
Also, Imported Cigars of choice brands, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, and Stationery. Physicians' Prescriptions carefully prepared by experienced persons.  
57 MAIN STREET, ap19-17

## New Apothecary Store!

**D. P. GROSVENOR, Jr.,**  
Inform the citizens of this place that  
Drugs and Medicines  
Can be found at 83 MAIN STREET.  
Hoping by strict personal attention to his profession to merit a share of public patronage.  
may 23-17

**GEORGE E. MEACOM,**  
Dealer in  
**DRUGS & MEDICINES,**  
Fancy and Toilet Articles, &c.,  
126 MAIN ST., 126  
Nearly opposite Danvers Bank, So. Danvers.

**PRINTS, DE LAINES,**  
Lyonese, Cashmere and Tulle, &c.  
JUST RECEIVED, and selling at very low prices FOR THE CASH.

**STRAW MATTINGS,**  
OIL AND WOOL CARPETS, &c.  
**HATS, CAPS,**  
**READY MADE CLOTHING,**  
AND RUBBER GOODS.  
Selling at greatly reduced prices, at  
**GEORGE P. DANIELS,**  
Three Doors East of Monument.  
ap19-17

**GAS AND STEAM PIPES AND GAS FIXTURES.**  
**E. H. STATEN,**  
GAS, STEAM, AND WATER FITTER,  
GAS, STEAM AND WATER FITTER,  
151 Essex St., Lynde Block, Salem, Mass.  
DEALER IN

**GAS FIXTURES**  
Of every description for lighting Stores, Dwellings, Public Buildings, Churches, &c.  
Oil Gas Lamps and Lamp Glass, in stock as well as new. Gasolene, Kerosene, and Lamp Oil, in bulk or by retail. Hose, Man-holes, Gas-tight, Shot and Pipe, Packings for steam constantly on hand.  
A gas for \$20. B. FORTNER'S CARBON GAS BURNER, (Woods Patent), the best and most economical Gas Burner in existence. Sole Agent for Wm. F. Shaw's Gas and Air Stoves, for cooking and heating by gas.  
E. H. STATEN, 151 Essex St., Lynde Block.  
d14-15

**MRS. R. C. FLETCHER**  
keeps constantly on hand  
A WELL SELECTED ASSORTMENT OF  
Millinery Goods,  
At Rooms 102 Essex street, Salem, may 10

**B. F. STEVENS,**  
**WATCH MAKER,**  
—AND DEALER IN—  
Watches, Clocks, Gold & Plated Jewelry,  
SILVER AND PLATED WARE,  
CUTLERY AND FANCY GOODS.  
Old Gold and Silver taken in exchange for New.  
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, neatly cleaned, repaired and  
16 MAIN ST., OPPOSITE WARREN BANK,  
SOUTH DANVERS, MASS.

**REED'S CLOTHING FRAME.**  
THE subscriber has been appointed sole agent  
in this town for the sale of this celebrated  
**CLOTHES DRYER.**  
Which surpasses anything of the kind now in use. Among its advantages, it is portable, and can be taken up and removed after every washing. The time (of which it has 150 feet) is thus preserved from rotting by exposure, and this is a great saving. In case of sudden rain it can be covered up in an instant and taken to a place of shelter. It occupies little room in the yard, and by the action of the wind it removes, and thus dries the clothes evenly.  
The frame may be seen at the store of the subscriber, opposite the Danvers Bank, where its cheapness and superiority will be made manifest. Broomholders are invited to call and examine it.  
J. FRANCIS MORRILL

**GENTLEMEN'S GOODS,**  
**FOR FALL AND WINTER WEAR.**  
GEORGE S. WALKER respectfully invites the attention of his friends and the public to his stock of  
**MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,**  
carefully selected from first class houses in New York and Boston, embracing the LATEST STOCK AND ASSORTMENT ever offered for the city of  
**Under Shirts and Drawers.**  
Silk, Merino and "Wool" extra large and small sizes.  
**Mail Hose.**  
Merino, Washed Cotton Shaker Hose.  
**Gloves.**  
A great variety of Fall and Winter wear, including the best makes of Kid and Horse, with a full and superior stock of Shirts, Collars, Ties, Stockings, Suspenders, Buttons, Cuffs, Hosiery, Umbrellas, Cane, and a general assortment of Toilet and other articles for gentlemen's use.  
Customers may be assured of finding the BEST of GOODS at the LOWEST PRICES.  
GEORGE S. WALKER,  
Dealer in Gent's Furnishing Goods and Toilet Articles,  
No 152 Essex street, Bowker Place.  
oct13-17

**Fancy Hair Pins.**  
NEW lot in various styles—just received by  
JOSEPH J. RIDER,  
1 West Block—188 Essex st.  
may 25

## FURNITURE!

AT REDUCED PRICES, AT 205 ESSEX STREET, SALEM,  
SIGN OF THE HORSE.  
A large and complete assortment of CABINET FURNITURE, consisting in part of  
**Mahogany and Walnut Sofas, Chairs, Centre and Side Tables**  
**WALNUT AND CHESTNUT EXTENSION TABLES.**  
**CHESTNUT AND PAINTED OAK CHAIR SETS.**  
Some very desirable patterns.

**Cane and Wood Seat Chairs, Bedsteads, Bureaus, &c.**  
Just received a complete assortment of  
**LIVE GEES AND COMMON FEATHERS,**  
Which will be sold at a small advance from cost.

**Hair, Palm and Oak Mattresses. Mahogany and Oak Frame Looking Glasses, &c.**  
Together with a large and complete assortment of GOODS usually found in Furniture Warehouses. The above Goods are in the newest and most desirable styles.

**ISRAEL FELLOWS,**  
205 Essex St., Salem.  
Salem, June 6, 1880.

**E. R. PERKINS,**  
**PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST,**  
241 Essex Street, Salem.  
Patent Ambrotypes, Stereoscopes,  
Photographs, Spherotypes, Melanotypes, and patent leather Pictures, of various sizes, taken with all the improvements of the art. Portraits, Miniatures, Engravings, &c., accurately copied. Views taken when desired.  
jan 11

**REMOVAL.**  
**JOSEPH J. RIDER,** would inform his friends and the public, that he has removed from 342 Essex Street, to the New and Spacious Store,  
NO. 2 WEST BLOCK, 188 ESSEX STREET, SALEM,  
which has been fitted up expressly for his business, and where will be constantly on hand and offered for sale, a large assortment of  
**Jewelry, and Silver Plated Ware**  
in the newest and most desirable styles, and at prices as low as such goods can be purchased in Boston or New York.  
Grateful to the inhabitants of this city and vicinity for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed on the subscriber, he will, by strict attention to his business, fair prices, and desire to accommodate, endeavor to merit a continuance thereof.  
**JOSEPH J. RIDER,**  
2 WEST BLOCK, 188 Essex Street.  
feb 8

**CURRIER & MILLET,**  
Dealers in  
**FURNITURE, CHAIRS,**  
**MATTRESSES, FEATHERS, &c.**  
259 & 261 ESSEX ST.  
Salem, Dec 14-17

**J. PERLEY, JR.,**  
**BOOK-BINDER,**  
Blank Book Manufacturer,  
205 Essex Street, Salem.  
Blank Account Books of every pattern, ruled and bound to order. Also, all kinds of Stationery, and all kinds of books, bound in every variety of style, on reasonable terms. Particular attention given to binding Piano Music. All orders promptly attended to.  
jan 11-17

**NEWMAN & SYMONDS,**  
DEALERS IN  
**FAMILY GROCERIES,**  
**FLOUR AND GRAIN,**  
**READY MADE CLOTHING, GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES, &c.**  
South Danvers Square, opposite Congregational Church.  
SAM'L. NEWMAN. NAT'L. SYMONDS.

**E. S. FLINT,**  
Manufacturer and Dealer in  
**INNER SOLES,**  
AND SHOE STIFFENERS OF ALL KINDS.  
2 Main Street, South Danvers.

**H. & H. G. HUBON,**  
WASHINGTON STREET, SALEM.  
Manufacturers of  
**Rose Wood, Mahogany, Black Walnut and Stained Wood**  
**COFFINS AND CASKETS.**  
MAKING this our exclusive business, we are ready at all times and at the shortest notice to furnish Coffins and Caskets of the finest quality. Personal attention given, and delivered without extra charge to any of the neighborhood. Orders by express or otherwise will receive prompt attention.  
**Black Walnut and White Wood**  
**Boards, Plank and Joists**  
for sale.  
dec 14-15m

**GOLD AND SILVER SPECTACLES AND EYE GLASSES.** A new and improved method of grinding and fitting. A large assortment of Stock Eye Glasses, convex and concave. Shell, Rubber and Steel Frame Single and double Eye Glasses.  
New Glasses fitted to suit the eye, at short notice.  
feb 22 **JOSEPH J. RIDER, 2 West Block—188 Essex st.**

**GARDNER WEBSTER,**  
Manufacturer of and Dealer in  
**PARLOR, OFFICE, AND COOKING**  
**STOVES, STOVE FUNNEL, GRATES,**  
**LININGS, TIN AND IRON WARE.**  
135 Boston Street, Salem.  
Stoves stored and well cared for. Also special attention given to lining and repairing stoves.

**POWER'S MARBLE WORKS.**  
No. 11 St. Peter Street, Salem,  
Chimney Pieces, Monuments, Tablets, Basin and Table Tops, Shelves and Brackets.  
AND every description of MARBLE and SOAPSTONE work, furnished promptly and reasonably.  
Those in want of any of the above kinds of work, will find they can do so with the best in Boston.  
W. A. POWER.  
dec 14-17

**MUSICAL NOTICE.**  
**CHICKERING & SONS PIANO-FORTES**  
ANN R. BRAY, No. 7 Federal Street, would inform her friends in South Danvers, and the public generally, that she keeps for sale and to let, a large and complete stock of Chickering & Sons' Piano-Fortes. They are supplied with great care, and meet only to be tried to prove their superiority over every other in the market. The very best terms given.  
**MANNING & NICHOLS' SERAPHERS.**  
For sale and to let. For power and quality of tone none can surpass them.  
A. R. BRAY, 70 Federal Street.

**PINGREE'S JOB WAGON.**  
THE subscriber is still prepared to do all kinds of Job Work and Teaming, such as removing Furniture and Merchandise of any description about town, or to and from the neighboring towns.  
Orders will be received at the Essex Railroad Station, and at E. S. Flint's store, on the Square.  
Thankful for past favors, he would solicit a continuance of the same.  
W. H. PINGREE.  
South Danvers, 1880.

**G. B. THOMPSON,**  
DRAPER AND TAILOR,  
Allen's Building.  
Constantly on hand a good assortment of  
**Cloths, Cashmeres, Vestings,**  
**MEN'S AND BOY'S**  
**READY-MADE CLOTHING.**  
South Danvers, April 25-17

## PERUVIAN SYRUP,

OR PROTECTED!  
SOLUTION OF PROTOXIDE OF IRON COMBINED.  
This well known Remedy has been used extensively and with great success for  
**DYSPEPSIA,**  
Or Impaired and Imperfect Digestion;  
FOR THE CONSEQUENT  
**DETERIORATION OF THE BLOOD;**  
AND FOR THE FOLLOWING  
**FORMS OF DISEASE**  
Most of which originate in  
**DYSPEPSIA:**  
**LIVER COMPLAINT, DROPSY, NEURALGIA and NERVOUS AFFECTIONS, LOSS OF APPETITE, HEADACHE, LANGUOR and DEPRESSION OF SPIRITS, CARBUNCLES and BOILS, PILES, SCURVY, AFFECTIONS OF THE SKIN, CONSUMPTIVE TENDENCIES, BRONCHITIS, DISEASES PECULIAR TO FEMALES, and ALL COMPLAINTS ACCOMPANIED BY GENERAL DEBILITY, and Requiring**  
**A TONIC AND ALTERNATIVE MEDICINE.**

**NOTE.**—The failure of IRON as a remedy for Dyspepsia, a bad state of the blood, and the numerous diseases caused thereby, has arisen from the want of such a preparation of IRON as shall enter the stomach in a form capable of being assimilated at once with the blood. This want is supplied by the PERUVIAN SYRUP, and it does so in the only form in which it is possible for IRON to enter the circulation. For this reason the PERUVIAN SYRUP often radically cures diseases in which other preparations of IRON, and other medicines have been found to be of no avail.

Certificates of A. A. HAYES, M.D., of Boston. It is well known that the medicinal effects of Protoxide of Iron are not lost by a very brief exposure to air, and that its solution in water is not only possible, but without further addition, is a most agreeable and palatable beverage. In the PERUVIAN SYRUP this desideratum is attained by COMBINATION with SODA, POTASSA, and LIME, and its solution may replace all the proto-carbonates, citrates and tartrates of the Materia Medica.

Certificates of JAMES R. CHILTON, M.D., of New York. The result of my examination of the Peruvian Syrup, proves to me that it is the most valuable and reliable remedy for the treatment of the various diseases of the blood, and for the cure of the various diseases of the stomach and bowels, and for the cure of the various diseases of the skin, and for the cure of the various diseases of the system, and for the cure of the various diseases of the body, and for the cure of the various diseases of the mind, and for the cure of the various diseases of the soul, and for the cure of the various diseases of the spirit, and for the cure of the various diseases of the flesh, and for the cure of the various diseases of the bone, and for the cure of the various diseases of the marrow, and for the cure of the various diseases of the blood, and for the cure of the various diseases of the life, and for the cure of the various diseases of the death, and for the cure of the various diseases of the resurrection, and for the cure of the various diseases of 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# THE WIZARD.

VOL. I.

SOUTH DANVERS, MASS., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1860.

NO. 51

## THE WIZARD

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

At Allen's Building, So. Danvers Square.

CHAS. D. HOWARD, Proprietor.

F. POOLE, Editor.

Terms \$2.00 a Year; for Immediate Payment, \$1.50.

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\$1.00 \$2.50 \$5.00  
One Square, 4 wks 3 mos 1 year  
\$2.00 \$5.00 \$10.00  
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104 BERRY STREET, SALEM.  
Residence Lowell street, South Danvers.  
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27 Washington Street, Salem.

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December 7, 1859.

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Residence—No. 57 Washington street.  
Jan 11-ly

F. POOLE,  
INSURANCE AGENT,  
Allen's Building (up stairs),  
Deeds drawn, and other common forms.

## Original Poetry.

### LEAF-FALL.

How grand is Nature in her Autumn dressing!  
How thrilled with calm content her pulses seem!  
The soft winds on her lavish sweet caressing—  
October sunshine pours a golden blessing—  
In every beam.

We may forget the reign of Summer closes,  
That winds will soon be fierce, and skies be bleak,  
As her sweet child in Autumn's arms reposes,  
And paints with busy fingers tiny roses  
Upon her cheek.

The fallen leaves my silent pathway filling  
Once dressed in greenness some fair forest tree,  
Where summer songsters their full notes were trilling  
And the fresh leaves like living things were thrilling  
With melody.

Yet, fallen leaves, although the summer's fleetness  
Scatter you early over mead and plain,  
I recognize too well this touching meetness  
To wish to change your autumn-added sweetness  
For youth again.

Time's fleet and hurrying platoon ceases never:  
Soon shall the summer birds no longer call,  
The August blush shall leave our cheeks forever,  
And one by one its freshest leaves shall sever  
Like these to fall.

But though the hours that mark the summer beaming  
Of life's bright noontide shall ere long be told;  
Its fallen leaves shall share a softer gleaming  
Which Indian summer's brightness o'er them streaming  
Shall change to gold.

So shall our hearts rejoice in Autumn dressing  
While these Heaven's love-light interweaves,  
While life, a holy, inner calm expressing,  
Shall smile to find her richest, truest blessing  
Her Autumn leaves.  
S. E. P.

### DUST.

One little sod,  
Where Faith has lain  
That, which shall rise again  
And soar to God;  
One cold, pale stone  
In Sorrow's Vale,  
Where over hopes, too frail,  
I weep alone:

A single star  
In Memory's Sky:  
These tell me joys may fly  
Alas! how far!  
"Dust to dust!"  
Oh! stern decree—  
Father, alone in Thee,  
Is all my trust!  
Salem. S. P. D.

## Miscellaneous Selections.

### THE DENTIST'S MACHINE.

BY JOHN PHOENIX.

One of the best of the John Phoenix stories, is the following:

Dr. Tushmaker was never regularly bred as a physician or a surgeon, but he possessed naturally a strong mechanical genius and a fine appetite, and finding his teeth of great service in gratifying his latter propensity, he concluded that he could do more good in the world and create more real happiness therein by putting the teeth of the inhabitants in good order than in any other way; so he became a dentist.

He was the man that first invented the method of playing small cog-wheels in the back teeth for the more perfect mastication of food, and he claimed to be the original discoverer of that method of filling cavities with a kind of putty, which, by becoming hard, directly causes the tooth to ache so grievously that it has to be pulled, thereby giving the dentist two successful fees for the job.

Tushmaker was one day sitting in his office in the city of Boston, Mass., when a stout old fellow, named Byles, presented himself to have a back tooth pulled. The dentist seated his patient in the chair of torture, and opening his mouth discovered an enormous tooth, on the right hand side, about as large as he afterwards expressed it was a small Polyglot Bible. "I shall have trouble with this tooth," thought Tushmaker, as he clapped on his large forceps and pulled. It did not come. "Then he tried the turner, exerting his utmost strength, but the tooth wouldn't come.

"Go away from here, said Tushmaker to Byles, and return in a week, and I will pull that tooth for you, or you'll know the reason why."

Byles got up, clapped a handkerchief to his jaw and went forth.

The dentist went to work and in three days invented an instrument which he was confident would pull away. It was a combination of the lever, pulley, wheel and axle, inclined plane, wedge and screw. The casting was made, and the machine put up in the office over the iron chair, rendered perfectly stationary by iron rods going down into the foundations of the granite building.

In a week old Byles returned; he was clapped into the iron chair, the forceps connected with the machine attached firmly to the tooth, and Tushmaker, stationing himself in the rear, took hold of the lever, four feet long.

He turned it slightly—old Byles gave a groan, and raised his right leg. Another turn, another groan, and higher went old Byles' right leg again.

"What do you raise your right leg for?" asked the Dr. "I can't help it," said the patient.

"Well," said Tushmaker, the tooth is bound to come now."

He turned the lever clear round with a sudden jerk, and snapped old Byles' head clear from his shoulders,

leaving a space of four inches between the several parts.

They had a post mortem examination; the roots of the teeth were found extended down the right side, through the right leg, and thrust up in two prongs directly under the sole of the right foot.

"No wonder," said Tushmaker, "that he raised his leg."

The Jury thought it so, but they found the roots much decayed, and two surgeons, swearing that mortification would have ensued in a few months, Tushmaker was cleared on a verdict of justifiable homicide.

He was a little shy of that instrument afterwards; but one day an old lady fabled and fabled, came in to have her tooth drawn, and thinking it would come out very easy, Tushmaker concluded just by way of variety, to try his machine.

He did so, and at the first turn drew the old lady's skeleton completely and entirely from her body.

Tushmaker took her home in a pillow case. She lived seven years after that, and they called her the "India rubber woman."

She had suffered terribly with the rheumatism, but after this occurred she never had any pain in her bones. The dentist kept them in a glass case.

Afterwards this machine was sold to the contractor of the Boston custom-house, and it was found that a single child three years of age, could by a single turn of a screw, raise a stone weight of twenty-five tons.

Smaller ones were made on the same principle, and sold the keepers of hotels and restaurants. They were advantageously used for boning turkeys.

There is no moral at all to this story, and it is possible that the circumstances may have been slightly exaggerated. Of course there can be no doubt of the main incidents.

### A BIOGRAPHY.

From Vanity Fair.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is one of the most remarkable bricks in the country, as this brief biography will show. He is the son of the Rev. John Holmes of Edinburgh, the author of "Douglas," a touching tragedy, founded on the adventures of one of the ancestors of Stephen A. Douglas, who had a good deal of trouble in finding his mother, (a difficulty under which the family now labors) and the sufferings of Lady Randolph, the wife of the Hon. John Randolph of Roanoke. Originally from Holmes's Hole, the infancy of Dr. Holmes was passed in Boston.

The first objects that met his childish eyes in the Modern Athens, were the State House, which he has never ceased to regard with affection, and the Common, for which he has an uncommon reverence. As might have been expected from his poetical temperament, the childhood of Oliver was rather wild; indeed, he was so wild as one time that he was actually sent to the tread mill!

The occasion was as follows: Being one day in wait of a tall for his kite, and not finding any thing adapted to his purpose in the family rag-bag, he crossed over to the Charleston Navy Yard, where the Constitution was then rotting, and smuggling himself on board, stealthily climbed the ladders until he reached the outer water, where the Union Jack was flying. He appropriated it for his kite-tail, but was fortunately detected, and sent to the treadmill for three months.

He laughed at his punishment, in a poem entitled "The Tread Mill," which, very appropriately, ran the rounds of his constitution beginning at length to flag, he recruited it by writing about the Flag of the Constitution—a spirited little lyric, which, strange to say, is always incoherently printed. The very first line is wrong, for instead of,

"Aye, tear her tattered ensign down," it should read, "I tore her tattered ensign down."

(Will not Dr. Holmes correct the reading in a variation edition of his poems? But perhaps he wishes to veil in mystery this romantic episode of his youth.)

Freed from the treadmill and the odium of imprisonment, Oliver commenced the study of Law, but growing weary of John Doe, Richard Roe, and the rest of that large legal family, he turned his attention to medicine. He served an apprenticeship with a distinguished apothecary on Beacon Hill, and, graduating with a distinction, started for Paris to finish his education.

Oliver returned to the United States, and devoted all his energies to his profession, and was at last chosen Professor of Anatomy at Cambridge, in the place of Dr. Warren, (the inventor of Warren's blacking, and the author of "Ten Thousand a Year," which, by the way, was the income which his blacking gave him), who was unfortunately killed on Bunker's Hill in the flower of his youth, and "He was also," a correspondent informs us, with what truth we know not, "Professor of Comparative Anatomy and Theology in the Massachusetts Water Cure Establishment, and held the Homoeopathic Chair in the Allopathic Cemetery. It was under his wise guidance that the practice of medicine attained such unerring precision in Boston, that not two patients in six survived a call from the one-horse chaise."

Dr. Holmes has written several medical works, with alarmingly scientific titles, (we shall not punish the readers of V. F. by enumerating them,) and a volume of poems, which occasionally smell of the shop, though they are anything but a drug in the market. He resides in a palatial mansion on the banks of the Charles River, not far from the cottage of his publisher, Mr. Fields, known in England under the sobriquet of "Kenney Meadows," and in sight of the object of his early admiration—the State House! His devotion to the cupola of the State House is so ardent, that he calls it the Hub of the Universe! His and its enemies call it the Hub of the Universe! His and its enemies call it the Hub of the Universe!

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Dr. Holmes is a great proficient in boning, so much so that the master with whom he studied, (Martin, I query?) calls him his best scholar. (Query? vegetarians?) Combs, the phenologist, paid him a similar compliment, saying he was the best skull in Boston!

The proximity of the Dr.'s residence to the spar-yards on the banks of the Charles River led him to sparring, and he is now so devoted to the manly art that he never takes a walk without putting on his gloves! His habits are pacific, however, notwithstanding his connection with the Atlantic! His first contribution to this Magazine was "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." It was originally his intention to have continued the series with "The Democrat of the Dinner Table," "The Sovereign of the Supper Table," and possibly "The Loufer at Lench," but some injudicious friend persuaded him to change his plan, and give us the "Professor" instead. We should like to analyze these works for the delatation of the readers of V. F., but unfortunately our Ann Eliza is absent, having gone into the country to see her sick mother, so we will pass them by saying they are worthy of V. F., which is the highest praise that we can give them.

The portrait of Dr. Holmes at the head of this biography, is from a rare print by some unknown artist, supposed to be Barry of Boston. At any rate it is like Barry's acknowledged works, for speaking musically, it has a Barry tone! The Dr. is represented as standing on one of his great medical publications, and brandishing his pen in the face of his foes—in this case the whole Medical Faculty. We are not very well informed as to the exact cause of the quarrel between Dr. Holmes and his whilom brothers of the lancet; but it may be summed up, we believe, by saying that the Dr. thinks medicine, as generally understood and practiced, a humbug, and that consequently the less we have of it the better. Of course the faculty object to this piece of State's evidence on the part of the doctor, and pitch into him right and left. We shall watch the fight as it proceeds, and chronicle the various rounds. We bet on the Doctor's drawing the first blood. Go in, little one, V. F. will back you—Ten to one on the Boston chicken!

Mr. Young Francis Train, an impulsive specimen of Young America, from Boston, recently delivered a speech at a dinner party in London, and remarked that, "as a nation," the English language was more accurately and purely spoken in the United States, than it is in Britain; whereas, says the report, there was loud laughter. The speaker immediately exclaimed:—"I will prove it. Order your dinner in every village from Maine to California and they will understand you for sixteen thousand miles from Aberdeen to Dover, and you can lose yourself in a Babel of tongues. Remember, gentlemen, the American don't speak Gaelic, or Maux, Celtic or Wallish [laughter]—and I assure you upon my honor, Yorkshire and Lancashire are not taught in our public schools [laughter] and I am informed, on good authority, that there are no professors of Scotch in our academies [applause] Lind-fors, Lord Lynhurst, and Noah Webster were all Americans! Our written language will always be English—our spoken language is American."

In conclusion he observed: "The time has arrived to state that Sam Slick is not an American institution! That American securities are safer and pay better than those of any other nation [Oh!—that the almighty dollar is not so much respected in the social world by the American as the almighty shilling by the English [oh! and laughter]—that Amer ceps never filibuster, while England never did anything else [hear, hear, and applause]—that our people as a people, are more temperate, more moral, better educated, and better dressed than their illustrious predecessors. [Hear, and roars of laughter]—and that the tooth-brush story, like Arrowsmith's railways and revolvers in Georgia, has turned out to be a hoax. [Laughter and applause.]

England views mankind from a first class carriage—hence, when a few thousand West-enders go to the sea side, they say every body is out of town. What ecstasies! All the misconception has arisen by comparison of the English circle with the American pit—or Oxford and Cambridge against all American. Compare dress circle with dress circle, gallery with gallery, pit with pit, and then America will receive justice in Europe. [Applause.] England's sympathies are reserved for the black race—America considers white people equally respected.

England has always been looking out of the corner at America in the forecastle; England has been the pupil, America the audience; England the school-master, America the scholars. That day has passed away. A published idea is an expired patent.

THE GAME OF BILLIARDS.—Mr. Doesticks thus describes, in the Sunday Mercury, the game of billiards:—"I need hardly tell you that the game of billiards consists in punching ivory balls about on a big table, covered with green cloth, with an India rubber fence around it; that the balls are punched with long wooden ramrods, with wax on the end to save the wood, and leather on to save the wax, and chalk put on to keep the leather from wearing out. You take your ramrod and rub some chalk on the little end; then you lean over the table; then you squat; then you lift up your leg; then you fiddle a little on your left hand with your ramrod; then you punch your ball; if your ball runs against the other man's ball, you've done a big thing, and you poke up a lot of buttons that are strung on a wire. This is all there is in a game of billiards. Any body can punch billiards-I can, and may be you could."

CURE FOR BOON FALON.—Take a piece of rock salt about the size of a butter-nut-wrap it in a cabbage leaf if to be had; if not, in a piece of wet brown paper, and cover it with coals, as you would to roast an onion. After it has been roasting twenty minutes, take it from the fire and powder it very fine. Mix it with as much common soap as will make a salve. If the soap be not pretty strong of turpentine—which may be known by the smell—then add a little turpentine. Apply the salve to the part affected. In the course of a few hours—sometimes in a few minutes—the pain will be relieved. After this, if suppuration takes place, it must be treated like a common sore.

### ANNEXATION.

Ma. Editor.—Now that the election is over, the next enterprise that will absorb the attention of this little community, without doubt, will be the annexation of South Danvers to Salem. I learn that the subject has been opened in the Wizard. Would it not be well to ascertain first if Salem wants us annexed?

Are the expenses of a city government any less than a town government? No.

Are the charities of a city government any more, or better dispensed? No.

Is the Fire Department of Salem any more efficient than ours? No; with the exception of their steamer, and do we not have it all tendered to us free of charge provided we need it, and have we not frequently received its aid in our misfortune?

Is the night-watch of Salem composed of a larger ratio to the inhabitants? No, but less.

Are the streets of Salem any better lighted than ours? No.

Does Salem want territory annexed to her, whose inhabitants with the strictest economy in their opinion demands one per cent yearly on all the property personal and real, to meet their yearly expenses, and with a debt of about \$50,000, a debt of more than twice the ratio of the debt of Salem?

What shall we or they gain by annexation—will it be political power? No.

Have we like Italy any outside foe to contend with, that needs concentrated power? No.

Do the citizens of Salem enjoy any more civil, religious or political privileges than we of South Danvers? No; less.

Our appropriations are made by the people—thence by the government. With us every thing emanates from the people; with a City government, from the government officers—the people having no voice in any question relating to City affairs. The "vox populi" of a city is in the officers, not in the people directly.

About one fifth of the territory of South Danvers is quite densely populated, and perhaps it might be of some advantage to that portion to be annexed to Salem, for it might gratify their pride, and they are quite enough to make one ward. The remainder of the town is rural—its inhabitants farmers and gardeners.

Do farmers live in cities? Boston has very few—England's great statesman Burke, after twenty seven years devoted to farming, remarks that "farming is the most precious calling man can pursue."

The farmer has the elements and parasites to contend with, while the manufacturer has only the markets, in common with the agriculturist, if his crops are good, the markets are glutted and low; if the markets are good, ten to one in his crops Dr. exceeds its Dr.

If the manufacturer works his own capital he can stop selling on a glutted market, for his wares are usually imperishable. Farmers usually work their own capital, and most of their crops are invested in the soil nearly a year before harvest, therefore they cannot foretell the wants of the market; they never grow their crops to order, but they have to be contented with such as they can get, and then find a market and offer a ruinous one. It is a fact that farming lands in this vicinity will not net more than two per cent on their valuation, take one per cent for taxes, and then ten thousand dollars worth of farming lands will net the princely income of one hundred dollars.

If South Danvers wants to be an integral part of Salem (and the city people are willing), let that part east of a line drawn from the corner of the Salem and Danvers lines, straight to the corner of the Lynn and Lynnfield lines, go—it would be a good-sized ward. The balance will be of sufficient size for a township geographically as large as Lynnfield, with more inhabitants, and some \$250,000 male valuation, and no doubt we could get along and have all the advantages we now enjoy, with about one half the amount of taxes we are now saddled with. Perhaps we should have to import some of *Anna Maria* to make trustees to the Peabody Institute, school committee, &c., for we now have none of that genus.

It is more than on hundred years since we left good old mother Salem to set up a municipality for ourselves. Since that time we have attained five majorities (of 21 years). After the lapse of more than a century it is not humiliating to seek the maternal roof, with such expenses and a debt of \$50,000. Do we feel like eating hucks, or shall we be clothed in purple and eat fatted calves? Does our good old mother see us afar off—is she longing to fall on our necks and kiss us? Has she shown us the fatted calf?

Yours, RURAL.

ONE SERMON A DAY.—Henry Ward Beecher well says:—"Where one hears two sermons a day, and still more when one hears three. (Which is an abomination before God and man for any man to preach!) not much of either can be retained. I think there is not more than one man in a thousand that is fit to preach more than once a day, and I think there is not one man in ten thousand that is fit to hear more than one sermon a day; or that is fit for any thing else if he has heard more than one."

GARIBOLDI MAKES THE BELL-EVRETT SIGN "ALL UP."—On the morning of the election in Naples, Garibaldi went early to vote for annexation. He afterwards appeared at the balcony of the Hotel d'Inghilterra, and made a brief speech, ending with the popular gesture, which consists in raising the right hand with the forefinger only extended. It means: One Italy. Two English girls were at his side, wearing scarlet jackets—the Garibaldi uniform.

Hon. Joseph M. Wightman will be the Union and Democratic candidate for Mayor of Boston the ensuing year.

New York, at the late election, on the proposition to repeal the property qualification for negroes to vote, defeated it by a large majority.

The population of Ohio, by the late census, is 2,344,000, in round numbers; being an increase of 874,000 over 1850, or nearly ninety per cent.







South Danvers Horticultural Society.

Notice is hereby given that the quarterly meeting of the South Danvers Horticultural Society will be held at their rooms, MONDAY EVENING, Dec 4th, at 7 o'clock.

The committee for awarding Premiums are required to make their reports at that time.

nov21-22 M. O. STANLEY, Sec'y.

New Store.—The new and elegant establishment of Mr. J. P. PEABODY is attracting crowds of Ladies daily, all anxious to obtain some of the bargains that can always be found on his counters. He has a new store, and a new stock to show in it, and we would advise those ladies who have any shopping to do, to make him an early call.

Wanted.

A smart lad in a Hair Dressing Salon—apply to J. J. Heylingham, Main st.

nov 14

Warren Five Cents Savings Bank.

At the annual meeting of this Bank, the following named persons were chosen a Board of Officers for the year ensuing:

President—George Osborn.  
Vice President—Kendall Osborn, Henry Cook, Henry A. King, Henry Poor, Lewis Allen, Elijah W. Upton.

Treasurer—Franklin Osborn, John B. Peabody, Rufus H. Brown, Wm. H. Little, Alonzo P. Phillips, A. W. Warren, John L. Baker, Francis Dane, John A. Lewis, Anna Merrill, Nathan H. Poor, Stephen Blaney.

Committee of Investment—George Osborn, Francis Dane, Francis Baker.

FRANCIS BAKER, Treasurer.

South Danvers, Nov. 14, 1860.

Joseph J. Rider, dealer in Jewels, Silver and Plated Ware, Advertiser in the WEEK.

Read his advertisements. Call and examine his Goods, and judge of quality, prices and styles for yourselves.

Advertisements.

HATS & CAPS, Fall Style Silk Hats, WOOL & FUR HATS, OF French and American manufacture, of the latest patterns MEN'S & BOYS' CAPS, FUR CAPS, FUR COLLARS, AND FUR GLOVES.

nov21

At 131 Main street, CRESSEY & HALE.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

IN SENATE, COURT OF INQUESTURY. In the case of JAMES M. SHEEN, of South Danvers, in said county, yeoman, in action before the court, the case being given a trial that he has been appointed a juror of said court.

The second meeting of the court will be held at the Court of Inquestury at Salem, in said county, on the 4th day of December next, at ten o'clock, A. M., at which meeting creditors may be present and prove their claims.

CHARLES A. KIDGELL, Assignee.

nov21 1860.

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CHARLES A. KIDGELL, Assignee.

List of Letters

REMAINING in Post Office at South Danvers, Nov. 19, 1860:

LADIES' LIST.  
Allen James Mrs.  
Buckton Eliza B.  
Brien Margaret Q.  
Dunby Lucy  
Freeman Ruth  
Gilbert Mary  
Gowan Eliza D.  
Hutchinson Ruth L.  
Prescott Mary E.  
Sullivan Mary E.  
Smith Jane H.  
Welch Lydia D.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.  
Bryant John  
Barnes Robert D.  
Buckle D.  
Counihan John  
Connor Michael  
Curtis Mason H.  
Dane James J.  
Fennell Cyrus  
Hartley John  
Hibbard Luther D.  
Kilham O W.  
Leavitt John  
Mannery Charles  
McGurney Mr.  
Morgan Charles  
Munger Robert  
Packard Alfred  
Rockwell Albert I.  
Stone Geo H.  
Sweeney Daniel  
Sullivan Michael  
Tabor A W.  
Upton Geo B.  
Walch Geo W.  
Woodward J F.  
Whitaker J H.  
Wootton Olaus & Son  
Weeks C H.  
Wilkey Walter  
Walker George  
McGurney Mr.  
A. R. FISKE, D.M.

N. B. These letters are subject to an additional postage of one cent each.

nov 19

NEW CLOTHING STORE.

NEW AND DESIRABLE GOODS

—FOR THE—

WINTER OF 1860-1.

We have now ready a stock of our own and the public a fine assortment of

Gent's Clothing & Furnishing Goods,

Of the latest styles and best qualities, which we will sell as low as any goods can be bought. A good stock of

OVERCOATS,

Of high and medium cost.

BUSINESS AND DRESS FROCKS AND SACKS.

New Styles of VESTS and PANTS,

In great variety. A fine stock of

UNDERSHIRTS & DRAWERS, COLLARS

HANDKERCHIEFS, TIES, &c., &c.,

With a good variety of

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

Our GARMENTS are made to order, if desired.

Please call and examine Goods before going elsewhere, at

CRESSEY & HALE'S,

No. 134 Main Street.

South Danvers, Nov. 21, 1860.

if

220

RECEIVED THIS WEEK.

NEW RUSSIAN HOODS—Ladies;

New Russian Hoods—Misses;

New Style Woolen Hoods—Children's;

Best Styles Woolen Sleeves;

New Styles Woolen Hats—Misses;

Skating Caps—From 75 cents up;

Best Steel Spring Skirts;

French Corsets and Bodices;

Bargains in Black Lace Veils;

Bargains in Wrought Collars;

Bargains in Infants' Waists;

Bargains in Edgings and Insertings.

220 ESSEX STREET, SALEM,

JOHN P. PEABODY.

A FEW MORE LEFT

Of those fine Lava Sts, Pin and Earings in Etruscan and plain Gold Mountings, at very low prices by

nov21

2 West Black Block—188 Essex st.

REMANENTS OF PAPER HANGINGS.

A large variety of small lots of Room and Entry Papers, which will be sold very low, by the lot.

Purchasers bringing the size of their apartments, with the number of doors and windows, will be fitted out at a very small expense, at the Book and Paper store of

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MAGAZINES FOR DECEMBER.

PETERSON'S, Godey's, Bowdler's and other Magazines, just received at

nov21 H P IVES & A A SMITH, 232 Essex st.

BOOK-BINDING.

Of all kinds, executed with neatness and dispatch, by

nov21 GEORGE CREAMER, 243 Essex street.

EXTRA quality, new cloth Bordeaux frames for

nov21 cooking just received at LUNT & HART'S.

Corn and Meal.

THE subscriber keeps on hand a large supply of Corn and Meal, which he will sell at wholesale or retail as cheap as can be bought elsewhere. Orders left at the GRIST MILL, (N. Welch's) or at his store, (Corner of Washington and Grand streets, or at his house, (Corner of Salem and Grand streets), will be promptly attended to.

South Danvers, Nov. 14, 1860.

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